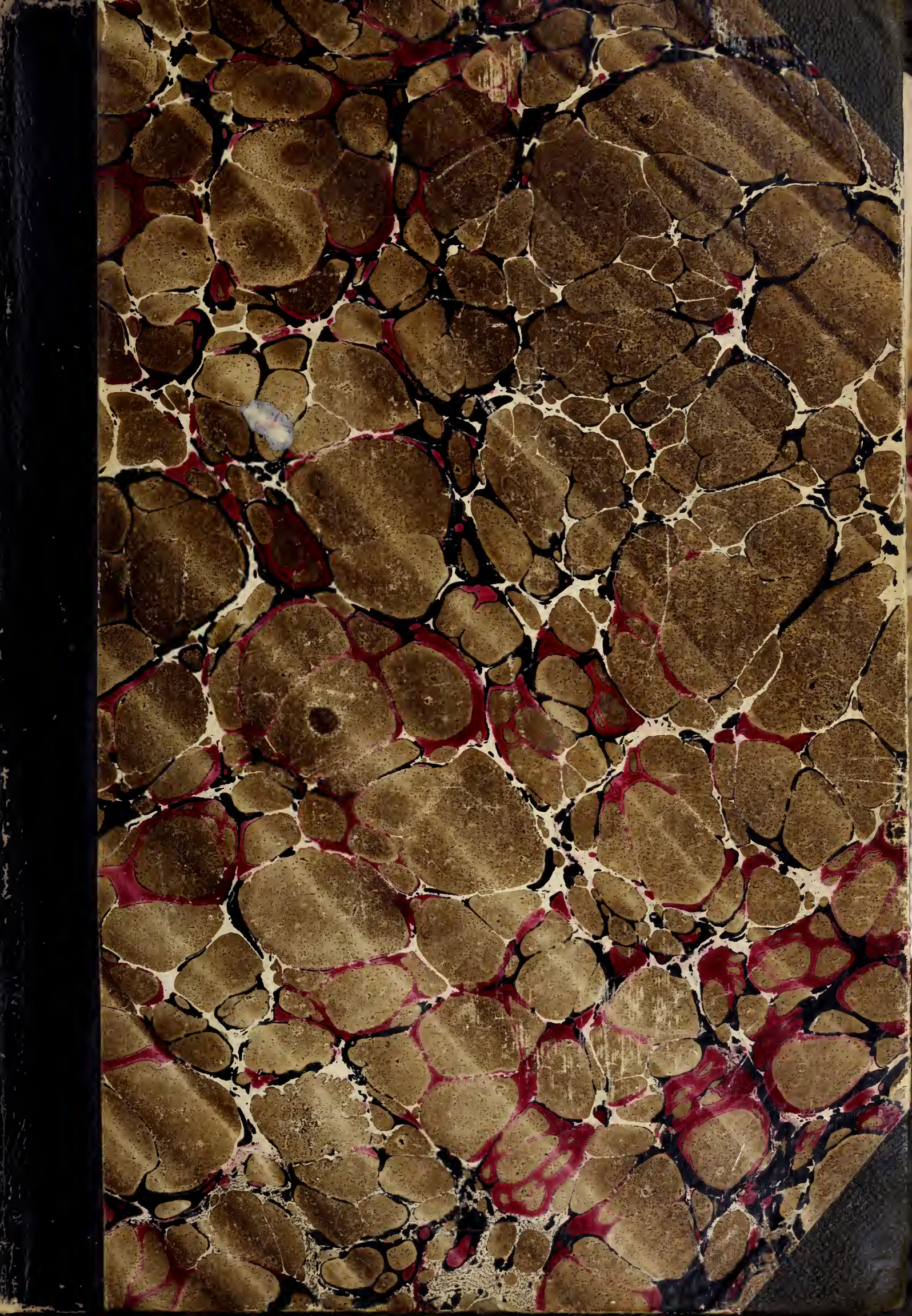

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THE BOY JESUS IN THE TEMPLE.—From painting by Dr. J. M. Heinrich Hofmann, of Dresden.

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CHRISTMAS PAST.

IT may be that the belief in Shakespeare's time, the story that Hamlet did "in part believe," that the cock crows all night long on the eve of Christmas, had its origin in the crowing of the cock in that gray dawn when Peter denied his Lord. The crowing was a sign that gracious influences prevailed, with which the bird was in sympathy. The ghost in *Hamlet* "faded on the crowing of the cock," but we are led to think that it was owing to its connection with this holy festival that the "bird of dawning" had its charm against evil.

Some matter-of-fact writers say that the cock is deceived by the abundant lights of the festival, for Christmas is sometimes called in the Latin Church the Feast of Lights, so many candles are used. In Belgium, from Christmas to Epiphany the children go about carrying paper stars with a lighted candle in the centre, commemorating the appearance of the star in Bethlehem. Whether it is the artificial light or sympathy with the season that keeps the cocks awake all night, their crowing at such unseasonable hours was sometimes regarded as an unfavorable omen. The story is told in a country parish in England of a poor woman in a dangerous illness, who was greatly depressed by this overture of Chanticleer to the dawn, believing that it was a sign of death. But when the well-known passage from *Hamlet* was read to her, and she was told that it was written by the cleverest man in England, she brightened up, and began to recover immediately. It was the child-like faith of the Middle Ages that all created things were in sympathy with the Nativity; the cocks crew, the bees in their hives made a more melodious noise, and the cattle in their stalls went down on their knees. In the western part of Devonshire, at twelve o'clock at night on Christmas-eve, the oxen in their stalls were always found on their knees, as in an attitude of devotion, and making "a cruel moan like Christian creatures." And it was remarked as singular that after the alteration of the old style to the new they continued to do this only on the eve of the old Christmas-day, which was proof of the faithfulness of the ox and his disregard of style.

It was indeed a "gracious time," and as we read of the revels and ceremonies and fond foolish beliefs of Christmas Past, we might regret what we have lost in this tamer and less picturesque age, if we did not know that never before in history was Christmas kept so truly and heartily in the spirit of the day as it is now. We have dropped a good many rude and some pretty customs, but we have gained a broadening spirit of almost universal charity, a feeling of real brotherhood, that is perhaps none the less real that it is held in check a good deal during the rest of the year.

In the old time the Christmas season properly began on the 16th of December (described in the Prayer-book calendar as *O Sapientia*), and ended January 6, with Twelfth-night. When the learned Dr. Parr was asked what day in December it was proper to begin eating mince-pie, he said, "Begin on *O Sapientia;* but please to say Christmas pie, not mince-pie—mince-pie is Puritanical." If there is any merit in eating mince-pie, as this association of it with the holy season seems to imply, then we have a certain test of the piety of the Pilgrims to New England, for they and their descendants did not hesitate to eat mince-pie any day in the year they could get it, and had so much grace that they could take it with impunity for breakfast on a summer morning.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries this whole season was given up to revels and jollity, in which eating and drinking

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SNAPDRAGON.—From drawing by H. M. Paget.

had a prominent part. In London in the fifteenth century the first duty of the Lord Mayor and corporation was to dine, and then go, as soberly as might be, to the Church of St. Thomas Acon, and sit through the whole service. On other festival days and Sundays they had a habit of skipping out after the prayers were under way, but on Christmas they were bound to set an example of perseverance. Service over, their worships rode on horseback, by torch-light, through the market of Chepe and back to the church, where, being in a liberal frame of mind on account of the day and the good dinner, they made a money offering to the church. Each man contributed the magnificent sum of one penny to its treasury! This duty done, they returned to their own houses, and made more or less a night of it, after the immemorial manner of good city fathers, in private, the custom not having yet arisen of manifesting happiness by "painting the town red." We read a good deal about the excess of the Christmas dinners. Sir John Reresby in his memoirs makes a penitential note of a dinner at Thyrberg in 1681: "The Earl of Huntington, my lord Ellend, and some others dined with me, when we ended the year in more than an ordinary debauch; which God forgive me! it being neither my custom nor inclination much to do so." The next year there was at table a "Mr. Bolton, an ingenious clergyman, but too much a good fellow." The good fellows liked Thyrberg: during the holidays as many as fourscore gentlemen and yeomen, with their wives, dined daily at the hall.

Christmas was always a democratic festival: all classes mingled in the games and merriment, and hospitality was universal. An English gentleman in the country, on Christmas-day in the morning, had all his tenants and neighbors enter the hall by daybreak. The strong beer was broached, and the black-jacks went plentifully round, with toast, sugar, nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese. The great sausage (the Hackin) must be boiled at daybreak, and if it failed to be ready, two young men must take the maiden (*i. e.*, the cook) by the arm and run her round the market-place till she was ashamed of her laziness. The maids had, however, some privileges of retort. In some places in Oxfordshire it was the custom for the maid-servant to ask the man for ivy to dress the house, and if the man refused or neglected to fetch the ivy, the maid stole a pair of his breeches and nailed them up to the gate in the garden or highway. During the festival days the tables were perpetually spread; the sirloin of beef, the minced-pie, the plum-porridge, turkeys, geese, and plum-puddings, were all brought upon the board at once, and every one ate heartily and was welcome, so that the proverb originated of "'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all." The gentlemen went to early service in the church, and returned to breakfast on brawn and mustard and malmsey. Brawn was a dish of great an-

tiquity. It was made from the flesh of large boars which lived in a half-wild state, and when put to fatten were strapped and belted tight round the carcass, in order to make the flesh become dense and brawny. It came to market in rolls, two feet long by ten inches in diameter, packed in wicker baskets. At dinner the first course served was the boar's head, on a silver platter, adorned with bays and rosemary, carried into the hall with much state, preceded by the Master of Revels, and followed by choristers and minstrels singing and playing compositions in its honor. A stanza of a common carol sung was this:

THE HACKIN.—From drawing by F. Barnard.

"Then sett downe the swineyard,
The foe to the vineyard,
Lett Bacchus crowne his fall;
Lett this boare's head and mustard
Stand for pigg, goose, and custard,
And so you are welcome all."

Another dish, common in Shakespeare's day, which added at least to the show of the feast, was the "stately pye," that is, a peacock or pheasant pie. In the days of chivalry the knights took their vows at a solemn feast, on presentation of a roasted peacock in a golden dish. This custom was kept up at Christmas by the bringing in, on the most magnificent dish the house could afford, of a peacock in a pie, preserving as much as possible the form of the bird, with the head elevated above the crust, the beak richly gilt, and the beautiful tail spread out to its full extent. It was from this superb dish that the oath came, "By cock and pye, sir." At the supper two servants attended bearing fair torches of wax next before the musicians and the trumpeters, and they stood above the fire (the fire of sea-coal being originally in the middle of the room) with the musicians till the first course was served, when they retired, with the music, to the buttery. After supper, as well as before, there were revels and dancing during the twelve days of Christmas, and games in which all classes joined. One of the favorite games was known as snapdragon. Brandy was set on fire, and raisins thrown into it. The diversion consisted of adventures to pluck out the raisins. The Master of the Revels sang a song or carol, in which the gentlemen took part at his command.

The requisites for good Christmas fare were plenty of good drink, a blazing fire in the hall, brawn, pudding, and souse, and mustard with all (mustard is your great provoker of a noble thirst), beef, mutton, and pork, shred or minced pies of the best, pig, veal, goose, capon, turkey, cheese, apples, and nuts, with jolly carols. When the company tired of games and romping sports, it gathered about the ruddy fire, and had tales of legendary lore, adventures of knights and ladies and friars, of strange apparitions and ghosts, of coaches on lonely moors drawn by a team of headless horses driven by a headless coachman, with grave-yard passengers, of wonderful portents in nature, stories of true love wrapped in mystery and ending in grief, and all sorts of ghostly reminiscences, which seemed as real as the dancing shadows which the light of the Yule-log cast upon the dusky timbers of the hall. Such tales, we read, formed a principal part of the rural conversation at all such assemblies as this at Christmas-time.

So abundant has been the Christmas literature in the past dozen years, and so fully have the chief ancient Christmas customs and sports been described over and over again in the newspapers, that it is unnecessary to more than allude to them in this paper. The use of the Christmas tree, with its fruit of presents, is recent in England, and was introduced from Germany a few years ago. There is great dispute about its origin, whether in India, or whether it does not represent the tree Yggdrasil, or world tree—the ash-tree of existence of Scandinavian mythology. But the use of evergreens in England is as old as the days when the Druids brought the mistletoe from the woods with solemn ceremony. In Stowe's time every man's house, and also the parish churches, were decked with holm, ivy, bays, and whatever the season of the year afforded to be green, and the conduits and standards in the streets (a hint for the present telegraph companies) were likewise garnished. In the year 1444 he says there was on the 1st of February a great tempest of thunder and lightning, which set Paul's steeple on fire; and at Leadenhall, in Cornhill, a standard of wood which was set up in the pavement and nailed full of holm and ivy was torn up and cast down, by the malignant spirit (as was thought). On Christmas-eve, at the time the Yule-log was brought in and lighted with the last year's brand, it was customary to decorate the windows of every house, in cottage and hall, with bay, laurel, ivy, and holly leaves. An English gypsy told Mr. Charles G. Leland the reason for using evergreens on Christmas. It is this: "The ivy and holly and pine-tree never told a word where our Saviour was hiding Himself, and so they keep alive all winter, and look green all the year. But the ash, like the oak, told of Him when He was hiding, so they have to remain dead through the winter. And so we gypsies always burn an ash fire every Great Day."

The custom of decoration by green plants and flowers in all sorts of festivals is as old as history, and of course the use of evergreens at Christmas needs no explanation, nor is the custom any less Christian because it is of immemorial use among pagan nations. The mistletoe, however, had a unique place. The Celtic peoples and the Druids held it in the same veneration that the Romans did. It was used by the Romans in religious

"'TIS MERRY IN HALL WHEN BEARDS WAG ALL."—From drawing by F. Barnard.

ceremonies, and it may have been the "golden bough" of the infernal regions. The Druids gathered it against the festival of the winter solstice with great solemnity, the prince of the Druids cutting it himself with a golden sickle. It was used as a charm against evil spirits, and excellent medical properties are ascribed to it. It was supposed to possess the power to preserve from poison, and the mystic property of giving fertility. "Kissing under the mistletoe" may have had reference to this ancient belief. There was a tradition that the maid who was not kissed under a bough of mistletoe at Christmas would not be married during the following year. There was once a notion that its heathen origin should exclude it from the Christmas decorations; but this found no favor with the young people at any period. On the contrary, they took good care that it should be hung, and that it should have plenty of berries, for the ceremony under it was not duly performed if a berry was not plucked off with each kiss, and consequently the supply of berries determined the number of kisses. It did not need the Roman use of the plant to recommend such a preventive of the state of old-maidism. Some trace the use of green bush decoration to the original branches of vervain amongst the Romans. With Romans and Druids the vervain was a panacea for every ill, and they believed, above all, that it "conciliated hearts which were at variance"—another good office of any plant in the Christmas season. The Druids only venerated the mistletoe that grew on the oak, but the common mistletoe (*Viscus album*), with its pearly berries, is gathered from the hawthorn, the old apple-tree, the lime, and the fir, and from other trees. Of late years this parasite has been scarcer than formerly, and efforts have been made to propagate it. This is done by cleaning off the bark under any joint of a young tree with the moistened thumb, and then pressing the glutinous berry on the cleaned place till it adheres to the bark; it will begin to show growth in about fifteen months. It is an obvious suggestion that in sections of the country where the statistics show a falling off in marriages this plant ought not to be let die out.

The carols which were sung all through the Christmas season were of two kinds, Scriptural and convivial; the first was sung morning and evening until the twelfth day, and the latter at the feasts and carouses. The pious chansons contained some Scriptural history thrown into loose rhymes, and in Shakespeare's day were sung every night about the streets, and were the pretext for collecting money from house to house. One of the best of the carols, and one of the most ancient, is of Scottish origin:

ANE SANG OF THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

WITH THE TUNE OF BAW LULA LAW.

(*Angelus, ut opinor, loquitur.*)

"I come from hevin to tell
The best nowellis that ever befell;
To yow this tythinges trew I bring,
And I will of them say and sing.

"This day to yow is borne ane childe
Of Marie meike and Virgine mylde,
That blessit barne, bining and kynde,
Sall yow rejoyce baith heart and mynd.

"My saull and lyfe, stand up and see
Quha lyes in ane cribe of tree,
Quhat babe is that, so gude and faire?
It is Christ, God's sonne and aire.

"O God, that made all creature,
How art Thow becum so pure,
That on the hay and stray will lye,
Amang the asses, oxin, and kye!

"O my deir hert, young Jesus sweit,
Prepare Thy creddill in my spreit,
And I sall rocke Thee in my hert,
And never mair from Thee depart.

"But I sall praise Thee evermoir,
With sangs sweit unto Thy gloir,
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that right Balulalow."

During the sixteenth century carols of this sort were sung through every town and village in the kingdom. It was a very early practice for itinerant minstrels to go about to the houses of the wealthy in this season and sing drinking or wassail songs. The earliest preserved is in Norman French, and insists upon the love that Christmas has for the "jolly crew" that "drain the flowing bowl." Indeed, it would appear from the chronicles that Christmas, ivy-crowned, with song and games and license generally, went reeling around from dinner to dinner for twelve mortal days of jollity. But they were days of some profit to the poor and to the Church. The object of the common people in chanting the nightly carols was to collect money, or "Christmas-boxes." This term was derived from the usage of the priests, who ordered masses at times to be made to the saints for the sins of the people. The mass was called Christ mass, and the

THE DRUID PRIESTESS.—From painting by George H. Boughton, A.R.A.

boxes in which the money was collected to pay for it were called Christmas-boxes. The people were permitted to gather this money in order to be able to free themselves from the consequences of the debaucheries in which the hospitality of the rich at this season enabled them to indulge. Thus the same charity that led a man into the sin of over-indulgence provided him the means of wiping out the score against his soul. In time "Christmas-box" came to mean any gift to a dependent or poor person, and was distinguished until a recent period from the gifts exchanged between equals. In consequence of the multiplicity of business on Christmas-day, the giving of the Christmas-boxes was postponed to the 26th, St. Stephen's Day, which became the established Boxing-day. It was a privileged day for all sorts of beggars, when the bellmen, the beadles, the street-sweepers, the chimney-sweeps, the charity-boys, the lamp-lighters, and the waits—singers of more or less doleful carols—went about to all doors and rapped for a Christmas-box. Old Pepys relates (1668) that he was called up by drums and trumpets. "These things and boxes," he adds, "have cost me much money this Christmas, and will do more."

In the north of England the Christmas pie was made of goose. The Christmas pie, which was about the only sort of dessert attainable during this barren season, when there was a scarcity of fruit and milk to make tarts, custards, and such like trifles, was a "pye of abomination" to the Puritans, probably because it had a sort of religious association with the festival, like the ivy and mistletoe; and the good Quakers, who distinguished their feasts by a heretical sort of pudding known by their name, inveighed against it as an invention of the scarlet woman of Babylon, a hotch-potch of superstition, popery, the devil, and all his works. There might be a dietetic reason for this prejudice, for a person who indulges in this luxury at night sometimes thinks he has taken the devil to bed with him. But the famous Bickerstaff rose up in his wrath against those who would cut off this sweet morsel from the clergy (like those to-day who insist that the brandy peach, with its juice, is the natural food of the Christian minister), "the Christmas pye, which is in its own nature a kind of consecrated cake, and a badge of distinction." This pie was baked in a "coffin"—a dish in shape long, in imitation of the "cratch," that is, the manger

in which the infant Jesus was laid. It was this sort of dish that Jack Horner held on his knee when he got the self-made reputation of being a good boy. The same religious spirit that dictated the form of this consecrated cake fashioned the Yule dough into a kind of baby or little image of paste; in some places these cakes had the image of the infant Jesus stamped on them. One of the characters in Ben Jonson's Masque is the Babie Cake.

At a dinner on St. Stephen's Day in the Inner Temple, amongst a great deal of dreary mummery and solemn tomfoolery, was this "merry disport," which may or may not have been typical of the lawyers' practice in those days. When the company was seated at the Chancellor's table "a huntsman cometh into the hall with a fox and a purse-net with a cat, both bound at the end of a staff, and with these nine or ten couple of hounds, with the blowing of hunting-horns. And the fox and cat are set upon by the hounds, and killed beneath the fire." There is a quatrain of an old spiritual song that probably refers to this ceremony:

"The hunter is Christ that hunts in haist,
The hunds are Peter and Pawle,
The paip is the fox, Rome is the Rox
That rubbis us on the gall."

A conspicuous character in these days of ancient festivity was the Lord of Misrule, or Abbot of Unreason, who performed during the season, for the King and the great nobles and societies, the office of a master of revels, and had for the time almost unlimited power, aping the state of royalty, and leading in all the mummeries and dissipations of the day. The university of Cambridge had its Imperator, one of the Masters of Arts, who was placed over the juniors for the regulation of their games and diversions, and exercised his sovereignty for twelve days, receiving a fee of forty shillings. Oxford also had a Christmas Prince, or Lord of Misrule. The King appointed his Lord of Misrule, or Master of Merry Disport, as did the Lord Mayor and each of the sheriffs of London. These lords began their rule, or misrule, on All-hallow Eve, and continued it till Candlemas-day. The lord was the promoter of Bacchanalian rites and preposterous disorders—masking and mumming and dancing. "A dance about the calfe," says an old Puritan, rather "than such a dance as David danced before the arke with spiritual rejoicing in God's mercies." The performance of this lord during the twelve days of his license of disorder recalls in many points the feasts of Saturn, called Saturnalia, which the Puritans insisted were copied in the English Christmas. The master and all his household must obey the Lord of Misrule as the Romans obeyed the masters of the feasts of Saturn, and there was the same equality of servants with their masters that characterized the days of license and revelry during the Roman Saturnalia. "Christmas," says Selden, in his *Table-Talk*, "succeeds the Saturnalia—the same time, the same number of holy days; then the master waited on the servant like the Lord of Misrule." "If we compare," says William Prynne, in his *Histrio-Mastix*, "our Bacchanalian Christmas and New-Year's tides with these Saturnalia and feasts of Janus, we shall find such near affinitye betweene them both in regard of time (they being both in the end of December and on the first of January), and in their manner of solemnizing (both being spent in revelling, epicurisme, wantonnesse, idleness, dancing, drinking, stage-plaies, masques, and carnall pomps and jollity), that we must needes conclude the one to be but the ape or issue of the other. Hence Polydore Vergil affirmes in express terms that our Christmas Lords of Misrule, which custom, saith he, is cheefly observed in England, together with dancing, masques, mummeries, stage-playes, and such other Christmas disorders now in use with Christians, were derived from the Roman Saturnalia and Bacchanalian festivities, which (concludes he) should cause all pious Christians to abominate them."

At the Christmas season of 1635 there was a Lord of Misrule in the Middle Temple, a mock-monarch attended with great parade, followed by a lord keeper, a lord treasurer, eight white staves, a captain of his band of pensioners, and two chaplains, who preached before him on the preceding Sunday in Temple Church, and gravely saluted him (as is done in the chapel royal on preaching before the King) on ascending the pulpit. The pole-axes for his gentlemen pensioners were borrowed from Lord Salisbury; Lord Holland, his temporary justice in eyre, supplied him with venison; the Lord Mayor and sheriffs of London with wine. On Twelfth-day, on going to church, he received many petitions, which he handed over to his master of requests; and, like other kings, he had

THE LORD OF MISRULE.—From drawing by Charles Green.

a favorite, whom he knighted, together with other gentlemen of high quality, on returning from church. After he was deposed, the King knighted him at Whitehall. His expense for this spree, all from his own purse, was two thousand pounds. In 1553, when Edward VI. kept his Christmas with open house at Greenwich, George Ferrers, of Lincoln's Inn, was Lord of Misrule, and gave his Majesty great delight in diversion. At one of the revels in the Inner Temple on St. Stephen's Day, the Lord of Misrule, mounted upon a scaffold borne by four men, and preceded by drummers, was carried three times round the hearth (the hearth in great halls being often in the middle, so that processions and dances were performed "round about the sea-coal fire"), to the cries of "A lord! a lord!" Then he descended and went to dance, and after that he called his court by name, using such titles as "Sir Randle Rackabite of Raskall Hall, in the County of Rake-hell," etc., etc. Then followed the banquet, with minstrelsy and mirth, and more dancing.

In 1666 Evelyn saw this solemn foolery at Lincoln's Inn, when this mock-king was gloriously clad and attended; at this revel the King (Charles II.) and the Duke of York were present. On the 6th of January his Majesty opened the revels himself by throwing the dice in the Privy Chamber, and lost at the play £100; but he could afford it, for the year before he won £1500. The ladies also played very deep. As late as the times of Kings George I. and II. the revels remained, and these gracious Kings played in public at the hazard table.

The cost of the dresses and the expenses of the master of revels were sometimes enormous. An account is given of the expenses of the revels described by Grafton and Stowe (1551), a curious paper of the time of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, found at Losely, near Guilford, the seat of James More Molyneux, Esq. The dress of the Lord of Misrule for Christmas cost £51 17*s.* 4*d.*; for New-Year's, £34 14*s.* A hunting coat of cloth of gold and a hat cost £19 14*s.* 4*d.*; a pair of buskins, striped purple velvet, with threads of silver, a pair of hosen, the breeches of purple cloth of silver, with purple tinsel and gold, cost £26 1*s.* This did not include the cost of making. The charge for the lord and his attendants was £651 6*s.* 1½*d.*, and added to this his Triumph of Mars and Venus made the sum £717 10*s.* 9½*d.* There are not many men who would be kings the year round, at their own expense, at that rate.

An idea of the authority exercised by this Christmas potentate is given by the articles of appointment of Owen Flood, trumpeter, to be Lord of Misrule for twelve days in the Mansion House of Richard Evelyn, of Walton, in Surrey, High Sheriff of Surrey and Sussex in 1634. The document said: "I give free leave to said Owen Flood to command all and every person or persons whatsoever, as well servants and others, to be at his command whenever he shall sound his Trumpet or Musick, and to do him good service, as though I were present myself, at their perils."

Every person was commanded to appear in the hall at 7 A.M. and attend prayers, on pain of such punishment as the lord saw fit to impose. To swear on the precincts, to come into the hall and sit at dinner or supper more than once, to be drunk, or to drink more than is fit, or to offer to sleep, was to incur punishment; while if a person did not drink up his bowl of beer, but flung away his snuffe (that is, his second draught), he should drink two and afterward be excluded. Drinking too little was as perilous as drinking too much. To quarrel or use ill language within the twelve days was to incur the lord's displeasure: "Item: If any one shall come into the kitchen whiles meat is a-dressing, to molest the cooks, he shall suffer the rigor of his lordship's law. Item: If any man shall kisse any maid, widdow, or wife, except to bid welcome or farewell, without his lordship's consent, he shall be punished as his lordship shall think convenient." And finally: "I give full power and authority to his lordship to brake up all lockes, bolts, barres, doores, and latches, and to flinge up alle doores out of hendges to come at all those who presume to disobey his lord's commands. God save the king!"

Mr. Philip Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses in England* (1583), gives a very curious account of the pranks of "these hell-hounds," the Lord of Misrule and his complices. In his fiery denunciations we have the extreme Puritan point of view of the Christmas mummeries and excesses of that day. This Lord of Misrule, or captain of mischief, he says, is chosen by

THE ROMAN SATURNALIA.—From drawing by J. R. Weguelin.

the wild heads of the parish, crowned and adopted as King, who selects threescore or an hundred lusty attendants to wait upon his lordly majesty. These he invests with his liveries, green, yellow, or some other light wanton color. "And as though that were not (baudie) gaudie enough I should saie, they bedecke themselves with scarfes, ribbons, and laces, hanged all over with golde rynges, precious stones, and other jewelles: this doen, they tye about either legge twentie or fourtie belles, with rich hande-kercheefes in their hands, and sometimes laied across their shoulders and neckes, borrowed for the most parte of their pretie Mopsies and loovyng Bessies for bussyng them in the darcke. Thus thinges sètte in order, they have their hobbie-horses, dragons, and other antiques, together with their baudie pipers and thunderyng drommers, to strike up the Deville's daunce withall: then marche these heathen companie towardes the church and churcheyarde, their pipers pipyng, drommers thunderyng, their stumppes dauncing, their belles jynglyng, their hand-kerchefes swynging about their heads like madmen, their hobbie-horses and other monsters skyrmishyng amongst the throng: and in this sort they goe to the churche (though the minister bee at praier or preachyng) dauncing and swingyng their handkercheefes over their heades in the churche, like devilles incarnate, with such a confused noise that no man can heare his own voice. Then the foolishe people they looke, they stare, they laugh, they fleere, and mount upon formes and pews to see these goodly pageauntes solemnized in this sort. Then, after this, aboute the church they goe againe and againe, and so forthe into the churche-yarde, where they have commonly their sommer haules, their bowers, arbours, and banquettyng houses sett up, wherin they feaste, banquet, and daunce all that daie, and (peradventure) all that night too. And thus these terrestrial furies spend their Sabbaoth daie."

It is plain that the celebration of Christmas, together with all the pretty household observances and abundant hospitalities, had gathered into its twelve days a host of pagan rites and Bacchanalian excesses, with a mixture of Christian legends, mediæval mummeries, and superstitious notions of all sorts, so that it is small wonder that the Puritans came to regard the season as a Saturnalia of Antichrist. In France, in which the Christmas observances were formally abolished in the anti-christian reaction of 1793, there was a belief that bread baked at Christmas would remain incorruptible for ten years, and that it was useful in diseases of cows. In Dewsbury, in Yorkshire, the bells used to be tolled on Christmas-eve, in token that the devil died when Christ was born, at the very time when the Puritans supposed the devil to be more active than ever. A curious superstition prevailed in Wiltshire. The wife of a laborer came to the clergyman on Christmas-day to get a sacrament shilling (*i. e.*, one from the offertory) to hang round the neck of her son, who was subject to fits. Twelve pennies must be collected from twelve maidens and exchanged for an ordinary shilling, and this for the sacrament shilling, or the charm had no value. The twelve pence, it is suggested, had some relation to the twelve apostles. These are only specimens of a hundred popular superstitions that gathered about the season.

One of the most singular and ludicrous mediæval ceremonies of the season was held at Beauvais, France, in the fourteenth century, called the Feast of Asses. The flight into Egypt was represented in church. A beautiful young woman, with an infant in her arms, was seated upon an ass elegantly adorned. Entering the church, the girl and ass were placed near the altar, on the Gospel side. High mass was then begun, and the Introit, Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, etc., all terminated with an imitation of the ass's bray—*hin-haw*, or *he-hawn*. At the end of the mass, when the priest turned to the people, saying, "*Ite, Missa est*," he actually *he-hawned*, or brayed, twice, as ordained by the ritual. And instead of the usual response, "*Deo Gratias*," the people *he-hawned*, or brayed, thrice, in like manner. A Latin hymn was sung during the mass. A translation of a stanza or two will give an idea of it:

"In an Eastern region
Chanced an Ass to be.
Beautiful and bravest,
Fittest loads to bear.
Chorus. He-hawn, sire Ass, you sing;
Fierce mouth you grin.
Hay enough you'll have,
Oats enow to plant.

"Here he is with big ears,
Primitive clod-hopper,
Ass as big as ever,
Lord of all the asses.
Chorus. He-hawn, etc.

HAULING IN THE YULE-LOG.—From drawing by H. M. Paget.

"Now say Amen, O Ass!
[*Here they fell on their knees.*
Belly full of clover,
Amen! amen ever!
And away with fodder!
Chorus. He-hawn! he-hawn! He-hawn-he!
Beautiful, sire Ass, for you can trot,
Beautiful muzzle is yours to sing."

There was quite as much braying on the other side. Prynne's *Histrio-Mastix*, the most verbose, tiresome mass of invective that the sinful world ever drew down on itself, is one prolonged bray. He thus lifts up his voice as to dancing, "which," he says, "I would our English nation would now at last consider: who for the most part spend the Christmas season, with other solemn festivals, in amorous, mixt, voluptuous, unchristian, that I say not pagan, dancing, to God's, to Christ's dishonor, religion's scandal, chastitie's shipwracke, sinne's advantage, and the eternal ruin of many precious soules who, like those wicked ones, doe spend their days in pleasure, musicke, mirth, dancing, and in a moment go down to hell, to dance with Devils, with infernal frisking Satyrs, in eternal flames."

In the Puritan view these festivities of Christmas had become wholly pagan, or, what was worse, popish, and it was in the tide of such fervid fanaticism as that of Prynne and Stubbes that the innocent gayeties as well as the excesses of the time were swept away, and swept away so completely that it was centuries before many descendants of the Puritans could look upon any celebration of Christmas as otherwise than sinful. "Into what a stupendous *height* of more than pagan impiety," exclaims Prynne, whose rhetoric is his only amusing point, "have we not now *degenerated!*" "We can not sanctify a Lord's day, observe a fifth of November, or any other day of publicke thanksgiving to our gracious God, nor yet celebrate an Easter, a Pentecost, or such like solemn feasts (much less a Christmas, as we phrase it) in plausible pious sort (as too many paganizing Christians now conceit) without drinking, roaring, healthing, dicing, carding, dancing, masques, and stage-plays." "How doe we Christians spend or celebrate for the most part the Nativity of our Saviour but with such heathenish sports as these, which Turkes and Infidels would abhor to practice?"

Prynne, without doubt, did his best to make Christmas what he said it ought to be, "rather a day of mourning than of rejoicing." Very differently, he says, did the primitive Christians keep their holidays, "when other men kept revel-rout, feasting and drinking from parish to parish, making the whole citie to smell like a taverne, kindling bonfires in every street, running by troupes to playes, to impudent pranks, to the incitements of lust, etc., accounting their licentious deboistnesse at such seasons their chiefest piety."

It is impossible to understand the reaction against Christmas without entering into these details. Allowing for the exaggerations of the reformers, the excesses of the season had, as Prynne would say, descended to a great height. Mr. Philip Stubbes is more plain-spoken, if possible, than Prynne. In his opinion, more mischief was committed in that season than in all the year besides. What masking and mummery, whereby robbery, wantonness, murder, and what not, is committed! What dicing, carding, eating, and drinking, what banqueting and feasting, to the dishonor of God and the impoverishment of the realm!

Thomas Kirchmeier, a Dutch traveller, in his *Fourth Book of the Papal Kingdom* (1570) makes some curious observations on English Christmas festivities, the superstitious and heathen nature of which impressed him: "At Advent, three weeks before Christmas, the boys and girls run in every place, and bounce and beat at every door, and cry the advent of the Lord, and wish a happy New-Year, and receive pears, and plums, and pence. These three nights are held unfortunate, the people are afraid of sprites and cankred witches, and dreadful devils black and grim.

"In these same days yong wanton gyrles that meete for marriage bee
Doe search to know the names of those that shall their husbands bee.

"They take four, five, or eight onyons, and make in every one a name they fancy most or best think upon, set the onyons near the chimney, and the first to sproute doth surely bear the name of their good man. To know their husband's nature they go after sundown to the wood-pile and pull out a stick; if straight and even, without knots, a gentle husband shall to them fall; if crooked and knotty, a churlish, crabbed husband they fear.

"At Christmas-day at midnight up they rise, and every man to mass. After mass on the day a wooden image of a child is

set on the altar, about which the boys and girls do dance and carols sing in praise of Christ.

"The organs answere every verse with sweete and solemn cheare,
The priestes do rore aloud, and rounde about the parents stand
To see the sport, and with their voyce do help them and their hande.
Thus woont the Coribants perhaps upon the mountain *Ide*,
The crying noise of Jupiter new borne with song to hide,
To dance about him round, and on their brazen pannes to beate,
Least that his father, finding him, should him destroy and eat."

It may show bad taste, but even in the light of these denunciations there is nothing very attractive in the thought of a Christmas spent with the Stubbeses and Prynnes. We should for mere enjoyment rather have taken our chances in the gorgeous coach of Samuel Pepys, Esq., a century later, rolling round with him to the play-house and the palace, and other places where gossip was to be picked up. Pepys did not celebrate Christmas with great enthusiasm, but he sets down from time to time what interested him on that day. In 1662 he was minded to receive the communion at Whitehall with his family; he arrived too late, but in time to hear the bishop's sermon, who preached on the song of the angels, "Glory to God on high, on earth peace and goodwill toward men." "Methought he made but a poor sermon, but long, and reprehending the common jollity of the court for the true joy that shall and ought to be in these days. Particularized concerning the excess in playes and gaming. Upon which it was worth observing how far they are come from taking the reprehensions of a bishop seriously, that they all laugh in the chapel when he reflected on their ill actions and courses." The effect of the bishop's exhortation to hospitality was spoiled for Pepys by the whisper of some one in his ear that the bishop did not spend one groat to the poor himself. The diarist had better luck in 1665, for going to church in the morning, he "there saw a wedding in the church, which I have not seen many a day; and the young people so merry one with another; and strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them." Mrs. Pepys never saw this entry, nor the one in 1667 in which is a record of going to St. James by coach on Christmas-eve, to witness the ceremonies in the chapel. "I got in almost up to the rail, and with a great deal of patience staid from nine at night to two in the morning in a very great crowd, and there expected but found nothing extraordinary, there being nothing but a high masse. The Queene was there and some high ladies. All being done, I was sorry for my coming, and missing of what I expected, which was to have had a child born and dressed there, and a great deal of do: but we broke up, and nothing like it done. And there I left people receiving the sacrament: and the Queene gone, and ladies; only my Lady Castlemaine, who looked prettily in her night clothes. And so took my coach, which waited, and drunk some burnt wine at the Rose Tavern door, while the constables came, and two or three bellmen went by, it being a fine light moonshine morning: and so home round the city." The next year was even quieter. "To dinner alone with my wife, who, poor wretch! sat undressed all day till ten at night, altering and lacing a noble petticoat; while I sat by her making a boy read to me the life of Julius Cæsar and Des Cartes's book of musick."

The object of this paper of scattered details is attained if it brings before the reader with some reality the Christmas time of two and three centuries ago, in order that he may contrast it with the present. We have saved out of the past nearly all that was good in it, and the revived Christmas of our time is no doubt better than the old. It is not so picturesque, but it is fuller of real charity and brotherly love, and nearer the Divine intention. It is the tendency of all holidays, the Christian no less than the others, to go to excess, and the day may soon become as burdensome as it formerly was by reason of excessive gifts and artificial social observances. Progress is sometimes likened to the swinging of a pendulum forward and backward, and Christmas will probably oscillate to and fro in the fervor of its celebration through all the Christian ages. But at each revival it will no doubt be nearer the ideal, more in accord with the song of the angels at the Nativity. And I believe that every year at Christmas time the windows of heaven open wider than ever before, and more men and women hear the song.

THE DEAR LONG AGO.

IN the gray of the gloaming o'er lowland and highland
The storm-wind is sounding its bugles afar,
The billows roll black on the desolate island;
In vain shall the mariner seek for a star.

O keeper, look well to thy beacon forth-gleaming;
O fisher, steer boldly, with eye to the light,
Lest slumber unbroken by waking or dreaming
Thy portion shall be in this turbulent night.

Yet quiet I sit, thinking not of the sobbing
So eerie and dreary of tempest and snow,
For tones in my heart with strange sweetness are throbbing
The runes and the tunes of the dear long ago.

I am borne to the days that were swift in their flying,
All pulsing with music and sparkling with mirth,
The days when my childhood no space had for sighing,
No place for the phantoms of darkness and dearth.

On the hearth pales the fire's red glow to dull ashen;
Without, the trees moan in the deepening chill;
But fancy recalls to my spirit the fashion
Of Spring on the meadow, the plain, and the rill.

I remember the lilacs that budded and flowered,
The willows that dipped in the full-flooded stream,
The orchards with blossoms so lavishly dowered,
In times when joy held me unchecked and supreme.

Ah, wild is the winter on lowland and highland,
And black break the waves on the storm-battered coast,
And sound the long bugles on peak and on island,
And gathers the tempest with haste and with host.

I sit by myself in the gray of the gloaming,
I muse on the days that were tender and true,
And my heart, like a child fain to rest after roaming,
Is back in the bright days, my mother, with you.

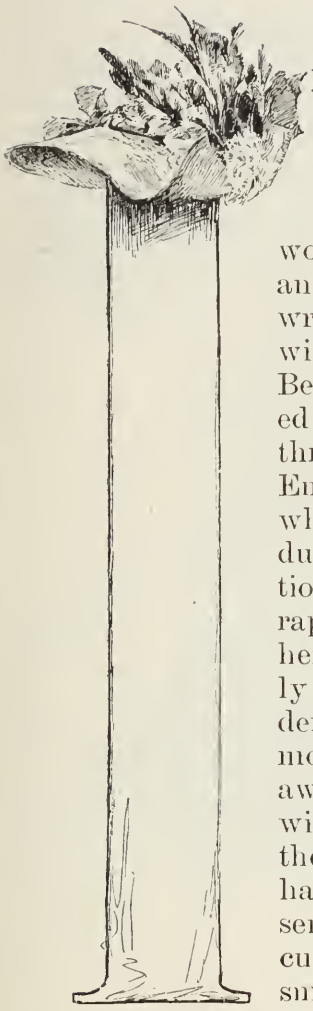
NOTE.—The musical score prepared for this song by W. W. GILCHRIST will be found on pp. 157 *et seq.*

"And my heart, like a child fain to rest after roaming,
Is back in the bright days, with you."

From drawing by Frederic Dielman.

A FEW DAYS' MORE DRIVING.

"Oh, were we young as we ance hae been,
We sud be galloping down on you green,
And linking it ower the lily-white lea—
And werena my heart light I wad dee."



IF there is anything in this passing show of a world more incomprehensible than a woman and her ways and fancies, the present writer has not yet met with it. When our Bell was suddenly asked to go away for a drive through the southern English counties, and when the various inducements and attractions were briefly and rapidly put before her, her face grew strangely puzzled and bewildered, her eyes grew moist, and she turned away to the window without a word. And then again, when she had recovered her senses, there was still a curious and uncertain smile about her mouth, and she murmured, half to herself,

"Oh, were we young as we ance hae been."

Here began the business of remonstrance. Was one generation always to be young? Were we not to make room for the other folk coming along? Did she want all the youth that was going? Moreover, had she not been asked to join this very trip in order to play the part of matron and chaperon to a lot of giddy young creatures? Why should a sentimental looking back to the long driving tour that had ended with her marriage hinder her from undertaking any other such excursion? Was not the England of to-day just as beautiful as the England of a dozen years ago?—the red hawthorn just as red, the laburnum tassels just as golden, the clover fields as sweet? Nay, had she no curiosity to learn how the young people of the present moment behaved themselves on such occasions? Great changes, in manners as in other things, happen in a dozen years: had she no wish to observe the ways of the boys and girls of the present time when sent out into the freedom of the country? And again, and fifthly and lastly, supposing she did not wish to find herself altogether shelved, superseded, and put out of the running, so to speak, was it not permitted to a young grass-widow (for her Prussian husband is at this moment in Colorado) to enjoy a little quiet flirtation, so it were done discreetly?

But all this, in a second, becomes unnecessary. A small threepenny-bit of a creature appears—her dignity of demeanor being somewhat impaired by the fact that her left arm encircles two pots of azaleas, while her right hand holds a trowel-like implement—and the moment she hears what is under discussion her decision is given, promptly and concisely.

"Don't be a fool. Of course you will go."

"Why should I," says Bell, shifting her ground as a last resource—"why should I go away on a driving tour with somebody else's husband?"

"You are welcome to him, for anything I care," says the Woman with the Azaleas; and she stalks on with her pots and her trowel.

After that there was no appeal; and so it came about that on a certain fair morning in June we two found ourselves among a pretty numerous party assembled in a room in the Grand Hotel, Charing Cross. Of course there was a good deal of covert scrutiny going on among these people; for one was naturally curious to guess at the character of one's future companions; and there were many introductions and anxious catching of names. But doubtless most of them knew that there is nothing like a driving tour for shaking people together, and enabling them to pick out fit associates; and in the mean time the scrutiny was merely of an outward and visible kind. Up at the fire-place stood a tall English-looking girl—fresh-complexioned, blue-eyed, serious in expression, and yet gentle withal—who wore a *pince-nez*, and was engaged in earnest conversation with a long, thin, round-shouldered, gray-

bearded, and black-a-vised man. Him we knew well enough as the great scientific Philosopher who can find you a reason for everything that exists in this mortal world —except for his own inability to perceive facts that won't square with his theories; and we thought it unfair that he should be scowling so—unintentionally, of course —at the gentle young face that was regarding him with so much meek reverence. Then there were three American girls—a very pretty colony they formed: one of them with a picturesque hat, whose sweep of brim and feathers ferociously set the wrong way formed one of the most conspicuous objects in our subsequent travels. There was an English youth, looking painfully neat and clean and circumspect, from his close-cropped yellow head and tall white collar to his brilliantly varnished and pointed boots. He seemed to regard himself as a jocose person; we heard him called Mr. Percy Smythe, and guessed that he was a younger brother of that Lord Fitzpetre whose career on the turf came to an untimely end the year that Robert the Devil won the Grand Prix. Two or three others we may pass over; but surely it would be ungrateful to omit all mention of our host on this occasion—a shrewd and able Scotchman, who went to America a good many years ago, and achieved a fair enough competence there, which he modestly attributes, not to his own brains and business capacity, but to the excellence of republican institutions, toward which he is proportionately and warmly grateful. This, it need hardly be said, is a most comforting theory; and those of us here who have families to support are all bent on crossing the Atlantic (when our other affairs are temporarily settled), to see if the Great Republic will be equally kind to us. And naturally we are anxious to know all about our future home; and the Star-spangled Scotchman, as we have got to calling him, is abundant and even eager with his information, and hath a pretty gift of eloquence, moreover; so that through the agency of his eulogies and pæans and grateful hymns of praise we have come to construct in our imagination a very fine America indeed—a land of purity and peace, of sweetness and light, of incorruptibility and harmonious aim, where the office-seeker is not, and the Wall Street lion and lamb lie down together, and Tammany Hall is but a dream of the envious foreigner. It is a fair and a beautiful country, this white land beyond the shining Cyclades; and when we also have sojourned there a space, shall we not return similarly grateful and effusive, and ready to wave the Stars and Stripes as we drive our four-in-hand along the English lanes?

Meanwhile luncheon is announced, and we swarm into the other room. At the same moment another of the party, a young American artist, makes his appearance, looking very innocent and shy and modest; and in the general arrangement about seats he seems to feel that the eyes of his youthful country-women are upon him (particularly those of her who wears the hat with the wild feathers), and he manages to get a place as far away from them as he conveniently can. The Philosopher pays no further heed to his gentle and serious scholar; he is a hungry-looking animal, and his gaze is fixed on a distant rabbit pie. The English youth with the collar, on the other hand, considers this ceremony a bore, and informs our Bell, who is seated next him, that a lemon squash and a couple of biscuits are the utmost he permits himself in the way of lunch. And indeed most of us are glad enough when the meal is over, for we want to make a start in good weather, and the warm June sun is streaming in at the windows, and we know that the coach is already at the door.

Well, there was a goodly crowd to witness our departure; for this was a Whit-Monday, and there were many idlers about. In fact, Mr. Percy Smythe rather gloomily remarked to his neighbor (again our Bell) that if we drove along Piccadilly, every one would think we were going to spend a day at happy Hampstead, though, to be sure, there was nothing about the smart-looking team—three blacks and a brown—or the light and shapely drag, or the neatly appointed grooms, that smacked of a Hampstead holiday. Anyhow, we slowly swung along now, the horses' hoofs pattering on the wood pavement, by Pall Mall, and St. James's Street, and Piccadilly, and Kensington; the mild air blowing warm, the sunlight shining on the shimmering trees of the beautiful London parks. Acquaintanceships had been made by this time; there was a general feeling of expectation and pleasure; the American girls, in especial, were delighted with everything they saw—the abundant flower decoration of the house fronts; the sub-

ON THE WAY.

urban gardens, rich in red hawthorns and yellow laburnums and resplendent rhododendrons; and, still further out into the country, the wide commons golden with furze, and the noble parks with their umbrageous limes and beeches all trembling in a world of green. The air was sweeter now; the sun warm, but not scorching; and ever the variegated English landscape, so steeped in verdure, so clear and cool in its colors, growing quieter and quieter as we sped away down into Surrey, by Esher and Claremont, by Fair Mile and Cobham, by Pain's Hill Park, and Ockham with its silver-gray ponds. Hour after hour went by of the golden afternoon; every turn of the road, every hill attained, brought a new picture into view; but always there were certain permanent features—wide roads, luxuriant hedges, banks hanging with wild flowers, deep woods, stretches of far champaign country, and the breezy, cool blue and white of the English sky growing gradually warmer in tone as the sun went over to the west. And in this way, toward seven o'clock of the summer evening, we came in sight of the ruddy houses of Guildford scattered about in a wide hollow; and here, when we sat down to dinner, about half past eight or so, at a table brightly lit and amply furnished with flowers, it speedily appeared that the first constraint of the party had considerably worn off, and there was quite as much talking and laughing and joking as was consistent with the severe presence of the Philosopher.

And was our good Bell anxious to know what the young folk of the present day were interested in, and how they would conduct themselves on a driving trip? The English lad, who paid no attention whatever to the girls, but who followed this young matron about with a most assiduous courtesy, again sat beside her at dinner; and thus he spake:

"Jolly glad to be quit of last week, anyhow. The dullest Derby week I ever knew. Fancy!—a dead heat, and they wouldn't run it off. The Derby end in a

draw!—and not a single horse in the race within twenty-one pounds of the best form. Then the Gaiety closed; and even if it were open, what would it be without Jinny Eden? Are you going to her *matinée?*"

"I'm afraid not," says Bell, who had never heard of Miss Eden before.

"Ridiculous stuff to make the best dancer on the English stage into a third-rate actress. But everything's stupid in London just now; nothing worth going to see. There's Mary away somewhere in the provinces."

"I beg your pardon," says Bell, with a sudden and startling coldness, "are you speaking of Miss Anderson?"

He is somewhat disconcerted; but only for a moment.

"Oh yes," he says; "every one calls her Mary, don't you know; but it's because she is such a favorite; it isn't impertinence at all."

And then he proceeds:

"There was a very good *Pink un*, though, on Saturday. Came out strong for the Derby week. Perhaps you don't read the *Pink un?*"

"I really don't quite understand."

"The *Sporting Times*, don't you know," he says, lightly. "Why, the other sporting papers ain't in it now. If you don't read it, you should; you'll make the acquaintance of some merry youths—Peter Blobbs, the Shifter, Gubbins, and the rest. Best paper going; no gammon about it; talks about what you really want to know. I can't say I've landed a fortune over its tips; but who could have expected Harvester to come in like that? Were you at the Derby?"

And while he is thus pleasantly getting along, the English girl with the *pince-nez* is being severely lectured by the Philosopher on the iniquity of state-enforced vaccination, she having innocently mentioned M. Pasteur's experiments; and the Star-spangled Scotchman is declaring that the purity of American courts of law is a thing that we have no conception of in this God-forsaken land; and the three pretty American maidens are having a quiet confabulation about Paris; while their young countryman, the artist, is sketching on an envelope a rough plan of the house that he is about to build in Melbury Road.

"But it is all studio," I say to him.

"Why, yes. That's just what I want. I want a studio, with a couple of rooms attached for living in—that's about all I want."

"And when you marry, of what use will a place like that be to you?"

"Oh, I couldn't afford to marry," he says.

"But you can afford to spend £6000 on this fantastic building."

"It's for my work; I must have a big studio," he says, evasively.

So far well; and now our first evening together is drawing to a close. The women-folk troop away upstairs; two or three of the men seek out the smoking-room; others go off for a stroll and a breath of cool air. The streets are almost deserted now; the night is quiet and clear; and the stars are shining peacefully over Guildford town.

"....*The blithest lass,*
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.
Fair is the kingcup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisy that beside her grows;
Fair is the gillyflower, of gardens sweet,
Fair is the marigold, for pottage meet:
But Blouzelind's than gillyflower more fair,
Than daisy, marigold, or kingcup rare."

It was most neglectful of those of us who were familiar with this old town and its antiquities to omit giving any guidance in that direction to our American cousins. But the fact is that English people have got into the way of taking old castles, abbeys, and similar things for granted—that is, in their own country; and so it happened that not one of our party went to see the ruins of Guildford Castle, with its Norman keep, nor yet Archbishop Abbot's Hospital, nor yet the old Grammar School, nor the Guildhall. Our young artist friend, it is true, went away for an early stroll, note-book in hand, through the quaint quiet streets, jotting down here and there a bit of a gable, or a curious archway, or Elizabethan house front; and perhaps wondering whether the original owner of one of those odd small houses, as he sat in the bay-window there and read the last news-letter sent down from London, may have heard tell of a young man recently come from Stratford-on-Avon who was proving himself a most industrious and shifty playwright, and had already won the favor of the 'prentices in quite an unusual degree. But these artistic and archæological studies suddenly cease. Our American youth finds before him a *bric-à-brac* shop, the shutters just taken down, and that is

ASCENDING A HILL.

enough; he disappears, he is lost, and his companion sadly betakes himself to the hotel alone. For who would be a party to such an unnatural proceeding as the purchasing of furniture and knickknacks by a bachelor? What kind of a bird is it that builds and feathers its nest for itself alone?

Breakfast over and everybody ready, our places are changed on this occasion, and the English youth and maiden find themselves side by side in front. Very winsome she looks this morning; the air is a trifle cooler, and has brought added color to her cheeks; and as there is something rather mannish in her attire—in the gray riding-coat and gray felt hat—surely her companion may be excused for saying, pleasantly,

"Are you going to Ascot this year, Miss Deane?"

She seems surprised; she glances at him through her *pince-nez*.

"Do you mean the races? I have never been to any race."

"You won't miss much this time, anyway," he says, with a confident air. "Promises to be as dull as the Derby. Fancy Ascot without the royal procession! But Ascot's ever so much jollier for ladies than the Derby, or even the Oaks. I mean in an ordinary year. The Derby's too rough, don't you know. And yet there are fewer and fewer people going down by road; the cabmen and livery-stable keepers will have to lower their tariff before long. Three sovs for a hansom, eighteen for a landau and a good-looking pair—rather hot, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," she answers, somewhat distantly; and then she turns to the Philosopher, who is sitting just behind her, and begins to inquire about this Hog's Back which we are approaching, and soon we hear of nothing but "upheavals of the chalk," "breaking off of curves," "inclined position of the remaining side of the flexure," and so forth. The youth is rather left out; his gaze is fixed on the wide country; and he is whistling to him-

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

self, absently, the "Glouglou" air from *La Mascotte*.

This Hog's Back is certainly one of the most singular features of the southern counties. It is a raised ridge of chalk some seven miles long, never more than half a mile in breadth, and rising to no greater height than five hundred feet; but its slopes are steep, and as the wooded country around it is comparatively level, it appears, as you drive along the high plateau, as if all England were spread out on both sides of you. The view is magnificent even on such a dull gray morning as this is; dark and intense are the greens of the woods and the hedges, and the reds and purple-reds of the fields; and as the landscape stretches out and out and up and up to the high horizon line, the atmospheric blue deepens and deepens until it becomes a faint aerial indigo where it meets the leaden-gray sky. But whoever wants to know what this country is like may turn to Cobbett's *Rural Rides*. William Cobbett was born at Farnham, a couple of miles beyond the Hog's Back, and he died at Normandy Farm, which we can see down there on our right. And so we go bowling along this high and narrow plateau—the cold air scented by the luxuriant hawthorn hedges—until the drag is put on, and we get slowly down into Farnham.

Farnham: as we stop to water the horses, it occurs to some of us that the name sounds familiar. Was it not here that a certain Captain Esmond, riding down from London on a memorable occasion, stopped for the night, with the hope of seeing his dear mistress at Walcote on the morrow? Farnham: is not Moor Park close by, where in former days an "uncouth, disagreeable young Irishman, who had narrowly escaped plucking at Dublin, attended Sir William as amanuensis, for board and twenty pounds a year, dined at the second table, wrote bad verses in praise of his employer, and made love to a very pretty dark-eyed young girl who waited on Lady Gifford"? And when the Irish secretary and the dark-eyed waiting-maid—that is to say, when Swift and

Stella—managed to get away from the park on an evening ramble, did they not sometimes come wandering along this very street, perchance to rest themselves for a while in this very inn? Well, they had their time, and they are gone; and the young people of the present day have their time, but they don't use it: at least, when we all of us set out to walk, so that the coach might overtake us when the horses were refreshed, the three American girls down and opened the big baskets, and when all the coats, cloaks, and rugs in the caravan had been brought forth for the women-folk to sit on, then the ministrations of the youth were of distinct public service. Nay, he even went away and got some branches of pink and white hawthorn for the decoration of the feast; and when the cherries and strawberries were also displayed on the white table cover, the show was quite pleasing. As for him-

HIGH STREET, WINCHESTER.

(including her of the ferocious feathers) went on by themselves, and the English youth lit a moody cigarette, and the American artist had his eye on the shop windows, lest peradventure he might spy out some brass candlesticks there; and the English maiden was propounding to the Philosopher all kinds of distressing conundrums about the storage of electricity.

However, our good-looking English lad had his innings, as he himself would have said, at lunch. That ceremony took place in a meadow some mile or two south of Alton; and when the great white tablecloth was spread out on the rich green grass, and when the grooms had brought self, two biscuits, a glass of water, two or three cherries, and a cigarette satisfied his modest requirements; and when he had done all he could in the way of helping the women-folk, he endeavored to entertain them with a little playful facetiousness. It was not much, but it was well meant, and it was well received, for all of the party seemed in excellent spirits. The Star-spangled Scotchman sang "Annie Laurie." Even our American artist friend had got over something of his shyness, and was become almost friendly, in a timid way, with the girl of the feathers.

The country between Alton and Alresford is exceedingly beautiful and very

lonely. The roads are unusually wide for the most part, and bordered with a wilderness of hawthorn and fir and elm and hazel, and they wind on and on through a wooded and undulating landscape, with nothing in the shape of a village to be seen. Some of us set out to walk this distance, the horses still resting at Alton; and far ahead of us went two together—one a gaunt, thin, tall figure in a black frock-coat, the other in gray, with a white feather in her felt hat. Science hath charms to soothe the gentle breast, and we knew that the English maiden was enjoying transport as the Philosopher discoursed to her of the future triumphs of the doctrine of evolution. And as for him?

"*What joy to wind along the cool retreat,*
To stop and gaze on Delia as I go,
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know!"

But, alas! we knew there was no such solace for the man of molecules. An obstacle existed, a substantial obstacle weighing fifteen stone—a Mrs. Philosopher, living at Clapham, and the mother of three young men in business in the City. Nevertheless the two figures away along the road there were picturesque enough, and never were the groves of Academe so quiet for the conversation of master and pupil; while as for the rest of us, who dare not venture into these wilds of speculation—well, the Star-spangled Scotchman, always the life and the soul of the party, was now singing (with the whole of the American colony for chorus) a cheerful ditty about the soul of John Brown, which unfortunate ghost seems to have been visited with the curse that fell on the Wandering Jew. Anyhow, *we* marched along.

We got on the coach again to drive through the richly wooded Tichborne country, and on by Ovington Gate and Magdalen Hill. In the clear glow of the summer evening we came in sight of Winchester, the ruddy mass of houses lying in the hollow dominated by the massive tower of the cathedral; and when we drove down into the vale, and then up into the steep High Street, be sure it was at the old George Inn that we stopped. And here there was a hurried descent, for we had to troop away to the great cathedral ere the gates should be closed for the night. Fortunately we were just in time. And indeed it was a strange kind of thing, this sudden forsaking of the busy and noisy outer world, and the finding one's self in the solemn silence of this noble and stately building, confronted everywhere by the records and monuments of an almost immemorial past. I am afraid that we were a dreadfully ignorant lot of people, that our acquaintance with the history of the kingdom of Wessex, and our recollection of Kynegils, and of Kynewalch the son of Kynegils, and even of St. Swithin and Ethelwald, were of a meagre and nebulous description; but even the most ignorant of us could not but be struck by the sight of those young American girls, with their pretty knickknacks of Parisian finery, standing by the dark tombstone of William Rufus in the solemn and hushed twilight of this great building. And they themselves were impressed, as any one could see, and were overcome with a kind of awe, when they came to the Mortuary Chests, and read the names of those whose remains are preserved there—Ethelwulf the father of Alfred, Hardyknut, and others. The party split up, and strayed about a good deal. Information sounds barren inside a cathedral; it should be acquired before you go there. The verger's voice is a disturbing element in the strange stillness. And perhaps some of us, wandering away into the solitudes of the twilit building, were thinking of another afternoon, not quite so far back as the days of the red king, the afternoon that Captain Esmond, not quite sure of his reception by the lady of Castlewood, had ridden down to Winchester, and left his horse at the George, and come over to the cathedral here, where he knew he should at least see her. They walked home together in the dusk toward Walcote, which was but a mile off, and surely one may be permitted to quote here the beautiful passage that follows:

"'But I knew you would come back—I own that. That is no one's fault. And to-day, Henry, in the anthem, when they sang it, "When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream," I thought, "Yes, like them that dream—them that dream." And then it went, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he that goeth forth and weepeth shall doubtless come home again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." I looked up from the book and saw you. I was not surprised when I saw you. I knew you would come, my dear, and saw the gold sunshine round your head.'

"She smiled an almost wild smile as she looked up at him. The moon was up by

this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky. He could see for the first time now clearly her sweet care-worn face.

"'Do you know what day it is?' she continued. 'It is the 29th of December—it is your birthday! But last year we did not drink it—no, no. My lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die; and my brain was in a fever, and we had no wine. But now—now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you, my dear.' She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke; she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly, 'bringing your sheaves with you—your sheaves with you.'"

Well, we got home from the gray old building through the quiet of the twilit streets, and had a sufficiently merry din-

DEMOISELLE AUX PLUMES.

ner party at the George, though it was continued to a shockingly late hour. There had been some mad talking about getting up a little dance this evening among the young folk; but when we adjourned to the sitting-room, Bell, who was

ROMSEY ABBEY.

responsible for the rising of her interesting charges in the morning, found it was so late that she would not allow the piano to be opened. So they were forthwith marched off to bed, pretending to sulk, most of them, while the unregenerate of the party descended to the court-yard to consume the precious night hours in smoke and idle and profitless conversation.

> "*Blest as the immortal gods is he,*
> *The youth who fondly sits by thee,*
> *And hears and sees thee all the while*
> *Softly speak and sweetly smile.*"

Next morning is altogether brighter, warmer, and breezier; and now we have got the *demoiselle aux plumes* and her artist-countryman in front, where naturally youth and beauty should be, and young hopes, and a cheerful looking to the coming years. Middle age may be well content with a back seat and the privilege of looking on. There's another thing: in the after-benches there is a larger society and a greater possibility of getting up a little *Schwärmerei;* and as we get out into the shining solitudes of the country again, and if the general satisfaction of this larger company should find expression in that most doleful of ditties, "Auld Lang Syne" —just as the Germans, when their cup of happiness is at its full, invariably sing,

> "*Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten*
> *Dass ich so traurig bin*"

—why, then, it seems quite natural that we should regard ourselves as ancient friends and cronies,

> "*deriving thence*
> *A right to feast and drain immortal bowls*
> *In Odin's hall,*"

which, in truth, sounds a little more intelligible than drinking a "willie waught," in the words of the song. So we leave those two young people to themselves. The sweeping brim of the straw hat conceals much. Perhaps, on his side, he is not as shy as he looks. Anyhow, the coach swings along pleasantly; and the day is bright and clear and cheerful; the larks are singing in the silver and blue; the air is sweet with the hawthorn; and the wide and wooded English landscape lies basking in the June sun.

Mr. Murray's guide-books to these southern counties are quite invaluable; but they should not be opened until you are seated on the top of the coach and well away from the place described. You can then afford to read with equanimity all about those objects of interest which you have missed. Of course when we were at Winchester we should have gone to see the college and the castle and a dozen other old-world remains, for undoubtedly Winchester is one of the most interesting cities in England; but we had already found that if the party was allowed to break up and stray away of a morning, there was no getting it together again in time; and we had no wish to keep the horses standing in the High Street, while troops of yeomanry cavalry, with helmets and scabbards flashing, and followed by admiring crowds, were riding this way and that through the ancient city. However, there was one thing we did regret not having seen. We should undoubtedly have gone to the hospital of St. Cross, which, originally founded in 1136 by Henry de Blois, then Bishop of Winchester, for the relief of thirteen poor men, "decayed and past their strength," has undergone strange transmutations since, but always has been a fountain of charity. And if we had called at the lodge and asked for the "Wayfarer's Dole"—a horn of beer and a slice of bread to all who may demand it—no doubt we could have found some means by which the revenues of the institution should not have suffered. "This," says Murray, our one and only available authority at present, "is now nearly the last relic in England of the old-world charity which could afford to provide indiscriminately for all comers."

What angel of light and leading was it that guided our steps to Romsey Abbey Church, which we reached about midday? We had associated Romsey chiefly with Broadlands and Lord Palmerston; but this beautiful Norman church—for Norman it essentially is, though there are later additions here and there—adjoining the little quiet town, and set amid fair summer meadows, was by far the most interesting ecclesiastical monument that we met with on this trip. The arches in the gallery and the transepts were particularly curious, and the American folk bought many photographs of them; but photographs of a fairly preserved church such as this is invariably make it look as if it had been built the day before yesterday;

THE OLD BOY.

whereas it is more likely that these transepts, and the choir and tower also, are at least seven hundred years old. However, it is not only the photographer who puts this false air of youth on many an ancient building. There is a worse than he. Let us speak no ill of the dead; but some of us who have visited certain of the finest old churches in England, and have been astounded to find them restored and transformed into quite modern spick-and-span edifices, with pretty new brass-work and smartly painted inscriptions, and polished pews and trim altar steps, have left rapidly, lest the sacred atmosphere of the place might be shocked by invocations the reverse of blessings.

Hap-hazard arrangements are sometimes the best. All the planning in the world could not have provided us with a more charming spot for lunch. It was in a sheltered nook, close by a clear-running tributary of the Test; bounteous bushes of hawthorn overhung the pellucid water; and all around us were lush meadows, sweet with the scent of the red clover, and golden yellow with masses of buttercups. The air was soft and balmy; a strange silence hung over the noon of the summer day; if we wanted anything, it was to have some members of the Abbey Glee Club, stationed behind that hawthorn boskage, begin to sing one of their well-known pieces. Cold lamb and mint sauce are well enough, and strawberries and cherries look pretty on a white table-cloth, and wine cooled in the running brook is pleasant; but if, with all these, we had heard from time to time, "Go, idle boy, I quit thy bower," "When the wind blows in the sweet rose-tree," "By gliding stream or rippling brook," "As a garland once I made," or, "Sigh no more, ladies—ladies sigh no more"? Well, failing these, we had to be content with negative mercies. John Brown's hardly entreated ghost was left undisturbed for a while. On the other hand, we had such a discourse on the freedom and purity and incorruptibility of the United States of America that more than ever we longed to fly away and be at rest in that happy land. Why should we be lingering here in slavery? As a literal matter of fact, our Bell was bound in chains; for the maiden with the feathers had rapidly formed some strings of daisies and put them round Bell's neck. As we listened, the land of promise became more and more fair; more and more dismal and desperate became the results of a monarchical system of government. We couldn't see any of them, it is true; for the Wiltshire hawthorn bushes are thick, and around us were only pleasant meadows and rippling streams; but they were there somewhere; and we wondered that the birds, in such a condition of affairs, could sing so carelessly.

By-and-by we proceeded to wander away back to the quiet little town, along the banks of the translucent Test, and by waving fields of rye. There was a good deal of gathering of wild flowers and covert presentations of little bouquets: how could the severe chaperon object when she herself wore a necklace of daisy-strings? We were told that some people come to fish this clear, smooth stream; and one of us was saying to himself what the half-witted creature at the Scotch funeral said when he was looking into the grave, and when he was questioned by the minister about his thoughts—"I'm glad it's no me." All the way back to the town we did not see a rise, nor yet the movement of a fin. But this stretch of the river, as we were informed, is not preserved.

And soon we were on the road again, bowling along through the cool and pleasant afternoon. It is a beautiful country about here—quiet, luxuriant, with spacious parks, and an occasional mansion-house set far on the face of a high slope, generally with dark woods forming a semicircle behind it. And of course we walked all the hills—in varying groups, so that each chose his or her companion just according to fancy or chance; and the Philosopher was giving the girls the names of the wild flowers on the banks—all wrong, by-the-way, for he could not distinguish between the hawk-weed and the silver-weed, called the stitchwort a saxifrage, got into a muddle between the red campion and the ragged-robin, and played all manner of similar cantrips; and Bell was singing, idly, "Last night there were four Maries; to-night there'll be but three"; and the Star-spangled Scotchman was reciting Burns; and the *demoiselle aux plumes enragées* was timidly inquiring of her companion whether he thought she might be permitted to take the ribbons for a bit when we get on the coach again.

"But can you drive four-in-hand?" he says.

"I don't know," she answers. "I am like the man who was asked if he could

ST. ANNE'S GATE, SALISBURY.

play the violin. He said he didn't know, because he hadn't tried."

"Trying the violin wouldn't be so risky as trying the driving of a four-in-hand," he says, somewhat grimly.

Older counsel has here to step in. We don't want any "Female Phaeton" to set Wiltshire or any other part of the world on fire. It was all very well for Kitty, otherwise Lady Catharine Hyde, to urge her mamma to give her an opportunity of making a conquest such as her sister had made—

"'*What has she better, pray, than I,*
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast?

"'*Dearest mamma, for once let me,*
Unchained, my fortune try;
I'll have my earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.

"'*I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,*
Make all her lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loosed before;
She, I was loosed at all.'

"*Fondness prevailed, mamma gave way;*
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtained the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire."

Yes, and became the Duchess of Queensberry; but even with such wild possibilities, we prefer not to grant this American maiden's prayer. Salisbury Cathedral is a noble place to be buried in; but the time is not yet.

We reached Salisbury about seven, and of course went to the White Hart. What happened there that night at dinner shall not even be mentioned here. The proximity of the sacred edifice seemed to have no controlling influence whatsoever on the reckless spirits of those young people, including our host, who was the worst of the lot. The Philosopher was glad to withdraw to the spacious stone balcony outside, lugging our unfortunate artist-friend with him; and there, under the starlight, for nearly an hour, that unhappy youth—vainly looking through the

windows at the wild revellers within—was bored to death with theories about Stonehenge and Celtic monuments generally. When he came in again he looked sad. And when the girls wanted him to go to the piano and play "The Old Folks at Home," he said he wouldn't, for he had no wish to cry.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main;
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head."

This was the Philosopher's day. He fairly exulted and gloated over Stonehenge; and no wonder; for it is a subject that is all theory and nothing else. He was not hampered with a single fact, for there is not a single fact known about the history of these stones. And of course we helped him as well as we could. We told him that the Callernish circle in the island of Lewis is known in Gaelic as the *Stones of Lamentation*, and also the *False Men*, both excellent texts. We described to him the lonely peninsula of Quiberon, and the desolate plain of Carnac, and the miles on miles of woods where, entering at almost any point, you are sure to discover some solitary burying-place—possibly the tomb of a chief who had directed his remains to be carried to the sacred land. The Philosopher rose into a frenzy of theorizing. Nay, he even wandered away from the easy ground of these prehistoric monuments. He declared that modern science was wise in its audacity; that it did well to make guesses; that it was time to question conventional explanations. He had not himself visited the Highlands of Scotland, he remarked, but he had received from an American gentleman a pamphlet—which had been highly belauded in America as a product of the courage and independence of the modern scientific mind—showing that Fingal's Cave, in Staffa, was not the result of any eating away of the basaltic rock by the sea, but an artificial cave constructed by some former race for the sheltering of boats.* He had looked at the drawings; he had examined the reasoning; he was disposed to accept the theory as sound.

Well, Bell and I regarded each other in silence. We had sailed by the remote little island once or twice—or say five-and-twenty times, at least—and more than once we had, in abnormally smooth weather, adventured into the narrow and tortuous cave, the men standing in the boat and fending it with their oars, lest it should be dashed to match-wood against the rocky sides of the cavern by the heavy ground-swell coming in from the south. But how much more often had we passed it when heavy seas were hurling and blowing into it and over it, the entrance hidden in wild mists of foam, the loud thunder of each successive shock heard over the driving waves! Bell and I looked at each other with eyes inscrutable.

"But what's that?" the English youth cries, interposing. "Fingal's Cave a shelter for boats?—Fingal's Cave? You don't mean Fingal's Cave at Staffa? Why, I've been there—my brother took me round there in his yacht. And what do you say?—somebody declaring it was cut out to shelter boats? What a first-class specimen of a jolly old idiot!" Thus are the most serious conclusions of science scoffed at by the irreverent youth of these days.

It was not, however, till the afternoon that we drove out in a brake to see Stonehenge—the horses of the coach getting a rest to-day. The morning was spent by some in admiring the Early English masonry of the cathedral, by others in ransacking the old curiosity shops. Of course the American artist was to the fore in this pursuit, carrying off for his future home about a whole cart-load of Chippendale corner cupboards, old oak settles, Crown Derby, Wedgwood tea-pots and cream-pots, copper tankards, Apostle-spoons, and so forth. Then there was a third division, finding little satisfaction in freshly restored architecture, and conscious that their cupboards at home were full enough, who were content to wander away through the older quarters of the town, discovering quaint "bits," and glad to be in the open air and the sunlight. Salisbury is a quiet town; one or other of these sections would occasionally descry its neighbor at a great distance—crossing the greensward surrounding the cathedral, or perchance clustering at a music-shop window, that group being always the most easily recognized that had in the midst of it the picturesque hat and feathers.

Yes, the Philosopher had a "real good time" this afternoon, for in driving out

* Is the author of this theory the same flourishing sciolist who maintains that the Pyramids were formed from natural mounds?

SALISBURY.

to Stonehenge we stopped at Old Sarum, and the whole party walked away up to the summit of that strange citadel. And we were all anxious to be informed, so that very soon the successive races who found this natural eminence, and made a stronghold of it, and enlarged it, and vacated it, all passed before our vision, and all that was wanted was the prophetic eye to show us the coming race—and their planting of the Stars and Stripes on the highest of these completed circles. And if some of these careless young people would go away and gather flowers, or even make flippant jokes, as you might hear when the summer wind blew their laughter toward you, there was one who remained faithful. Not for her the idle conundrum or the Texas tale; not for her the sweepstakes on the Ascot Cup, which the English lad was eagerly endeavoring to form. Faithful she only, she remained to the end, drinking in wisdom, while the others were strolling down to the brake again.

Stonehenge, when it is reached, is found to be rather a disappointing thing by some of us. Only the central circle and a few other stones remain; whereas at Carnac the eye ranges over miles of these mysterious records of an unknown race. Moreover, at Stonehenge, cultivation has crept up to the immediate neighborhood; the surroundings are commonplace and familiar; there is no wild and impressive moorland, nor yet the proximity of the sea. On the other hand, the stones are far more massive than any to be found at Carnac—on the mainland, at least—and the arrangement of them is more perfect and obvious than is the case at Callernish. Besides, have we not with us the all-knowing, the all-embracing one? While some of us sit on the great monoliths and watch the landscape becoming more golden in the westering sunlight, and while others wander over the close turf, picking up milkworts and bits of wild thyme, the lecture goes on, and the attentive can picture to themselves those early tribes moving ever and ever westward, perchance in search of some visionary earthly paradise, but ever bearing with them the traditions of their Indian home. And then, of course, when they had come or been pushed out to the Pyrenees and Brittany and Wales and Ireland, they had to stop, or else tumble over; and forthwith the priests began to choose lonely wilds and darkened groves for the building of their altars, not neglecting their knowledge of astronomy, but constructing the circles and approaches so that the rising sun should strike on a particular stone on a day and at an hour foretold, and become in the awe-struck minds of the ignorant the approving finger of the Divinity. Then the sacrifices of sheep and oxen (for priests must live, like other people), and, in time of war, the sacrifice also of the hundredth captive, sent in chains by the victorious chief, who himself doubtless hoped in due time to be carried hither, and buried in the sacred neighborhood, with his buckles and armlets and ornaments of solid gold. What more did not these patient scholars hear? That depended on the time they chose to wait. Some of us had set out to walk

across the downs—for here and there on the plains is a strip that has not been ploughed—leaving the brake to overtake us in its own good time.

It was a very pleasant drive back to Salisbury by this other and more southern route; and never before had we seen such rich and abundant masses of blossom, all glowing in the afternoon sunlight. By this time, moreover, the few days' driving had made the young people a good deal more frank and friendly amongst themselves; and a mild amount of facetious sarcasm, which at the outset might have seemed unwarranted, was now become quite natural, and accepted as a matter of course. It was to be observed in this direction that the young American ladies rather combined against their countryman, the artist; not that they themselves said anything in particular, but they seemed to enjoy any little trivial and passing circumstance that brought his modesty into play. We thought this rather unfair, especially as he had promised to give each of them a sketch on her fan, but also we knew that these quiet and modest people are generally quite capable of taking care of themselves, and capable even of suddenly springing a mine when the occasion needs. So we did not interfere. Anyhow, it was a merry enough party that drove along these beautiful wooded lanes, and eventually came to a halt and to dinner at the White Hart hotel.

All through dinner that kind of indirect persecution went on, and the young American artist accepted it with much equanimity. But the meanest worm, etc., and we knew that he could easily "get even" with them if he chose, and we rather trembled for the fate of those innocent creatures who were so lightly trailing a silken thread over a tiger's claws. After dinner, when the people had risen to let the table be cleared, all the talk was about the photograph of the coach and its cargo that was to be taken on the morrow, and about what groups would be most effective, and what costumes most appropriate. Here again the young artist came in for some gentle sarcasm on account of his supposed solitary habits and tastes, and his three young country-women formed a little coterie, as it were, regarding him. Whereupon, not looking at them, but addressing the rest of the company, he made the following remarks, in a mild, slow, deprecatory fashion:

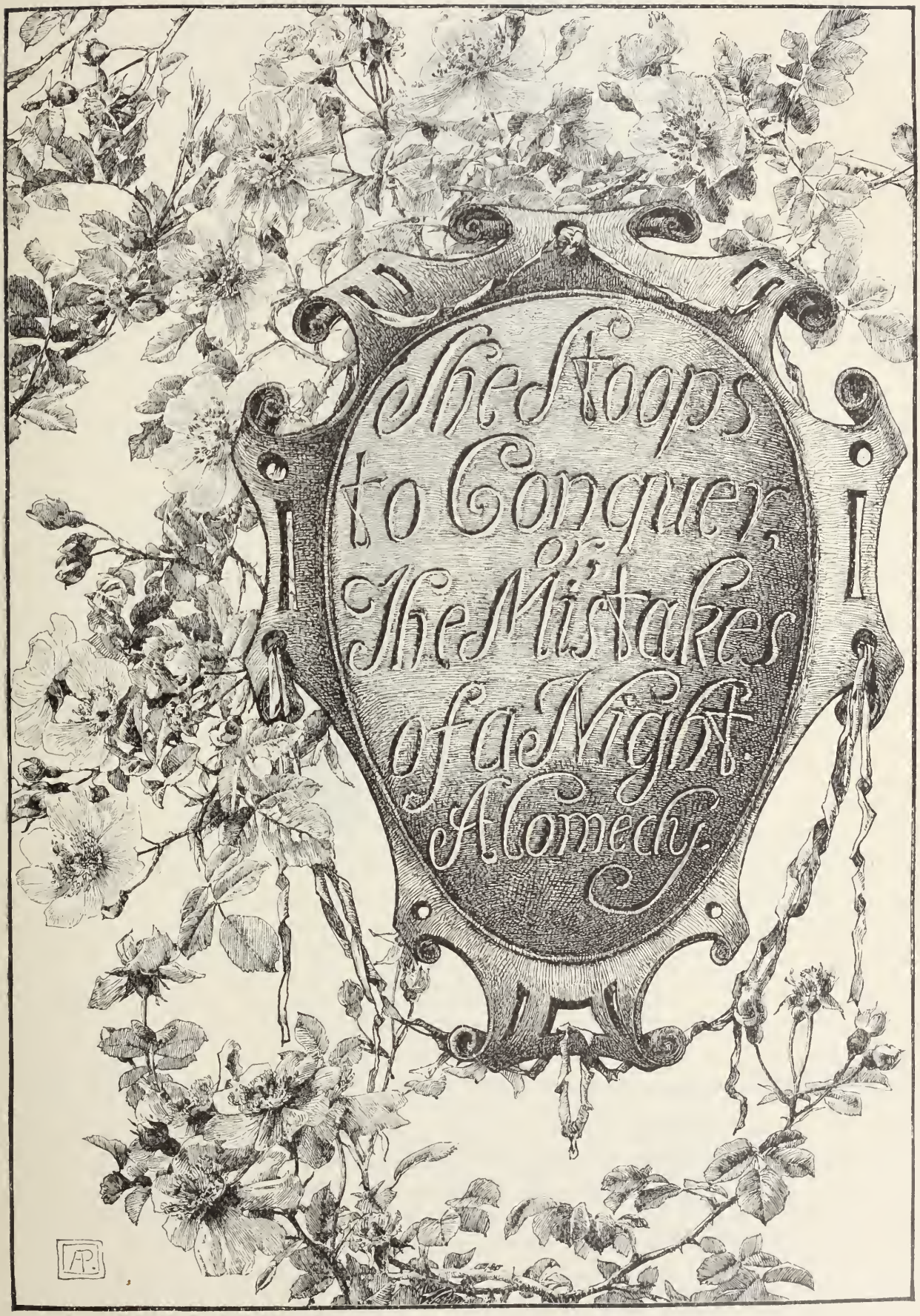
"Well, do you wonder? Girls are so exacting. They're unreasonable; you can't please them anyhow. I knew a fellow who was engaged to a girl, and—and he was kissing her, just about all he could, and—and he stopped for a minute. 'Oh, George,' she says at once, 'you don't love me as you used to; I know you don't.' 'Yes, I do, Rosina,' he said—'yes, I do, but I must breathe.'"

And with that our young artist friend glided silently from the room.

L'ENVOI.

"Ah, Ben,
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun?"

Now it might be pleasant enough, if not exactly profitable, to follow our further and devious journeyings, beginning the very next day with a plunge into Arcadia (for, as every one knows, Wilton House is quite close to Salisbury, and Sir Philip Sidney, when he lived there and wrote his book, had not to go far afield for the features of his beautiful imaginary land), and thereafter passing along through Dorset and Devon and Cornwall, and doubling back again, until we find ourselves once more at the corner of Trafalgar Square. But neither time nor space permits, and it becomes needful, therefore, to say farewell. Only a word may be added to this effect: that even here at Salisbury our Bell had already arrived at the conclusion that she is not, as contrasted with her companions, so desperately old after all; and also that the young people of these days, despite an occasional predilection for pseudo-science or the decoration of a bachelor house, do not differ very much from the young people of a dozen years ago. For the rest, this trip, even so far as it has gone, has but confirmed her in her old belief that England is out and away the most beautiful country in all the world. And so now, at the door of this White Hart hotel—the photographer having done his best or his worst—the Star-spangled Scotchman with the ribbons in his hand, the little crowd waiting to see us depart, and the horn uplifted to give the signal—we say good-by, glad enough, some of us, to have the chance of observing these innocent young people, as is the right and privilege of their years, make their first entrance into the green world of Arcady.


She Stoops
to Conquer,
The Mistakes
of a Night.
A Comedy.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Enter MR. WOODWARD, *dressed in black, and holding a handkerchief to his eyes.*

EXCUSE me, sirs, I pray—I can't yet speak—
I'm crying now—and have been all the week.
"'Tis not alone this mourning suit," good masters:
"I've that within"—for which there are no plasters!
Pray, would you know the reason why I'm crying?
The Comic Muse, long sick, is now a-dying!
And if she goes, my tears will never stop;
For as a player, I can't squeeze out one drop:
I am undone, that's all—shall lose my bread;
I'd rather, but that's nothing—lose my head.

When the sweet maid is laid upon the bier,
Shuter and I shall be chief mourners here.
To her a mawkish drab of spurious breed,
Who deals in sentimentals, will succeed!
Poor Ned and I are dead to all intents;
We can as soon speak Greek as sentiments!
Both nervous grown, to keep our spirits up,
We now and then take down a hearty cup.
What shall we do? If Comedy forsake us,
They'll turn us out, and no one else will take us.

But, why can't I be moral?—Let me try—
My heart thus pressing—fix'd my face and eye,
With a sententious look, that nothing means
(Faces are blocks in sentimental scenes).
Thus I begin:—"All is not gold that glitters;
Pleasures seem sweet, but prove a glass of bitters.
When ignorance enters, Folly is at hand;
Learning is better far than house and land.
Let not your virtue trip; who trips may stumble,
And virtue is not virtue, if she tumble."

I give it up—morals won't do for me;
To make you laugh, I must play tragedy.
One hope remains—hearing the maid was ill,
A Doctor comes this night to show his skill.
To cheer her heart, and give your muscles motion,
He, in Five Draughts prepared, presents a potion:
A kind of magic charm—for be assured,
If you will swallow it, the maid is cured:
But desp'rate the Doctor and her case is,
If you reject the dose, and make wry faces!
This truth he boasts, will boast it while he lives,
No pois'nous drugs are mix'd in what he gives.
Should he succeed, you'll give him his degree;
If not, within he will receive no fee!
The college, you, must his pretensions back,
Pronounce him Regular, or dub him Quack.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir Charles Marlow	Mr. Gardner.
Young Marlow (his Son)	Mr. Lee Lewis.
Hardcastle	Mr. Shuter.
Hastings	Mr. Dubellamy.
Tony Lumpkin	Mr. Quick.
Diggory	Mr. Saunders.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Hardcastle	Mrs. Green.
Miss Hardcastle	Mrs. Bulkley.
Miss Neville	Mrs. Kniveton.
Maid	Miss Williams.

Landlord, Servants, etc., etc.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE—*A Chamber in an old-fashioned House.*

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE *and* MR. HARDCASTLE.

MRS. HARD. I vow, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country but ourselves that does not take a trip to town now and then, to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbor Mrs. Grigsby, go to take a month's polishing every winter.

HARD. Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London can not keep its own fools at home! In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage-coach. Its fopperies come down not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

MRS. HARD. Ay, your times were fine times indeed; you have been telling us of them for many

THE TWO MISS HOGGS.

MRS. GRIGSBY.

a long year. Here we live in an old rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see

MRS. ODDFISH.

company. Our best visitors are old Mrs. Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate, the lame dancing-master; and all our entertainment your old stories of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

HARD. And I love it. I love everything that's old; old friends, old

LITTLE CRIPPLEGATE.

times, old manners, old books, old wines; and I believe, Dorothy (*taking her hand*), you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

MRS. HARD. Lord, Mr. Hardcastle, you're forever at your Dorothys and your old wives. You may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan, I promise you. I'm not so old as you'd make me, by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

HARD. Let me see; twenty added to twenty makes just fifty and seven.

JACK SLANG.

Mrs. Hard. It's false, Mr. Hardcastle; I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

Hard. Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, you have taught him finely.

Mrs. Hard. No matter. Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a year.

Hard. Learning, quotha! a mere composition of tricks and mischief.

Mrs. Hard. Humor, my dear; nothing but humor. Come, Mr. Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humor.

Hard. I'd sooner allow him a horse-pond. If burning the footman's shoes, frightening the maids, and worrying the kittens be humor, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popt my bald head in Mrs. Frizzle's face.

Mrs. Hard. And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him?

Hard. Latin for him! A cat and fiddle. No, no; the ale-house and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to.

Mrs. Hard. Well, we must not snub the poor boy now, for I believe we sha'n't have him long among us. Anybody that looks in his face may see he's consumptive.

Hard. Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms.

Mrs. Hard. He coughs sometimes.

Hard. Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

Mrs. Hard. I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

Hard. And truly so am I, for he sometimes whoops like a speaking-trumpet—(Tony *hallooing behind the scenes.*)—O, there he goes—a very consumptive figure, truly.

"NOT SO LOW NEITHER."

Enter TONY, *crossing the stage.*

MRS. HARD. Tony, where are you going, my charmer? Won't you give papa and I a little of your company, lovee?

TONY. I'm in haste, mother; I can't stay.

MRS. HARD. You sha'n't venture out this raw evening, my dear; you look most shockingly.

TONY. I can't stay, I tell you. The Three Pigeons expects me down every moment. There's some fun going forward.

HARD. Ay; the ale-house, the old place; I thought so.

MRS. HARD. A low, paltry set of fellows.

TONY. Not so low neither. There's Dick Muggins the exciseman, Jack Slang the horse doctor, little Aminadab that grinds the music-box, and Tom Twist that spins the pewter platter.

MRS. HARD. Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night at least.

Tony. As for disappointing them, I should not so much mind; but I can't abide to disappoint myself.

Mrs. Hard. (*Detaining him.*) You sha'n't go.

Tony. I will, I tell you.

Mrs. Hard. I say you sha'n't.

Tony. We'll see which is strongest, you or I. [*Exit, hauling her out.*

Hard. (*Solus.*) Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age in a combination to drive sense and discretion out-of-doors? There's my pretty darling Kate! the fashions of the times have almost infected her too. By living a year or two in town, she's as fond of gauze and French frippery as the best of them.

"BLESSINGS ON MY PRETTY INNOCENCE!"

Enter Miss Hardcastle.

Hard. Blessings on my pretty innocence! drest out as usual, my Kate. Goodness! What a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain.

Miss Hard. You know our agreement, sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner; and in the evening I put on my housewife's dress to please you.

Hard. Well, remember, I insist on the terms of our agreement; and, by-the-bye, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

Miss Hard. I protest, sir, I don't comprehend your meaning.

Hard. Then to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow himself shortly after.

Miss Hard. Indeed! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave? It's a thousand to one I sha'n't like him; our meet-

ing will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

HARD. Depend upon it, child, I never will control your choice; but Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent understanding.

MISS HARD. Is he?

HARD. Very generous.

MISS HARD. I believe I shall like him.

HARD. Young and brave.

MISS HARD. I'm sure I shall like him.

HARD. And very handsome.

MISS HARD. My dear papa, say no more (*kissing his hand*); he's mine; I'll have him.

HARD. And to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in the world.

MISS HARD. Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word *reserved* has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

HARD. On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

MISS HARD. He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so everything as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

HARD. Ay, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. It's more than an even wager he may not have you.

MISS HARD. My dear papa, why will you mortify one so? Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery, set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

HARD. Bravely resolved! In the mean time I'll go prepare the servants for his reception: as we seldom see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits the first day's muster. [*Exit.*

MISS HARD. (*Alone.*) Lud, this news of papa's puts me all in a flutter. Young, handsome; these he put last; but I put them foremost. Sensible, good-natured; I like all that. But then reserved and sheepish, that's much against him. Yet can't he be cured of his timidity, by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes; and can't I— But I vow I'm disposing of the husband before I have secured the lover.

Enter MISS NEVILLE.

MISS HARD. I'm glad you're come, Neville, my dear. Tell me, Constance, how do I look this evening? Is there anything whimsical about me? Is it one of my well-looking days, child? Am I in face to-day?

MISS NEV. Perfectly, my dear. Yet now I look again—bless me!—sure no accident has happened among the canary-birds or the gold-fishes! Has your brother or the cat been meddling? or has the last novel been too moving?

"AM I IN FACE TO-DAY?"

Miss Hard. No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened—I can scarce get it out—I have been threatened with a lover.

Miss Nev. And his name—

Miss Hard. Is Marlow.

Miss Nev. Indeed!

Miss Hard. The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

Miss Nev. As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, my admirer! They are never asunder. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in town.

Miss Hard. Never.

Miss Nev. He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue he is the modestest man alive; but his acquaintance give him a very different character among creatures of another stamp: you understand me.

Miss Hard. An odd character indeed. I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pshaw! think no more of him, but trust to occurrences for success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear? Has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony as usual?

Miss Nev. I have just come from one of our agreeable *tête-à-têtes*. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

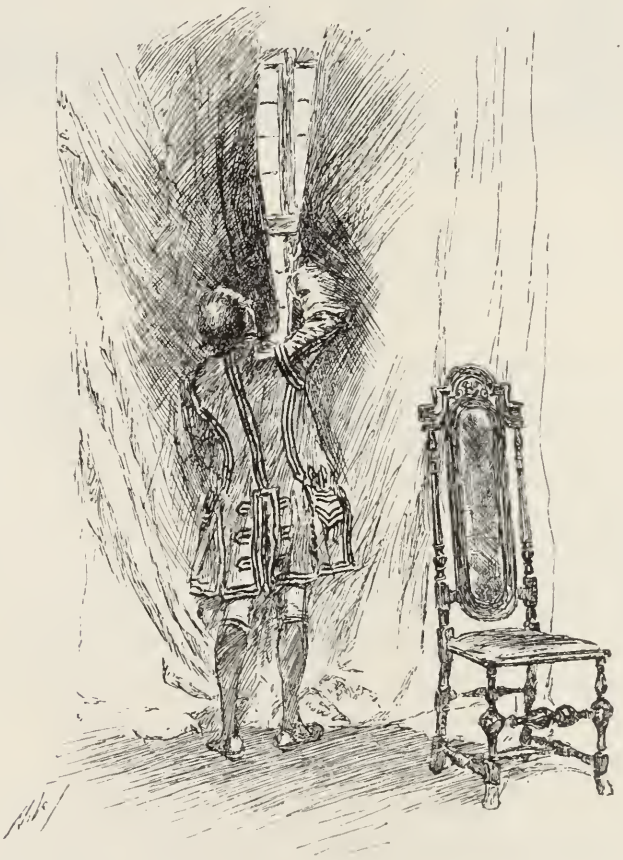
Miss Hard. And her partiality is such that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like yours is no small temptation. Besides, as she has the sole management of it, I'm not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

Miss Nev. A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But at any rate, if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that I am in love with her son; and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

Miss Hard. My good brother holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

Miss Nev. It is a good-natured creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to anybody but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improvements. Allons! Courage is necessary, as our affairs are critical.

Miss Hard. "Would it were bed-time, and all were well." [*Exeunt.*



THE LEGEND OF OGRECASTLE.

THE Lady May went forth at morn
The greenwood round to roam—
The greenwood fair that spread for miles
Around her castled home;
And plucking flowers to deck her hair,
And singing, Lady May
Found she had strayed in forest shade
Too far from home away.

She turned upon her steps, when, lo!
Leapt from a hanging limb,
And stood directly in her path,
An ogre dark and grim.
Unkempt his locks of yellow hair,
His skin was like the pye's,
His fingers were like eagle-claws,
And ferret-like his eyes.

"AND PLUCKING FLOWERS TO DECK HER HAIR."

"Where are you going?" thundered he,
"And why do you wander here,
Where mine are trees, and mine are flowers,
And mine the tawny deer?
You've trespassed on my wide domain,
And passed your father's by;
This is Amal the ogre's land,
Amal the ogre, I."

She could not scream, she could not flee,
She trembled as he spake,
But crossed herself and prayed for aid,
For the Blessed Master's sake.
At which the ogre loudly laughed,
And to the lady said:
"I am of earth, and Christian ban
Falls harmless on my head.

"Earl Carlon is a childless man
Henceforward and for aye,
For she who was his darling child
Shall be my bride to-day.
And months shall come and months shall go,
And passing years shall be,
Ere he shall see the daughter fair
That must away with me."

Then seizing her within his arms,
He bore the maid away;
He bore her to the church's door;
She durst not say him nay.
And there the old priest made them one,
And she, Earl Carlon's pride,
Lost home and friends, and so became
Amal the ogre's bride.

Ten years had come and ten had gone,
And children twain were born,
When forth to hunt the tawny deer
The ogre went one morn.
And waiting there for his return,
The lady longed to gaze
Once more upon the home wherein
She dwelt in other days.

She took her son and daughter through
The pathway in the wood,
And hurried on till they before
Earl Carlon's castle stood.
The tears they gathered in her eyes
The olden pile to see.
"My home was there," she murmured low;
"My father—where is he?"

With knights around rode up the Earl,
And stopped his steed, and said:
"This woman is my daughter May,
Whom I have mourned as dead.—
Fair welcome back! This hour repays
For years of grief and pain.
But be you maid, or be you wife?
And whose these children twain?"

"I've lived a wife ten years or more,
Five miles beyond these towers;
Amal the ogre is my lord;
These children twain are ours.
A loving husband has he been,
And ever kind to me,
And honor's self in all his deeds,
An ogre though he be."

And then Amal came riding up,
To seek his dear ones three.
Earl Carlon's brow grew black with wrath,
And "Seize the wretch!" said he.
And ere Amal could draw his sword,
To serve him in his need,
A score of burly men-at-arms
Had dragged him from his steed.

"Unhappy woman," cried the Earl,
"Learn, to thy deep despair,
The lord thou lovest is the one
Who slew thy cousin's heir.
When died our kinsman Ethelred,
He slew his only son,
And kept by force of gramarye
The lands the murder won.

"He closed your eyes by wicked arts,
By magic spells and dread,
Or with an ogre foul as he
You never could have wed.
And you and these shall dwell at home,
My children all to be;
But for Amal—I'll hang him high
Upon the gallows-tree."

She bent her low, the Lady May,
While tears fell o'er her face—
She bent her low, and on her knee
Implored her father's grace.

"For know the truth," she sobbing said,
"An ogre though he be,
The man whom you to death would doom
Is all the world to me."

"Rise up, my daughter," cried the Earl;
"Your prayers are all in vain;
I've sworn before I rest to-night
The ogre shall be slain.
Were I forsworn it were disgrace
To one of lineage high:
From hence the ogre's form shall pass,
Or I shall surely die."

She rose, and snatched a sword from one
Of those who stood around,
And sprang to where the ogre stood,
And cut the bands that bound.
"Draw forth your sword, my lord," she cried;
"We'll fight it out amain;
They shall not grace the gallows-tree
Till both of us be slain."

When, lo! upon her words there came
A change of form and face;
The loathly ogre grew to be
A knight of courtly grace,
A stalwart knight of stately mien—
A hideous thing no more.
"And who art thou," Earl Carlon cried,
"Who ogre was before?"

"I am thy cousin's son; by me
Amal the ogre fell;
But, dying, through his gramarye
Upon me laid a spell,
That I should take his name and shape,
And in his mind should be,
Until some woman pure and fair
Should risk her life for me.

"The wife I gained without thy will
From thrall her lord hath won;
To-day you have your daughter back,
And with her take a son."
"In faith, I shall," Earl Carlon said;
"And pleasant 'tis, I wis,
When from an ogre's form there springs
A son as fair as this!"

Earl Carlon lies in cloistered earth;
The rest have passed away;
The castle where they lived and died
Is now in ruins gray.
But where the ogre bore his bride
Four stately towers are found,
And these are Ogrecastle styled
By all who dwell around.

EMELIE.

O chaste goddesse of the wodes grene,
I am (thou wost) yet of thy compagnie,
A mayde, and love hunting and venerie,
And for to walke in the wodes wilde.

—Chaucer's "Knightes Tale."

SHE greets the lily on the stalk;
She shakes the soft hair from her brows;
She wanders down the garden walk
Beneath the bloomy boughs.
She is the slenderest of maids:
Her fair face strikes you like a star;
The great stone tower her pathway shades—
The prison where the Princes are.

Across the dewy pleasance falls,
All in the clear May morning light,
The shadow of those evil walls
That look so black by night.

She is so glad, so wild a thing,
Her heart sings like the lark all day;
The unhooded falcon on the wing
Is not more freely gay.
In sun and wind doth she rejoice,
And blithely drinks the airy blue,
Yet loves the solemn pines that voice
The grief she never knew.

In silence of the woods apart
Her sure swift step the Dryads know;
Full oft she speeds the bounding hart,
And draws the bending bow.
Fine gleams across her spirit dart,
And never living soul, saith she,
Could make her choose for aye to lose
Her own sweet company.

But sometimes, when the moon is bright,
So bright it almost drowns the stars,
She thinks how some have lost delight
Behind the prison bars.
It makes her sad a little space,
And casts a shadow on her look,
As branches in a woody place
Do flicker on a brook.

Last night she had a dream of men,
Dark faces strange with keen desire;
She heard the blaring trumpet then,
She saw the shields strike fire.
The pomp of plumes, the crack of spears,
Beyond her happy circle lie:
Thank Heaven! she has but eighteen years,
And loves the daisies and the sky.

And yet across her garden falls,
All in the clear May morning light,
The shadow of the prison walls
That look so black by night.

FLORA.
Engraved by W. B. Closson from the original painting by Titian.

NATURE'S SERIAL STORY.

XIII.

WEBB'S silent entrance had not been so quiet but that Burt heard him. Scarcely had he gained his room before the younger brother knocked, and followed him in without waiting. "Where have you been at this time of night?" he exclaimed. "You are infringing on ghostly hours, and are beginning to look like a ghost," for Webb had thrown himself into a chair, and was haggard from the exhaustion of his long conflict. The light and kindly way in which he answered his brother proved that he was victor.

"Webb," said Burt, putting his hand on the elder brother's shoulder, "you saved my life last winter, and life has become of immense value to me. If you had not found me, Webb, I should have missed a happiness that falls to the lot of few—a happiness of which all your science can never give you, you old delver, even an idea. I meant to tell mother and father first, but I feel to-night how much I owe to your brave, patient search, and I want your congratulations."

"I think you might have told father and mother last night, for I suppose it's morning now."

"I did not get home in time, and did not wish to excite mother and spoil her rest."

"Well, then, you might have come home earlier or gone later. Oh, I know all about it. I'm not blind."

"By Jove! I think not, if you know all about what I didn't know and could scarcely believe possible myself till an hour or two since."

"What on earth are you driving at? I think you might have staid at home with Amy to-night of all times. An accident, Burt, revealed to me your success, and I do congratulate you most sincerely. You have now the truest and loveliest girl in the world."

"That's true; but what possible accident could have revealed the fact to you?"

"Don't think I was spying upon you. From the top of a ladder in the orchard I saw, as the result of a casual glance, your reward to Amy for words that must have been very satisfactory."

Burt began to laugh as if he could not control himself. "What a surprise I have for you all!" he said. "I went where I did last night with Amy's full knowledge and consent. She never cared a rap for me, but the only other girl in the world who is her equal does, and her name is Gertrude Hargrove."

Webb gave a great start and sunk into a chair.

"Don't be so taken aback, old fellow. I suppose you and the rest had set your hearts on my marrying Amy. You have only to follow Amy's example, and give me your blessing. Yes, you saw me give Amy a very grateful and affectionate greeting last evening. She's the dearest little sister that ever a man had, and that's all she ever wanted to be to me. I felt infernally mean when I came to her yesterday, for I was in an awkward strait. I had promised to wait for her till she did care, but she told me that there was no use in waiting, and I don't believe there would have been. She would have seen some one in the future who would awaken a very different feeling from any that I could ever inspire, and then if she had promised herself to me she would have been in the same predicament that I was. She is the best and most sensible little girl that ever breathed, and feels toward me just as she does toward you, only she very justly thinks you have forgotten more than I ever knew. As for Gertrude—hang it all! what's the use of trying to explain? You'll say I'm at my old tricks, but I'm not. You've seen how circumstances have brought us together, and I tell you my eye and heart are filled now for all time. She will be over to-morrow, and I want her to receive the greeting she deserves."

The affair seemed of such tremendous importance to Burt that he was not in the least surprised that Webb was deeply moved, and fortunately he talked long enough to give his brother time to regain his self-control. Webb did congratulate him in a way that was entirely satisfactory, and then bundled him out of the room in the most summary manner, saying, "Because you are a hare-brained lover you shouldn't keep sane people awake any longer." It were hard to say, however, who was the less sane that night, Webb or Burt. The former threw open his window and gazed at the moon-lit

mountains in long deep ecstasy. Unlike Burt's, his more intense feeling would find quiet expression. All he knew was that there was a chance for him, that he had the right to put forth the best effort of which he was capable, and he thanked God for that. At the same time he remembered Amy's parable of the rose. He would woo as warily as earnestly. With Burt's experience before his eyes, he would never stun her with sudden and violent declarations. His love, like sunshine, would seek to develop the flower of her love.

He was up and out in the October dawn, too happy and excited for sleep. His weariness was gone; his sinews seemed braced with steel as he strode to a lofty eminence. No hue on the richly tinted leaves was brighter than his hope, and the cool pure air in which there was as yet no frostiness was like exhilarating wine. From the height he looked down on his home—the loved casket of the more dearly prized jewel. He looked over the broad acres on which he had toiled, remembering with a dull wonder that once he had been satisfied with their material products. Now there was a glamour upon them, and upon all the landscape. The river gleamed and sparkled; the mountains flamed like the plumage of some tropical bird. The world was transfigured. The earth and his old materiality became the foundation-stones on which his awakened mind, kindled and made poetic, should rear an airy yet enduring structure of beauty consecrated to Amy.

They were all at the breakfast table when he returned, and this plotter against Amy's peace entered and greeted her with a very quiet "Good-morning," but he laid beside her plate a four-leaved clover which he had espied on his way back.

"Thanks, Webb," she said, with eyes full of merriment. "I foresee an amazing amount of good luck in this little emblem. Indeed, I feel sure that startling proofs of it will occur to-day," and she looked significantly at Burt, who laughed very consciously.

"What mischief has Burt been up to, Amy?" Mrs. Clifford asked. "He was ready to explode with suppressed something last evening at supper, and now he is effervescing in somewhat different style, but quite as remarkably. You boys needn't think you can hide anything from mother very long; she knows you too well."

Both Webb and Burt, with Amy, began to laugh, and they looked at each other as if there was a good deal that mother did not know.

"Webb and Amy have evidently some joke on Burt," remarked Leonard. "Webb was out last night, and I bet a pippin he caught Burt flirting with Miss Hargrove."

"Oh, Burt!" cried Amy, in mock indignation.

"Nonsense!" said his mother. "Burt is going to settle down now and be steady. We'll make him sign a pledge before he goes West, won't we, Amy?"

"Yes, indeed," gasped Amy, almost beside herself with merriment. "He'll have to sign one in big capitals."

"Burt," said his father, looking at him over his spectacles, "you've been getting yourself in some scrape, as sure as the world. That's right, Amy; you laugh at him well, and—"

"A truce!" exclaimed Burt. "If I'm in a scrape, I don't propose to get out of it, but rather to make you all share in it. As Amy says, her four-leaved clover will prove a true prophet, green as it looks. I now beg off, and shall prove that my scrape has not spoiled my appetite."

"Well," said Leonard, "I never could find any four-leaved clovers, but I've had good luck, haven't I, Maggie?"

"You had indeed, when you came courting me."

"How about Maggie's luck?" asked Burt.

"I am satisfied," began Webb, "that I could develop acres of four-leaved clover. Some plants have this peculiarity. I have counted twenty odd on one root. If seed from such a plant was sown, and then seed selected again from the new plants most characterized by this 'sport,' I believe the trait would become fixed, and we could have a field of four-leaved clover. New varieties of fruits, vegetables, and flowers are often thus developed from chance 'sports' or abnormal specimens."

"Just hear Webb!" said Amy, laughing. "He would turn this ancient symbol of fortune into a marketable commodity!"

"Pardon me, I was saying what might be done, not what I proposed to do. I found this emblem of good luck by chance, and I picked it with the 'wish' attached to the stem. Thus to the utmost I have honored the superstition, and you have only to make your wish to carry it out fully."

"My wishes are vain, and all the four-leaved clovers in the world wouldn't help them. I wish I was a scientific problem, a crop that required great skill to develop, a rare rose that all the rose-maniacs were after, a new theory that required a great deal of consideration and investigation, and accompanied with experiments that needed much observation, and any number of other t-i-o-n shuns. Then I shouldn't be left alone evenings by the great inquiring mind of the family. Burt's going away, and, as his father says, has got into a scrape; so what is to become of me?"

They all rose from the table amid general laughter, of which Webb and Burt were equally the objects, and on the faces of those not in the secret there was much perplexed curiosity.

Burt's interview with his parents, their mingled surprise, pleasure, and disappointment, and their deep sympathy, need not be dwelt upon. Mr. Clifford was desirous of first seeing Amy and satisfying himself that she did not in any degree feel herself slighted or treated in bad faith; but his wife, with her low laugh, said: "Rest assured, father, Burt is right. He has won nothing more from Amy than sisterly love, though I had hoped that he might in time. After all, perhaps it is best. We shall keep Amy, and gain a new daughter that we have already learned to admire and love."

Burt's mind was too full of the one great theme to remember what Mr. Hargrove had said about the Western land, and when at last Miss Hargrove came to say good-by, with a blushing consciousness quite unlike her usual self-possession, he was enchanted anew, and so were all the household. The old people's reception seemed like a benediction; Amy banished the faintest trace of doubt by her mirthful ecstasies; and after their mountain experience there was no ice to break between Gertrude and Maggie.

The former was persuaded to defer her trip to New York until the morrow. When Leonard came down to dinner, Burt took Gertrude's hand, and said, "Now, Len, this is your only chance to give your consent; you can't have any dinner till you do."

His swift deprecating look at Amy's laughing face re-assured him. "Well," he said, slowly, as if trying to comprehend it all, "I do believe I'm growing old. My eyesight must be failing sadly. When *did* all this take place?"

"Your eyesight is not to blame, Leonard," said his wife, with much superiority. "It's because you are only a man."

"That's all I ever pretended to be." Then, with a dignity that almost surprised Gertrude, he, as eldest brother, welcomed her in simple, heart-felt words.

At the dinner table Miss Hargrove referred to the Western land. Burt laid down his knife and fork and exclaimed, "I declare I forgot all about it!"

Miss Hargrove laughed heartily as she said, "That is a high tribute to me," and then explained that her father had said that the Clifford tract in the West adjoined his own, that it would soon be very valuable, and that he was interested in the railroad that was approaching it. "I left him," she concluded, "poring over maps, and he told me to say to you, sir" (to Mr. Clifford), "that he wished to see you soon."

"How about the four-leaved clover now?" cried Amy.

In the evening a great pitcher of cider fresh from the press, flanked by dishes of golden fall pippins and grapes, was placed on the table. They roasted chestnuts on hickory coals, and every one, even to the invalid, seemed to glow with a kindred warmth and happiness. The city belle contrasted the true home atmosphere with the grand air of a city house, and thanked God for her choice. At an early hour she said good-by for a brief time, and departed with Burt. He was greeted with stately courtesy by Mrs. Hargrove herself, whom her husband and the prospective value of the Western land had reconciled to the momentous event. Burt and Gertrude were formally engaged, and he declared his intention of accompanying her to the city to procure the significant diamond.

After the culminating scenes of Burt's little drama, life went on very serenely and quietly at the Clifford home. Out of school-hours, Alf, Johnnie, and Ned vied with the squirrels in gathering their hoard of various nuts. The boughs in the orchard grew lighter daily. Frost came, as Webb predicted, and dahlias, salvias, and other flowers that had flamed and glowed till almost the middle of October turned black in one morning's sun. The butternut-trees had already lost their foliage, and the leaves from many others were fluttering down in every breeze like many-

hued gems. The richer bronzed colors of the oak were predominating in the landscape, and only the apple, cherry, and willow trees about the house kept up the green suggestion of summer.

Webb permitted no marked change in his manner. He toiled steadily with Leonard in gathering the fall produce and in preparing for winter, but Amy noticed that his old preoccupied look was passing away. Daily he appeared to grow more genial, and to have more time and thought for her. With increasing wonder she learned the richness and fullness of his mind. In the evenings he read aloud to them all with his strong musical intonation, in which the author's thought was emphasized so clearly that it seemed to have double the force that it possessed when she read the same words herself. He found time for occasional rambles and horseback excursions, and was so companionable during long rainy days that they seemed to her the brightest of the week. Maggie smiled to herself, and saw that Webb's spell was working. He was making himself so quietly and unobtrusively essential to Amy that she would find half of her life gone if she were separated from him.

Gertrude returned for a short time, and then went to the city for the winter. Burt's orbit was hard to calculate. He was much in New York, and often with Mr. Hargrove, from whom he was receiving instructions in regard to his Western expedition. That gentleman's opinion of Burt's business capacity grew more favorable daily, for the young fellow now proposed to show that he meant to take life in earnest. "If this mood lasts he will make a trusty young lieutenant," the merchant thought, "and I can make his fortune while furthering mine." Burt had plenty of brains, and good executive ability to carry out the wiser counsels of others, while his easy, vivacious manner won him friends and acceptance everywhere.

It was arranged, after his departure, that Amy should visit her friend in the city, and Webb looked forward to her absence with dread and self-depreciation, fearing that he should suffer by contrast with the brilliant men of society, and that the quiet country life would seem dull indeed thereafter.

Before Amy went on this visit there came an Indian summer morning in November that by its soft dreamy beauty wooed every one out-of-doors. "Amy," said Webb, after dinner, "suppose we drive over to West Point, and return by moonlight?" She was delighted with the idea, and they were soon slowly ascending the mountain. He felt that this was his special opportunity, not to break her trustful unconsciousness, but to reveal his power to interest her and make impressions that should be enduring. He exerted every faculty to please, recalling poetic and legendary allusions connected with the trees, plants, and scenes by which they were passing.

"Oh, Webb, how you idealize nature!" she said. "You make every object suggest something fanciful, beautiful, or entertaining. How have you learned to do it?"

"As I told you last Easter-Sunday—how long ago it seems!—if I have any power for such idealization, it is largely through your influence. My knowledge was much like the trees as they then appeared. I was prepared for better things, but the time for them had not yet come. I had studied the material world in a material sort of way, employing my mind with facts that were like the bare branches and twigs. You awakened in me a sense of the beautiful side of nature. How can I explain it? Who can explain the rapid development of foliage and flowers when all is ready?"

"But, Webb, you appeared, during the summer, to go back to your old materiality worse than ever. You made me feel that I had no power to do anything for you. You treated me as if I were your very little sister who would have to go to school a few years before I could be your companion."

"Those were busy days," he replied, laughing. "Besides," he added, hesitatingly, "Burt was at one time inclined to be jealous. Of course it was very absurd in him, but I suppose lovers are always a little absurd."

"I should think it was absurd. I saw whither Burt was drifting long ago—at the time of the great flood, which swept away things of more value than my silly expectations. What a little unsophisticated goose I was! I suppose Johnnie expects to be married some day, and in much the same way I looked forward to woman's fate; and since you all seemed to wish that it should be Burt, I thought, 'Why not?' Wasn't it lucky for Burt, and in-

TWILIGHT IN WINTER.

deed for all of you, that I was not a grown-up and sentimental young woman? Mr. Hargrove, by uniting his interests with yours in the West, will make your fortunes, and Burt will bring you a lovely sister. It pleases me to see how Gertrude is learning to like you. I used to be provoked with her at first because she didn't appreciate you. Do you know, I think you ought to write? You could make people fall in love with nature. Americans don't care half as much for out-of-door life and pursuits as the English. It seems to me that city life can not compare with that of the country."

"You may think differently after you have been a few weeks in Gertrude's elegant home."

They had paused again on the brow of Cro'nest, and were looking out on the wide landscape. "No, Webb," she said. "Her home, no doubt, is elegant, but it is artificial. This is simple and grand, and to-day, seen through the soft haze, is lovely to me beyond all words. I honestly half regret that I am going to town. Of course I shall enjoy myself—I always do with Gertrude—but the last few quiet weeks have been so happy and satisfying that I dread any change."

"Think of the awful vacuum that your absence will make in the old home!"

"Well, I'm a little glad; I want to be missed. But I shall write to you, and tell you of all the frivolous things we are doing. Besides, you must come to see me as often as you can."

"I certainly shall."

They saw evening parade, the moon rising meanwhile over Sugar-loaf Mountain, and filling the early twilight with a soft radiance.

Webb felt that, should he exist millions of ages, he should never forget the ride homeward. The moon looked through the haze like a veiled beauty, and in its softened light Amy's pure, sweet profile was endowed with ethereal beauty. The beech-trees, with their bleached leaves still clinging to them, were almost spectral, and the oaks in their bronzed foliage stood like black giants by the road-side. There were suggestive vistas of light and shadow that were full of mystery, making it easy to believe that on a night like this the mountain was haunted by creatures as strange

as the fancy could shape. The girl singing at his side was a mystery. Viewless walls incased her spirit. What were her hidden and innermost thoughts? The supreme gift of a boundless love overflowed his heart to his very lips. She was so near, and the spell of her loveliness so strong, that at times he felt that he must give it expression; but he ever restrained himself. His words might bring pain and consternation into the peaceful face. She was alone with him, and there would be no escape should he speak now. No; he had resolved to wait till her heart awoke by its own impulses, and he would keep his purpose even through the witchery of that moonlight drive. "How strangely isolated we are," he thought, "that such feeling as mine can fill my very soul with its immense desire, and she not be aware of anything but my quiet, fraternal manner!"

As they were descending the home slope of the mountain they witnessed a rare and beautiful sight. A few light clouds had gathered around the moon, and these at last opened in a rift. The rays of light through the misty atmosphere created the perfect colors of a rainbow, and this phenomenon took the remarkable form of a shield, its base resting upon one cloud, and its point extending into a little opening in the cloud above.

"Oh, what a perfect shield!" cried Amy. "Was there ever anything so strange and lovely?"

Webb checked his horse, and they looked at the vision with wonder. "I never saw anything to equal that," said Webb.

"Is it an omen, Webb?" she asked, turning a little from him, that she might look upward, and leaning on his shoulder with the unconsciousness of a child.

"Let us make it one, dear sister Amy," he said, drawing her nearer to him. "Let it remind you, as you recall it, that as far as I can I will ever shield you from every evil of life." As he spoke the rainbow colors became wonderfully distinct, and then faded slowly away. Her head drooped lower on his shoulder, and she said, dreamily:

"It seems to me that I never was so happy before in my life as I am now. You are so different, and can be so much to me, now that your old absurd constraint is gone! Oh, Webb, you used to make me so unhappy! You made me feel that you had found me out—how little I knew, and that it was a bore to have to talk with me and explain. I know I'm not highly educated. How could I be? I went everywhere with papa, and he always appeared to think of me as a little girl. And then during the last year or two of his life he was so ill that I did not do much else than watch over him with fear and trembling, and try to amuse him and beguile the hours that were so full of pain and weakness. But you can teach me so much! I fairly thrill with excitement and feeling sometimes when you are reading a fine or beautiful thing. If I can feel that way, I can't be stupid, can I?"

"No, Amy."

"Think how much faster I could learn this winter if you would direct my reading, and explain what is obscure."

"I will very gladly do anything you wish. You underrate yourself, Amy. You have woman's highest charm. There is a stupidity of heart which is far worse than that of the mind, a selfish callousness in regard to others and their rights and feelings which mars the beauty of some women worse than physical deformity. From the day you entered our home as a stranger, graceful tact, sincerity, and the impulse of ministry have characterized your life. Can you imagine that mere cleverness, trained mental acuteness, and a knowledge of facts can take the place of these traits? Men love and admire women that are essentially womanly. No man can love unless he imagines that a woman has these qualities, and bitter will be his disappointment if he finds them wanting."

Her laugh rung out musically on the still air. "Hear the old bachelor talk!" she cried. "I believe you have constructed an ideally perfect creature out of nature, and that you hold trysts with her on moonlight nights, you go out to walk so often alone. Well, well, I won't be jealous of such a sister-in-law, but I want to keep you a little while longer before you follow Burt's example."

"I shall never give you a sister-in-law, Amy."

"You don't know what you'll do. How sure Burt was of himself!" and she laughed again.

"Burt and I are different."

"Yes, Webb, you are. If you ever love, it will be for always; and I don't like to think of it. I'd like to keep you just as you are. Now that you see how selfish I am, where is woman's highest charm?"

A SNOW-SQUALL.

Webb laughed, and urged his horse into a sharp trot. "I am unchangeable in my opinions too, as far as you are concerned," he remarked. "She is not ready yet," was his silent thought.

A few days later Webb took her to New York and left her with her friend. "Don't be persuaded into staying very long," he found opportunity to say, in a low tone.

"Indeed I won't; I'm homesick already;" and she looked after him very wistfully. But she was mistaken. Gertrude looked so hurt and disappointed when she spoke of returning, and had planned so much, that days lengthened into weeks.

Webb returned to a region that was haunted. Wherever he went there was a presence there before him. In every room, on the lawn, in the garden and rosery, in lanes no longer shaded, but carpeted with brown rustling leaves, on mountain roads, he saw Amy with almost the vividness of actual vision, as he had seen her in these places from the time of her first coming. At church he created her form in her accustomed seat, and his worship was a little confused. She had asked him to write, and he made home life and the varying aspects of nature real to her. His letters, however, were so impersonal that she could read the greater part of them to Gertrude, who had resolved to be pleased, out of good-will to Webb, and with the intention of aiding his cause. But she soon found herself expressing genuine wonder and delight at their simple, vigorous diction, their subtle humor, and the fine, poetic images they often suggested.

Meanwhile, to all appearance, Webb maintained the even tenor of his way. He had been so long schooled in patience that he waited and hoped on in silence, as before, and busied himself incessantly. The last of the corn was husked, and the golden treasure stored. The stalks were stacked near the barn for winter use, and all the labors of the year rounded out and completed.

Thanksgiving-day was a quiet festival at the farm-house. All felt that they had much to be thankful for, and Webb hoped

for far more. Twice he went to the city to see Amy, and on one of these occasions he was a guest at a large party given in her honor. During much of the evening he was dazzled by her beauty and dazed by her surroundings. Her father had had her instructed carefully in dancing, and she and Burt had often waltzed together, but he could scarcely believe his eyes as she appeared on the floor, unsurpassed in beauty and grace, her favor sought by all. Was that the simple girl who on the shaggy sides of Storm King had leaned against his shoulder?

Miss Hargrove gave him little time for such musings. She, as hostess, often took his arm and made him useful. The ladies found him reserved rather than shy, but he was not long among the more mature and thoughtful men present before a knot gathered around him, and some of Mr. Hargrove's more intimate friends ventured to say, "There seems to be plenty of brains in the family into which your daughter is to enter."

After an hour or two had passed, and Amy had not had a chance to speak to him, he began to look so disconsolate that she came and whispered, "What's the matter, old fellow?"

"Oh, Amy," he replied, discontentedly, "I wish we were back on Storm King! I'm out of place here."

"So do I," she said, "and so we will be many a time again. But you are not out of place here. I heard one lady remarking how reserved and *distingué* you were, and another," she added, with a flash of her ever-ready mirthfulness, "said you were 'deliciously homely.' I was just delighted with that compliment;" and she flitted away to join her partner in the dance. He brightened up after this amazingly, and before he departed, in the "wee sma' hours," after the rooms were empty, Gertrude gave him a chance for a brief quiet talk, which proved that Amy's heart was still in the Highlands, even if he did not yet possess it.

Burt would not return till late in December; but Amy came home about the middle of the month, and received an ovation that was enough "to turn any one's head," she declared. Their old quiet life was resumed, and Webb watched keenly for any discontent with it. Her quiet satisfaction was undoubted. "I've had my little fling," she said, "and I suppose it was time I saw more of the world and society, but, oh! what a refuge and haven of rest the old place is! Gertrude is lovely, her father very gallant and polite, but Mrs. Hargrove's stateliness oppresses me, and in society I felt that I had to take a grain of salt with everything said to me. Gertrude showed her sense in preferring a home. I was in some superb houses in the city that did not seem like homes."

Webb, in his solicitude that the country house should not appear dull, found time to go out with her on pleasant days, and to interest her deeply in a course of reading. It was a season of leisure; but his mother began to smile to herself as she saw how absorbed he was in his pupil.

The nights grew colder, the stars gained a frosty glitter, the ground was rock-like, and the ponds covered with a glare of black ice. Amy was eager to learn to skate, and Webb found his duty of instructor delightful.

They were now looking forward to Burt's return, and the holiday season which Gertrude would spend with them. Mystery was behind every door. Not merely the shops, but busy and stealthy fingers, would furnish the gifts. Webb had bought his gift for Amy, but had also burned the midnight oil in the preparation of another—a paper for a magazine, and it had been accepted. He had planned and composed it while at work stripping the husks from the yellow corn, superintending the wood teams and the choppers in the mountain, and aiding in cutting from an adjacent pond the crystal blocks of ice—the stored coolness for the coming summer. Then, while others thought him sleeping, he wrote and rewrote the thoughts he had harvested during the day.

One of his most delightful tasks, however, was in aiding Amy to embower the old house in wreaths and festoons of evergreens. The rooms grew into aromatic bowers. Autumn leaves and ferns gave to the heavier decorations a light, airy beauty which he had never seen before, and grace itself Amy appeared as she mounted the step-ladder and reached here and there, twining and coaxing everything into harmony.

What was the effect of all this companionship on her mind? She least of all could have answered; she did not analyze. Each day was full and joyous. She was being carried forward on a shining tide of happiness, and yet its motion was so even,

"AMY, DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME NOW."—[See Page 64.]
From drawing by Frederic Dielman.

quiet, and strong that there was nothing to disturb her maidenly serenity. If Webb had been any one but Webb, and she one who was in the habit of regarding all men as possible admirers, she would have understood herself long before this. If she had been brought up with brothers in her own home, she would have known that she welcomed this quiet brother with a gladness that had a deeper root than sisterly affection. But the fact that he was Webb, the quiet, self-controlled man who had called her sister Amy for a year, made his presence, his deep sympathy with her and for her, seem natural. His approaches had been so gradual that he was stealing into her heart as spring enters a flower. You can never name the first hour of its presence; you take no note of the imperceptible yet steady development. The process is quiet, yet vital and sure, and at last there comes an hour when the bud is ready to open. That time was near, and Webb hoped that it was. His tones were so tender and gentle at times that she looked at him a little wonderingly, but his manner was quiet, and far removed from that of the impetuous Burt. There was a warmth in it, however, like the increasing power of the sun, and in human hearts bleak December can be the spring-time as truly as May.

It was the 23d—one of the stormiest days of a stormy month. The snowflakes were whirling without, and making many a circle in the gale before joining their innumerable comrades that whitened the ground. The wind sighed and soughed about the old house as it had done a year before, but Webb and Amy were armed against its mournfulness. They were in the parlor, on whose wide hearth glowed an ample fire. Burt and Gertrude were expected on the evening train.

"Gertie is coming home through the snow just as I did," said Amy, fastening a spray of mistletoe that a friend had sent her from England to the chandelier, "and the same old warm welcome awaits her."

"What a marvellous year it has been!" Webb remarked.

"It has, indeed. Just think of it! Burt is engaged to one of whose existence he did not know a year ago. He has been out West, and found that you have land that will make you all rich."

"Are these the greatest marvels of the year, Amy?"

"No: there is a greater one. I didn't know you a year ago to-day, and now I seem to have known you always, you patient, homely old fellow—'deliciously homely.' I shall never get over that."

"The eyes of scores of young fellows looked at you that evening as if you were deliciously handsome."

"And you looked at me one time as if you hadn't a friend in the world, and you wanted to be back in your native wilds."

"Not without you, Amy; and you said you wished you were looking at the rainbow shield with me again."

"Oh, I didn't say all that. And then I saw you needed heartening up a little."

"I did, indeed. You were dancing with a terrible swell, worth, it was said, half a million, who was devouring you with his eyes."

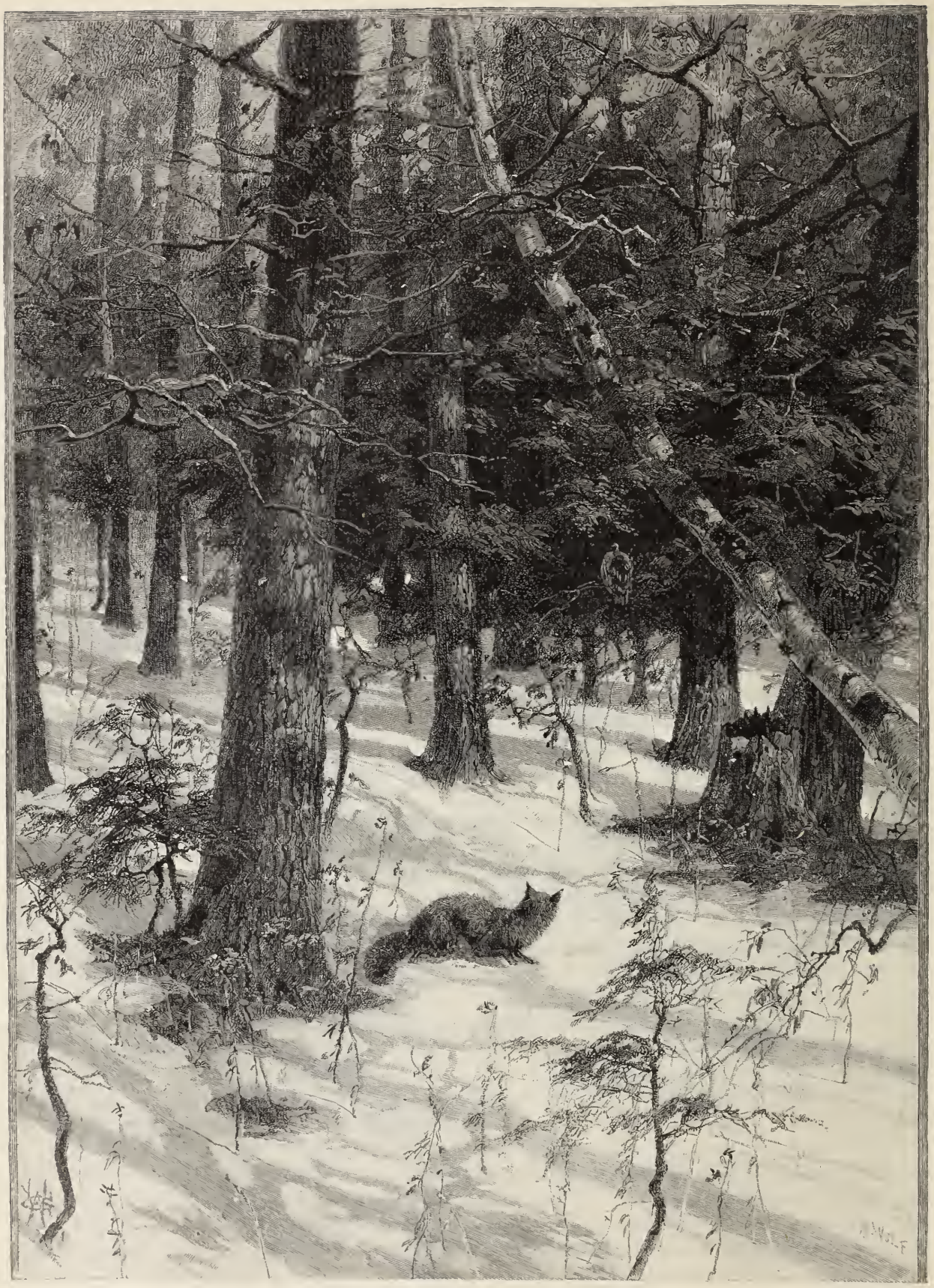
"I'm all here, thank you, and you look as if you were doing some devouring yourself. What makes you look at me so? Is there anything on my face?"

"Yes, some color, but it's just as nature arranged it, and you know nature's best work always fascinates me."

"What a gallant you are becoming! There, don't you think that is arranged well?" and she stood beneath the mistletoe, looking up critically at it.

"Let me see if it is;" and he advanced to her side. "This is the only test," he said, and quick as a flash he encircled her with his arm and pressed a kiss upon her lips.

She sprung aloof, and looked at him with dilating eyes. He had often kissed her before, and she had thought nothing more of it than of a brother's salute. Was it a subtle, mysterious power in the mistletoe itself with which it had been endowed by ages of superstition? Was that kiss like the final ray of the June sun that opens the heart of the rose when at last it is ready to expand? She looked at him wonderingly, tremblingly, the color of the rose mounting higher and higher, and deepening as if the blood were coming from the depths of her heart. He did not speak. To her wondering, questioning look he only bent full upon her his dark eyes, that had held hers once before in a moment of terror. She saw his secret in their depths at last, the love, the devotion, which she herself had unsuspectingly said would "last always." She took a faltering step toward him, then covered her burning face with her hands.



WINTER IN THE WOODS.

"Amy," he said, taking her gently in his arms, "do you understand me now? I have been worshipping you all these months, and you have not known it."

"I—I—thought you were in love with nature," she whispered.

"So I am, and you are nature in its sweetest and highest embodiment. Every

beautiful thing in nature has long suggested you to me. Amy, I *can* wait. You shall have your girlhood. It seems to me now that I have loved you almost from the first hour I saw you. I have known that I loved you ever since that June evening when you left me in the rosery. Have I not proved that I can be patient and wait?"

She only pressed her burning face closer upon his shoulder. "It's all growing clear now," she again whispered. "How blind I've been! I thought you were only my brother."

"I can be 'only your brother' if you so wish," he said, gravely. "Your happiness is my first thought."

She looked up at him shyly, tears in her eyes, and a smile hovering about her tremulous lips. "I don't think I understood myself any better than I did you. I never had a brother, and—and—I don't believe I love you just right for a brother;" and her face was hidden again.

His eyes went up to heaven, as if he meant that his mating should be recognized there. Then gently stroking her brown hair, he asked, "Then I sha'n't have to wait, Amy?"

"Am I keeping you waiting, Webb?" she faltered from her deep seclusion.

"Oh, that blessed mistletoe!" cried Webb, lifting the dewy, flower-like face and kissing it again and again. "You are my Christmas gift, Amy."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I didn't know," began Mr. Clifford from the doorway, and was about to make a hasty retreat.

"Stay, father," cried Webb. "A year ago you received this dear girl as your daughter. She has consented to make the tie closer still if possible."

The old gentleman took Amy in his arms for a moment, and then said, "This is too good to keep to myself for a moment," and he hastened the blushing, laughing girl to his wife, and exclaimed: "See what I've brought you for a Christmas present! See what that sly, silent Webb has been up to! He has been making love to our Amy right under our noses, and we didn't know it."

"*You* didn't know it, father; mother's eyes are not so blind. Amy darling, I've been hoping and praying for this. You have made a good choice, my dear, if it is his mother that says it. Webb will never change, and he will always be as gentle to you as he has been to me."

"Well, well, well!" said Mr. Clifford. "Our cup *is* running over, sure enough. Maggie, come here!" he called, as he heard her step in the hall. "Here's a new relative. I once felt a little like grumbling because we hadn't a daughter, and now I have three, and the best and prettiest in the land."

Leonard had long since gone to the depot, and now the chimes of his returning bells announced that Burt and Gertrude were near. To them both it was, in truth, a coming home. Gertrude rushed in, followed by the exultant Burt, her brilliant eyes and tropical beauty rendered tenfold more effective by the wintry twilight without; and she received a welcome that accorded with her nature. She was hardly in Amy's room, which she was to share, before she looked in eager scrutiny at her friend. "What's in the air?" she asked. "What has transfigured Webb? Oh, you little wild-flower, you've found out that he is saying his prayers to you at last, have you? Evidently he hasn't said them in vain. You are very happy, dear?"

"Yes; happier than you are."

"I deny that, point-blank. Oh, Amy darling, I was true to you, and didn't lose Burt either."

Maggie had provided a feast, and Leonard beamed on the table and on every one, when something in Webb and Amy's manner caught his attention. "This occasion," he began, "reminds me of a somewhat similar one a year ago to-morrow night. It is my good fortune to bring lovely women into this household. My first and best effort was made when I brought Maggie. Then I picked up a little girl at the depot, and she grew into a tall, lovely creature on the way home—didn't she, Johnnie? And now to-night I've brought in a princess from the snow; and one of these days poor Webb will be captured by a female of the MacStinger type, for he will never muster up courage enough— What on earth are you all laughing about?"

"Thank you," said Amy, looking like a peony.

"You had better put your head under Maggie's wing and subside," Webb added. Then, putting his arm about Amy, he asked, "Is this a female of the MacStinger type?"

Leonard stared in blank amazement. "Well," said he at last, "when *did* this happen? I give up now. The times

have changed. When I was courting, the whole neighborhood was talking about it, and knew I was accepted long before I did. Did you see all this going on, Maggie?"

"Certainly," she answered.

"Now I don't believe Amy saw it herself," cried Leonard, half desperately, and laughter broke out anew.

"Oh, Amy, I'm so glad!" said Burt; and he gave her the counterpart of the embrace that had turned the bright October evening black to Webb.

"To think that Webb should have got such a prize!" ejaculated Leonard. "Well, well! the boys in this family are in luck."

"It will be my turn next," cried Johnnie.

"No, sir; I'm the oldest," Alf protested.

"Let's have supper," Ned remarked, removing his thumb from his mouth.

"Score one for Ned," said Burt. "There is at least one member of the family whose head is not turned by all these marvellous events."

Can the sunshine and fragrance of a June day be photographed? No more can the light and gladness of that long happy evening be portrayed. Mrs. Clifford held Gertrude's hand, as she had Amy's when receiving her as a daughter. The beautiful girl, whose unmistakable metropolitan air was blended with gentle womanly grace, had a strong fascination for the invalid. She kindled the imagination of the recluse, and gave her a glimpse into a world she had never known.

There were bustle and renewed mystery on the following day. Astonishing-looking packages were smuggled out of trunks and closets, and from one room to another. Ned created a succession of panics, and at last the ubiquitous and garrulous little urchin had to be tied into a chair. Johnnie and Alf were in the seventh heaven of anticipation; and when Webb brought Amy a check for fifty dollars, and told her that it was the proceeds of the first crop from his brains, and that she must spend the money, she went into Mr. Clifford's room, waving it as if it were a trophy such as no knight had ever brought to his lady-love.

"Of course I'll spend it," she cried. "I know just how to spend it. It shall go into books that we can read together. What's that agricultural jargon of yours, Webb, about returning as much as possible to the soil? We'll return this to the soil," she said, kissing his forehead, "although I think it is too rich for me already."

In the afternoon she and Webb, with a sleigh well laden, drove into the mountains on a visit to Lumley. He had repaired the rough, rocky lane leading through the wood to what was no longer a wretched hovel. The inmates had been expecting this visit, and Lumley rushed bareheaded out-of-doors the moment he heard the bells. Although he had swept a path from his door again and again, the high wind would almost instantly drift in the snow. Poor Lumley had never heard of Sir Walter Raleigh or Queen Elizabeth, but he had given his homage to a better queen, and with loyal impulse he instantly threw off his coat and laid it on the snow, that Amy might walk dry-shod into the single room that formed his home. She and Webb smiled significantly at each other, and then the young girl put her hand into that of the mountaineer as he helped her from the sleigh, and said, "Merry Christmas!" with a smile that brought tears into the eyes of the grateful man.

"Yer making no empty wish, Miss Amy. I never thought sich a Christmas 'ud ever come to me and mine. But come in—come in out of the cold wind, an' see how you've changed everything. Go in with her, Mr. Webb, an' I'll tie an' blanket yer hoss. Lord! to think that sich a May blossom 'ud go into my hut!"

They entered, and Mrs. Lumley, neatly clad in some dark woollen material, made a queer, old-fashioned courtesy that her husband had had her practice for the occasion. But the baby, now grown into a plump, healthy child, greeted her benefactress with nature's own grace, crowing, laughing, and calling, "Pitty lady, nice lady," with exuberant welcome. Two logs, reaching across a dirty floor and pushed together, did not furnish precarious warmth now, but a neat box, painted green, was filled with billets of wood. The carpeted floor was scrupulously clean, and so was the bright new furniture. A few evergreen wreaths hung on the walls with the pictures that Amy had given, and on the mantel was her photograph — poor Lumley's patron saint.

Webb brought in his armful of gifts, and Amy took the child on her lap, and opened a volume of dear old Mother Goose, profusely illustrated in colored prints—

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

that classic that appeals alike to the hearts of children whether in mountain hovels or city palaces. The man looked on as if dazed. "Mr. Webb," he said, in his loud whisper, "I once saw a picter of the Virgin and Child. Oh, golly! how she favors it!"

"Mrs. Lumley," Amy began, "I think your housekeeping does you much credit. I've not seen a neater room anywhere."

"Well, mum, my ole man's turned over a new leaf, sure 'nuff. There's no livin' with him unless everythink is jes so, an' I guess it's better so, too. Ef I let things get slack, he gets mighty savage."

"You must try to be patient, Mr. Lumley. You've made great changes for the better, but you must remember that old ways can't be broken up in a moment."

"Lor' bless yer, Miss Amy, there's nothink like breakin' off short; there's nothink like turnin' the corner sharp, and fightin' the devil tooth and nail. It's an awful tussle at first, an' I thought I was goin' to knuckle under more'n once. So I would weren't it fer you, but you gave me this little han', Miss Amy, an' looked at me as if I weren't a beast, an' it's been a-liftin' me up ever since. Oh, I've had good folks talk at me an' lecter, an' I've been in jail, but it all on'y made me mad. The best on 'em wouldn't 'a teched me any more than they would a rattler sich as we killed on the mounting. But you guv me yer han', Miss Amy, an' thar's mine on it agin. I'm goin' to be a *man*."

She took the great horny palm in both her hands. "You make me very happy," she said, simply, looking at him above the head of his child, "and I'm sure your wife is going to help you. I shall enjoy the holidays far more for this visit. You've told us good news, and we've got good news for you and your wife. Tell him, Webb."

"Yes, Lumley," said Webb, clapping the man on the shoulder, "famous news. This little girl has been helping me just as much as she has you, and she has promised to help me through life. One of these days we shall have a home of our own, and you shall have a cottage near it, and the little girl here that you've named Amy shall go to school, and have a better chance than you and your wife have had."

"Oh, gosh walader!" exclaimed the man, almost breaking out into a hornpipe. "The Lord on'y knows what will happen ef things once git a-goin' right! Mr. Webb, thar's my han' agin'. Ef yer'd gone ter heaven fer her, yer couldn't 'a got sich a gell. Well, well, give me a chance on yer place, an' I'll work fer yer all the time, even nights an' Sundays."

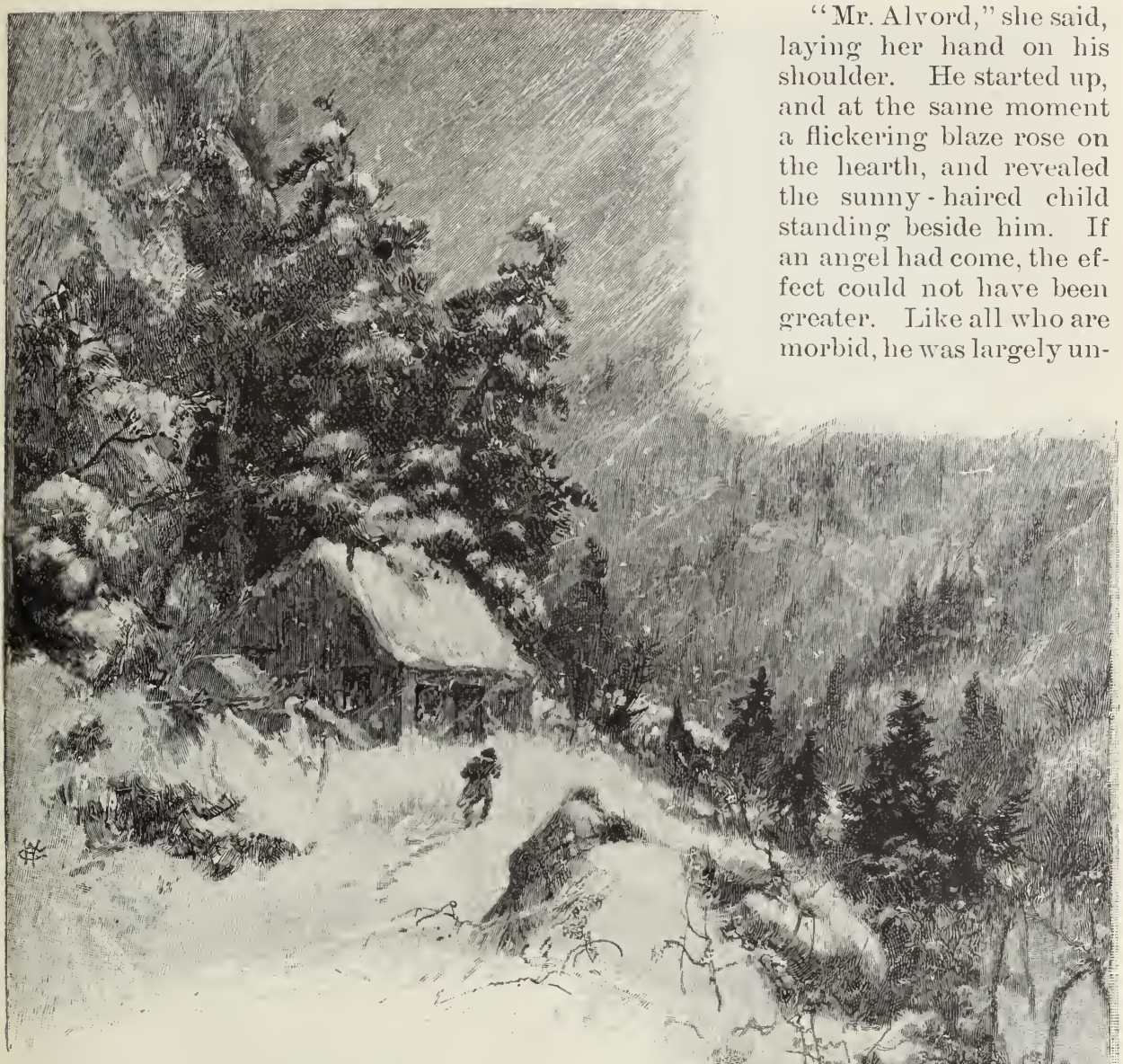
It was hard for them to get away. The child dropped her books and toys, and clung to Amy. "She knows yer; she knows all about yer," said the delighted father. "Well, ef yer must go, yer'll take suthin' with us;" and from a great pitcher of milk he filled several goblets, and they all drank to the health of little Amy. "Yer'll fin' a half-dozen pa'tridges under the seat, Miss Amy," he said, as they drove away. "I was boun' I'd have some kind of a present fer yer."

She waved her hand back to him, and saw him standing bare-headed in the cutting wind, looking after her.

"Poor old Lumley was right," said Webb, drawing her to him. "I do feel as if I had received my little girl from heaven. We will give those people a chance, and try to turn the law of heredity in the right direction."

In the twilight of that evening Mr. Alvord sat over his lonely hearth, his face buried in his hands. The day had been terribly long and torturing; memory had presented, like mocking spectres, his past, and what it might have been. A sense of loneliness, a horror of great darkness, overwhelmed him. Nature had grown cold and forbidding, and was losing its power to solace. Johnnie, absorbed in her Christmas preparations, had not been to see him for a long time. He had gone to inquire after her on the previous evening, and through the lighted windows of the Clifford home had seen a picture that had made his own abode appear desolate indeed. In despairing bitterness he had turned away, feeling that that happy home was no more a place for him than heaven. He had wandered out into the storm for hours, like a lost spirit, and at last had returned, and slept in utter exhaustion. On the morning preceding Christmas memory awoke with him, and as night approached he was sinking into sullen, dreary apathy.

There was a light tap at the door, but he did not hear it. A child's face peered in at his window, and Johnnie saw him cowering over his dying fire. She had learned to be fearless, for she had banished his evil spells before. Therefore she entered softly, laid down her bundles, and stood beside him.



THE MOUNTAIN HOME.

"Mr. Alvord," she said, laying her hand on his shoulder. He started up, and at the same moment a flickering blaze rose on the hearth, and revealed the sunny-haired child standing beside him. If an angel had come, the effect could not have been greater. Like all who are morbid, he was largely under the dominion of imagination, and Johnnie, with her fearless, gentle, commiserating eyes, had for him the potency of a supernatural visitor. But the healthful, unconscious child had a better power. Her words and touch brought saneness as well as hope.

"Why, Mr. Alvord," she cried, "were you asleep? See! your fire is going out, and your lamp is not lighted, and there is nothing ready for your supper. What a queer man you are, for one who is so kind! Mamma said I might come and spend a little of Christmas-eve with you, and bring my gifts, and then that you would bring me home. I know how to fix up your fire and light your lamp. Then we'll get supper together. Won't that be fun?" and she bustled around, the embodiment of beautiful life.

"Oh, Johnnie!" he said, taking her sweet face in his hands and looking into her clear eyes, "Heaven must have sent you. I was so lonely and sad that I wished I had never lived."

"Why, Mr. Alvord! and on Christmas-eve, too? See what I've brought you;" and she opened a book with the angels' song of "peace and good-will" illustrated. "Mamma says that whoever believes that ought to be happy," said the child. "Don't you believe it?"

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

"Yes; it's true for those who are like you and your mother."

She leaned against him, and looked over his shoulder at the pictures. "Mr. Alvord, mamma said the song was for you too. Of course mamma's right. What else did He come for but to help people who are in trouble? I read stories about Him every Sunday to mamma, and He was always helping people who were in

trouble, and who had done wrong. That's why we are always glad on Christmas. You look at the book while I set your table."

He did look at it till his eyes were blinded with tears, and like a sweet refrain came the words, "A little child shall lead them."

An hour later Mr. Alvord put Johnnie down at her home, for he had insisted on carrying her through the snow, and for the first time kissed her as he said:

"Good-by. You, to-night, have been like one of the angels that brought the tidings of 'peace and good-will.'"

Amy sung again the Christmas hymn that her own father and the father who had adopted her had loved so many years before. "My daughter," said Mr. Clifford, as he was fondly bidding her good-night, "how sweetly you have fulfilled the hopes you raised one year ago!"

Mrs. Clifford had gone to her room, leaning on the arm of Gertrude. As the invalid kissed her in parting, she said:

"You have beautiful eyes, my dear, and they have seen far more of the world than mine, but, thank God, they are clear and true. Keep them so, my child, so that I can welcome you again to a better home than this."

Once more "the old house stood silent and dark in the pallid landscape." The winds were hushed, as if the peace within had been breathed into the very heart of Nature, and she too could rest in her wintry sleep. The moon was obscured by a veil of clouds, and the outlines of the trees were faint upon the snow. A shadowy form drew near, a man paused and looked upon the dwelling. "If the angels' song could be heard anywhere to-night, it should be over that home," Mr. Alvord murmured, and then returned to his own dwelling.

Mr. Hargrove's home was almost a palace, but its stately rooms were desolate on Christmas-eve. He wandered restlessly through their magnificence. He paid no heed to the costly furniture and costlier works of art. "Trurie was right," he muttered. "What power have these things to satisfy when the supreme need of the heart is unsatisfied? It seems as if I could not sleep to-night without seeing her. There is no use in disguising the truth that I'm losing her. Even on Christmas-eve she is absent. It's late; and since I can not see her, I'll see her gift;" and he went to her room, where she had told him to look for her remembrance. To his surprise he found that, according to her secret instructions, it was lighted. He entered the dainty apartment, and saw the glow of autumn leaves and the airy grace of ferns around the pictures and windows. He started, for he almost saw herself, so true was the life-size and life-like portrait that smiled upon him. Beneath it were the words: "Merry Christmas, papa. You have not lost me; you have only made me happy."

The moon is again rising over old Storm King; the crystals that cover the white fields and meadows are beginning to flash in its rays; the great pine by the Clifford home is sighing and moaning. What heavy secret has the old tree that it can sigh with such a group near as is now gathered beneath it? Burt's black horse rears high as he reins him in that Gertrude may spring into the cutter, then speeds away like a shadow through the moonlight. Webb's steed is strong and quiet, like himself, and as tireless. Amy steps to Webb's side, feeling it to be her place in very truth. Sable Abram draws up next, with the great family sleigh, and in a moment Alf is perched beside him. Then Leonard half smothers Johnnie and Ned under the robes, and Maggie, who was about to pick her way through the snow, finds herself taken up in strong arms, like one of the children, and is with them. The chime of bells dies away in the distance. Wedding bells will be their echo.

The merry Christmas-day has passed. Dr. and Mrs. Marvin, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Barkdale, and other friends have come and gone with their greetings; the old people are left alone beside their cheery fire.

"Here we are, mother, all by ourselves, just as we were once before on Christmas night, when you were as fair and blooming as Amy or Gertrude. Well, my dear, the long journey seems short to-night. I suppose the reason is that you have been such good company."

"Dear old father, the journey would have been long and weary indeed had I not had your strong arm to lean upon, and a love that didn't fade with my roses. There is only one short journey before us now, father, and then we shall know fully the meaning of the 'good tidings of great joy.'"

THE END.

WILLIAM GROBBYNS.

IT was on a certain ideal late September day that I found myself in a little old time-worn village on the crest of a breezy down in the south of Surrey, in England, a few years ago, wondering to myself how to make the most and best of the radiant, brilliant hours between the rising and the setting of the sun.

It was almost enough delight to breathe with healthful lungs the delicious air, to simply *exist* in it, without work or play. There seemed to be no urgent need to sketch, fish, shoot, or be shot at, or even to asphyxiate the lightsome and unwitting insect. However, guiltless as I almost blush to own I was of any thirst for blood on that particular morning, I am bound to admit that I almost became the "sport" of the rampant free-shooter once or twice during my wanderings on that delightful day. I was first of all the butt of his ridicule because I chose to sketch, rather than kill or maim anything or anybody.

I would not even accept the loan of a most lithesome rod and a gaudy book of flies that looked almost as "fetching" as a brand-new box of moist colors to a giddy art student.

I would not even say where I intended to go, nor would I promise to meet any party at lunch at any given spot at any given time. I merely took a small knapsack containing books, colors, and a scrap of lunch, and a wee flask to demoralize a drink or two of the fresh spring water, if so minded. A stout stick, a light heart, and a thin, wiry bull-terrier for company (and so that I may use the more modest plural now and then), and off we started.

I had no very definite object; any fish that came to my net would be welcome. Rose, however, had certain very definite views. Faithless to all the natural instincts that should have been inborn, she either feared or despised the domestic rat or cat, but she doted on sport, and it took most of my time and energies, that ought to have soared to higher and nobler things, to extract her from rabbit holes by the stump of her quivering tail. We soon strayed out on to the breeze-swept open heath, so that we could get a full bath of the brilliant air, and a free sweep of the blue-gray encircled horizon of the far-stretching country. We could see over three or four counties; that is, *I* could, if I cared to be topographical. Rose had her red eyes so full of yellow sand, and her froth-lined panting mouth so clogged with leaves and dirt and flecks of fur and blood, that she took no more heed of the panorama than if she had been born in a gun-room and brought up on cartridges.

I stood lazily drinking in the view, noting with half-professional instinct its telling bits of form or color or tone, not really wishing it to inspire me enough to bring a cold-blooded sketch-book seriously to bear upon it, looking with half-closed eyes, and listening to the soft hum of the various seasonable sounds—the corn-reapers' song and laugh on the far upland, the gritty kiss of the whetstone on the mower's scythe, the hum of the full-laden bees, the crack of the sportsman's shot, the whir of the scared birds, mingled with the murmurs of misquoted portions of Scripture from the baffled marksman; and then, quite near by, now and again the swack! swack! of the fagot-cutter's "bill-hook" keeping time to snatches of a crooning old song about "Coopid's Gaarden," when not interrupted by a cough so "hacking" that the poor old soul could almost have chopped the "fuzz" bushes with it. I moved very quietly round the pile of fagots and the clump of furze, and then we soon discovered each other—the crooner and I. To me he was a very nugget of the picturesque. What I was to him, beyond a momentary curiosity, I can't well say: he had seen the "likes o' me" scores of times—I dare say every day of that "season" that empties town into the country—and he would soon tick me off and place me as "one o' them Lunnon gents," and I should quickly lose all further interest for him. "Rose" looked upon him with unfriendly eye, as his swacking bill-hook would be likely to affright her game. She drew one or two yapping circles of protest around him, and then went off and secluded herself again in an industriously enlarged rabbit hole. I sat me down on a convenient pile of brush, and gazed upon the landscape generally, taking him in now and then in a friendly, re-assuring way. I did not attempt to fluster him by drawing a formidable sketch-book on him at once and beginning operations, nor did I bother him to pose for me: he was a lovely study just as he was, going on in his own way. Every movement and attitude was full of native character.

I was so intent and quiet in my study of him that I forgot for the moment that I could not expect to go on being absorbed in him to that extent without making, in a certain space of time, some sign of direct friendliness, in order to dispel a shade of restraint and perhaps discomfort that might soon ensue if I did nothing to break the monotony of abstractedly gazing at him. In fact, before I had quite made up my mind how I should break the spell, I began to notice certain signs of uneasiness and perhaps suffering. There was a curious inarticulate grumble that took the place of "Coopid's Gaarden," and accompanied the salient whacks of his bill-hook on the wiry twigs of gorse. Finally, as I was about to fix some of his rugged outlines in my sketch-book, he left off his task, wiped his brow with the back of his leather-mitted hand, and for the first time eyed me rather critically, and then, noticing in my hand the sketch-book and pencil, he came over to me, with his bill-hook well grasped in hand, and said, in tones half explanatory and half defiant, "Thees yeer laand arl belong to Muster 'Airds'n" (as near as I could make out the name).

"Indeed! and who is he?"

"Oo's 'e? whoy, 'e's lord o' th' maanor, that's 'oo 'e is! An' 'e saays to me, 'e

says, I maay allus coot 's manna fagots 's I likes, s'long 's I taakes 'em fr'm about 'ere. *That's* wut 'e says, *'e* do."

He was evidently regarding me in the light of some local detective noting down the cutting of unlawful fire-wood. So I beamed upon him kindly and encouragingly, and said that I was very glad to hear of Muster 'Airds'm's genial generosity, and furthermore it would delight me to see him go on cutting fagots most industriously, or at least to "make believe," for a few moments more, for my own personal sketching purposes, which I proceeded to briefly explain, showing other sketches, and, to enlist further interest, a couple of silver coin to be made over to him when the sketch was finished. The poor old boy looked hard at me, and at the silver in my hand, and at the bill-hook in his own, by turns, and tried to wrestle with the various mysteries of the situation. He finally permitted me to place him near his fagot block, with his bill-hook well to the fore. I then tried to coax him out of his awfully depressed *gêné* and constrained attitude into something more easy and natural, but as all my well-meant efforts only tended to stiffen him into further rigidity, I let him take his own line of action, and contented myself with his patched and shredded costume and his general "get up" and character.

Wishing to cheer the few weary moments to him, I thought I would engage him in conversation.

"What is your name?" This simple leading question I had to repeat in a much higher key before I got an answer, and then it came, something like "Willyum Grobbyns."

"How do you spell it?"

"W for Willyum, and G for Grobbyns," and he smote the fagot a little whack with the bill-hook by way of emphasis.

I waited a moment or two for further information, but he only repeated, with a certain air of pride at his attainments, "W for Willyum, and G for Grobbyns: tha's arl the larnin I ever *'ad*"; and again he repeated it, with a decided chuckle of satisfaction, and again he whacked the bill-hook down upon the fagot to further impress me with his one effort at culture.

"That's all right and satisfactory, William. Now try and keep *very* still for about five minutes, and then you may go." And I got up and placed him in another version of his easy attitude. I returned to my seat with a parting shout of "Steady, now, and then you shall have this" (showing the coin). I had not made five strokes of the pencil when William, whose "note of time," if he ever took any, must have been short-hand, deliberately put down his bill-hook by chopping it into the fagot, and came wobbling wearily toward me, remarking, as he prepared to sit down beside me on the brush-wood: "Theer was *seven* on us, arltogether, in our fambly, and *none* on us never got morried." I just intercepted in time the completion of the comfortable sitting position beside me by hastily getting up with a jump, and taking him gently by the arm and steering him back to his place.

"Now I feel, William, that that's going to be a good, nice, long story, and if *you* don't mind we'll have the rest of it while you stand quietly by your fagot." I put the bill-hook back into his gnarled brown fist, and shouted to him, "Now go on with your 'fambly' history."

There was no hope of keeping William very quiet during the telling of his story. I gave up trying to get any very minute detail in the bill-hook, as he was constantly waving it about to point his moral and adorn his tale, so I let it wave.

"You see we all promised pore father on his dyin' bed thet none on us 'ud never marry; we 'ud all on hus kape single and stan' by pore mother."

"That was very noble of you all; and where now is your mother?" I felt, considering William's apparent antiquity, that this was a silly question in itself, but it was only put in to keep the conversation in its groove.

"Oh, law bless ye! she's dead this many a year, but none on us got married any the more."

"Were you all boys?"

"We wuz all boys 'cept two gals, and both on 'em died young."

"How old?"

"One on 'em wuz ten and the other wuz sixteen, tha' wuz."

"That left five boys?"

"Ah, yes, theer wuz on'y five on us left then," said the aged woodman, sadly.

"And your *other* brothers?"

"One on 'em, 'e died too; but *'e* didn't marry, 'cos *'e* promised not to. 'E wuz two-an'-twenty, 'e wuz, but 'a stopped single." (That left four. It was getting to be comically like the "ten little niggers.")

"Well, where are the three besides yourself?"

"One on 'em went to sea, and warn't never 'eerd on no more. And two on 'em, next younger 'an me, tha's in the *union*, tha' wuz the last I 'eerd on 'em." (To the usual American the Union sounds rather big and patriotic, but in rural England it is only an abbreviation of "union workhouse.")

The old chopper was about to repeat that, notwithstanding adversity and indefinite absence at sea, the three boys kept their vows of strict celibacy. Then I hurried on the narration to the remaining brother.

"'E's at 'ome, 'e is. 'E's only a sort o' 'arf-brother, but 'e didn't marry no more for that, as 'e wuz more fond o' pore mother 'an any on us."

"So he's a half-brother?"

THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

"Ah, yes, 'e's my eldest brother, an' 'e's wut ye calls a 'love-child.'"

"God bless me! what do you mean by a 'love child'?" He smiled a pitying smile upon me, and proceeded to explain his little "fambly" romance. This elder brother was the son of a certain Lord X.

(he mentioned the name, *tout rond*); and he was born before the marriage of his pore mother; "but Lor' bless yer! his dear old lordship, 'e allus looked arter Alfred long as 'e lived, 'a did—seed as 'a never wanted good clothes, or as ever 'a 'ad to sile 'is 'ands wi' 'ard wuk; an' 'a looked arter pore mother too, when father died, an' seed 'at none on uz married, 'a did, so's *we* could look arter 'er too; an' now 'e's been dead—'is lardship 'as—some time, an' the cottage as we never 'ad to pay rent for, through belongin' to's lardship tha's comin' about it, the new lard's agent is, an' sayin' we got to *goo!*"

"Good gracious!" was all I could say. Here had I, through simply tapping a light vein, as I thought, in one of the "short and simple annals of the poor," struck on a three-volumed novel!

"And where is your (bar sinister) brother?" I was about to ask, when the woodchopper brother anticipated me.

"It's about time I wuz a-goin' 'ome, as Alfred 'll be vexed at me stoppin' 'ere so long."

I did not say, "And may I go with you, and see further into this little 'fambly 'istory'?" I took up my sketching traps as he shouldered a fat fagot, and we bent our steps toward his cottage, I sketching his various poses and movements as he plodded along the dusty road, or rested his burden half-way up the winding hill path. He did not always bother to set down his back-load, he would merely bend forward and plant his supporting staff well under the weight of the fagot, and so he would take in renewed courage to go on.

I could not help twisting the old plantation darky song to fit his case:

"De head must be bowed an' de back will have to bend
Whereber de poor darky goes;
A few more days an' our troubles all will end
In de place whar de sugar-cane grows;
A few more days we must tote de weary load—
No matter, it neber *can* be light;
A few more days we must totter on de road,
Den my ole Kentucky home, good-night."

The story had taken a rest too; he digressed so wildly from his original intention of telling me *how* the seven came never to marry, when he saw my curious interest in his lord-half-brother, that he got quite mixed, and allowed me simply to follow him to his home with but feeble protest. During a rest upon the heath-side it suddenly occurred to me that I had forgotten all about "Rose." She was safely immured in a great trench of her own scratching and digging, the last I saw of her, and her whinnying yelps of excitement as she saw sand, roots, and twigs tossed in the air by her scurrying paws was the last note I had of her. "She'll be shot, safe enough, ef a keeper sees 'er," was all the consolation I had from William. After one or two screeching whistles, however, she hove in sight, looking as if she had had a free fight with monstrous weasels or demon badgers, and had not come out scathless.

We soon turned down a little shady lane off the road, and presently I saw a poor ill-kept cottage nestled away among the gnarled apple-trees of a dank orchard.

"I don't know as Alfred 'll be pleased to *see* you; 'e *may* take you for the agent, and then 'e's not agreeable like."

I could only trust to luck and my own powers of persuasion. If Alfred would only listen to me, I would gladly spend hours to convince him of my innocence of any "agency."

As we turned out of the lane in by a rickety wicket-gate to the cottage garden, I was struck by the wild untutored vagrancy of every growing thing. Sweet-williams and onions, asters and turnips, scarlet beans and Virginia creepers, were wofully jumbled together in the same bed or climbing the same trellis. There was a covered porch over the cottage door, and his lordship was evidently taking his "ease with dignity" over his London paper and a long clay pipe. The first partial view that was revealed of him was a pair of well-formed legs clad in horsy check, a pair of whity-brown cotton socks incased his feet, which rested unslippered on a convenient old straw-stuffed hassock. As I proceeded further I found that the rest of his personality, hidden by the bowery porch, consisted of self-evident cast-off lordly clothing: an ample black frock-coat with imposing collar and brass buttons, a sporting waistcoat, and a blue speckled cravat of sufficient volume to sustain a good mainsail of shirt collar; a tall black hat with deep mourning band (for his deceased relative) completed his array. He seemed for a moment to be all taken aback by my sudden appearance, following at the heels of his half-brother with the fagot.

His keen eyes blazed on me for a mo-

WILLIAM GROBBYNS'S HALF-BROTHER.

ment; his white, well-brushed locks seemed to bristle with anger; he gave a withering, searching final stare at me, and then, with his long pipe flaring, and his great crackling, double sheet of the *Times* waving after him, he strode indoors. His half-lordship was evidently suffering a twinge of hereditary gout, which made him hobble a little, and his whity-brown stockings needed darning, and were too undignified for the rest of his attire. As he swept from our presence he motioned William to follow—no mere hint, but in a way not to be mistaken.

"I think you'd better goo. I knewed 'a wouldn't care to 'ev ye coomin' yeer," said the dismayed William to me, as he followed in the wake of his enraged relative.

"HIS KEEN EYES BLAZED ON ME FOR A MOMENT."

I could hear from the inner room to which they retired scraps of a lively conversation—inquiry, denunciation, invective—in perfect blasts: it was like the rattling of hail upon the window-pane during a thunder-storm. There was not much to be got out of William beyond the fact that I had given him a few shillings for "drarin' of 'im." That seemed to calm the storm finally, for his lordship began to allow the difference between the pursuits of the sketcher and the agent. After a few moments he made his re-appearance, with his slippers on, and not the long clay, but still the paper. He spoke to me fairly enough, and I soon explained my general purpose in coming there. I told him where I was staying, which also seemed to soothe his fears. Before long we were strolling about the weedy garden together, and he would fain have treated me to portions of his family history, but beyond a certain Micawberish roundness of style in his narration, there was not enough to entice me to hear it. In fact, he rather oppressed me, after the frank, undiluted rus-

ticity and simplicity of the brother of the bill-hook. I had William out again, and smoothed matters for him as best I could, for the lordly brother kept impressing on me: "You know I can't blame *you;* it's Bill, who had no *business* to let a stranger come within our gates." I wanted William to sell me his entire woodman's "rig" just as he stood. This sudden proposal brought a shadow of uneasiness over both of them. They evidently began to doubt my entire sanity. Even Bill roared with glee at the idea of any one wanting his "old things." "Whoy, they's about arl I got o' cloze, these is. I'll bring 'em down to you, thow, such as I can spare; I know yer plaace, an' I'll come i' th' aivnin' to-morrer." "All right, and bring me a nice fagot; I want to paint it." There was another burst of merriment at this. "Whoy, wha's coom o' folk as tha' ha' to goo an' paaint faggits?"

I took my leave here of the brothers, and his lordship was quite beaming over the prospect of ready money from such an unexpected quarter; he even asked me to look in again as I was passing. The next evening William made his appearance with the fagot on his back and his "things" in a bundle in his hand. The fagot was well meant, but he had chosen to select the straightest sticks and to shave off any little knot or blemish. They had all been carefully fitted together, and bound with a band of such nicely twisted withes that the whole thing was far *too* perfect; it looked like some quaint bunch of prize asparagus. I admired it, of course, or it would have broken William's heart. Besides, I had my covetous eye on his other suit. I had never seen such a smock-frock; it was archaic; it had been cast off as old-fashioned perhaps fifty years ago. "I must have your smock too, William."

"Ah, but w'at 'll *I* hev to goo 'ome in?"

I found him a good thick pilot coat, with many deep pockets; I found him

"THE NEXT EVENING WILLIAM MADE HIS APPEARANCE."

several pairs of once stylish trousers and a soft Derby hat; and after he had shed his old knee-breeches and his patched leggings and his battered felt, and arranged himself in these "modernities," he was, if not exactly a thing of beauty, at least a fleeting joy to his admiring circle. It was not exactly a pure "swap" either, as he had, with the more or less stylish raiment, a certain sum of unlooked-for coin, and a present of a whole pile of "society journals" for his "sinister-barred" half-brother, and I hope he enjoyed them. I never dropped in, "in a friendly way," to see, as I soon returned to town. In fact, the last I ever saw of "W, for William, and G, for Grobbyns," was his sadly transformed figure wending homeward along the dusty high-road in the evening light. And even now I sometimes wonder if his half-brother knew him when he reached the shady door-porch in the gloaming.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

WELCOME, ye pleasant dales and hills
Where dream-like passed my early days,
Ye cliffs and glens and laughing rills
That sing unconscious hymns of praise;
Welcome, ye woods with tranquil bowers
Embathed in autumn's mellow sheen,
Where careless childhood gathered flowers,
And slept on mossy carpets green.

The same bright sunlight gently plays
About the porch and orchard trees;
The garden sleeps in noontide haze,
Lulled by the murmuring of the bees;
The sloping meadows stretch away
To upland field and wooded hill;
The soft blue sky of peaceful day
Looks down upon the homestead still.

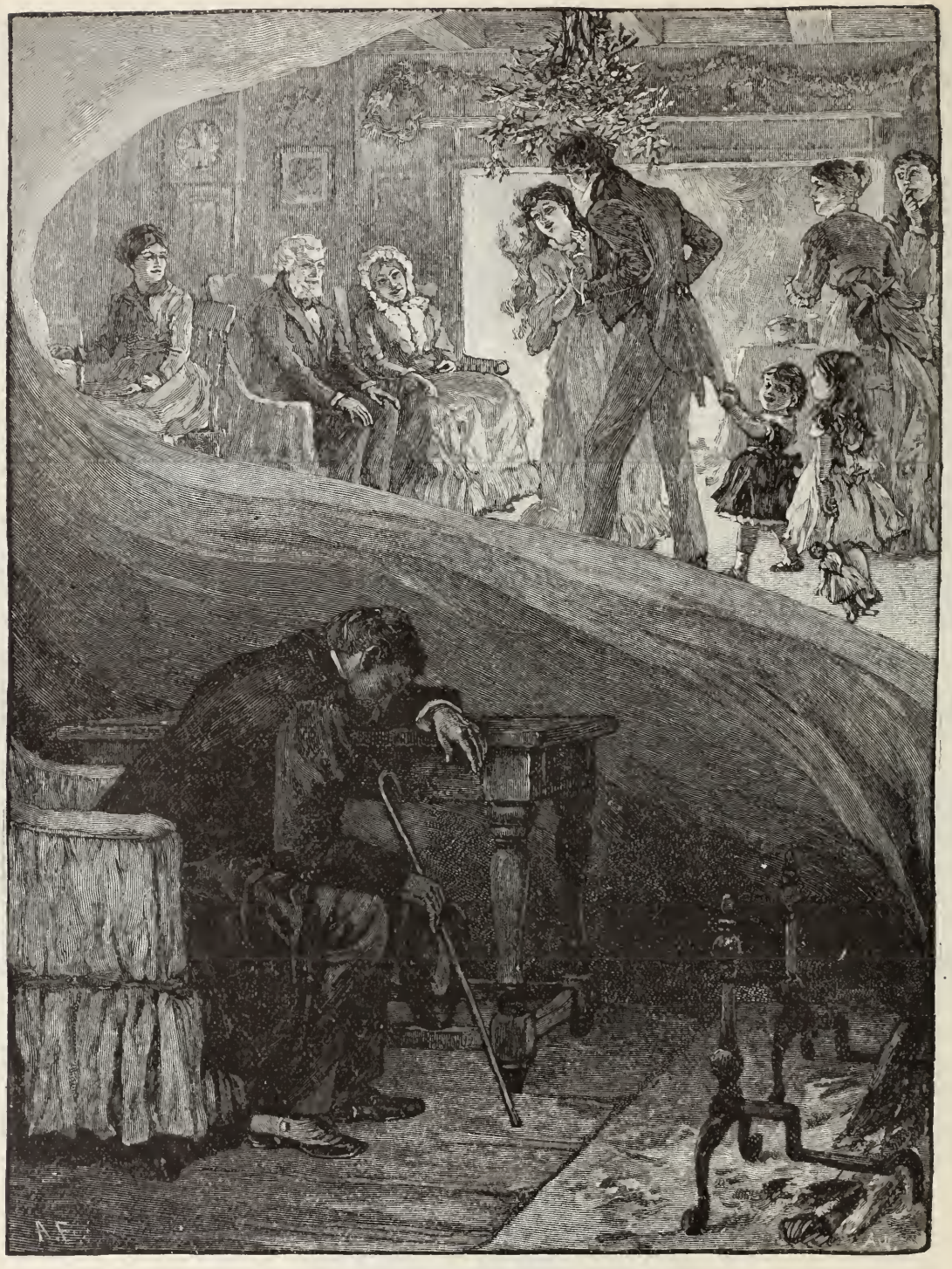
"THE SAME BRIGHT SUNSHINE GENTLY PLAYS ABOUT THE PORCH AND ORCHARD TREES."

I hear the humming of the wheel—
  Strange music of the days gone by—
I hear the clicking of the reel,
  Once more I see the spindle fly.
How then I wondered at the thread
  That narrowed from the snowy wool,
Much more to see the pieces wed,
  And wind upon the whirling spool!

I see the garret once again,
  With rafter, beam, and oaken floor;
I hear the pattering of the rain
  As summer clouds go drifting o'er.
The little window toward the west
  Still keeps its webs and buzzing flies,
And from this cozy childhood nest
  Jack's bean-stalk reaches to the skies.

I see the circle gathered round
  The open fire-place glowing bright,
While birchen sticks with crackling sound
  Send forth a rich and ruddy light;
The window-sill is piled with sleet,
  The well-sweep creaks before the blast,
But warm hearts make the contrast sweet,
  Sheltered from storm, secure and fast.

O loved ones of the long ago,
  Whose memories hang in golden frames,
Resting beneath the maple's glow,
  Where few e'er read your chiseled names,
Come back, as in that Christmas night,
  And fill the vacant chairs of mirth!—
Ah me! the dream is all too bright,
  And ashes lie upon the hearth.



"COME BACK, AS IN THAT CHRISTMAS NIGHT!"

Below the wood, beside the spring,
Two little children are at play,
And hope, that bird of viewless wing,
Sings in their hearts the livelong day;
The acorns patter at their feet,
The squirrel chatters 'neath the trees,
And life and love are all complete—
They hold Aladdin's lamp and keys.

And, sister, now my children come
To find the water just as cool,
To play about our grandsire's home,
To see our pictures in the pool.
Their laughter fills the shady glen;
The fountain gurgles o'er with joy
That, after years full three times ten,
It finds its little girl and boy.

No other spring in all the world
Is half so clear and cool and bright,
No other leaves by autumn curled
Reflect for me such golden light.
Of childhood's faith this is the shrine;
I kneel beside it now as then,
And though the spring's no longer mine,
I kiss its cooling lips again.

Unchanged it greets the changeful years;
Its life is one unending dream;
No record here of grief or tears;
But, like the limpid meadow stream,
It seems to sympathize with youth,
Just as the river does with age,
And ever whispers—sweetest truth
Is written on life's title-page.

BALLADE OF CHRISTMAS GHOSTS.

BETWEEN the moonlight and the fire,
In winter evenings long ago,
What ghosts I raised at your desire,
To make your leaping blood run slow!
How old, how grave, how wise we grow!
What Christmas ghost can make us chill—
Save these that troop in mournful row.
The ghosts we all can raise at will?

The beasts can talk in barn and byre
On Christmas-eve, old legends know.
As one by one the years retire,
We men fall silent then, I trow—
Such sights has memory to show,
Such voices from the distance thrill.
Ah me! they come with Christmas snow,
The ghosts we all can raise at will.

Oh, children of the village choir,
Your carols on the midnight throw!
Oh, bright across the mist and mire,
Ye ruddy hearths of Christmas glow!
Beat back the shades, beat down the woe,
Renew the strength of mortal will;
Be welcome, all, to come or go,
The ghosts we all can raise at will.

Friend, *sursum corda*, soon or slow
We part, like guests who've joyed their fill;
Forget them not, nor mourn them so,
The ghosts we all can raise at will!

CHRISTMAS VIOLETS.

LAST night I found the violets
You sent me once across the sea;
From gardens that the winter frets,
In summer lands they came to me.

Still fragrant of the English earth,
Still humid from the frozen dew,
To me they spoke of Christmas mirth,
They spoke of England, spoke of you.

The flowers are scentless, black, and sere,
The perfume long has passed away;
The sea whose tides are year by year
Is set between us, chill and gray.

But you have reached a windless age,
The haven of a happy clime;
You do not dread the winter's rage,
Although we missed the summer-time.

And like the flower's breath over sea,
Across the gulf of time and pain,
To-night returns the memory
Of love that lived not all in vain.

"WELL, upon my word!" stammered Farmer Worrall, holding out a sheet of closely written foolscap paper at arm's-length from him, staring at it as if his eyes would pierce the paper—"upon my word!" and he sank into a chair, still holding the paper and still staring at it. Then he looked up at the man who had brought it, and who stood before him uneasily twirling his hat in his hands, but not speaking.

"Humph! Jim Bates, I reckon you didn't ever expect to serve no such paper's this on me," said Farmer Worrall; and still he stared at the paper, reading and re-reading the lines, as if even yet he distrusted the evidence of his senses.

"Well, no, Mr. Worrall, I must say I never did," replied Jim Bates, getting very red in the face, and shifting from foot to foot still more uneasily—"I must say I never did, and I didn't like the job, no how; but you see it's all regelar, an' I hed to do it."

"Oh, thet's all right—it's all right, Jim. I don't pick no quarrel with you, you understand. You've got your duties to perform, an' I hain't ever heern no man say a word but what you performed 'em faithful," said Farmer Worrall, withdrawing his eyes from the astonishing paper, and resting them with a kindly twinkle on Jim Bates for a moment, then returning to the study of the legal document he held in his hand.

His face darkened as he re-read it. The twinkle died out of his eyes.

"I don't wonder ye're mad, Mr. Worrall," said Bates. "It nigh about took my breath away when I read it. But of course there can't nothin' come of it." He paused suddenly, for at that instant the old man burst into a laugh so loud, so long, so hearty, that Bates gazed at him, half alarmed lest he had gone mad at the shock of what he had read.

Farmer Worrall wore a coarse homespun gray flannel frock, like the English yeoman's frock. He had never been seen, except on Sundays, in any other garb than this for sixty odd years. High up on the left-hand side of these frocks was a small breast pocket, in which all those sixty years he had carried a red silk pocket-handkerchief. But he was fumbling vainly for his handkerchief now. His hand trembled. That was not strange. He was seventy-five years old. But his hand did not tremble from the age. He had laughed till the tears were rolling down his cheeks, and still he laughed on. At last he grasped a corner of the red silk handkerchief, and drawing it out fluttering, wiped his cheeks and his eyes.

"Oh, Lord, Jim!" he said, "hev ye got a sense o' the ridikerlus? Ef ye hev, hold on to't. It's the best friend a man's got in this life. It 'll kerry ye when money won't, an' when friends an' favors air clean out o' sight. It 'll kerry me through this 'ere business. At fust I felt dangerous. I didn't know jest how 'twas a-goin' with me. It's putty hard, Jim, when a man's own flesh an' blood turns agen him. But it's ridikerlus, Jim; it's ridikerlus, this trick the boys thought they'd play on me. It don't seem's ef they could ha' been in real earnest about it." The old man stopped short, and eyed his listener keenly. "There ain't any chance of its bein' a joke, is there, Jim? Do you think they mean it, now?" and he waited anxiously for the reply.

"They're in earnest, Mr. Worrall. There isn't any joke about it. It's been talked about in town for a month how thet John was a-gettin' ready to do it, an' a-collectin' up all the evidence he could find."

"Humph! he wuz, wuz he?" and the laugh faded from Farmer Worrall's face. "Well, I guess there's some evidence 'll be took on both sides o' this case 'fore it's done with. You can tell 'em I'll be there—I'll be there. They needn't trouble themselves about summonsin' me any farther. I'll be there. You better stay round, Jim. There'll be some laughin' done. It's ridikerlus. Ha! ha!" and the old man lay back in his chair again and wiped his eyes, and as the bearer of the unwelcome document walked slowly away, saying, "Good-morning, Mr. Worrall; I have no doubt it will all be settled agreeably to you in the end," he called after him, "You can lay any bet you want to on that, Jim Bates." And raising his aged falsetto voice almost to a shriek, as Jim walked briskly down the road, he continued: "Bet anything

yer like. Yer won't lose. It 'll be settled agreeable to me—a derned sight agreeabler to me than to them thet hed the puttin' up o' this job. An', Jim! Jim!" he shouted, the words half lost between his chuckles of laughter, "don't yer forgit what I tell ye now, that a sense o' the ridikerlus is the best friend a man kin hev in this world. It 'll see yer out every time."

But it did not prove a complete cure for the ill which had befallen Farmer Worrall now. As the moments went on, and he still sat with his hands on his knees, gazing abstractedly out on the great stretch of yellow corn fields in front of his house, his face assumed a melancholy look; and when at last he rose slowly from his chair, and reached out for the stout oaken staff without which he never walked, he shook his head slowly and sadly, and said aloud, as he stepped down from the porch: "I'd never ha' thought they'd brought Jerushy round to doin' it. I don' know's it's so strange in the boys, but I wouldn't ha' thought it o' Jerushy. Thet does hurt. It really does hurt."

Going to the barn, he harnessed his two white horses—the best pair of farm horses in the county, and very proud Farmer Worrall was of them—into his open wagon, and, without making any change in his dress, jumped in and drove out of the yard. As he reached the gate he halted, and looking back toward the kitchen door, called, "Elspie!"

The call was answered by a fair, rosy-cheeked woman, apparently about forty years of age. Her sleeves were rolled up to her shoulders, and she was stripping soap-suds from her hands as she appeared at the door. It was washing day, and her hands had been in the tub when she heard the call; but Elspie never lost a second in obeying a call from her master.

"Elspie," he said, "I'll not be home to dinner to-day. I'm going over to Somerset on business. I'll be back before dark."

"All right," answered Elspie, and turned to resume her washing.

Farmer Worrall looked at her with a curious observant gaze, which arrested her attention. She thought he had something more to say, and waited, expectant.

"Elspie, how old are you?" he asked.

Coloring slightly at the unexpected question, she answered, with a frank laugh: "Getting old fast, sir—faster than you think. I'll be forty-six come Christmas."

"Ye don't look it, then, my girl," said Farmer Worrall, as he slapped the reins smartly down on the off horse's back. "Get up there, Jim! What 're ye about?" he said, drawing the horses suddenly to the right, just grazing the left-hand post of the gate as he went through.

"Mr. Worrall doesn't see so well 's he did," thought Elspie, as she plunged her arms into the steaming suds again. "But he bears his years astonishingly in most ways. I wonder what ever set him to asking my age? 'Twas a queer notion took him. I should think he'd known how old I was for these thirty years. He always was queerer than queer, though. But a better man never lived."

And as the farmer drove on down the Somerset road he said to himself: "I didn't think she was so old 's that. It don't seem no more'n yesterday we took her in a gal in short-clothes. Forty-five! And I'm seventy-five! I don' know's she'd hev me; an' I shouldn't never thought o' askin' her—never under the shinin' sun—ef it hedn't ben for this job. But now, ef she'll hev me, she may; an' ef she does, I jest think it 'll be a lesson to some folks. The wust day's job ever you did, John Worrall, for it's all your doin'. Si and Jerushy never'd thought on't—never. I'm jest 's sure o' thet 's ef I'd ben round with him 'collectin' evidence.'" And the old man's face hardened as the phrase recurred to his memory. "'Collectin' evidence!' Thet's a pretty sight fur people to see! Let's see. John must be —how old is John?—why, upon my word, John's nigh on to fifty himself. Well, he always wuz close-fisted an' graspin', even when he wuz a boy. I don' know where he got it, for there wa'n't a mean bone in his mother's body, not one; an' I don' know's I've ever ben accused o' bein' stingy; but he's got it somehow, got it bad, an' thet's what's to the bottom o' this hull job—wust job ever you put your hand to, John Worrall. You'll smart fur it, ef you be my son, an' my oldest one't thet." And the old man swung his hickory-handled whip well up in the air, and gave a series of loud cracks with it, which started the white horses into their quickest trot.

It was good ten miles to Somerset, but it was little more than an hour from the time Farmer Worrall had driven so carelessly through his farm-yard gate when his stout white horses were to be seen fast-

"'JIM! JIM!' SHE CRIED, 'HERE'S FATHER COMING.'"—[SEE PAGE 90.]

ened in front of the Merchants' Bank building in Somerset's main street, and the farmer himself standing in the middle of the sidewalk, his head thrown back, trying to read the signs high up on the front of the building.

"What do they want to put their pesky signs so high up for, I'd like to know?" he muttered, testily, and as a brisk young fellow came running down the main stairway of the building, brushing hastily by him, he suddenly stretched out his hickory whip-handle in front of the young man's face, and said: "Whoa, youngster! lend me your eyes, will you?"

The young man, at first angry, laughed as soon as he looked in the farmer's twinkling eyes, and said: "With all my heart, sir. How will you have them? Shall I take them out?"

Farmer Worrall clapped the lad on his back. Nothing went to his heart like a joke.

"Ha! ha!" he said; "you'll do. Stick to thet sense o' the ridikerlus, young man! It 'll kerry you where money won't. All the use I've got fur yer eyes at this 'ere time is, ef ye'll be so kind's to read me the names up yonder;" and he pointed with his whip-handle to the signs above the doors and windows of the high granite front.

"What name is it you are looking for?" asked the young man.

"'Lisha Gunn, Jedge Gunn, they call him," answered Farmer Worrall.

"Why, that is my father," exclaimed the young man. "His office is not here. He moved a long time ago into an office he built close to the house where we live. I'm going right home now. I'll show you the way."

"Up on State Street, where he used ter live?"

"Yes. That's the place."

"Jump in, lad, jump in, an' drive round with me. I expect you're the youngster I see rollin' in the grass the last time I wuz to yer father's. He's a friend o' mine, an' hez been these thirty years. My name's Worrall. Mabbe ye've heern him speak of me? 'Tain't often I hev any lawyer's work to be done, but all I've hed he's done sence long afore you wuz born. You favor him in yer looks, now I come to see yer eyes; an' you took thet joke about yer eyes jest 's he would. Stick to it, boy; stick to yer sense o' the ridikerlus. It's about the only thing reely to be depended on in this airth; the only livin' thing I know thet's got its food all, as yer may say, cut an' dried an' spread ready fur a good meal 't all hours o' day, everywhuz. Much obleeged, much obleeged ter yer, my boy. Here we are. I know the house 's well's ye know it yerself;" and he drew the white horses up with a fine flourish in front of Judge Gunn's gate.

"What splendid horses, Mr. Worrall!" exclaimed Harry Gunn, as he sprang out and went to their heads.

"Fair team, I call 'em myself," said the old man. "Ain't what they wuz six year ago, though; they're gettin' on in years, so's I kin manage 'em easy. Ye'd oughter seen 'em when they wuz five-year-olds; 'twuz all I wanted to do to jest hold 'em then. Ef ye'll come over to my place some time, I'll show yer a stallion colt o' thet near mare's ye'd like ter see."

At this moment Judge Gunn appeared at his front door; seeing his son speaking with a stranger, he paused for a second; then, with an exclamation of surprise, hurried to the gate.

"John, is that you? Why, I'm heartily glad to see you. Come in, come in. This is my boy. He was a baby when you were here last."

"Yes," laughed the farmer. "I wuz tellin' him I reckoned he wuz kickin' up in the grass there the last time I wuz here. Don't trouble ye often, jedge, but I've got a job fur ye now, sure." And with the familiarity of old and tried friendship he clapped the judge on his shoulder, and burst into a loud laugh, as he continued: "The queerest job ye've dealt with this many a day, I be bound. I guess I'll come inter yer office an' set down to't now, ef ye're 't leisure." And the two walked slowly up a winding path to the right, which led to the pretty little office building, bowered in trees, standing a little further back from the street than the house.

"Nice place ye've got here, jedge—nice place," said the farmer, looking round. "The law pays better'n farmin'. There ain't never any drought cuts off yer crop, an' no sech thing 's seasons either. Kin count on querrels all the year round stiddy, can't ye? Wa'al, ef ye've ever seen the match o' the one I've brought ye, I'd like to know where ye struck it. What do ye think, jedge, o' my boys gittin' out a paper to hev a guardeen app'inted over me? S'pose I kin prove I'm in no need o' any sech assistance in my affairs, can't I? P'r'aps ye've heern about it a'ready? Jim Bates he served the paper on me this mornin'. We 'lected him sheriff, yer know, in the spring; an' he said John hed been round consider'ble collectin' evidence to show I wuz of unsound mind: thet's what the paper calls it. Hev ye heern any talk about it?"

Reluctantly the judge admitted that he had heard some such rumors, but had supposed, he said, that they could not be anything more than malicious scandal.

"Then ye don't reely think my mind's gone, do ye?—not thet I ever laid any gret claim to bein' smarter'n the rest o' my neighbors. I never felt no call to set myself up to preach to 'em about anything, an' I can't say but what I've seen heads I'd ruther hev hed on my shoulders than the one the Lord see fit to set there, but sech as 'tis, it's good 's ever 'twas, by thunder!"

and the old man brought his fist down on the table with a sledge-hammer blow that made the heavy law-books dance.

"I don't make no manner o' doubt I kin bring fifty people to swear thet I'm sound's ever I wuz, an' I take it thet, bad's they want my money, they won't set up to show I wuz born weak in th' upper story, an' hain't ever been capable o' conductin' my own business.

"An', jedge—you an' me's old friends, yer know—I've ben thinkin' as I drove over this mornin' thet I'd like nothin' better'n to kerry on this 'ere trial myself. Don't ye s'pose I could? Seems to me I'd like nothin' better'n to ask questions myself, an' kinder pester the witnesses the way I've seen you fellers do it. I'd like you to be by me in case something turned up I wa'n't prepared fur, an' might make a botch on't. But unless ye see me a-goin' wrong, I'd like to hev the runnin' on't in my own hands."

"I see," said the judge, laughing hard. "You'd like to have me as what is called assistant counsel. It's a good many years since I've appeared in that capacity, Worrall, and I'm rather old for it, but I'll do it with pleasure for you. I'll post you up on some of the technical points, and there will not be the least difficulty. Of course it won't be like any other trial that ever was seen. I don't believe the jury'll even leave their seats. John must be crazy to have brought such a thing up. I think he's the one that needs to be put under a guardian himself."

The old man looked relieved. "Yer reely think so, do yer, jedge! Wa'al, I'm easier in my mind to hear yer say it. Fur I've read in the papers plenty o' trials where they made a feller out to be crazy on the smallest kind o' showin', it seemed to me. An' yer know, jedge, I am dum queer, an' allers hev ben. Nobody knowed it better'n Mis' Worrall. She's said to me a hundred times ef she said 't onst, 'John, ye're queerer'n queer.' An' I s'pose livin' alone so sence she's dead 's made me queerer. I know I'm queer. I feel queer, many's the time so queer I don't know what to do; an' this hull world an' everybody in't seems to me so queer. I'm burstin' larfin' all to myself to think how queer it is. An' I expect thet one o' the things they'll bring up 'll be thet I talk an' larf when I'm alone. I do, jedge; can't help it; sha'n't try to deny it. Do yer think that 'll go agen me much? Ef it does, it 'll hev to, that's all. I sha'n't make no 'tempt to gainsay it."

"No, no, John," laughed the judge. "Nobody that knows you will attach any importance to that. Why, you did that when you were a boy. I can certify to that myself, if it is necessary."

"Now, reely, did I? Well, that is fortinate. I mistrusted I must hev, fur I can't remember when I didn't hev the trick; but I didn't know. My mem'ry ain't what it onst wuz. Thet's clear. Ef they tackle me on thet, I'll make a poor show."

"Have you any idea what started them on this tack?" asked the judge. "It's the strangest thing I ever knew. So friendly as you and your boys have always been."

The old man's face quivered. "Thet's the shamefulest thing about it, jedge. I know I've allers done right by my children, allers. I set both the boys up fur themselves with good farms; an' when Jerushy went an' married thet sheftless Sikes I give her a good farm too."

"She isn't in it, is she?" interrupted the judge.

"Yes, she is; thet is, she's signed the paper; but she ain't reely into't, nor Si either, anything more'n to sign their names ter the paper. Thet's bad enough. But it's John thet's done the hull thing. It's his work from fust to last. It's hard words to say of a man's fust-born son, jedge, but he's a mean, graspin' cur; an' thet's what's done it; an' I'm glad his mother's in her grave, ruther'n she should ha' seen the day he set this job 'goin'.

"But I wuz goin' to tell yer what started it. I'm reely ashamed to. But I may's well, sence what I've made up my mind to. They got it into their heads I wuz goin' to marry Elspie. You remember Elspie, thet Prince Edward Island girl Mis' Worrall took, after thet journey we took down in the provinces?"

The judge nodded.

"Of course yer do. Nobody's ever ben to our house thet didn't remember Elspie. She wa'n't but fifteen when we took her: as spruce an' smart a young 'un as ever yer see. Wa'al, from thet day to this she's ben in our house: she was kind o' like a child, an' kind o' like a hired gal: there wa'n't never any questions asked. She worked in with all the rest, an' hed her livin' jest like the rest; an' ef she'd ever married, I allers reckoned to give her a farm same's the others. But sence Mis'

Worrall died, thet's ten years now—ye know—I've more'n a thousand times said to myself thet I didn't know what ever would become o' the farm without her, or me either. She takes care o' me every way, an' looks after every mortal thing on the place jest's Mis' Worrall did. She'd got her trained inter all her ways; but as fur marryin' her—wa'al, I tell ye the bounden truth, jedge, I hain't never hed the idee o' marryin' her any more'n I hev"—even Farmer Worrall's imagination was at loss for a metaphor, and he paused—"any more'n I hev one o' my heifers down in the lot! Thet's the bounden truth, jedge! But I tell you—you an' me's old friends, jedge—now they've put the idee inter my head, I think I've been a derned fool not ter marry her, an' I wonder I never did think on't. She's the best housekeeper there is in the county, as hard-workin', stiddy-goin' a woman's ever yer see, an's looked after everything on the place these ten years as ef she'd ben my own darter. I don't think it's any more'n fair to her to give her the chance to hev it fur her own, ef she'll take an old feller like me. What do yer think, jedge?"

The judge, a little startled at this sudden shifting of the subject, did not reply on the instant, and the old man continued:

"I b'leeve I've about made up my mind to do't, but I'll see how this trial goes. I won't do nothin' hasty. Ef the trial goes agen me, I'd hev to get my guardeen's permission to marry, an' I take it he wouldn't be in favor of me marryin'. Thet's what they're afraid of, an' thet's the only thing under the shinin' sun, jedge, as set them up to playin' this scandalous game o' theirn."

"It is scandalous and no mistake, John," exclaimed Judge Gunn, "and there can be no manner of doubt that they will be covered with the disgrace they deserve. I can not imagine who will be found to testify on their side. But, John, if I were in your place I would think twice before I married that girl."

"She ain't no gal, jedge," hastily interrupted Farmer Worrall. "She's near fifty. I wuz all taken aback myself when she told me her age. I stopped an' asked her jest 's I wuz gittin' out to come over here this mornin'."

If Judge Gunn had known that "forty-six" were the figures which had already in Farmer Worrall's mind taken shape as "near fifty," he would have recognized the inutility of any farther remonstrances with his friend. But even "near fifty" seemed to him too youthful for seventy-five, and he continued:

"Ah, is she so old as that? I would not have believed it. But the age is not everything, John. Don't be angry with me. But I really do not wonder that your children feel badly at the idea of your marrying Elspie."

"Ef I'd make over all my money to 'em fust, they'd never bother themselves about my marryin' or not marryin', or whether I married a young gal or an old woman. It's nothin' but the money, jedge—the money an' the land. It's thet they're after. Now't I look back I kin see they've ben oneasy fur a long spell, but I never suspicioned anything. I don' know but I must be a leetle 'unsound o' mind' or I shouldn't ha' ben so slow smellin' a rat. Ef I'd ever hed the least idee o' marryin', I should ha' seen what they wuz drivin' at. But not hevin' any sech idee, it made me's blind's a bat to all their sayin's an' doin's. I kin see now it's ben in their minds fur a year, or maybe two. I don' know but it's ben there ever sence Jerushy got married; fur it's come to me, a-thinkin' back's I've ben all this mornin', thet when she wuz a-gittin' ready to go she seemed awful oneasy about Elspie's gittin' on with the work alone, an' she wuz proposin' fust one pusson an' then another she thought might come an' keep house fur me; an' I remember finally I got mad, an' I said ef Elspie wanted any help I guessed she could hire it in by the day, an' I reckoned I could pay for't, an' I wa'n't goin' to hev any o' the old women round they'd picked out fur me fur housekeepers; an' seems to me now she said somethin' then about it's not bein' proper for Elspie to stay there alone on the farm with me, an' I expect I shut her up pretty sharp. As like's not I told her she wuz a ridikerlus fool; shouldn't wonder a mite ef I did."

"If you marry Elspie now, John, they'll think they've been right all along, so far as that is concerned," said the judge.

"By thunder! no, they won't," cried Farmer Worrall, bringing his hand down on the table—"no, they won't. I'll tell 'em, in a way they won't never forget the longest day o' their lives, thet I never thought on't till they put it inter my head a-plottin' to prevent it. An' they won't

think I'm a-lyin' either. Sound or unsound 's they are a mind ter call me, there ain't a man, woman, or child in Somerset County ever caught me a-lyin', an' they know it. Ef they do make me out a fool, it 'll be one o' them kind er fools thet goes round speakin' the truth—'fools an' children,' yer know."

Spite of the old man's humorous way of talking and his frequent laughter, it was plainer and plainer to the judge that his old friend had got a sore wound in this matter. And his own indignation deepened as he talked with him, and saw minute by minute that he was just the same shrewd, humorous, eccentric fellow he had for forty years known him to be. Not a trace of mental disturbance or of failing powers could the judge discover. In fact, as the conversation went on, he thought to himself more than once that he did not know a man who would receive such an attack as this with the mingled philosophy, good-nature, and shrewdness shown by Farmer Worrall now.

It was past noon when they parted. Farmer Worrall was hungry, but he refused the judge's hearty invitation to dinner.

"No, no," he said; "I've got another place in my head. I cal'late to eat dinner at Jerushy's to-day."

"Your daughter!" exclaimed the judge.

"Exzackly!" replied Farmer Worrall—"my darter; though she ain't behavin' jest's a darter should. But I know how ter make allowances for Jerushy; she didn't hev no choice about signin' thet paper. John Worrall he's got a mortgage a'ready on thet farm I give Jerushy. Sikes made her sign it. I didn't know thet till a few days ago, an' I wuz a-castin' about in my mind how I could git it cleared, an' fixed so Sikes couldn't do it agen, when Jim come up the steps with thet 'ere paper. So it took me, yer see, kinder at a wrong time to see her name signed to go to prove I wa'n't o' sound mind, maybe. I wa'n't when I wuz a-thinkin' o' tryin' to make a busted sieve hold water, an' thet's about what 'tis to try to help Jim Sikes; an' I told Jerushy so when she married him; but I hedn't the heart to go agenst her hevin' him, for yer know Jerushy wa'n't never very good-lookin', an' she wuz a-gittin' on consider'ble of an old maid, Jerushy wuz; an' I allers think a woman's better off, jedge, ter be married ter 'most any man, so he ain't reely vicious, than she is to live all alone t'her dyin' day, an' never have no children. I don' know's yer'd agree to thet, jedge. Mis' Worrall she never did. We never could come to no agreement on thet pint—never. She was jest square opposite to me on't. She'd never let on thet a woman needed a man 'tall, onless she wuz in love with him. But I allers thought 'twas part pride in her made her so sot about it. Wa'al, I'm goin' to see Jerushy jest 's ef nothin' hed happened. It 'll be a little awkerd at fust, I expect; leastways, 'twill fur her. But I'm goin' to tell her I don't blame her a mite, an' I want her to know I've got the run o' thet mortgage, so she needn't worry. John he turned it over to the Farmers' Bank; thet's the way I found it out. Another o' his mean tricks. So I jest took it up; an' now there won't nobody foreclose on thet mortgage. Ye see?"

"John," exclaimed the judge, "I don't know that I can in conscience say I think you are of sound mind, after all."

"Wa'al," replied Farmer Worrall, "p'r'aps I ain't. I wouldn't like to hev to take my oath I wuz sure on't myself. The only thing I kin swear to is thet I'm sound's I ever wuz." And he drove away, looking back over his shoulder at the judge, and laughing heartily.

Nobody need have envied Mrs. Jerusha Sikes when she saw her father's well-known white horses trotting into her yard.

"Jim! Jim!" she cried, "here's father comin'!"

"You don't say so!" ejaculated cowardly Jim Sikes. "Jerushy, I reckon I'm better out o' sight than in. Don't yer think I'd better not be ter hum? Ye can manage him a heap better without me. He never did like me, yer know."

"He's takin' out the horses," she said, peering cautiously out of the window. "He's come to stay to dinner."

"Wa'al, I never! So he is. Now ain't thet enough in natur' to show he ain't right, to come right in this very mornin' as ef nothin' hed happened, an' go to puttin' his horses up in my barn?" And Jim, too, peered out from behind the white cotton window-curtain.

"He's a-whistlin' jest 's he allers does, an' a talkin' too, an' larfin'—larfin' fit to kill. Look at him, Jerushy. Now you wouldn't pretend to say thet man's right in his head, would you?"

"Yes, I would, too," retorted Mrs. Sikes,

angrily. "He's allers done thet ever sence I can remember. Ef thet's all ye've got agen him, the hull town knows he's allers done it."

"Well, 'tain't right, Rooshy — 'tain't right," continued Sikes. "There's lots o' fellers ben cleared o' murder fur less crazy doin's than thet, as John says."

"I wish I needn't never hear John Worrall's name agen my longest day," retorted Rooshy. "He's got us inter nothin' but trouble from fust to last, an' you mark my word, Jim Sikes, this 'll prove the wust of all. I reckon maybe you hed better go. Come to think on't, I b'leeve I would ruther see father without you bein' by; he's in the corn-house now gettin' feed, an' you can slip out the front door. He can't see the road from there."

Much relieved, Sikes slipped swiftly away, and the embarrassed Rooshy went slowly to the corn-house to meet her father.

The old man was measuring out a generous feed for his horses, and did not quickly hear her steps. As soon as he did, he turned and said, in his usual hearty tone:

"Hullo, Rooshy gal! How d'ye do? I'm comin' to git a bite o' yer dinner. I hed business in Somerset, an' I thought I'd noon here on my way hum. Be ye all well?"

Mrs. Jerusha stammered a few words of reply, but nature was too much for her. At the first sight of her father's face and sound of his voice, a great wave of shame and remorse had swept over her, and suddenly bursting into tears, she cried: "Oh, father, I'm ashamed to look ye in the face! 'Twa'n't Jim an' I wanted ter do it."

"Laws now, Rooshy," said her father, shaking out the corn into the manger as he spoke. "Don't you take on so. I knew thet well enough without your tellin' me. I don't blame yer a mite, Rooshy. Ef I did, I shouldn't be here to-day. I knew ye couldn't stand out agen John; ye never did sence ye were youngsters together. I don't hold you nor Si, neither on ye, anyways responsible fur the job. I was jest a-tellin' Jedge Gunn so not an hour ago."

Jerusha looked up, startled. "Judge Gunn!" she said.

"Yes, Jedge Gunn. I wuz a-talkin' it over with him. He's allers done all my law business — not thet's ben much. I hain't ever ben any hand fur querrels, Rooshy. I don' know's ever I picked one in my hull life; never was fond o' berryin' in thet patch myself. But I wuzn't ever one to bear bein' imposed upon either, an' I kin fight ef I must, Rooshy, an' of course I don't s'pose any of ye expected I wuz goin' to set down under this. But I didn't come to talk about it, Roosh: least said soonest mended. What I've got to say on thet p'int I'll say in court. But there's one thing I wanted to tell ye about afore the trial, so I thought I'd stop today. It's about the mortgage Jim's put on this farm. Ye hedn't oughter signed thet, Rooshy; reely yer hedn't. Jim 'll clean yer out some day ef yer don't look out, an' not leave a thing for you an' the children."

Jerusha was crying bitterly now. With each kind word her father spoke her shame and sorrow increased. As they walked slowly toward the house she sobbed out: "Don't, father! I ain't fit fur ye to speak thet way to. We don't deserve no kindness; not from you. I don't s'pose ye kin ever forgive me fur signin' thet paper, kin ye?" and she grasped her father's hand, and looked up in his face, the tears running down her cheeks.

"Rooshy!" said he, sternly. "Ef ye talk any more this kind o' stuff ter me, I'll hev a paper made out agen you yerself's bein' o' onsound mind! Hain't I told ye twice over I don't blame ye a mite? I don't blame ye any more'n I'd ha' blamed ye fur stubbin' yer toe an' goin' head-foremost on ter thet stun there," pointing to the grindstone by the well. "An' now ye jest shet up, will yer, an' give me some dinner. I'm dum hungry. Is Jim to hum?"

"No; he's gone down the road a piece. He's hed his dinner, but 'tain't cleared away. I'll warm it fur ye in a minute."

When he entered the kitchen, and glancing at the table, saw the still half-full plate at Jim's place, Farmer Worrall chuckled inwardly, and it being a self-denial beyond his power to forego a joke, said: "Humph! called down the road suddenly, wa'n't he—yer husband?" pointing to the filled plate, and the knife and fork resting on its side. "Wa'al, I'm ruther glad he went. I didn't feel much call to talk with him to-day. He'll hev a better appetite fur his supper, maybe, fur eatin' light 't noon, an' fur the news I've brought ye 'bout thet mortgage. Ye needn't worry no more about it. It's in my

hands now, an' I don't reckon to foreclose on ye, not yet awhiles. I don't b'leeve I'm onsound-minded enough fur thet, Rooshy, nor noways likely to be;" and the old man leaned back in his chair and roared again at the idea. Poor Jerusha was nearly out of her wits. Between her contrition and her unbounded astonishment at the way her father took the thing, she did not know which way to turn her thoughts or her speech, but gazed at him in bewilderment. The puzzled look on her face only heightened his amusement. Wiping his eyes, he cried: "I suppose what ain't bred in the bone, can't come out in the flesh, Rooshy. Yer never did hev no sense o' the ridikerlus. Never! It 'd ha' saved ye lots o' trouble ef ye hed. But yer mother afore ye, she never hed much, not till toward the last; it seemed to kinder struggle up in her arter she took to her bed—the onlikeliest place fur it to come up, ye'd think; but as she laid there day arter day she kep' a-thinkin' over things I'd told her, an' I declare, Roosh, I found her a-larfin' at things I'd said to her twenty years afore, thet she never see no pint to till then. She'd allers called 'em jest queer. Now I don't s'pose ye can see anything ridikerlus in this 'ere suit John's a-bringin', to get me put under a guardeen; but I tell ye it's the most ridikerlus thing ever's happened in this State o' C'netticut; jest the very most, an' yer see ef the jedge an' jury an' all on 'em ain't a-larfin' in their seats afore it's done with. I only hope I'll make out to keep a tol'able stiddy countenance myself. Be ye a-comin', Rooshy?"

"Oh no, father, I couldn't. I won't have to, will I, because I let 'em put my name to the paper?" groaned the unhappy Jerusha.

"Wa'al, I don' know much about this kind o' case, Roosh. Ef they s'pœna ye as witness, ye'll hev to go, I expect. But I reckon John 'd know better'n to call you thet way. But, Roosh, I wish ye would go. I've got patickeler reasons fur wishin' it. Ye'll go, now, won't yer?"

"Oh, father," replied Jerusha, "I'd do anything under heaven you'd ask me to, 'most; I'd walk on my knees fur ye; but 't don't seem ter me I could stand it, sittin' there to hear thet case a-goin' on. I'd die o' shame, father."

"Pshaw, Roosh! don't be a fool. Ye won't be ashamed—not o' anybody but John. We're all got to be putty well shamed fur him; but thet's all. An' I'll see to't nobody blames you or Si. Now say yer'll come, Rooshy. I've got a very patickeler reason fur wantin' yer."

"Well, I'll come, then," said the poor woman; "but I'd ruther ye'd asked me anything else between this an' next year, father."

"Wa'al, between this an' next year I'll mabbe ask ye somethin' else," laughed the old man; "but jest now the only thing ye can do to obleege me's to show yerself't thet trial. An' come in yer best bunnit too, Roosh," he added, as he went out of the door. "Be sure ye wear yer best bunnit an' all yer Sunday fixin's. I've got a patickeler reason fur askin' ye. Good-by t'ye. Give thet husband o' your'n a good supper when he gits back from thet pressin' business o' his'n."

Before sundown of this day the news had gone like wild-fire from one end to the other of Stroback's Corners that John Worrall's children had made application to have a guardian appointed over him, he being of unsound mind, and not capable of administering his own affairs. Some of the conversations resulting on this information did not augur overwell for Farmer Worrall's case. It is strange, and also melancholy, to see how swiftly, when the question of a man's mental soundness is once started in any community, his neighbors begin to recall instances in which they had considered his conduct, to say the least of it, very eccentric.

It was noticeable, however, in this instance, that most of the men who expressed opinions unfavorable to the old man's mental condition were cronies or employés of his son John's. John Worrall, Jun., was a man of tremendous influence in the place. It would go sorely against many persons' interest to oppose him. He owned the only tavern in the village, also the only saw-mill. Both of these were leased to men who knew that they would be turned out of house and home if they displeased their landlord. Then there were at least twenty men more employed in one way and another in connection with his lime quarry: not one of them would dare to go against him. Industries were not so plenty or active in Stroback's Corners that men could afford lightly to quarrel with their bread and buttter. Of all this John Worrall, Jun., had thought, and of many an

old grudge borne against his father he had accurately informed himself, before he completed the plotting of his dastardly scheme. Very early in life the worst devil that is loose on this earth had entered into the soul of John Worrall, taken up his abode there, and kept the place swept, garnished, wide open, and ready for the entrance of all his allied kin. Avarice was the name of this head devil, first comer, lord and master of the pitiful realm of this little soul; and to avarice were now added and linked, by long bond of a common service, deceit, trickery, all manner of safe dishonesties; cruelty also, with its countless retinue of oppression-dealing, vengeance-wreaking fiends, legions of them; and last and worst of all had entered in hypocrisy, the arch-protector of the whole gang; the whitewasher of deeds, the hoodwinker of communities, the deceiver of even John himself time and again, persuading him that his motives were good, that he had justice on his side. What a crew they were, take them one and all, to be masters of a man, goading him, driving him, chaining him, making him worse and worse every year he lived! A terrible thing to see; but it is coming to pass all about us daily, and never anywhere in a more terrible fashion than in rural communities. There is great outcry about the heartless tyrants and remorseless leeches among great city financiers, dealers in stocks, and manipulators of railways, whose names are known the world over. But stock exchanges are not the only places where such tyrannies and crimes are rampant. There is many a country village, many a rural district, where moral vitalities are sapped, prosperities undermined, and independence and self-respect slain by the "one-man power."

To how great an extent this had become true of Stroback's Corners no one knew till this question of Farmer Worrall's mental soundness or unsoundness began to be discussed. As time wore on, it began really to look as if there would be no mean array of witnesses on the children's side, or rather on the side of John Worrall, Jun. It was another noticeable thing in connection with the affair that the suit was always spoken of as "John Worrall's"—never as that of "the Worrall children" or "Worrall heirs." Everybody knew that Josiah and Jerusha had been overborne by John, and persuaded against their judgment and their instincts to give formal assent to the proceedings.

Just why or how John Worrall had become so possessed of the idea that his father was about to marry Elspie McCloud did not appear. He gave no reasons for his belief. Probably he had none to give. Alone with his mastering demon in long broodings over the possibilities of the future, the idea had probably occurred to him suddenly, it is most likely, "What if the old man should marry?—should marry Elspie?"—the only woman possible to be thought of in the connection, for Farmer Worrall never stirred from home, never went to church; and this was going to be sadly to his injury in the suit: there were reported scandalous and blasphemous sayings of his about the minister. "What if she had children? Where would the children of the first marriage be left?" The longer John thought of this, the clearer it seemed to him that it was only the dictate of common-sense, and no more than justice to his family and the families of his brother and sister, that his father should be prevented from doing anything so silly as making a second marriage. If the old man were not in his dotage he would never think of such a thing, and should it happen he would be sure to repent it. Such marriages never brought anything but sorrow to either husband or wife. Really to hear John Worrall talk about it sometimes, when that arch-fiend hypocrisy had him well coached and in hand, one would have thought him the most loving of sons. Small echo of all these pros and cons of neighborly discussion and opinion on the case reached Farmer Worrall. He was exceedingly busy on his farm. The thing was going to come off at an inconvenient time for him: do his best, the harvesting would not be done; but there was no help for it. "An' I kin afford to lose a leetle on some o' the crops an' still come out harndsome at the end o' the year, ef I don't hev no costs to pay to thet suit; an' I reckon John 'll pay them!" he thought. Spite of all the hurry of the farm-work, however, his sturdy white horses were seen often on the road in these days, going at their best pace eight, ten, even twenty miles from home. John Worrall, Jun., might be able to draw well on the resources of Stroback's Corners for his witnesses, but his father's relatively were much

wider than that. John had forgotten that his father moved into the region before Stroback's Corners existed; in fact, had once owned the entire site of the town, also a large part of the site of the now flourishing county town of Somerset. There was not a town or village within a radius of twenty miles, north, south, east, or west, in which Farmer Worrall had not both friends and business acquaintances. It was touching to see how the old man broached the subject when he approached his friends to ask their aid in this strange crisis of his life. His usual preamble was, after a few words of friendly greeting:

"Wa'al, I've come to git you to help me outer a fix; thet is, ef yer can. I don't want no man ever to go agen his conscience to help me git clear o' nothin', no matter what 'tis. But I'm in a queer kind o' fix now. P'r'aps you've heern about it?"

And if that proved to be so, the old man seemed greatly relieved. He hated to tell the story. Even his sense of the ridiculous did not save him from a bitter humiliation in putting into plain bald words the statement of his children's appeal for a guardian to be set over him. He could not find for it any phrases which it did not sting him to use. But this part once over, all was plain sailing to him.

"It's ridikerlus, yer know—pewerly ridikerlus," he would say. "I've nigh about killed myself larfin' sence it happened. I'd 'most let it go through to see how 'twould feel to hev sech a thing's a guardeen round. But it might turn out disagreeable. I've been use' ter regelatin' my own affairs so many years, I don't think I'd take to a guardeen very kindly, an' I don't cal'late to hev one; not ef the jury looks at it the way I an' some o' my friends do."

His anxiety to have everybody understand that although all his three children had signed the paper, the proceeding was in reality solely the work of John, was also touching.

"Yer mustn't blame Si an' Rooshy," he said over and over to all those whom he found enthusiastically sympathetic and disposed to be indignant against his children. "It's all John. The devil's got inter John: I'm afeard he's been inter him a long time. He's been too graspin' fur his own good ever sence he wuz a boy. I don' know where he got it. But Si an' Rooshy couldn't never make no stand agenst John, an' never did. They feel terrible about it now, an' want to back out ef they could. But I won't let 'em; I want it to go through, now it's begun with. I'm jest 's friendly with Si an' Rooshy 's ever. They ain't one mite to blame, an' I sha'n't take it friendly in any o' my friends to say anything agenst 'em. They ain't a mite to blame. Ye'll all on ye see 'fore it's done with."

When the news first reached Elspie McCloud's ears it was like a cyclone in the kitchen. The tale was told to her by one of the hired men, a countryman of hers, Archie Gavill, a lad she had been instrumental in bringing on to the place—a step which she had since repented in dust and ashes, for Archie had not been a year at Elspie's board before he had made up his obstinate Scotch mind to marry her, and as for her telling him that she could not, would not, not if the heavens fell and the world came to an end, that seemed to make no difference to Archie, as poor Elspie once said to Jerusha Worrall in a confidential moment. "Na moor difference then eef I'd na spoken at all on the soobject, an' 'twas his fust time o' askin'. He'll ask me again, an' the day not oot."

Her very life seemed a weariness to her often by reason of Archie's unquenchable devotion. She heaped insults on him to no purpose.

"If there's a thing in a' natur' I canna abeed, it's freckles," she would say, looking straight at Archie's much-variegated cheeks.

"An' now d'ye know, Elspie, if only ye'd marry me ye'd be so fond o' freckles ye'd na abeed the sight o' a clean face then, my girl," was the severest retort Archie ever made.

The two were sparring from morning till night, sometimes in English, sometimes in Gaelic, and Farmer Worrall had again and again resolved to send Archie away, solely on this account. But the same quality which made Elspie invaluable in the house made Archie equally so on the farm, and the day never came for letting him go.

While Archie was relating his astounding tale of the trial which would take place the following week to determine their master's capability of conducting his own affairs, Elspie stood stock-still, arrested midway between the stove and the table, holding a huge tureen full of smoking stew, which was to be the chief dish of their dinner. Her eyes dilated; her cheeks flamed; her breath came quicker

"'YE LEEIN' LOON!' SHE CRIED."

and quicker. Archie liked nothing better than to stir Elspie's blood, thinking—and rightly—that she was never so handsome as when she was in a passion.

As he reached the climax of his narrative a crash came, the kitchen was filled with a savory steam, and potatoes, dumplings, onions, turnips, chunks of meat, went sailing in all directions, a very fresh-et of stew, on the floor. A wild shriek from Elspie simultaneously with this disaster brought the farmer himself on the scene.

"Heydey! What's all this!" he cried. And the next second, seeing too well what it was, burst into a roar of laughter. "Lost our dinner, eh, Elspie? Never mind, never mind, girl. Give us a cold bite." But Elspie, with her eyes full of tears, brandishing the tureen handle in one hand, made a lunge at Archie, totally unrestrained by the presence of lookers-on.

"Ye leein' loon!" she cried. "Tak yer spatted face oot o' me sight!" and she pursued Archie to the door, brandishing dangerous missiles of broken crockery in each hand, and sending them flying after him as he took to his heels. "The leein' loon!" she repeated, as she turned shamefacedly to confront Farmer Worrall, who was lying back in his oaken chair laughing so he could not speak. He, also, liked to see Elspie in a rage. He liked also to hear the broad Scotch into which a fit of temper always precipitated her. When she was calm, her speech had the faintest possible suspicion of a brogue in it.

"What has Archie done now?" he said. "Ben plaguin' ye again about marryin' him?"

"Na! that's no it," she said, in a choking voice. "He's a-strammin' a lee down me throat."

A sudden intuition told Farmer Worrall what it had been.

"Perhaps it was not a lie, Elspie," he said, looking at her keenly. Elspie was only half Scotch, the other half Irish; her mind worked by flashes.

"Did ye hear him?" she said, quickly—"did ye hear what he was tellin'?"

"No, but I can guess, Elspie," replied Farmer Worrall. "It was about me—eh, Elspie?"

"And indeed it was," groaned Elspie, her face turning almost purple with dismay at this confirmation of the tale.

"Never you mind, girl—never you mind," laughed the old man. "Give us a bite to eat, an' after dinner, afore ye clean up, I'd like a little talk with ye myself."

At this Elspie began to move about like one in a dream. She was half paralyzed by her bewilderment and vague fear. Could it be true, then? Frequently she stole glances at the old man's face. It was full of suppressed mirth. This but heightened her bewilderment. She was bursting with curiosity. It seemed to her that the men would never have done eating. Farmer Worrall finished his meal first, and going into the sitting-room, said, looking back at Elspie,

"Come in here 's soon 's yer through, will ye, Elspie?"

What could it be that was to be told in the sitting-room, and that could not be told in the kitchen? What, indeed?

If Elspie had had the least idea what this mysterious thing could turn out to be, it would have been with a still more scared face—if that were possible—that she had crossed the threshold of the sitting-room door, to see Farmer Worrall sitting in a corner of the black hair-cloth sofa, and wearing a graver expression than she had ever seen on his face since the year his wife died.

The interview was a very short one. What the old man said or what Elspie said no one ever knew, but Elspie came out of the room a much graver woman than she went in, and from that day till the day of the trial she went about the house with a strange look on her face which nobody could make out. The farm hands thought it was because she was so aghast at the prospect of the dilemma in which she would find herself in case the jury should decide that the asked-for guardian must be appointed.

"'Tain't nowise likely," they said, "that she'd be kept on in the place she's allers bed here, an' it can't be wondered at she's consider'ble down in the mouth a-thinkin' on't."

And Archie—poor loon that he was, and no mistake!—Archie plucked up no little heart from the general outlook of things, and followed Elspie around in a way he would not have presumed on a week before, and grew more and more confident day by day because she did not flout and rebuff him as usual. He even went so far as to think to himself, after the manner of men: "Ha! she'll be glad enough to take up with me if worst comes to worst. She's a-thinkin' o't. I can read her like a book." Whereas the truth of the case was that Elspie's mind was so full of other things that she did not even see Archie when he came and went.

And so the day of the trial came. Forewarned by Judge Gunn, who knew much better than Farmer Worrall did what an excitement was to attend the trial, the old man had arranged with all his witnesses that they should meet him at Judge Gunn's office one hour before the court-house doors would open. It was a goodly array—thirty-five of the solid men and women of the region; from every corner of the county they had come, hardly a town unrepresented.

As they stood at the court-house, waiting for the doors to be opened, they filled the steps full, and John Worrall, Jun., who arrived a little later with his small squad—only a half-dozen, all told—had the pleasure of standing on the sidewalk and looking up at this dense throng of his father's supporters.

As far as could be seen in all directions, wagons were coming into view, heading for the court-house. In a very few minutes every available hitching-post in sight was taken; many of the men took their horses out and backed the wagons round out of the way, so that the same post might do double duty. Tin pails and lunch baskets were not wanting. They had come to stay all day if need be, these men and women of Somerset County. Nothing except a circus ever drew such a crowd before. It was evident in a few moments that the little court-house would not hold half that had come.

When Judge Gunn was seen sitting by Farmer Worrall's side, John Worrall leaned over and whispered angrily to his counsel: "I thought you said Judge Gunn told you he was not going to conduct the old man's case."

"So he did," replied the lawyer. "Told me so only yesterday. I don't know what to make of it."

But they very soon found out what to

make of it, when Judge Gunn, in a few humorous words, stated that he was there only as assistant counsel to his old friend, who had, very wisely he thought, decided to conduct his own case.

"First witness for the defense, by Jove!" said somebody in the audience, audibly, as Judge Gunn sat down.

"Order there! order in the court!" shouted Judge Truman from the bench. But his mouth twitched as he pronounced the words, and his eyes were running over with merriment. It was as plain as the nose on any man's face that there was not going to be any very rigid order in the court that day.

The story of the trial would be a story in itself, and is much too long to tell, if we are ever to get to the wedding which was our end and aim in the beginning.

The privilege of challenging the jury Farmer Worrall waived. Scrutinizing them one by one as they filed in, he nodded his head approvingly, and as the last man took his seat, said aloud:

"A first-rate jury, that. I wouldn't ask for a fairer-minded set o' men. Stay a minute," he added. "If it's in order, as ye call it, I'd like to ask Jim Cowan there one question," pointing to the last juryman. "'Twon't take a second."

This being allowed, "Jim," said the old man, "d'ye remember the trade you an' me hed in heifers last spring?"

Cowan, turning very red, said he did.

"Thet's enough," said Farmer Worrall. Then, turning to the bench, he added: "Nothin' underhanded in thet, jedge. He ain't under any obligation ter me anywise connected with thet trade. I only wanted ter make sure he hed not forgotten it."

Loud roars from men standing in the doorway attested to the significance of this remark. It was evident that many members of the community knew why Jim Cowan had had reason to believe that Farmer Worrall was in full possession of his faculties at the time of that heifer trade.

It did not take very long to exhaust all that there was to be said by the witnesses from whose testimony John Worrall had hoped to prove his father's mental incapacity. Much stress was laid, as the old man had anticipated that there would be, on his habit of talking and laughing to himself. There was no denying that his neighbors had often seen him cut very queer antics by himself alone in his fields or in his barn. There were other acts of his, some transactions in town-meetings, in which they professed to have believed he had behaved like a man out of his head.

"True! true! every word on't," the old man exclaimed, nodding his head approvingly, as narrative after narrative of these acts was given.

But when one Joshua Kingman, a deacon of the Presbyterian church, rose and testified that at one time Farmer Worrall had said to him that the Presbyterian minister pelted his congregation with green apples, the old man jumped to his feet and exclaimed,

"Thet's a thunderin' lie, Josh Kingman, an' you know it," and Judge Gunn had hard work to pull his senior counsel down into his seat and keep him quiet. However, as Kingman continued his report of the conversation, a smile gradually came over Farmer Worrall's face; it broadened—became a chuckle. "Oh Lor!" he ejaculated under his breath. "I recollect. I'll cross-examine thet witness a leetle."

And when the time came he did cross-examine the worthy Deacon Kingman to such good purpose as to bring it out clear and convincing before everybody that the thing he had said was this:

Deacon Kingman, it appeared, was the one who began the conversation, and it was by way of complaining that his—Deacon Kingman's—minister did not preach such bright sermons as he preached at first, that he was falling off greatly, and the congregation were growing dissatisfied.

"Eh?" said Farmer Worrall. "Beginnin' to serve ye out green apples, is he?"

And when Deacon Kingman, whose intellect was quite inadequate to the understanding of this metaphor, stared bewilderedly at Farmer Worrall, and exclaimed, "What 're ye talkin' about, anyhow?" Farmer Worrall had replied, sententiously, "Any man that contracts to deliver so many bushels of apples per day all the year round has got either to break his contract or deliver some of his fruit green."

And from that day out Deacon Kingman never thought Farmer Worrall quite right in his mind.

"An' I wuz only a-tryin' to reconcile

him t' his minister," said Farmer Worrall. "I hain't never hed no use for ministers myself, but I hate to see 'em put upon, as they be by their congregations expectin' what 'tain't in human natur' to do."

No use trying to keep order in the court at this. The room rang. The judge on the bench wiped his eyes.

No use either in taking the half of the testimony which was at hand on Farmer Worrall's side. After half a dozen well-known business men had testified in his behalf, the case was given to the jury, with one of the briefest and most memorable charges ever delivered in Somerset court-house; and the jury, without leaving their seats, and after not more than five minutes' whispered consultation, rendered an equally brief and memorable decision—a complete triumph for Farmer Worrall.

Cheers filled the air. In the confusion John Worrall, Jun., slipped off by some back way and disappeared.

Presently, as the uproar subsided, it was discovered that Farmer Worrall was trying to speak. Instantly all was still. Coming forward, his cheeks flushed, and his voice not quite steady, the old man said:

"I can't but feel that ye're all my friends I see here. I didn't expect there'd be near so many; an' I wuz a-cal'latin' to ask all thet wuz here to 'djourn to my house to my weddin'. But's there's consid'able more'n my house'd hold, I'll invite ye all to my weddin' here."

And before the astonished people fairly knew what had happened—and this was not strange, for only those in the foremost rows could see what was going on—he had taken Elspie McCloud by the hand, and they were standing before Judge Truman, who was making them man and wife as fast and as strong as he knew how.

And who was this standing close by Elspie? Who but Mrs. Sikes, the repentant Jerusha, who, let into the secret at the last minute by her father, had come in her best "bunnit" and "Sunday fixin's," and had sat by Elspie's side all through the trial, every now and then pressing her hand in affectionate sympathy: so thoroughly had remorse and contrition done a good work in the heart of Mrs. Jerusha.

And it was Josiah Worrall with his wife who stood just behind, also friendly and smiling; and the three couples all drove off together in one wagon behind the sturdy white horses, at good ten miles an hour, to Farmer Worrall's house, where Jerusha and "Si's wife" and Mrs. Elspie "turned to" and "flew round," as they phrased it, and had a handsome supper ready for at least forty friends and neighbors, who stopped to congratulate the bride and bridegroom.

But, after all, the story of a wedding only begins with the wedding. This was in August. A year from the next Thanksgiving-day the same three couples sat down together to their Thanksgiving dinner in Elspie's shining clean kitchen: and there lay crowing and cooing in the old oak-wood cradle, quite too near the stove for his best good, a splendid man-child three months old.

"Three months old, and not named, Elspie! It's a shame!" said Mrs. Jerusha.

Elspie looked at her husband. The old man laughed. "It is—it's ridikerlus!" he said—"pewerly ridikerlus; but the only name we want, ye see, another man's got, an' we've ben turnin' 't over all manner o' ways to see ef he could be got to give it up."

Four pairs of eyes stared at him in undisguised amazement. What quip or crank was the jolly old man at now?

"Si, d'ye s'pose John 'd sell his name?" continued Farmer Worrall.

Light broke in on the bewildered listeners. Elspie looked at them anxiously to see how they would take it.

"I've about made up my mind," continued the old man, "to offer John thet medder farm 'long the river ef he'll go to the Legislatur' an' git his name changed. Now thet I've got this 'ere youngster," looking fondly at the cradle, "I feel 's ef I'd go out o' this world a heap easier ef he wuz goin' to be John Worrall arter me than to leave 't as 'tis."

A silence fell on the group. Si spoke first.

"I don' know's there's anything John wouldn't sell," he said. "Thet medder farm's worth good six thousand dollars."

"I know it," said Farmer Worrall. "'Twas thet I allers reckoned to give to Elspie here when she got married. But she don't need it now, an' I'd count it cheap buyin' off John thet way now ef he'd take it. I hain't felt right about his bein' named fur me sence"—he was about to

refer to the trial, but kindly changed the phrase to "this some time back."

"I think he'll do it, father," said Si.

And John Worrall did. In fact, he jumped at the chance. Stroback's Corners had been too hot—not exactly too hot to hold him, but much too hot to be comfortable for him—ever since that day when he slunk alone out of Somerset court-house, defeated in his attempt to prove his father of unsound mind.

He took the meadow farm, sold it for the clear six thousand Si had said it was worth, sold out all his other properties, some of them at a sacrifice, and, under his new and euphonious name of Franklin Wayne, went West, engaged in great railroad enterprises, made a large fortune, and was greatly respected.

It went against Farmer Worrall sorely to have his baby boy baptized in the Presbyterian meeting-house; but when he found that Elspie's stanch loving heart would be well-nigh broken if he did not yield the point, he yielded it, and went through the ceremony with a better grace than any one would have supposed possible. But as he handed the screaming "John Worrall, Jun.," back into his mother's arms at the church door, he could not for the life of him refrain from scandalizing her and all the by-standers by remarking, audibly, "There, there, now, it's ridikerlus—it's reely ridikerlus."

RECENT GERMAN ART.

ART has made great advances in Germany during the last quarter of a century. It is well known that the prostration that followed the Napoleonic campaigns was not only a material and industrial, but also a spiritual one. The nation, or rather those provinces which first became a nation in 1870, had been taught to accept French supremacy in almost everything. French words were multiplied in German speech, French manufactures were imported far beyond necessity, French manners were imitated by the upper classes of society, and French literature and French art had hardly less influence than "the Revolution" itself, which was the terror of German princes and the political fetich of the German people. Self-respect was buried under this avalanche of French civilization, and while France was hated for her encroachments, she was servilely followed by all the small leaders of social opinion, who led it from one ditch to another, until the real liberators and masters of the German nation came.

In the domain of art, as elsewhere, this self-contempt was highly injurious. Neither the fires of the Revolution, nor the genius of Napoleon, nor the combined intrigues of a hundred petty kings, could alter the temperament of the German people, nor permanently prevent its expressing itself according to its own laws. The young men who went to Paris to study "the only true art" either smothered their talents in the napkin of French *technique*, and became, some of them, marvellous painters of becoming clothes and unbecoming nudities, or they reacted against the "French style," and sought to embody great poetic ideas in painting—without first learning to paint. This last was the great mistake of Cornelius, whose services to German art are incalculable, for he taught national self-respect and self-reliance, and in his dogged German way insisted that a painter should put thought into his pictures, and that noble ideas alone were worthy of a true artist's brush. Unfortunately too many of the German school imitated the mistakes, instead of attaining the virtues, of the early modern masters. It is well within the memory of living men that German art began to develop its own genius, and to express the life and sentiment of the German people, by means of thoroughly trained talent. This process of development has been hastened by the growth of the national spirit, and since the Franco-German war has exhibited results quite astonishing to those who knew nothing of the work of preparation that lifted German art, as Moltke's organization and drill lifted German arms, out of the slough of despond.

For those to whom painting and sculpture are mere symbols of fashion and luxury, wonderful technical skill, bestowed on meaningless figures and the textures of beautiful fabrics, is sufficient to satisfy the lust of the eye and the pride of life; but that school of artists, in whatever na-

tion, that devotes such skill to the portrayal of human sentiment, will surely produce the "old masters" of the future. One can not study the work of contemporary German artists without believing that among them some of these immortals will be found. As a class, they have emancipated themselves from French influence, and are not ashamed to be Germans, as God made them. While they do not despise *technique*, their leading characteristic is the expression of thought and sentiment. The thoroughness and intellectual conscientiousness which distinguish the German race are stamped upon their work.

The chief art centres of Germany are Munich, Berlin, and Düsseldorf, while Dresden, Stuttgart, Carlsruhe, and Weimar belong to the second rank. At Munich art has struck deep roots, partly because of royal patronage, and partly because it has had there the more glorious sunshine of royal minds. Cornelius, Kaulbach, Piloty, and their able coadjutors in the Academy have trained a generation of remarkable artists. The works of Defregger, Lenbach, Max, Lindenschmidt, Seitz, Grützner, and Zimmerman are well known in America. Notwithstanding the criticism lavished upon the work of the Munich school, examination of any considerable amount of it will show that, contrary to popular belief, it is remarkably free from mannerism, affectations, and the tyranny of local traditions. Piloty's pupils develop their individual genius with the utmost freedom, as appears from the work of men so very unlike as Makart and Seitz, or Max and Kurzbauer.

Since Berlin became the capital of the empire it has drawn to itself by sheer force all the elements that belong to a great metropolis. The government spends immense sums for the enrichment of historical, scientific, and art collections, and whoever will secure a prize in the shape of books, manuscripts, excavated statues, or first-class paintings must bid against not only the British Museum and the French government, but also against the man who brings a long purse from Berlin. Its gallery can never equal that of Dresden in the products of the old Italian and Dutch masters, but the best work of the present and future will be shown there in rich variety. Of Berlin artists, Menzel and Knaus are already well known in America; so also is Mayer von Bremen (a name that raises a shrug of the shoulder among his fellow-artists), and America will learn more of Werner, Gussow, Gustav Richter, and Thuman.

Düsseldorf has been sinking in relative importance as an art-producing centre since the loss of its gallery to Munich in 1871, and the overshadowing growth of its manufactures. Still, Achenbach's landscapes are known across the sea, as they are here, for surpassing fidelity to nature, poetic feeling, and noble treatment of his theme. Professor Janzen is also doing remarkable work in colossal figure pieces, rich in coloring and very effective in composition and the management of light and shade.

Dresden has the richest gallery of paintings in northern Europe, which draws students as well as the travelling public, and it has a few painters of eminence, although the Academy itself has less reputation than that of Munich.

Among the modern paintings in the gallery, "The Boy Jesus in the Temple," a recent work by Professor Hoffman, of Dresden, is a picture which deserves especial notice. The frontispiece to this number is an engraving from this painting. The subject is less hackneyed than most Scriptural subjects are, and one comes to the contemplation of it without the prejudice of a mind wearied with the confused memory of a thousand preconceptions. The faces of the rabbis are both strongly characteristic and individual, and that of the boy Jesus is full of youthful earnestness and heavenly radiance.

Dresden, notwithstanding the provincialism that distinguished it in the early part of the century, has nurtured some sculptors who have justly a cosmopolitan reputation. Rietschel, whose statue of Luther at Worms has been reproduced for the monument in Washington, and Schilling, who has just completed the colossal statue of Germania for Niederwald, are names that will always live wherever the French language is not spoken exclusively.

The "Germania," aside from its being a rather ungenerous display of pride and exultation over the results of the French war, is monumental in the best sense. It records the earnestness, the heroism, the high sense of loyalty and duty, of this people in that war in strong, simple lines. The colossal figures of War and Peace at the front corners of the base are finely conceived; they are heralds whose message is not missed. The symbolic figures

of "Father Rhein" and his daughter Moselle occupy the middle of the base. Life-size bass-reliefs surround the base, representing scenes of departure, battle, and return, those on the front being a portrait group of the principal leaders of the German host. In boldness, life-likeness, and pathos I have never seen in sculpture the equal of some of these groups. Above the whole towers the Germania herself, oak-crowned and proud, but not aggressively defiant, wearing coat of mail and shield and sword, with her good right arm brandishing no weapon, but bearing aloft the imperial crown, symbol of a united empire, her whole mien saying with emphasis and dignity, but without bluster, as Rietschel's Luther is forever saying: "Here I stand; I can take no other course. God help me! Amen!"

WITCHCRAFT.

A. D. 1692.

SOE, Mistress Anne, faire neighbour myne,
How rides a witche when nighte-winds blowe?
Folk saye that you are none too goode
To joyne the crewe in Salem woode,
When One you wot of gives the signe:
Righte well, methinks, the pathe you knowe.

In Meetinge-time I watched you well,
Whiles godly Master Parris prayed;
Your folded hands laye on your booke;
But Richard answered to a looke
That fain would tempt him unto hell,
Where, Mistress Anne, your place is made.

You looke into my Richard's eyes
With evill glances shamelesse growne;
I found about his wriste a hair,
And guesse what fingers tyed it there:
He shall not lightly be your prize—
Your Master firste shall take his owne.

'Tis not in nature he shoulde be
(Who loved me soe when Springe was greene)
A childe, to hange upon your gowne!
He loved me well in Salem Towne
Untill this wanton witcherie
His hearte and myne crept dark betweene.

Last Sabbath nighte, the gossips saye,
Your goodman missed you from his side.
He had no strength to move, untill
Agen, as if in slumber still,
Beside him at the dawne you laye.
Tell, nowe, what meanwhile did betide.

Dame Anne, mye hate goe with you fleete
As driftes the Bay fogg overhead—
Or over yonder hill-topp, where
There is a tree ripe fruite shall bear
When, neighbour myne, your wicked feet
The stones of Gallowes Hill shall tread.

WITCHCRAFT.

A. D. 1884.

OUR great-great-grandpapas had schooled
Your fancies, Lita, were you born
In days when Cotton Mather ruled
And damask petticoats were worn!
Your pretty ways, your mocking air,
Had passed, mayhap, for Satan's wiles—
As fraught with danger, then and there,
To you, as now to us your smiles.

Why not? Were inquest to begin,
The tokens are not far to seek:
Item—the dimple of your chin;
Item—that freckle on your cheek.
Grace shield his simple soul from harm
Who enters yon flirtation niche,
Or trusts in whispered counter-charm,
Alone with such a parlous witch!

Your fan a wand is, in disguise;
It conjures, and we straight are drawn
Within a witches' Paradise
Of music, germans, roses, lawn.
So through the season, where you go,
All else than Lita men forget:
One needs no second-sight to know
That sorcery is rampant yet.

Now, since the bars no more await
Fair maids that practice sable arts,
Take heed, while I pronounce the fate
Of her who thus ensnares our hearts:
In time you shall a wizard meet
With spells more potent than your own,
And you shall know your master, Sweet,
And for these witcheries atone.

WITCHCRAFT, 1692.
From Drawing by Howard Pyle.

WITCHCRAFT, 1884.

For you at his behest shall wear
  A veil, and seek with him the church,
And at the altar rail forswear
  The craft that left you in the lurch;
But oft thereafter, musing long,
  With smile, and sigh, and conscience-twitch,
You shall too late confess the wrong—
  A captive and repentant witch.

ONE morning Father Riel came out of his house looking much depressed. It was rather a stretch of imagination to call it a house. In reality it was the hulk of a wrecked vessel firmly imbedded in the sand, and at high water the rough steps leading up to the low doorway were half submerged.

The place was the island of Chincoteague, one of a long narrow chain on the eastern shore of Maryland and Virginia, placed there, one would have said, as a breakwater against the force of the ocean. As the tide was out, Father Riel leaned against the hulk of the vessel, and shading his eyes with his hand, looked intently southward. He was a man of about seventy, with a mighty beard as white as snow flowing down to his breast, and had the appearance of a Hebrew patriarch. He was only, however, a Breton sailor who had been wrecked on the coast. Finding the country to his liking, he had remained, taking up his residence in the hulk; had married, lost his wife, and was now passing his last years like a contented philosopher with his two children, whom he supported in comfort from the proceeds of his fishing.

On this morning his seine hung undisturbed against the hulk, and Father Riel had plainly taken a holiday. In fact, it was the day fixed for the "horse-penning" on Assateague Island, the link in the chain immediately south of Chincoteague. This island was uninhabited, as it was subject to inundations; but the grass there was luxuriant, and flourished throughout the year untouched by frosts. The fact was taken advantage of by the people of the adjoining region, who turned their horses out to graze through the winter, taking them up again in summer, and the ceremony of lassoing and securing them was accompanied by uproarious festivities and general rejoicing. Crowds flocked to the island; the wild horses were driven into a log pen resembling an open V; the young men exhibited their prowess by catching them in the midst of shouts and outcries, and then the frolic began, and only ended with the next morning.

There really seemed to be no good reason why Father Riel should be depressed. He enjoyed the horse-pennings as much as anybody, and as he looked through the morning mist toward Assateague the sight was cheerful. The water, shining with silver ripples, was covered with boats filled with men, women, and children hastening to be present at the annual festival, and the distant shouts of the islanders as they hailed each other from boat to boat came to his ears mingled with the scream of white-winged sea-fowls hovering above the ripples.

"Father," said a voice.

"It is coming," muttered Father Riel, uttering a sigh and raising his head.

In the doorway of the hulk stood a very handsome girl of about nineteen, neatly dressed, with dark hair gathered in a knot behind her head.

"Will we go to the penning, father?" she said, in a moody voice.

"Why not, daughter? I have never missed one except the year Marie died. Yes, yes, Catherine, we will go, Toinette and all, *ma chère*."

Catherine looked down at her linsey dress with a dissatisfied expression.

"I thought—I feel ashamed when I see other girls in new dresses and ribbons. But I would not mind to-day, if only—at my wedding—"

"Yes, I know what you mean, daughter."

"Think, father, how am I to be married? All the girls would laugh at me if I had no ribbons, and wore my old linsey."

Father Riel sighed. "The new seine took all we had," he said. "If I could, I would buy you the ribbons and a fine wedding dress, but what can I do, daughter?"

Catherine hesitated for a moment. Then she said, in a low tone:

"You might sell Écume de Mer, father."

"Sell Écume de Mer!" cried Father Riel, nearly groaning; "that is, then, what you have been hinting at. I thought so, and it has made me unhappy. Sell Écume de Mer!"

"Why not, father?"

"How could I? Your mother, my poor Marie, used to ride her, and little Toinette loves her dearly."

"But think, father—"

"How could I?" repeated Father Riel, in a low tone. "I have been looking forward with joy to the day when she was coming back. She has been running all winter on the Assateague grass, and is as fat as a seal, if anything could make my

white slender little beauty *fat*. Sell Écume de Mer, my poor Marie's favorite? How could I ever do it, daughter? And think of little Toinette! How the mare loves the petite! Often when Toinette has played on the road in front of our old hulk, Écume de Mer would come up slowly, stretch out her glossy white head, and ask to be caressed. And little Toinette was not afraid; she would smooth the mare's face, or push her away if she took the fancy, and Écume de Mer would toss away, gambolling like a dog, only to come back running when Toinette called her."

Catherine listened with a depressed expression, her rosy chin resting upon her bosom, and only sighed in response. Thereat worthy Father Riel was troubled in his mind. Was he not rather obdurate, considering all the circumstances? Catherine was engaged to be married to a handsome young islander, and the wedding was fixed for the next month. The girl was fond of finery, and had set her heart upon a new gown and ribbons. But the purchase of the seine had exhausted the family exchequer, and how was he to buy the gown unless he sold Écume de Mer? Catherine was a good girl, and it went against his heart to subject her to mortification. Her wedding would be a sad affair if she were forced to be married in a poor linsey. But sell Écume de Mer, so beloved by his dead Marie and little Toinette? How could he?

All at once Toinette came out of the hulk and ran down the steps, after which she precipitated herself into Father Riel's arms, laughing and kissing him. She was a chubby little maid of five or six, the picture of health—rosy cheeks, plump arms and legs, and blue eyes, which looked out from a mass of curls of the color of pale gold.

"Écume de Mer! We will go and see her to-day, *n'est ce pas*, papa!" said Toinette, who spoke indifferently French or English.

Father Riel looked up and said to Catherine, "You see, daughter." Then he put both arms around Toinette and kissed her.

"Yes, petite, we are going to bring her back with us this evening, or perchance later. She will swim by the boat, and you may hold the halter; she is certain to follow you." And taking one arm from around Toinette, Father Riel drew Catherine down to him, kissed her cheek, and murmured in her ear, "How could I?"

An hour afterward Father Riel, accompanied by Catherine and Toinette, was rowing toward Assateague. The shallow lagoons were alive with boats decked with flags, and filled with young people as well as old. The rustic beaux and belles were clad in all their finery; called gayly to each other as the boats passed, driven by lusty oar strokes; and here and there through the mist, which the sun was routing as the morning advanced, glimmered the white sails of sail-boats bringing crowds from the mainland.

By noon the island of Assateague was alive with hundreds of people, old and young, men, women, and children, all thrilling with the excitement of the time. The logs for the horse-pen had been provided days before, and the stout young islanders were already busy building the breastwork which was to confine the wild horses. It was more than five feet high, and extended nearly across the island in the shape of an open triangle, its extremities nearly concealed from view by the tall grass growing almost to the height of a man. A little aside were erected booths upon which tempting edibles were arranged for purchasers, for the horse-pennings were a species of fairs, where the rustic beaux could treat their sweethearts, finding the way to the maidens' hearts through their mouths.

At an early hour in the afternoon the long breastwork was finished, and the declining sun warned the "drivers" that it was time to begin their work. A large number of the young men had brought horses, swimming beside the boats, and these now mounted, often without saddles, and scattered in every direction to drive up the horses. An unusual number had been turned loose in the preceding autumn, but they had grown exceedingly wild, and it was difficult to discover them in the tall grass, behind the rolling sand dunes. The drivers were, however, familiar with the work before them, and forming a crescent resembling a line of mounted skirmishers, steadily closed in, driving everything before them toward the log barrier.

Then the island of Assateague became the scene of immense excitement. With loud hurrahs the young men drove the frightened horses before them, the confused mass growing ever more compact as it advanced. The herd came on like a hurricane, with tossing manes and shrill

neighs. The galloping hoofs seemed to shake the ground, and as they closed in toward the breastwork a long shout from the crowd posted on each wing of the structure mingled with the cries of the drivers. As the horses approached the trap laid for them, trampling breast-high through the tall grass, they seemed to realize their peril, and attempted to scatter and escape. But the flankers were ready, and drove them back by heading them off. Then the rush of hoofs grew louder, the shrill neighing filled the air, and the herd were steadily driven into the arms of the breastwork, where they were hemmed in.

Father Riel, Catherine, and Toinette had watched these proceedings with the deepest interest. Even Catherine had lost her depression, and when her fiancé passed her at a headlong gallop, taking off his hat to her and laughing, she said, blushing, to Father Riel,

"How well he rides, father!"

"Your young man?" said Father Riel, with a twinkle of the eye. "Well, he is not a bad youth."

All at once clapping hands were heard above Father Riel's head, for he carried Toinette on his shoulder, and a voice full of rejoicing cried:

"V'là, papa! There is Écume de Mer!"

Toinette had no eyes for any object but her dear mare. The beautiful animal, as white as snow, and with slender limbs, had passed like a flash of light, pursued by Catherine's "young man." An instant afterward she disappeared in the trampling herd, caught in the pen; and the young men, forming line, prepared for the final ceremony of securing the animals.

This was a test both of skill and courage. The frightened horses were rushing to and fro in the inclosure, and there was imminent danger of being dismounted and trampled upon in the attempt to seize them. This work, however, the young islanders fearlessly set about, and after a struggle of more than three hours, the excited animals were either lassoed or caught otherwise and haltered.

There was only a single exception. One had leaped the log breastwork and disappeared in the gathering twilight—Écume de Mer. Catherine's sweetheart, perhaps aware of the connection of the mare with her wedding dress, had made every effort to catch Écume de Mer. But at the very moment when he drove through the press and attempted to throw a halter over her head, the fleet animal cleared the barrier as high as a man's head, and disappeared in the sea of grass.

The crowd, who had witnessed all, uttered a loud shout of laughter, and as the young man came back with his head hanging down, he was "chaffed" unmercifully by his friends for his ill luck.

"The man who can't catch a poor little white mare will never catch a wife!" cried one.

"A horse in the hand is worth two in the grass!" exclaimed another. And—

"Try again—and don't let her kick you!" was the sarcastic advice of a third.

Catherine did not know whether to laugh or cry with vexation. It was impossible to secure Écume de Mer until the next day, as night had now come; and Father Riel, perhaps not ill pleased that the mare had escaped, said to Catherine: "Take care of Toinette, daughter. I see my old friend Simon yonder making signs to me."

He set down Toinette, and as he did so and disappeared in the crowd, the fiddles struck up; partners took their places for a reel in a space cleared for them; and in the midst of the gay music and the buzz of voices from the booths, Catherine gave her hand, laughing, to her "young man," and began dancing.

The scene was picturesque. The sun had sunk behind the Virginia shore, but the moon had risen nearly at the same moment, and the broad disk of dark gold threw long shadows over the sand, where the surf was rolling in with its muffled murmur. Beyond the light of the torches around the booths and the dancers the tall grass waved like a green ocean in the night breeze, adding its whisper to the surf. At times the long rows of wild horses tethered to the barriers stamped angrily or uttered shrill neighs; and seafowl, attracted by the lights, wheeled over the revellers with startling screams. The Assateague festivities were in full progress, and the enjoyment general.

Suddenly a cry was heard which rose above the music of the violins.

"Where is my little Toinette? I can find her nowhere!" shouted Father Riel.

The music stopped, and the dancers gathered round Father Riel, who called to Catherine.

"Where is Toinette?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, father!—I thought—nothing can have happened to her!"

THE SEARCH FOR TOINETTE.

"Where is she? Perhaps among the horses, and trampled to death!"

The stern and vibrating voice made Catherine burst into tears.

"Look out for Father Riel's little Toinette!" passed from mouth to mouth, for the rude islanders were the kindest hearted of people, and speedily forgot all their merry-making in anxiety for the safety of the child.

Toinette was nowhere in the encampment—that fact was speedily ascertained. Could she have wandered away to the beach, or into the tall grass, and losing her path there, found it impossible to make her way back to the camp? Doubtless the latter was the fact. If she had gone down to the beach, the loud calls for her must have attracted her attention, and she had only to return across the beaten sand in the direction of the light of the bonfires which had now been kindled.

Torches were lit at the bonfires, and the islanders were soon hurrying in every direction, shouting and calling Toinette's name. Then the island of Assateague became a wild and picturesque tableau. The torches, moving across the expanse of grass, resembled stars or will-o'-the-wisps; and the far cries were full of a weird and mysterious charm.

Father Riel had hurried off, followed by Catherine and her sweetheart, each holding aloft a torch, and calling, "Toinette! Toinette!" as they made their way through the trampled grass, for it had been traversed by the horses, and was full of winding paths. On every side was heard the same cry, "Toinette! Toinette!" but no Toinette replied, and Catherine, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Oh, if I had only done my duty, and held her hand, father, as you told me!" And looking at her sweetheart, with a sudden fire in her eyes, she cried, "Why did you worry me to dance with you? I wish I had never seen you! And to think that only this morning Toinette cried when she heard me talking of selling Écume de Mer to buy my wedding dress!"

"May the curse of St. Malo light on your wedding dress, and on—you!" Father Riel nearly added.

Catherine again burst into tears, exclaiming, "Oh, no, no, father! I'll never again. I have been so wicked!"

"Toinette?" shouted Father Riel, hurrying on. "Where is my child—my poor little Toinette?"

Catherine suddenly caught his arm, crying, "What is that, father? Is it a ghost?"

She pointed to something white, faintly glimmering at the extremity of the circle of light from the torches. Father Riel rushed forward, shouting, "Écume de Mer! Toinette is not far off."

"Here is little Toinette, papa," came, in faint tones, in answer to the shout; and exclaiming, "Blessed be God!" Father Riel ran to the child, who was holding out her arms toward him.

She was seated on the ground, and Écume de Mer was standing quietly at her side, the white nose bent down and nearly touching her. The animal had plainly recognized her, and was asking to be caressed, and when Catherine and Father Riel hastened to the spot, Écume de Mer did not move.

It is unnecessary to say that Toinette was caught up and smothered with kisses. She was not at all frightened, and her prattle soon explained everything. She had gone to gather some flowers in the high grass, and then to find more; and then the light went away, and it was dark, and she was tired, and she sat down to rest, and Écume de Mer came and smelled her, and that was all till she heard papa call her.

An hour afterward the festivities were again in full blast. The safety of Toinette had added zest to the general enjoyment. She was kissed by all in turn; and then the violins again struck up, the headlong reel went on its way, and it was only when the sun rose on the ocean that the long frolic ended.

Just one month after the Assateague horse-penning a boat left Chincoteague, and was rowed to the mainland, Écume de Mer following in its wake, led by Toinette. Having reached the Virginia shore, Father Riel perched Toinette upon his shoulder, Catherine's sweetheart saddled the mare and assisted his bride to mount, and the humble group went on their way to find the parson.

Catherine wore her linsey dress, and there was no trace of mortification whatever on her happy face. From time to time she patted the neck of Écume de Mer, and seemed to rejoice.

Since the night on Assateague she had never again alluded to the fine dress and ribbons.

THE ELEVATOR.

(A FARCE.)

I.

THROUGH the curtained doorway of Mrs. Edward Roberts's pretty drawing-room, in Hotel Bellingham, shows the snowy and gleaming array of a table set for dinner, under the dim light of gas-burners turned low. An air of expectancy pervades the place, and the uneasiness of Mr. Roberts, in evening dress, expresses something more as he turns from a glance into the dining-room, and still holding the *portière* with one hand, takes out his watch with the other.

Mr. Roberts, to Mrs. Roberts entering the drawing room from regions beyond: "My dear, it's six o'clock. What can have become of your aunt?"

Mrs. Roberts, with a little anxiety: "That was just what I was going to ask. She's never late; and the children are quite heart-broken. They had counted upon seeing her, and talking Christmas a little before they were put to bed."

Roberts: "Very singular her not coming! Is she going to begin standing upon ceremony with us, and not come till the hour?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Nonsense, Edward! She's been detained. Of course she'll be here in a moment. How impatient you are!"

Roberts: "You must profit by me as an awful example."

Mrs. Roberts, going about the room, and bestowing little touches here and there on its ornaments: "If you'd had that new cook to battle with over this dinner, you'd have learned patience by this time without any awful example."

Roberts, dropping nervously into the nearest chair: "I hope she isn't behind time."

Mrs. Roberts, drifting upon the sofa, and disposing her train effectively on the carpet around her: "She's before time. The dinner is in the last moment of ripe perfection now, when we must still give people fifteen minutes' grace." She studies the convolutions of her train absent-mindedly.

Roberts, joining in its perusal: "Is that the way you've arranged to be sitting when people come in?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Of course not. I shall get up to receive them."

Roberts: "That's rather a pity. To destroy such a lovely pose."

Mrs. Roberts: "Do you like it?"

Roberts: "It's divine."

Mrs. Roberts: "You might throw me a kiss."

Roberts: "No; if it happened to strike on that train anywhere, it might spoil one of the folds. I can't risk it." A ring is heard at the apartment door. They spring to their feet simultaneously.

Mrs. Roberts: "There's Aunt Mary now!" She calls into the vestibule, "Aunt Mary!"

Dr. Lawton, putting aside the vestibule *portière*, with affected timidity: "Very sorry. Merely a father."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, Dr. Lawton! I am so glad to see you!" She gives him her hand: "I thought it was my aunt. We can't understand why she hasn't come. Why! where's Miss Lawton?"

Lawton: "That is precisely what I was going to ask you."

Mrs. Roberts: "Why, she isn't here."

Lawton: "So it seems. I left her with the carriage at the door when I started to walk here. She called after me down the stairs that she would be ready in three seconds, and begged me to hurry, so that we could come in together, and not let people know I'd saved half a dollar by walking."

Mrs. Roberts: "*She's* been detained too!"

Roberts, coming forward: "Now you know what it is to have a delinquent Aunt-Mary-in-law."

Lawton, shaking hands with him: "Oh, Roberts! Is that you? It's astonishing how little one makes of the husband of a lady who gives a dinner. In my time—a long time ago—he used to carve. But nowadays, when everything is served *à la Russe*, he might as well be abolished. Don't you think, on the whole, Roberts, you'd better not have come?"

Roberts: "Well, you see, I had no excuse. I hated to say an engagement when I hadn't any."

Lawton: "Oh, I understand. You *wanted* to come. We all do, when Mrs. Roberts will let us." He goes and sits down by Mrs. Roberts, who has taken a more provisional pose on the sofa. "Mrs. Roberts, you're the only woman in Boston

"VERY SORRY. MERELY A FATHER."

who could hope to get people, with a fireside of their own—or a register—out to a Christmas dinner. You know I still wonder at your effrontery a little?"

Mrs. Roberts, laughing: "I knew I should catch you if I baited my hook with your old friend."

Lawton: "Yes, nothing would have kept me away when I heard Bemis was coming. But he doesn't seem so inflexible in regard to me. Where is he?"

Mrs. Roberts: "I'm sure I don't know. I'd no idea I was giving such a formal dinner. But everybody, beginning with

my own aunt, seems to think it a ceremonious occasion. There are only to be twelve. Do you know the Millers?"

Lawton: "No, thank goodness! One meets the same people so often that one fancies one's weariness of them reflected in their sympathetic countenances. Who are these acceptably novel Millers?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Do explain the Millers to the doctor, Edward."

Roberts, standing on the hearth-rug, with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets: "They board."

Lawton: "Genus. That accounts for their willingness to flutter round your evening lamp when they ought to be singeing their wings at their own. Well, species."

Roberts: "They're very nice young newly married people. He's something or other of some kind of manufactures. And Mrs. Miller is disposed to think that all other ladies are as fond of him as she is."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh! That is not so, Edward."

Lawton: "You defend your sex, as women always do. But you'll admit that, as your friend, Mrs. Miller may have this foible."

Mrs. Roberts: "I admit nothing of the kind. And we've invited another young couple who haven't gone to housekeeping yet—the Curwens. And *he* has the same foible as Mrs. Miller." Mrs. Roberts takes out her handkerchief and laughs into it.

Lawton: "That is, if Mrs. Miller has it, which we both deny. Let us hope that Mrs. Miller and Mr. Curwen may not get to making eyes at each other."

Roberts: "And Mr. Bemis and his son complete the list. Why, Agnes, there are only ten. You said there were twelve."

Mrs. Roberts: "Well, never mind. I meant ten. I forgot that the Summerses declined." A ring is heard. "Ah! *that's* Aunt Mary." She runs into the vestibule, and is heard exclaiming, without: "Why, Mrs. Miller, is it you? I thought it was my aunt. Where is Mr. Miller?"

Mrs. Miller, entering the drawing-room arm-in-arm with her hostess: "Oh, he'll be here directly. I had to let him run back for my fan."

Mrs. Roberts: "Well, we're very glad to have you to begin with. Let me introduce Dr. Lawton."

Mrs. Miller, in a polite murmur: "Dr. Lawton." In a louder tone: "Oh, Mr. Roberts!"

Lawton: "You see, Roberts? The same aggrieved surprise at meeting you here that I felt."

Mrs. Miller: "What in the world do you mean?"

Lawton: "Don't you think that when a husband is present at his wife's dinner party he repeats the mortifying superfluity of a bridegroom at a wedding?"

Mrs. Miller: "I'm *sure* I don't know what you mean. I should never think of giving a dinner without Mr. Miller."

Lawton: "No?" A ring is heard. "There's Bemis."

Mrs. Miller: "It's Mr. Miller."

Mrs. Roberts: "Aunt Mary at last!" As she bustles toward the door: "Edward, there *are* twelve—Aunt Mary and Willis."

Roberts: "Oh yes. I totally forgot Willis."

Lawton: "Who's Willis?"

Roberts: "Willis? Oh, Willis is my wife's brother. We always have him."

Mrs. Roberts, without: "Mr. Bemis! So kind of you to come on Christmas."

Mr. Bemis, without: "So kind of you to ask us houseless strangers."

Mrs. Roberts, without: "I ran out here, thinking it was my aunt. She's played us a trick, and hasn't come yet."

Bemis, entering the drawing-room with Mrs. Roberts: "I hope she won't fail altogether. I haven't met her for twenty years, and I counted so much upon the pleasure— Hello, Lawton!"

Lawton: "Hullo, old fellow!" They fly at each other, and shake hands. "Glad to see you again."

Bemis, reaching his left hand to Mr. Roberts, while Mr. Lawton keeps his right: "Ah! Mr. Roberts."

Lawton: "Oh, never mind *him*. He's merely the husband of the hostess."

Mrs. Miller, to Roberts: "What *does* he mean?"

Roberts: "Oh, nothing. Merely a joke he's experimenting with."

Lawton, to Bemis: "Where's your boy?"

Bemis: "He'll be here directly. He preferred to walk. Where's your girl?"

Lawton: "Oh, she'll come by-and-by. She preferred to drive."

Mrs. Roberts, introducing them: "Mr. Bemis, have you met Mrs. Miller?" She drifts away again, manifestly too uneasy to resume even a provisional pose on the sofa, and walks detachedly about the room.

Bemis: "What a lovely apartment Mrs. Roberts has!"

Mrs. Miller: "Exquisite! But then she has such perfect taste."

Bemis, to Mrs. Roberts, who drifts near them: "We were talking about your apartment, Mrs. Roberts. It's charming."

Mrs. Roberts: "It *is* nice. It's the ideal way of living. All on one floor. No stairs. Nothing."

Bemis: "Yes, when once you get here! But that little matter of five pair up—"

Mrs. Roberts: "You don't mean to say you *walked* up? Why in the world didn't you take the elevator?"

Bemis: "I didn't know you had one."

Mrs. Roberts: "It's the only thing that makes life worth living in a flat. All these apartment hotels have them."

Bemis: "Bless me! Well, you see, I've been away from Boston so long, and am back so short a time, that I can't realize your luxuries and conveniences. In Florence we *always* walk up. They have *ascenseurs* in a few great hotels, and they brag of it in immense signs on the sides of the building."

Lawton: "What pastoral simplicity! We are elevated here to a degree that you can't conceive of, gentle shepherd. Has yours got an air-cushion, Mrs. Roberts?"

Mrs. Roberts: "An air-cushion? What's that?"

Lawton: "The only thing that makes your life worth a moment's purchase in an elevator. You get in, with a glass of water, a basket of eggs, and a file of the *Daily Advertiser*. They cut the elevator loose at the top, and you drop."

Both ladies: "Oh!"

Lawton: "In three seconds you arrive at the ground-floor, reading your file of the *Daily Advertiser;* not an egg broken nor a drop spilled. I saw it done in a New York hotel. The air is compressed under the elevator, and acts as a sort of ethereal buffer."

Mrs. Roberts: "And why don't we always go down in that way?"

Lawton: "Because sometimes the walls of the elevator shaft give out."

Mrs. Roberts: "And what then?"

Lawton: "Then the elevator stops more abruptly. I had a friend who tried it when this happened."

Mrs. Roberts: "And what did he do?"

Lawton: "Stepped out of the elevator; laughed; cried; went home; got into bed; and did not get up for six weeks. Nervous shock. He was fortunate."

Mrs. Miller: "I shouldn't think you'd want an air-cushion on *your* elevator, Mrs. Roberts."

Mrs. Roberts: "No, indeed! Horrid!" The bell rings. "Edward, *you* go and see if that's Aunt Mary."

Mrs. Miller: "It's Mr. Miller, I know."

Bemis: "Or my son."

Lawton: "My voice is for Mrs. Roberts's brother. I've given up all hopes of my daughter."

Roberts, without: "Oh, Curwen! Glad to see you! Thought you were my wife's aunt."

Lawton, at a suppressed sigh from Mrs. Roberts: "It's one of his jokes, Mrs. Roberts. Of course it's your aunt."

Mrs. Roberts, through her set teeth, smilingly: "Oh, if it *is*, I'll make him suffer for it."

Mr. Curwen, without: "No, I hated to wait, so I walked up."

Lawton: "It is Mr. Curwen, after all, Mrs. Roberts. Now let me see how a lady transmutes a frown of threatened vengeance into a smile of society welcome."

Mrs. Roberts: "Well, look!" To Mr. Curwen, who enters, followed by her husband: "Ah, Mr. Curwen! So glad to see you. You know all our friends here—Mrs. Miller, Dr. Lawton, and Mr. Bemis?"

Curwen, smiling and bowing and shaking hands right and left: "Very glad—very happy—pleased to know you."

Mrs. Roberts, behind her fan to Dr. Lawton: "Didn't I do it beautifully?"

Lawton, behind his hand: "Wonderfully! And so unconscious of the fact that he hasn't his wife with him."

Mrs. Roberts, in great astonishment, to Mr. Curwen: "Where in the world is Mrs. Curwen?"

Curwen: "Oh—oh—she'll be here. I thought she *was* here. She started from home with two right-hand gloves, and I had to go back for a left, and I—I supposed— Good heavens!" pulling the glove out of his pocket. "I ought to have sent it to her in the ladies' dressing-room." He remains with the glove held up before him, in spectacular stupefaction.

Lawton: "Only imagine what Mrs. Curwen would be saying of you if she *were* in the dressing-room."

Roberts: "Mr. Curwen felt so sure she was there that he wouldn't wait to take the elevator, and walked up." An-

other ring is heard. "Shall I go and meet your aunt *now*, my dear?"

Mrs. Roberts: "No, indeed! She may come in now with all the formality she chooses, and I will receive her excuses in state." She waves her fan softly to and fro, concealing a murmur of trepidation under an indignant air, till the *portière* parts, and Mr. Willis Campbell enters. Then Mrs. Roberts breaks in nervous agitation: "Why, Willis! Where's Aunt Mary?"

Mrs. Miller: "And Mr. Miller?"

Curwen: "And Mrs. Curwen?"

Lawton: "And my daughter?"

Bemis: "And my son?"

Mr. Campbell, looking tranquilly round on the faces of his interrogators: "Is it a conundrum?"

Mrs. Roberts, mingling a real distress with an effort of mock-heroic solemnity: "It is a tragedy! Oh, Willis dear! it's what you see—what you hear: a niece without an aunt, a wife without a husband, a father without a son, and another father without a daughter."

Roberts: "And a dinner getting cold, and a cook getting hot."

Lawton: "And you are expected to account for the whole situation."

Campbell: "Oh, I understand! I don't know what your little game is, Agnes, but I can wait and see. *I'm* not hungry."

Mrs. Roberts: "Willis, do you think I would try to play a trick on you, if I could?"

Campbell: "I think you can't. Come, now, Agnes! It's a failure. Own up, and bring the rest of the company out of the next room. I suppose almost anything is allowable at this festive season, but this is pretty feeble."

Mrs. Roberts: "Indeed, indeed, they're not there!"

Campbell: "Where are they, then?"

All: "That's what we don't know."

Campbell: "Oh, come, now! that's a little too thin. You don't know where *any* of all these blood-relations and connections by marriage are? Well, search me."

Mrs. Roberts, in open distress: "Oh, I'm sure something must have happened to Aunt Mary!"

Mrs. Miller: "I can't understand what Ellery C. Miller means."

Lawton, with simulated sternness: "I hope you haven't let that son of yours run away with my daughter, Bemis?"

Bemis: "I'm afraid he's come to a pass where he wouldn't ask *my* leave."

Curwen, re-assuring himself: "Ah, she's all right, of course. I know that—"

Bemis: "Miss Lawton?"

Curwen: "No, no—Mrs. Curwen."

Campbell: "Is it a true bill, Agnes?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Indeed it is, Willis. We've been expecting her for an hour—of course she always comes early—and I'm afraid she's been taken ill suddenly."

Roberts: "Oh, I don't think it's that, my dear."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, of course you never think anything's wrong, Edward. My whole family might die, and—" Mrs. Roberts restrains herself, and turns to Mr. Campbell, with hysterical cheerfulness: "Who came up in the elevator with you?"

Campbell: "Me? *I* didn't come in the elevator. I had my usual luck. The elevator was up somewhere, and after I'd pressed the annunciator button till my thumb ached, I watched my chance and walked up."

Mrs. Roberts: "Where was the janitor?"

Campbell: "Where the janitor always is—nowhere."

Lawton: "Eating his Christmas dinner, probably."

Mrs. Roberts, partially abandoning and then recovering herself: "Yes, it's perfectly spoiled! Well, friends, I think we'd better go to dinner—that's the only way to bring them. I'll go out and interview the cook." *Sotto voce* to her husband: "If I don't go somewhere and have a cry, I shall break down here before everybody. Did you ever know anything so strange? It's perfectly—pokerish."

Lawton: "Yes, there's nothing like serving dinner to bring the belated guest. It's as infallible as going without an umbrella when it won't rain."

Campbell: "No, no! Wait a minute, Roberts. You might sit down without one guest, but you can't sit down without five. It's the old joke about the part of Hamlet. I'll just step round to Aunt Mary's house—why, I'll be back in three minutes."

Mrs. Roberts, with perfervid gratitude: "Oh, how *good* you are, Willis! You don't know how *much* you're doing! What presence of mind you have! Why couldn't we have thought of sending for her? Oh, Willis, I can never be grateful enough to you! But you always think of everything."

Roberts: "I accept my punishment meekly, Willis, since it's in your honor."

Lawton: "It's a simple and beautiful solution, Mrs. Roberts, as far as your aunt's concerned; but I don't see how it helps the rest of us."

Mrs. Miller, to Mr. Campbell: "If you meet Mr. Miller—"

Curwen: "Or my wife—"

Bemis: Or my son—"

Lawton: "Or my daughter—"

Campbell: "I'll tell them they've just one chance in a hundred to save their lives, and that one is open to them for just five minutes."

Lawton: "Tell my daughter that I've been here half an hour, and everybody knows I drove here with her."

Bemis: "Tell my son that the next time I'll walk, and let him drive."

Mrs. Miller: "Tell Mr. Miller I found I had my fan, after all."

Curwen: "And Mrs. Curwen that I've got her glove all right." He holds it up.

Mrs. Roberts, at a look of mystification and demand from her brother: "Never mind explanations, Willis. They'll understand, and we'll explain when you get back."

Lawton, examining the glove which Curwen holds up: "Why, so it *is* right!"

Curwen: "What do you mean?"

Lawton: "Were you sent back to get a *left* glove?"

Curwen: "Yes, yes; of course."

Lawton: "Well, if you'll notice, this is a right one. The one at home is left."

Curwen, staring helplessly at it: "Gracious Powers! what shall I do?"

Lawton: "Pray that Mrs. Curwen may *never* come."

Mr. Curwen, dashing through the door: "I'll be back by the time Mr. Campbell returns."

Mrs. Miller, with tokens of breaking down visible to Mrs. Roberts: "I wonder what could have kept Mr. Miller? It's so very mysterious, I—"

Mrs. Roberts, suddenly seizing her by the arm, and hurrying her from the room: "Now, Mrs. Miller, you've just got time to see my baby."

Mr. Roberts, winking at his remaining guests: "A little cry will do them good. I saw, as soon as Willis came in instead of her aunt, that my wife couldn't get through without it. They'll come back as bright as—"

Lawton: "Bemis, should you mind a bereaved father falling upon your neck?"

Bemis: "Yes, Lawton, I think I should."

Lawton: "Well, it *is* rather odd about all those people. You can say of one or two that they've been delayed, but five people can't have been delayed. It's too much. It amounts to a coincidence. Hello! What's that?"

Roberts: "What's what?"

Lawton: "I thought I heard a cry."

Roberts: "Very likely you did. They profess to deaden these floors so that you can't hear from one apartment to another. But I know pretty well when my neighbor overhead is trying to wheel his baby to sleep in a perambulator at three o'clock in the morning; and I guess our young lady lets the people below understand when she's wakeful. But it's the only way to live, after all. I wouldn't go back to the old up-and-down-stairs, house-in-a-block system on any account. Here we all live on the ground-floor practically. The elevator equalizes everything."

Bemis: "Yes, when it happens to be where you are. I believe I prefer the good old Florentine fashion of walking upstairs, after all."

Lawton: "Roberts, I *did* hear something. Hark! It sounded like a cry for help. There!"

Roberts: "You're nervous, doctor. It's nothing. However, it's easy enough to go out and see." He goes out to the door of the apartment, and immediately returns. He beckons to Dr. Lawton and Mr. Bemis, with a mysterious whisper: "Come here, both of you. Don't alarm the ladies."

II.

In the interior of the elevator are seated Mrs. Roberts's Aunt Mary (Mrs. Crashaw), Mrs. Curwen, and Miss Lawton; Mr. Miller and Mr. Alfred Bemis are standing with their hats in their hands. They are in dinner costume, with their overcoats on their arms, and the ladies' draperies and ribbons show from under their outer wraps, where they are caught up and held with that caution which characterizes ladies in sitting attitudes which they have not been able to choose deliberately. As they talk together, the elevator rises very slowly, and they continue talking for some time before they observe that it has stopped.

Mrs. Crashaw: "It's very fortunate that we are all here together. I ought to

have been here half an hour ago, but I was kept at home by an accident to my finery, and before I could be put in repair I heard it striking the quarter past. I don't know what my niece will say to me. I hope you good people will all stand by me if she should be violent."

Miller: "In what a poor man may with his wife's fan, you shall command me, Mrs. Crashaw." He takes the fan out, and unfurls it.

Mrs. Crashaw: "Did she send you back for it?"

Miller: "I shouldn't have had the pleasure of arriving with you if she hadn't."

Mrs. Crashaw, laughing, to Mrs. Curwen: "What did you send *yours* back for, my dear?"

Mrs. Curwen, thrusting out one hand gloved, and the other ungloved: "I didn't want two rights."

Young Mr. Bemis: "Not even women's rights?"

Mrs. Curwen: "Oh, so young and so depraved! Are all the young men in Florence so bad?" Surveying her extended arms, which she turns over: "I don't know that I need have sent him for the other glove. I could have explained to Mrs. Roberts. Perhaps she would have forgiven my coming in one glove."

Miller, looking down at the pretty arms: "If she had seen you without."

Mrs. Curwen: "Oh, you were looking!" She rapidly involves her arms in her wrap. Then she suddenly unwraps them, and regards them thoughtfully. "What if he should bring a ten-button instead of an eight! And he's quite capable of doing it."

Miller: "Are there such things as ten-button gloves?"

Mrs. Curwen: "You would think there were two-thousand-button gloves if you had them to button."

Miller: "It would depend upon whom I had to button them for."

Mrs. Curwen; "For Mrs. Miller, for example."

Mrs. Crashaw: "We women are too bad, always sending people back for something. It's well the men don't know *how* bad."

Mrs. Curwen: "'Sh! Mr. Miller is listening. And he thought we were perfect. He asks nothing better than to be sent back for his wife's fan. And he doesn't say anything even under his breath when she finds she's forgotten it, and begins, 'Oh, dearest, my fan—' Mr. Curwen does. But he goes all the same. I hope you have your father in good training, Miss Lawton. You must commence with your father, if you expect your husband to be 'good.'"

Miss Lawton: "Then mine will never behave, for papa is perfectly incorrigible."

Mrs. Curwen: "I'm sorry to hear such a bad report of him. Shouldn't *you* think he would be 'good,' Mr. Bemis?"

Young Mr. Bemis: "I should think he would try."

Mrs. Curwen: "A diplomate, as well as a punster already! I must warn Miss Lawton."

Mrs. Crashaw, interposing to spare the young people: "What an amusing thing elevator etiquette is! Why should the gentlemen take their hats off? Why don't you take your hats off in a horse-car?"

Miller: "The theory is that the elevator is a room."

Young Mr. Bemis: "We were at a hotel in London where they called it the Ascending Room."

Miss Lawton: "Oh, how amusing!"

Miller, looking about: "This is a regular drawing-room for size and luxury. They're usually such cribs in these hotels."

Mrs. Crashaw: "Yes, it's very nice, though I say it that shouldn't of my niece's elevator. The worst about it is, it's so slow."

Miller: "Let's hope it's sure."

Young Mr. Bemis: "Some of these elevators in America go up like express trains."

Mrs. Curwen, drawing her shawl about her shoulders, as if to be ready to step out: "Well, I never get into one without taking my life in my hand, and my heart in my mouth. I suppose every one really expects an elevator to drop with them, some day, just as everybody really expects to see a ghost some time."

Mrs. Crashaw: "Oh, my dear! what an extremely disagreeable subject of conversation!"

Mrs. Curwen: "I can't help it, Mrs. Crashaw. When I reflect that there are two thousand elevators in Boston, and that the inspectors have just pronounced a hundred and seventy of them unsafe, I'm so desperate when I get into one that I could—flirt!"

Miller, guarding himself with the fan: "Not with me!"

Miss Lawton, to young Mr. Bemis: "How it *does* creep!"

Young Mr. Bemis, looking down fondly at her: "Oh, does it?"

Mrs. Crashaw: "Why, it doesn't go at all! It's stopped. Let us get out." They all rise.

The Elevator Boy, pulling at the rope: "We're not there, yet."

Mrs. Crashaw, with mingled trepidation and severity: "Not there? What are you stopping, then, for?"

The Elevator Boy: "I don't know. It seems to be caught."

Mrs. Crashaw: "Caught?"

Miss Lawton: "Oh dear!"

Young Mr. Bemis: "Don't mind."

Miller: "Caught? Nonsense!"

Mrs. Curwen: "*We're* caught, I should say." She sinks back on the seat.

The Elevator Boy: "Seemed to be going kind of funny all day!" He keeps tugging at the rope.

Miller, arresting the boy's efforts: "Well, hold on—stop! What are you doing?"

The Elevator Boy: "Trying to make it go."

Miller: "Well, don't be so—violent about it. You might break something."

The Elevator Boy: "Break a wire rope like that!"

Miller: "Well, well, be quiet, now. Ladies, I think you'd better sit down—and as gently as possible. I wouldn't move about much."

Mrs. Curwen: "Move! We're stone. And I wish for my part I were a feather."

Miller, to the boy: "Er—a er—where do you suppose we are?"

The Elevator Boy: "We're in the shaft, between the fourth and fifth floors." He attempts a fresh demonstration on the rope, but is prevented.

Miller: "Hold on! Er—er—"

Mrs. Crashaw, as if the boy had to be communicated with through an interpreter: "Ask him if it's ever happened before."

Miller: "Yes. Were you ever caught before?"

The Elevator Boy: "No."

Miller: "He says no."

Mrs. Crashaw: "Ask him if the elevator has a safety device."

Miller: "Has it got a safety device?"

The Elevator Boy: "How should I know?"

Miller: "He says he don't know."

Mrs. Curwen, in a shriek of hysterical laughter: "Why, he understands English!"

Mrs. Crashaw, sternly ignoring the insinuation: "Ask him if there's any means of calling the janitor."

Miller: "Could you call the janitor?"

The Elevator Boy, ironically: "Well, there ain't any telephone attachment."

Miller, solemnly: "No, he says there isn't."

Mrs. Crashaw, sinking back on the seat with resignation: "Well, I don't know what my niece will say."

Miss Lawton: "Poor papa!"

Young Mr. Bemis, gathering one of her wandering hands into his: "Don't be frightened. I'm sure there's no danger."

The Elevator Boy, indignantly: "Why, she can't *drop*. The cogs in the runs won't let her!"

All: "Oh!"

Miller, with a deep sigh of relief: "I knew there must be something of the kind. Well, I wish my wife had her fan."

Mrs. Curwen: "And if I had my left glove I should be perfectly happy. Not that I know what the cogs in the runs are!"

Mrs. Crashaw: "Then we're merely caught here?"

Miller: "That's all."

Mrs. Curwen: "It's quite enough for the purpose. Couldn't you put on a life-preserver, Mr. Miller, and go ashore and get help from the natives?"

Miss Lawton, putting her handkerchief to her eyes: "Oh dear!"

Mrs. Crashaw, putting her arm round her: "Don't be frightened, my child. There's no danger."

Young Mr. Bemis, caressing the hand which he holds: "Don't be frightened."

Miss Lawton: "Don't leave me."

Young Mr. Bemis: "No, no; I won't. Keep fast hold of my hand."

Miss Lawton: "Oh yes, I will! I'm ashamed to cry."

Young Mr. Bemis, fervently: "Oh, you needn't be! It is perfectly natural you should."

Mrs. Curwen: "I'm too badly scared for tears. Mr. Miller, you seem to be in charge of this expedition—couldn't you do something? Throw out ballast, or let the boy down in a parachute? Or I've read of a shipwreck where the survivors, in an open boat, joined in a cry, and attracted the notice of a vessel that was go-

ing to pass them. We might join in a cry."

Miller: "Oh, it's all very well joking, Mrs. Curwen—"

Mrs. Curwen: "You call it joking!"

Miller: "But it's not so amusing, being cooped up here indefinitely. I don't know how we're to get out. We can't join in a cry, and rouse the whole house. It would be ridiculous."

Mrs. Curwen: "And our present attitude is so eminently dignified! Well, I suppose we shall have to cast lots pretty soon to see which of us shall be sacrificed to nourish the survivors. It's long past dinner-time."

Miss Lawton, breaking down: "Oh, *don't* say such terrible things."

Young Mr. Bemis, indignantly comforting her: "Don't, don't cry. There's no danger. It's perfectly safe."

Miller, to the Elevator Boy: "Couldn't you climb up the cable, and get on to the landing, and—ah!—get somebody?"

The Elevator Boy: "I could, maybe, if there was a hole in the roof."

Miller, glancing up: "Ah! true."

Mrs. Crashaw, with an old lady's serious kindness: "My boy, can't you think of anything to do for us?"

The Elevator Boy, yielding to the touch of humanity, and bursting into tears: "No, ma'am, I can't. And everybody blamin' me, as if I done it! What's my poor mother goin' to do?"

Mrs. Crashaw, soothingly: "But you said the runs in the cogs—"

The Elevator Boy: "How can I tell? That's what they say. They hain't never been tried."

Mrs. Curwen, springing to her feet: "There! I knew I should. Oh!" She sinks fainting to the floor.

Mrs. Crashaw, abandoning Miss Lawton to the ministrations of young Mr. Bemis, while she kneels beside Mrs. Curwen and chafes her hand: "Oh, poor thing! I knew she was overwrought by the way she was keeping up. Give her air, Mr. Miller. Open a— Oh, there isn't any window!"

Miller, dropping on his knees and fanning Mrs. Curwen: "There! there! Wake up, Mrs. Curwen. I didn't mean to scold you for joking. I didn't, indeed. I—I—I don't know what the deuce I'm up to." He gathers Mrs. Curwen's inanimate form in his arms, and fans her face where it lies on his shoulder. "I don't know what my wife would say if—"

Mrs. Crashaw: "She would say that you were doing your duty."

Miller, a little consoled: "Oh, do you think so? Well, perhaps."

Young Mr. Bemis: "Do you feel faint at all, Miss Lawton?"

Miss Lawton: "No, I think not. No, not if you say it's safe."

Young Mr. Bemis: "Oh, I'm sure it is!"

Miss Lawton, renewing her hold upon his hand: "Well, then! Perhaps I hurt you?"

Young Mr. Bemis: "No, no! You couldn't."

Miss Lawton: "How kind you are!"

Mrs. Curwen, opening her eyes: "Where—"

Miller, rapidly transferring her to Mrs. Crashaw: "Still in the elevator, Mrs. Curwen." Rising to his feet: "Something must be done. Perhaps we *had* better unite in a cry. It's ridiculous, of course. But it's the only thing we can do. Now, then! Hello!"

Miss Lawton: "Papa!"

Mrs. Crashaw: "Agne-e-e-s!"

Mrs. Curwen, faintly: "Walter!"

The Elevator Boy: "Say!"

Miller: "Oh, that won't do! All join in 'Hello!'"

All: "Hello!"

Miller: "Once more!"

All: "Hello!"

Miller: "*Once* more!"

All: "Hello!"

Miller: "Now wait a while." After an interval: "No, nobody coming." He takes out his watch. "We must repeat this cry at intervals of a half-minute. Now, then!" They all join in the cry, repeating it as Mr. Miller makes the signal with his lifted hand.

Miss Lawton: "Oh, it's no use!"

Mrs. Crashaw: "They don't hear."

Mrs. Curwen: "They *won't* hear."

Miller: "Now, then, three times!"

All: "Hello! hello! hello!"

III.

Roberts appears at the outer door of his apartment on the fifth floor. It opens upon a spacious landing, to which a wide staircase ascends at one side. At the other is seen the grated door to the shaft of the elevator. He peers about on all sides, and listens for a moment before he speaks.

Roberts: "Hello yourself."

Miller, invisibly from the shaft: "Is that you, Roberts?"

Roberts: "Yes; where in the world are you?"

Miller: "In the elevator."

Mrs. Crashaw: "We're *all* here, Edward."

Roberts: "What! You, Aunt Mary?"

Mrs. Crashaw: "Yes. Didn't I say so?"

Roberts: "Why don't you come up?"

Miller: "We can't. The elevator has got stuck somehow."

Roberts: "Got stuck? Bless my soul! How did it happen? How long have you been there?"

Mrs. Curwen: "Since the world began!"

Miller: "What's the use asking how it happened? We don't know, and we don't care. What we want to do is to get out."

Roberts: "Yes, yes! Be careful!" He rises from his frog-like posture at the grating, and walks the landing in agitation. "Just hold on a minute!"

Miller: "Oh, *we* sha'n't stir."

Roberts: "I'll see what can be done."

Miller: "Well, see quick, please. We have plenty of time, but we don't want to lose any. Don't alarm Mrs. Miller, if you can help it."

Roberts: "No, no."

Mrs. Curwen: "You *may* alarm Mr. Curwen."

Roberts: "What! Are *you* there?"

Mrs. Curwen: "Here? I've been here all my life!"

Roberts: "Ha! ha! ha! That's right. We'll soon have you out. Keep up your spirits."

Mrs. Curwen: "But I'm *not* keeping them up."

Miss Lawton: "Tell papa I'm here too."

Roberts: "What! You too, Miss Lawton?"

Mrs. Crashaw: "Yes, and young Mr. Bemis. Didn't I *tell* you we were all here?"

Roberts: "I couldn't realize it. Well, wait a moment."

Mrs. Curwen: "Oh, you can trust us to wait."

Roberts, returning with Dr. Lawton and Mr. Bemis, who join him in stooping round the grated door of the shaft: "They're just under here in the well of the elevator, midway between the two stories."

Lawton: "Ha! ha! ha! You don't say so."

Bemis: "Bless my heart! What are they doing there?"

Miller: "We're not doing anything."

Mrs. Curwen: "We're waiting for you to do something."

Miss Lawton: "Oh, papa!"

Lawton: "Don't be troubled, Lou, we'll soon have you out."

Young Mr. Bemis: "Don't be alarmed, sir. Miss Lawton is all right."

Miss Lawton: "Yes, I'm not frightened, papa."

Lawton: "Well, that's a great thing in cases of this kind. How did you happen to get there?"

Miller, indignantly: "How do you suppose? We came up in the elevator."

Lawton: "Well, why didn't you come the rest of the way?"

Miller: "The elevator wouldn't."

Lawton: "What seems to be the matter?"

Miller: "We don't know."

Lawton: "Have you tried to start it?"

Miller: "Well, I'll leave that to your imagination."

Lawton: "Well, be careful what you do. You might—"

Miller, interrupting: "Roberts, who's that talking?"

Roberts, coming forward politely: "Oh, excuse me! I forgot that you didn't know each other. Dr. Lawton, Mr. Miller." Introducing them.

Lawton: "Glad to know you."

Miller: "Very happy to make your acquaintance, and hope some day to see you. And now, if you've completed your diagnosis—"

Mrs. Curwen: "None of us have ever had it before, doctor; nor any of our families, so far as we know."

Lawton: "Ha! ha! ha! Very good! Well, just keep quiet. We'll have you all out of there presently."

Bemis: "Yes, remain perfectly still."

Roberts: "Yes, we'll have you out. Just wait."

Miller: "You seem to think we're going to run away. Why shouldn't we keep quiet? Do you suppose we're going to be very boisterous, shut up here like rats in a trap?"

Mrs. Curwen: "Or birds in a cage, if you want a more pleasing image."

Mrs. Crashaw: "How are you going to get us out, Edward?"

Roberts: "We don't know yet. But keep quiet—"

"THERE! THERE! WAKE UP, MRS. CURWEN."

Miller: "Keep quiet! Great heavens! we're afraid to stir a finger. Now don't say 'keep quiet' any more, for we can't stand it."

Lawton: "He's in open rebellion. What are you going to do, Roberts?"

Roberts, rising and scratching his head: "Well, I don't know yet. We might break a hole in the roof."

Lawton: "Ah, I don't think that would do. Besides you'd have to get a carpenter."

Roberts: "That's true. And it would make a racket, and alarm the house—" staring desperately at the grated doorway of the shaft. "If I could only find an elevator man—an elevator builder! But of course they all live in the suburbs, and they're keeping Christmas, and it would take too long, anyway."

Bemis: "Hadn't you better send for the police? It seems to me it's a case for the authorities."

Lawton: "Ah, there speaks the Europeanized mind! They always leave the initiative to the authorities. Go out and sound the fire-alarm, Roberts. It's a case for the Fire Department."

Roberts: "Oh, it's all very well to joke, Dr. Lawton. Why don't you prescribe something?"

Lawton: "Surgical treatment seems to be indicated, and I'm merely a general practitioner."

Roberts: "If Willis were only here, he'd find some way out of it. Well, I'll have to go for help somewhere—"

Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Miller, bursting upon the scene: "Oh, what is it?"

Lawton: "Ah, you needn't go for help, my dear fellow. It's come!"

Mrs. Roberts: "What are you all doing here, Edward?"

Mrs. Miller: "Oh, have you had any bad news of Mr. Miller?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Or Aunt Mary?"

Miller, calling up: "Well, are you going to keep us here all night? Why don't you do something?"

Mrs. Miller: "Oh, what's that? Oh, it's Mr. Miller! Oh, where are you, Ellery?"

Miller: "In the elevator."

Mrs. Miller: "Oh! and where is the elevator? Why don't you get out? Oh—"

Miller: "It's caught, and we can't."

Mrs. Miller: "Caught? Oh, then you will be killed—killed—killed! And it's all my fault, sending you back after my fan, and I had it all the time in my own pocket; and it comes from my habit of giving it to you to carry in your overcoat pocket, because it's deep, and the fan can't break. And of course I never thought of my own pocket, and I never *should* have thought of it at all if Mr. Curwen hadn't been going back to get Mrs. Curwen's glove, for he'd brought another right after she'd sent him for a left, and we were all having such a laugh about it, and I just happened to put my hand on my pocket, and there I felt the fan. And oh, *what* shall I do?" Mrs. Miller utters these explanations and self-reproaches in a lamentable voice, while crouching close to the grated door to the elevator shaft, and clinging to its meshes.

Miller: "Well, well, it's all right. I've got you another fan, here. Don't be frightened."

Mrs. Roberts, wildly: "Where's Aunt Mary, Edward? Has Willis got back?" At a guilty look from her husband: "Edward! *don't* tell me that *she's* in that elevator! Don't do it, Edward! For your own sake, don't. Don't tell me that your own child's mother's aunt is down there, suspended between heaven and earth like —like—"

Lawton: "The coffin of the Prophet."

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes. *Don't* tell me, Edward! Spare your child's mother, if you won't spare your wife!"

Mrs. Crashaw: "Agnes! don't be ridiculous. I'm here, and I never was more comfortable in my life."

Mrs. Roberts, calling down the grating: "Oh! Is it you, Aunt Mary?"

Mrs. Crashaw: "Of course it is!"

Mrs. Roberts: "You recognize my voice?"

Mrs. Crashaw: "I should hope so, indeed! Why shouldn't I?"

Mrs. Roberts: "And you know me? Agnes? Oh!"

Mrs. Crashaw: "Don't be a goose, Agnes."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, it *is* you, aunty. It *is!* Oh, I'm *so* glad! I'm *so* happy! But keep perfectly still, aunty dear, and we'll soon have you out. Think of baby, and don't give way."

Mrs. Crashaw: "I shall not, if the elevator doesn't; you may depend upon that."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, what courage you *do* have! But keep up your spirits! Mrs. Miller and I have just come from seeing baby. She's gone to sleep with all her little presents in her arms. The children did want to see you so much before they went to bed. But never mind that now, Aunt Mary. I'm only too thankful to have you at all!".

Mrs. Crashaw: "I wish you did have me! And if you will all stop talking and try some of you to do something, I shall be greatly obliged to you. It's worse than it was in the sleeping-car that night."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, do you remember it, Aunt Mary? Oh, how funny you are!" Turning heroically to her husband: "Now, Edward dear, get them out. If it's necessary, get them out over my dead body. Anything! Only hurry. I will be calm; I will be patient. But you must act instantly. Oh, here comes Mr. Curwen!" Mr. Curwen mounts the stairs to the landing with every sign of exhaustion, as if he had made a very quick run to and from his house. "Oh, *he* will help —I know he will! Oh, Mr. Curwen, the elevator is caught just below here with my aunt in it and Mrs. Miller's husband—"

Lawton: "And my girl."

Bemis: "And my boy."

Mrs. Curwen, calling up: "And your wife!"

Curwen, horror-struck: "And my wife! Oh, heavenly powers! what are we going to do? How shall we get them out? Why don't they come up?"

All: "They can't."

Curwen: "Can't? Oh, my goodness!" He flies at the grating, and kicks and beats it.

Roberts: "Hold on! What's the use of that?"

Lawton: "You couldn't get at them if you beat the door down."

Bemis: "Certainly not." They lay hands upon him and restrain him.

Curwen, struggling: "Let me speak to my wife! Will you prevent a husband from speaking to his own wife?"

Mrs. Miller, in blind admiration of his frenzy: "Yes, that's just what I said. If some one had beaten the door in at once—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, Edward dear, let him speak to his wife." Tearfully: "Think if *I* were there!"

Roberts, releasing him: "He may speak to his wife all night. But he mustn't knock the house down."

Curwen, rushing at the grating: "Caroline! Can you hear me? Are you safe?"

Mrs. Curwen: "Perfectly. I had a little faint when we first stuck—"

Curwen: "Faint? Oh!"

Mrs. Curwen: "But I'm all right now."

Curwen: "Well, that's right. Don't be frightened! There's no occasion for excitement. Keep perfectly calm and collected. It's the only way— What's that ringing?" The sound of an electric bell is heard within the elevator. It increases in fury.

Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Miller: "Oh, isn't it dreadful?"

The Elevator Boy: "It's somebody on the ground-floor callin' the elevator!"

Curwen: "Well, never mind him. Don't pay the slightest attention to him. Let him go to the deuce! And, Caroline?"

Mrs. Curwen: "Yes?"

Curwen: "I—I—I've got your glove all right."

Mrs. Curwen: "Left, you mean, I hope?"

Curwen: "Yes, left, dearest! I *mean* left."

Mrs. Curwen: "Eight-button?"

Curwen: "Yes."

Mrs. Curwen: "Light drab?"

Curwen, pulling a light yellow glove from his pocket: "Oh!" He staggers away from the grating and stays himself against the wall, the mistaken glove dangling limply from his hand.

Roberts, Lawton, and Bemis: "Ah! ha! ha! ha!"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, for shame! to laugh at such a time!"

Mrs. Miller: "When it's a question of life and death. There! the ringing's stopped. What's that!" Steps are heard mounting the stairway rapidly, several treads at a time. Mr. Campbell suddenly bursts into the group on the landing with a final bound from the stairway. "Oh!"

Campbell: "I can't find Aunt Mary, Agnes. I can't find anything—not even the elevator. Where's the elevator? I rang for it down there till I was black in the face."

Mrs. Roberts: "No wonder! It's here."

Mrs. Miller: "Between this floor and the floor below. With my husband in it."

Curwen: "And my wife!"

Lawton: "And my daughter!"

Bemis: "And my son!"

Mrs. Roberts: "And aunty!"

All: "And it's stuck fast."

Roberts: "And the long and short of it is, Willis, that we don't know how to get them out, and we wish you would suggest some way."

Lawton: "There's been a great tacit confidence among us in your executive ability and your inventive genius."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh yes, we know you can do it."

Mrs. Miller: "If you can't, nothing can save them."

Campbell, going to the grating: "Miller!"

Miller: "Well?"

Campbell: "Start her up!"

Miller: "Now look here, Campbell, we are not going to stand that; we've had enough of it. I speak for the whole elevator. Don't you suppose that if it had been possible to start her up we—"

Mrs. Curwen: "We shouldn't have been at the moon by this time?"

Campbell: "Well, then, start her *down!*"

Miller: "I never thought of that." To the Elevator Boy: "Start her down." To the people on the landing above: "Hurrah! She's off!"

Campbell: "Well, *now* start her up!"

A joint cry from the elevator: "Thank you! we'll *walk* up this time."

Miller: "Here! let us out at this landing!" They are heard precipitately emerging, with sighs and groans of relief, on the floor below.

Mrs. Roberts, devoutly: "Oh, Willis, it seems like an interposition of Providence your coming just at this moment."

Campbell: "Interposition of commonsense! These hydraulic elevators weaken sometimes, and can't go any further."

Roberts, to the shipwrecked guests, who arrive at the top of the stairs crest-fallen, spent, and clinging to one another for support: "Why didn't you think of starting her down, some of you?"

Mrs. Roberts, welcoming them with kisses and hand-shakes: "I should have thought it would occur to you at once."

Miller, goaded to exasperation: "Did it occur to any of *you?*"

Lawton, with sublime impudence: "It occurred to *all* of us. But we naturally supposed you had tried it."

Mrs. Miller, taking possession of her husband: "Oh, what a fright you have given us!"

Miller: "*I* given you! Do you sup-

"DID YOU MEAN—NEVER?"

pose I did it out of a joke, or voluntarily?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Aunty, I don't know what to say to you. *You* ought to have been here long ago, before anything happened."

Mrs. Crashaw: "Oh, I can explain everything in due season. What I wish you to do now is to let me get at Willis, and kiss him." As Campbell submits to her embrace: "You dear, good fellow! If

it hadn't been for your presence of mind, I don't know how we should ever have got out of that horrid pen."

Mrs. Curwen, giving him her hand: "As it isn't proper for *me* to kiss you—"

Campbell: "Well, I don't know. I don't wish to be *too* modest."

Mrs. Curwen: "I think I shall have to vote you a service of plate."

Mrs. Roberts: "Come and look at the pattern of mine. And, Willis, as you are the true hero of the occasion, you shall take me in to dinner. And I am not going to let anybody go before you." She seizes his arm, and leads the way from the landing into the apartment. Roberts, Lawton, and Bemis follow stragglingly.

Mrs. Miller, getting her husband to one side: "When she fainted, she fainted *at* you, of course! What did you do?"

Miller: "Who? I? Oh!" After a moment's reflection: "She came to!"

Curwen, getting his wife aside: "When you fainted, Caroline, who revived you?"

Mrs. Curwen: "Who? *Me?* Oh! How should I know? I was insensible." They wheel arm in arm, and meet Mr. and Mrs. Miller in the middle. Mrs. Curwen yields precedence with an ironical courtesy: "After you, Mrs. Miller!"

Mrs. Miller, in a nervous, inimical twitter: "Oh, before the heroine of the lost elevator?"

Mrs. Curwen, dropping her husband's arm, and taking Mrs. Miller's: "Let us split the difference."

Mrs. Miller: "Delightful! I shall never forget the honor."

Mrs. Curwen: "Oh, don't speak of honors! Mr. Miller was *so* kind through all those terrible scenes in the elevator." They pass in, followed by their husbands.

Young Mr. Bemis, timidly: "Miss Lawton, in the elevator you asked me not to leave you. Did you—ah—mean—I *must* ask you; it may be my only chance; if you meant—never?"

Miss Lawton, dropping her head: "I—I—don't—know."

Young Mr. Bemis: "But if I *wished* never to leave you, should you send me away?"

Miss Lawton, with a shy, sly upward glance at him: "Not in the elevator!"

Young Mr. Bemis: "Oh!"

Mrs. Roberts, re-appearing at the door: "Why, you good-for-nothing young things, why don't you come to— Oh! excuse me!" She re-enters precipitately, followed by her tardy guests, on whom she casts a backward glance of sympathy. "Oh, you *needn't* hurry!"

A CAPILLARY CRIME.

NEAR the summit of the hill in the Quartier Montmartre, Paris, is a little street in which the grass grows between the paving-stones, as in the avenues of some dead old Italian city. Tall buildings border the street for about one-third its length, and the walls of tiny gardens belonging to houses on adjacent streets occupy the rest of its extent. It is a populous thoroughfare, but no wheels pass through it, for the very good reason that near the upper end it suddenly takes a short turn, and shoots up the hill at an incline too steep for a horse to climb. The regular morning refuse cart, and on rare occasions a public carriage, venture a short distance into the lower part of the street, and even these, on wet, slippery days, do not pass the door of the first house. Scarcely two minutes' walk from the busy exterior boulevards, this little corner of the great city is as quiet as a village nearly all day long. Early in the morning the sidewalks clatter with the shoes of workmen hurrying down to their work, children scamper along playing hide and seek in the doorways on their way to school, and then follows a long silence, broken only by the glazier with his shrill cry, "Vi-tre-rie!" or the farmer with his "À la crème, fromage à la crème!" In the late summer afternoons the women bring their babies out and sit on the doorsteps, as the Italians do, gossiping across the street, and watching the urchins pitch sous against the curb-stone, or draw schoolboy hieroglyphics on the garden walls. There is a musical quiet in this little street. Birds sing merrily in the stunted trees of the shady gardens, the familiar calls of hens and chickens and the shrill crow of the cock come from every inclosure, and all the while is heard the deep and continuous note of the rumble of the city down below. At night the street is lighted by two lanterns swung on ropes be-

tween opposite houses, and the flickering, dim light, sending uncertain shadows upon the blank walls and the towering façades, gives the place a weird and fantastic aspect.

Montmartre is full of these curious highways. Quite distinct from the rest of the city by reason of its elevated position, few or no modern improvements have changed its character, and a large extent of it remains to-day much the same as it was fifty years ago.

It is perhaps the cheapest quarter of the city. Rents are low, and the necessities and commodities of life are proportionately cheaper than in other parts of the town. This fact, and the situation the quarter affords for unobstructed view of the sky, have always attracted artists, and many cozy studios are hidden away in the maze of house-tops there. On the little street I have just described are several large windows indicating unmistakably the profession of those occupying the apartments.

Late one dark and stormy evening a gate creaked and an automatic bell sounded at the entrance to one of the little gardens half-way up the street. A young woman came out into the light of the swinging lantern, and hurried down the sidewalk. Her unnaturally quick and spasmodic movements showed she was anxious to get away from the neighborhood as quickly as possible. Her instinctive avoidance of the bad places in the sidewalk gave evidence of her familiarity with the locality. In a few moments she had left the tortuous narrow side street that led down the hill, and stood upon the brilliantly lighted boulevard. Pausing for an instant only, she rapidly crossed the street, and soon stood beside the fountain in the Place Pigalle. Here she watched for a moment the surface of the water, ruffled by the gusts of wind and beaten by the fierce rain-drops. Suddenly she turned and hurried away down the Rue Pigalle, across to the Rue Blanche, and was shortly lost in the crowd that was pouring out of the doorway of the skating-rink.

The little street on the hill remained deserted and desolate. The lights in the windows went out one by one. The wind gusts swayed the lanterns to and fro, creaking the rusty pulleys and rattling the glass in the iron frames. Now and then a gate was blown backward and forward with a dull sound, a shutter slammed, and between the surges of the wind could be heard the spirting of the stream from the spouts and the rush of the water in the gutters. Toward midnight a single workman staggered up the street from the cheap cabaret kept in the wood and charcoal shop on the corner. A little later a *sergent de ville*, wrapped in a cloak, passed slowly up the sidewalk, until he came to a spot where the asphalt was worn away, and there was a great pool of muddy water. There he stopped, turned around, and strode down the street again. The melancholy music of the storm went on.

Suddenly, toward morning, there was a dull, prolonged report like the sound of a distant blast of rocks. The great studio window over the little garden flashed all red for an instant, then grew black again, and all was still. Away up on the opposite side of the street a window was opened, a head thrust out, and, meeting the drenching rain, was quickly withdrawn. A hand and bare arm were pushed through the half-open window, feeling for the fastening of the shutter. In an adjoining house a light was seen in the window, and it continued to burn. Then the mournful music of the tempest went on as before.

Shortly after daybreak the same young woman who fled so hastily the evening before slowly and with difficulty mounted the hill. Her clothes were saturated with the rain, and clung to her form as the violent wind caught her and sent her staggering along. Her bonnet was out of shape and beaten down around her ears, and her dark hair was matted on her forehead. Her face was haggard, and her eyes were large and full of a strange gleam. She was evidently of Southern birth, for her features had the sculpturesque regularity of the Italian, and her skin, though pallid and bloodless, was still deep in tone. She hesitated at the garden gate for a while, then opened it, entered, and shut it behind her, the automatic bell tinkling loudly. No one appearing at the door, she opened and shut the gate again to ring the bell. A second and third time she rang in the same way, and without any response from the house. At last, hearing no sound, she crossed the garden, tried the house door, and finding it unlocked, opened it and went in. Shortly afterward a frightened

cry was heard in the studio, and a moment later the girl came out of the house, her haggard face white with fear. Clutching her hands together with a nervous motion, she half ran down the street. A half-hour later a *femme de ménage* opened the gate, passed through the garden, and tried her key in the door. Finding it unlocked, she simply said, "Perhaps he's gone out," and went into the kitchen and began to prepare breakfast. Before the water boiled the gate opened sharply, and three persons entered; first, the martial figure of a *sergent de ville;* second, a tall, blonde young man in a brown velveteen coat and waistcoat and light trousers; and lastly, the girl, still trembling and panting. The *sergent* carefully locked the gate on the inside, taking the key with him, and, followed by the young man, entered the house, paused in the kitchen for a few rapid words with the *femme de ménage*, and then went up into the studio. The girl crouched down upon the stone step by the gate and hid her face.

The studio was of irregular shape, having curious jogs and corners, and one-third of the ceiling lower than the rest. The alcove formed by this drop in the ceiling was about the size of an ordinary bed-chamber. The drawn curtain of the large side light shut out so much of the dim daylight that the whole studio was in twilight. In the farther corner of the deep alcove was a low divan, filling the jog between a quaint staircase which led into the attic and the wall opposite the window. This divan served as a bed, and on this, half covered with the bedclothes, lay a man, stretched on his back, with his face half turned toward the window. The left arm hung over the edge of the divan, and the hand, turned inertly under the wrist, rested on the floor. There was the unmistakable pallor of death on the face, visible even in the uncertain gloom. The *sergent* quickly lowered the curtain, letting in a flood of cold gray light. Then great blood-stains were seen on the pillow, and on the neck and shoulder of the shirt. Beside the bed stood, like a grim guard of the dead body, the rigid and angular figure of a manikin dressed in Turkish costume. Between the manikin and the window lay on the floor a large flint-lock pistol. Near the window stood an easel, with a large canvas turned away from the light.

The two men paused in the middle of the studio, and looked at the spectacle without speaking. Then the young man rushed to the divan, and caught the arm that hung over the side, but dropped it instantly again.

"Touch nothing. Do not touch a single object," commanded the *sergent*, sternly. Then he approached the body himself, put his hand on the face, and said, "He is dead." Taking the young man by the arm, he led him out of the room, carefully locking the door behind him. In the kitchen he wrote a few words on a leaf torn from his note-book, gave it to the *femme de ménage* with a hasty direction, checked her avalanche of questions with a single significant gesture, led the way into the garden, unlocked the gate, and half pushed her into the street.

He stood quietly watching the crouching figure of the young girl for some time, then stooping over her, raised her, half forcibly, half gently, to her feet, and pointed out that the place where she sat was wet and muddy. Then he made a few commonplace remarks about the weather. In a short time the *femme de ménage* returned, breathless, accompanied by two more officers, one of them a lieutenant.

It was curious to see the instantaneous transformation of the little street when the *femme de ménage* and the two policemen entered the gate. Windows were opened and heads thrust out on all sides. It was impossible to say where the people came from, but in a very short time the street was blocked with a crowd that gathered around the gate. Those on the sidewalk struggled to get a peep through the gate, while those in the street stared fixedly at the studio window. One or two tried to force the gate open, but a *sergent de ville*, posted inside, pushed the bolts in place. The *femme de ménage*, who had managed to get a glimpse of the scene in the studio, sat weeping dramatically at the kitchen window.

The lieutenant and the *sergent* who first came went from one room to another, examining everything with care, to see if there had been a robbery. In the studio they scrutinized every inch of the room, even to the dust-covered stairway that led to the little attic over the alcove. Then, after a hasty examination of the corpse, they mounted the stairway that led from the entry to the roof, and search-

ed for fresh scratches on the lead-covered promenade there. Apparently satisfied with the completeness of their search, they remained awhile there looking at the slated roof, and at the hawthorn-tree which stretched two or three strong branches almost up to the iron railing of the balcony.

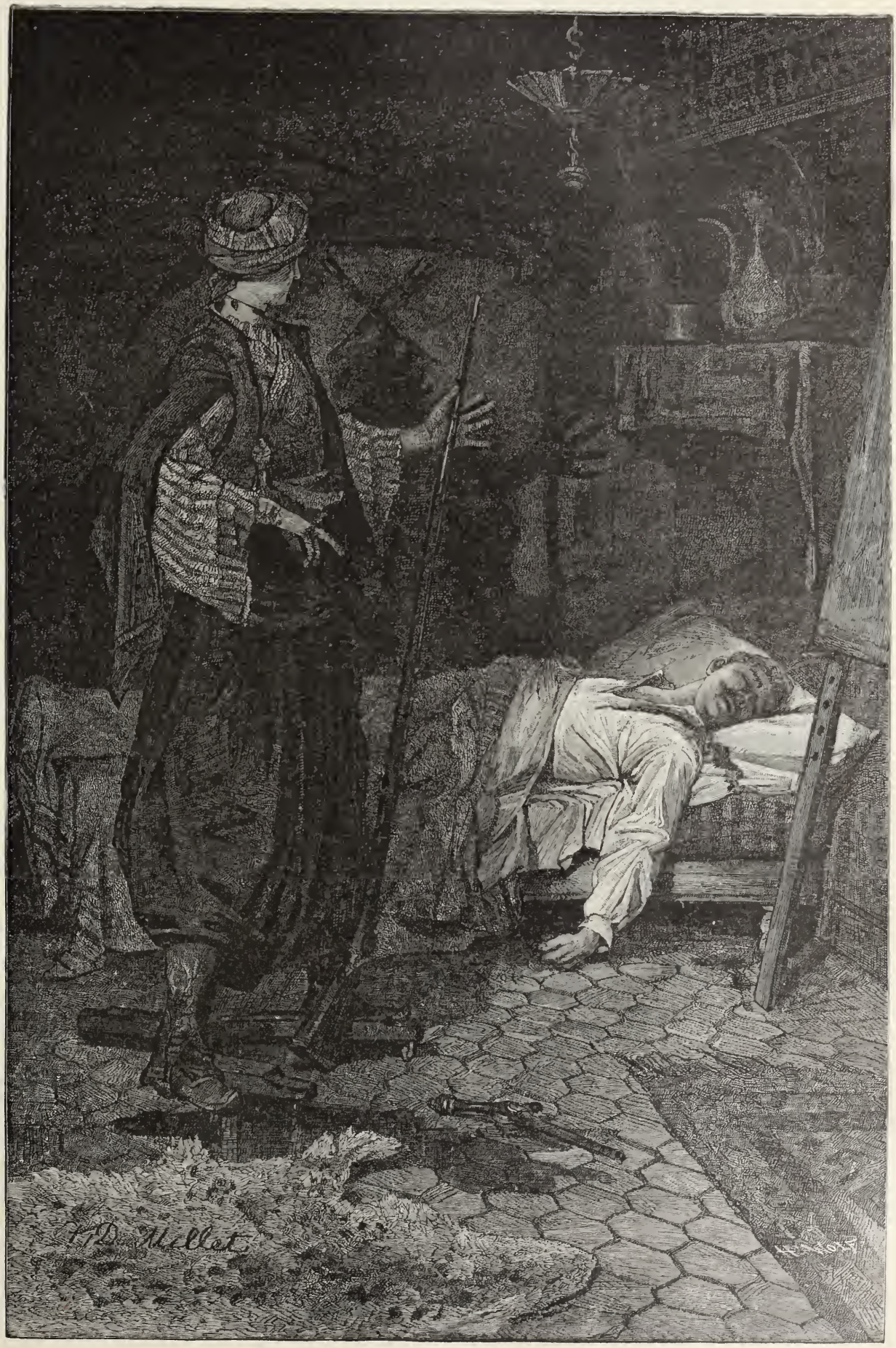
The lieutenant then with great deliberation took down in his note-book the exact situation in the studio, measuring carefully the distance of the pistol from the body, noting the angle of the wound (for the ball had gone through the head just over the ear), taking account of many things that would have escaped the attention of the ordinary observer. When this was finished, he sent away one of the *sergents*, who shortly returned with two men bearing a stretcher, or rather a rusty black bier. The men were conducted to the studio, and there, with business-like haste, they placed the body on the bier, strapped it firmly there, covered it with a soiled and much-worn black cloth, and with the aid of the officers carried it down the stairs and out of the house into the garden. The girl, who had remained standing where the *sergent* had placed her, sank down again on the stone steps at the sight of the black bier and its burden, and hid her face in her hands. There was a momentary gleam of something like satisfaction in the eye of the *sergent* who stood beside her.

The lieutenant, who had remained to put seals on the door of the studio, on the door which led out upon the promenade, and upon all the windows of the upper stories, came out of the house, followed by the young man in the velveteen coat, and the weeping *femme de ménage*. The lieutenant had a bundle in his arms a foot and a half long, done up in a newspaper. He gave the *sergent* at the gate a brief order, then went out into the street, clearing the sidewalk of the crowd. The body was next borne out, and the young man and the two women, followed by one of the *sergents*, presented themselves to the eyes of the curious multitude. Without delay the two bearers marched off down the street at a rapid pace, the heavy burden shaking with the rhythm of their step. The little procession of officers and prisoners, accompanied by the whole of the great crowd, followed the bier to the prefecture. There a preliminary examination of the two women and the young man was held, and they were all detained as witnesses. The body was carried to the Morgue.

It would be tedious to describe in detail the different processes of law which to our Anglo-Saxon eyes appear but empty and useless indignities heaped upon the defenseless dead. Neither would it be an attractive task to give a minute account of the meagre funeral ceremonies which the friends of the dead artist conducted after they had succeeded in getting possession of the body for burial. The grave was dug in the cemetery of Montmartre, and the few simple tributes of friendship placed on the mound were lost among the flashing filigree emblems and gaudy wreaths which adorned the surrounding tombstones.

The theories which were advanced by the three officers who had examined the premises were distinguished by some invention and ingenuity. From carefully collected information concerning the intimate life and whole history of the three persons kept as witnesses, the officers constructed each his separate romance about the motives for the crime and the manner in which it was committed. The lieutenant had quite a voluminous biography of each character.

Concerning Charles Mandel, the dead artist, it was found that he was a native of Styria, in Austria; that his parents and all his relatives were exceedingly poor; that he had worked his way up from a place as a farmer's boy to a position as attendant in the baths at Gastein, and thence he had found his way to Munich, and to the School of Fine Arts there. He had taken a good rank in the Academy, and after several years' study, supporting himself meanwhile on a small government subsidy and by the sale of pen-and-ink sketches, he began to paint pictures. When he had saved money enough he came to Paris, where he had lived about eighteen months. His character was unimpeachable. He lived quietly, and rarely went out of the quarter; was never seen at the balls in the old windmill on the summit of Montmartre, nor did he frequent the Élisée Montmartre, the skating rink, the Cirque Fernando, nor any other place of amusement in the neighborhood. The little Café du Rat Mort, in the Place Pigalle, was the only café he visited, and in this he was accustomed to pass an hour or two every evening in company with



APPEARANCE OF MANDEL'S STUDIO THE MORNING AFTER HIS DEATH.
From drawing by F. D. Millet.

his friend, the sculptor Paul Benner. He was not known to have any enemies, there was no suspicion that he was connected with the Internationalists, and the only reason he had been remarked at all as an individual was because he spoke French badly, and always conversed in German with his friend Benner.

The information concerning the latter was a great deal more accurate and precise. A great deal of it, however, was irrelevant. He was born in Strasburg in 1849, and began the study of his profession there. He came to Paris when he was twenty years old, and entered the Académie des Beaux Arts. After he had finished the course he set up his studio in Montmartre, and had already exhibited successful works in three Salons. He had a great many friends in the city, and was well spoken of by all who knew him. The only thing that could possibly be urged against him was the fact that he seemed very little disturbed at the idea of being a Prussian subject. But he was consistently cosmopolitan, as his intimate friendship with the Austrian and his equally close relations with fellow-students in the Beaux Arts abundantly proved.

The inquiries about the girl were, judging from the frequent gaps in the history as written in the lieutenant's note-book, conducted with difficulty, and with only partial success. She was a Corsican, and was generally called Rose Blanche, the translation of her Corsican name, Rosina Bianchi. By the artists she was facetiously called La Rose Blanche, partly because of her hair and complexion, which were of the darkest Southern hue, and partly for the sake of the grammatical harmony of the name thus altered. Nothing in particular was found out about her early life. She herself declared she was born in a small village in the mountains of Corsica, and that her father, mother, and several brothers and sisters were still living there. She had come to Paris as a model just before the siege, having first begun to pose in Marseilles, whither she had gone from Corsica to live with an aunt. This aunt had married a crockery merchant, and was a respectable member of the community. From her was gleaned some notion of the family. It was of genuine Corsican stock, and they all had the violent passions which are the common characteristic of that people. Rosina while in Marseilles had been quiet and proper enough except when she had been, as her aunt described, *un peu toquée*. At long intervals it seems that she became highly sensitive and excitable. She would on these occasions fly into a mad rage at a trifle, and when she grew calmer would sob and weep for a while, and end by remaining sullen and morose for hours, sometimes for days. Her aunt had opposed her going to Paris, prophesying all sorts of evil. She had never seen her since her departure, and had only heard from her twice or three times since she had left Marseilles.

There was scarcely a better known model in Paris than La Rose Blanche. She was not one of those choice favorites who are engaged for months and sometimes for a year in advance at double prices, but she was in great demand, especially among sculptors. Her head was Italian enough to serve as a model for the costume pictures of the Campagna peasants, but she was much more picturesque as a Spanish girl, and her employment among the painters was chiefly with those who painted Spanish or Eastern subjects. The sculptors found in her form a certain girlishness which had not disappeared with age, and although she was twenty-five years old, she had the lithe, slender figure of a girl of seventeen. There was something of the faun in the accents of her limbs, and she was active, wiry, and muscular. The artists connected the peculiarities of her figure with the characteristics of her disposition, and often said to her, "What a hand and arm for a stiletto!" "Yes," she would answer, with a glittering eye; "and it isn't afraid to hold one either!" Every one had noticed her violent temper, and some of those who were best acquainted with her confessed to the feeling that it was like playing with gunpowder to have much to do with her. When she was in good spirits, she was soft-mannered and amiable; but when roused in the least, she became like a fury. She had frequently posed in the *ateliers*, and then she had been treated with great respect by the students. For the past year she had served often as a model for Benner in the execution of his statue "Diana surprised at her Bath," and when she was not at work with him was generally in Mandel's studio, where she posed for a figure in a picture from the history of Hungary, an event in one of the Turkish invasions. With the exception of the re-

port of her eccentricities of temper, nothing had counted against her. Even this was partly counterbalanced by the testimony of many to whom she had been both kind and useful. As far as her moral character went, some had said, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders, "She's a model, and like all the rest of them." Others had declared that she was undoubtedly honest and virtuous. No one knew anything—at least no one confessed to any positive knowledge—of her suspected transgressions.

The poor *femme de ménage*, whose life had been hitherto without an event worth the attention of the police, did not escape the most rigid scrutiny. Her history was sifted out as carefully as that of the other three. She was married to a second husband, and the mother of a boy of eighteen, who was salesman in one of the large dry-goods shops. Her husband, besides the duties of concierge in the house where they lived—an occupation which paid for the rent of the rooms they occupied—managed to make a trifle at his trade of tailor, repairing and turning old garments, and on rare occasions making a new coat or a pair of trousers for an old customer. He was also employed as a supernumerary in the Grand Opera, a duty which obliged him to attend the theatre often, to the serious interruption of his home occupations. He could not well give up the place in the theatre, for his salary was just enough, with the rest he earned, to make both ends meet. The wife was obliged to be at home so much, to fill her husband's place in the care of the great house, that she could only manage to do very little outside work. The families in the house were all working people, and consequently could not afford the luxury of assistance in the kitchen. She therefore found a place as *femme de ménage* with some family in the vicinity. For some time she had been in the employ of the dead artist, and particularly satisfied with the place, first because she could choose her own hours, and then because she had very little to do, and was paid as much as if she took care of a family—twenty francs a month. One circumstance excited the suspicion of the police. She had been gone nearly the whole afternoon of the day before the murder. When she returned at dark her husband noticed that she was heated and confused, and asked her where she had been. She refused to tell him, painfully trying to make the refusal palatable by jokes. And the police with little difficulty found out exactly what she had been doing for the three or four hours in question. She had been to the cemetery of Montmartre. She had been seen by the keepers there busy near a grave on the third side avenue to the left, about a quarter way up the slope. They had observed her digging up the two small flowering shrubs she had planted there years before, and had constantly tended. These shrubs she had wrapped up in an old colored shirt, and had carried them away. Further, a neighbor of the dead artist in the little street on Montmartre deposed that late in the afternoon of the day before the tragedy she had seen the *femme de ménage* enter the gate of the studio garden, bearing an irregular-shaped bundle of considerable size. The police, on visiting the garden, found the two shrubs described by the keepers of the cemetery, freshly planted in the little central plot.

Then for the first time they questioned the *femme de ménage* herself, and she confessed, with an abundance of tears, that her only daughter had died five years previous, and that she had been buried in the cimetière montmartre, and the grave had been purchased for the period of five years. The term was to expire within a few days, and the poor woman, unable to pay for a further lease of ground, was obliged to give up her claim to the grave. She could not bear to lose the shrubs, for they were souvenirs of her dead child, who cultivated them when very small plants in flower-pots on the balcony. The mother had dug them up in the cemetery, and transplanted them in the garden of the house where she worked, having no garden plot of her own. She intended the next day to tell the artist what she had done, and to get his permission to let the shrubs flourish there. She had refused to explain her absence to her husband because the girl had been dead a year when she married him, and he had sometimes reproached her for spending her time in the cemetery. As it was not his child, he could not be expected to care for it, and the poor mother, not having the courage to ask for money to renew the lease of the grave, kept her own counsel about the matter.

The examination of the witnesses, and the investigation of their personal history, threw but little light upon the exact state

of the relations which existed between the painter and La Rose Blanche. The neighbors had overheard at various times loud talking in the studio, and occasionally some violent language that sounded very much like a quarrel. One or two of the shrewd ones, especially an old woman who sold vegetables from a little hand-cart on the corner, volunteered their opinion that the model was in love with the artist. The withered and blear-eyed old huckster gave as reason for her opinion that the model had generally staid long after painting hours, and was unusually prompt in the morning. But there was quite as much proof that Mandel did not care for the model as that she was enamored of him. He never watched for her in the morning, never came to the door with her, treated her always, as far as was noticed by any one who had seen them together, as if on the most formal terms with her. In the Café du Rat Mort it was found that La Rose Blanche had often come in during the evening, sometimes in fine costume and elaborate toilet, and had placed herself at the table where Mandel and Benner sat. The latter always appeared glad to see her, and joked and chatted with her, while Mandel was evidently annoyed by her presence, and did not try very hard to conceal his feelings.

An almost inquisitorial examination of Benner elicited the fact that his friend had confided to him that the model tormented him with her attentions, and so thrust herself upon him that he was at a loss what to do about it. He had thought seriously of giving up the picture he was at work on, so that she might have no excuse for coming to his studio. The same examination drew out the confession that he was in love with La Rose Blanche himself, and had been for some time.

Now the most plausible theory of the three officers was apparently well enough supported by fact to warrant a most careful investigation. This theory was based chiefly on the common French axiom that a woman is at the bottom of every piece of mischief. The strongest suspicion pointed toward La Rose Blanche, and no motive but that of jealousy could be assigned for the deed. It was necessary, then, to find some cause for jealousy before this theory could be accepted. Mandel was, as the study of his character had proved to the officers, of a quiet and peaceable disposition, and not in the habit of frequenting society. Although, like most young men, he spent part of his time in the café, he was more disposed to stay at home than to join in any time-killing amusement. After the most diligent search the officers only succeeded in finding one girl beside La Rose Blanche who had been at all on friendly terms with the artist. She was a model who had posed for a picture he painted while he occupied a studio in Rue Monsieur le Prince, in the Latin Quarter. But it was also found out that La Rose Blanche had never seen Mandel until long after the picture was finished and the model dismissed. In this way the investigation went on with all possible ingenuity and most wearisome deliberation. No effort was more fruitful than the one just described. Every clew which promised to lead to the slightest knowledge of the life of the artist or the character of the model was followed out persistently, doggedly, and often even cruelly. Thus months passed.

Benner had been discharged from custody after his first long and trying examination. Unable to work, he wandered around the city in an aimless way. He could not help having a faint yet agonizing glimmer of hope that he might meet with a solution of the mystery of his friend's death. This solution would, he was sure, prove La Rose Blanche innocent. His unfinished statue in the clay, moistened only at irregular intervals, cracked and shrunk, and gradually fell to pieces. Dust settled in his studio, and his modelling tools rested where they lay. At first he had tried to work, and summoning another model, he had uncovered the clay. But he only spoiled what he touched, and after a short time he threw down his tools and walked away.

La Rose Blanche languished in the house of detention. Benner gradually began to lose courage, and perhaps even his faith wavered a little. When he learned that in the course of the examination the sleepy concierge of the house where the model lived had testified that she was absent all night at the time of the tragedy, Benner felt convinced that circumstances had combined to convict the girl. Her explanation had been most unsatisfactory. She had quarrelled with the artist because he told her he was annoyed by her. She did not remember what she said or did; she only knew that she left the house in a great passion, and walked

the streets all night in the rain. Her passion gave way to her affection for the artist, and as soon as it was light she went to the studio to ask him to forgive her. She found him dead.

It was the apathy of La Rose Blanche quite as much as her inability to prove herself innocent that caused the increasing uneasiness in Benner's mind. Not that he believed her for a moment guilty, but he knew that she was convicting herself with fatal rapidity. He, knowing her character, could understand how she could walk the streets all night in the storm. He, in the warmth of his passion for her, had often fought with the weather for the relief the struggle afforded him. Love-madness is nothing new, and the model's actions were only one phase of it. At the little Café du Rat Mort, Benner now spent all his evenings, and on some days part of the afternoon. He grew to be one of the fixtures of the establishment. The habitués of the place had ceased to talk about him, and no longer pointed him out to the new-comers as the friend of the dead artist. The self-consciousness which in the beginning was painful to him gradually wore away, and he almost forgot himself at times in connection with the tragedy, and only kept constantly a dull sense of waiting—waiting he knew not what for. Evening after evening he sat at the little corner table of the front room of the café smoking cigarettes, playing with the curious long-handled spoons, and occasionally sipping coffee or a glass of beer. The two tables between his seat and the window on the street changed occupants many times during the evening, and the newspapers grew sticky, fumbled, and worn at the hands of the frequent readers. The opposite side of this room of the café was filled by a long counter covered on top with shining zinc, and divided into several compartments, on the highest of which stood the water carafes and a filter. Behind this counter sat Madame Lépic, the wife of the proprietor, placidly knitting from morning until midnight. When the street door opened she raised her eyes and greeted the comer with a hospitable smile, then her face resumed its normal expression of contentment. By carefully watching her it could be discovered that she had a habit of quickly glancing out from under her eyebrows and taking in the whole interior of the café in a flash of her dark little eye. Just beyond the end of the counter a partition, wainscoted as high as a man's shoulder and with glass above, divided the café into two rooms. From where she sat Madame Lépic could overlook the four tables in the inner room as well as the three in the front. Her habit of constant watchfulness was cultivated, of course, by the necessity of keeping run of the two tired-looking waiters, who, like the rest of their class, had the weakness of being tempted by the abundance of money which passed through their hands. The police had already approached Madame Lépic, and she had given her testimony in regard to the actions of the model with the two young men. The police would not have been Parisian if they had not engaged madame to keep an eye on Benner. If he had not been too much occupied with his own thoughts, he might have detected her watching him constantly and persistently even after he had ceased to be interesting in the eyes of the old habitués of the café.

It was a long four months after that terrible morning when Benner sat, late one afternoon, in the café, brooding as usual. Before him on the stained marble slab stood a glass of water, a tall goblet and long spoon with twisted handle, and a porcelain match-holder half full of matches. Bent over the table, Benner was absent-mindedly arranging bits of matches on the slab, something in the shape of a guillotine. There were few people in the café. The click of the dominoes in the back room, an occasional word from one of the players, and the snap, snap, of Madame Lépic's needles alone broke the quiet of the interior. As Benner sat watching the outline of the guillotine he had formed of broken matches he saw one of the corner pieces straighten out, and thus destroy the symmetry of the arrangement. This was a piece which had been bent at right angles and only half broken off. Without paying particular attention to the occurrence, he took up the bit, threw it on the floor, and put another one, similarly broken, in its place. In a few moments this straightened out also, and this time the movement attracted Benner's curiosity. Throwing it aside, he replaced it by a fresh piece, and this repeated the movement of the first two. Now his curiosity was excited in earnest, and his face and figure expressed such unusual interest that the sharp glitter was visible under Madame Lépic's

eyebrows, and her knitting went on only spasmodically. A fourth, fifth, and sixth piece was put in place on the corner of the little guillotine, and as the last one was moving in the same way as the first one did, Benner perceived that the water spilled on the table trickled down to where the broken match was placed. He took another match, as if to break it, but before the brittle wood snapped, his face lit up with a sudden expression of surprise and joy, and he started to his feet so violently as to nearly throw the marble slab from the iron legs. The click of the dominoes ceased, faces were seen at the glass of the partition, and Madame Lépic fairly stared, forgetting for once her rôle of disinterested knitter.

Without stopping to pay, without seeming to see anybody or anything, Benner strode nervously and quickly out of the café. When he was gone, Madame Lépic touched her bell, one of the drowsy waiters came, received a whispered order, and went out of the front door hatless. A few moments later, even before Benner had disappeared along the boulevard in the direction of his studio, a neatly dressed man came out of the police station near the café and walked in the same direction the sculptor had taken. After Benner had entered the *porte cochère* of the great building where his studio was, the police agent went into the concierge's little office near the door, and sat there as if he were at home. In a few moments a nervous step was heard on the asphalt of the court-yard, and the agent had only time to withdraw into the gloom of the corner behind the stove when Benner passed out again, looking neither to the right nor the left. He was evidently much excited, and clutched rather than held a small parcel in his hand. The agent followed him a short distance behind, and, meeting a *sergent de ville*, paused to say a word to him. As Benner climbed on the top of an Odéon omnibus, the agent took a seat inside. Benner had not reached the interior boulevard before his studio was searched.

It was now nearly six o'clock, and the omnibus was crowded all the way across the city. As soon as the foot of the Rue des Beaux Arts was reached, Benner hurriedly descended without waiting to stop the omnibus, and ran to the Academy. Here he sought the concierge, asked him a few questions, and then walked quickly away to the east side of the Luxembourg Gardens, where he rang the bell at the door of a house. He asked the servant who answered the bell if Professor Brunin was at home, and was evidently chagrined at being told he was absent, and would not return for an hour or two. Entering the nearest café, he called for pen and paper, and wrote three pages rapidly, but legibly. By this time he had grown calmer in mind, not losing, however, the physical spring which his first excitement had induced. When his letter was finished he put it in an envelope, addressed it, and left it at the professor's house. This done, he walked rapidly across the Luxembourg Gardens to the Odéon, took an omnibus, accompanied as before by the agent, and at the end of the route, in the Place Pigalle, he descended, hastened to his studio, and did not come out again that evening. The great window was lighted all night long, and the agent in the entry could hear light hammering and filing at intervals, as he listened at the door every hour or two.

The gray morning broke, and Benner was still at his work. As the daylight dimmed the light of the lamp, he seemed not to notice it, but continued bent over his table, where various blocks, pieces of sheet brass, and a few tools were scattered promiscuously. A piece of brown paper lay on the floor with what appeared to be a glove. On the corner of the table was a rude imitation of a human hand made of wood, hinged so that the fingers would move. This was not of recent construction; but on a small drawing-board, over which Benner was leaning, was fixed a curious piece of mechanism which he was adjusting, having apparently just put it together. He had joined together five pieces of oak-wood about three-quarters of an inch wide and half an inch thick, arranged according to their length. The joints had been cut in the shape of quarter-circles, like the middle hinge of a carpenter's rule. After these were fitted to each other, a saw-cut was made in each one, and a piece of sheet brass inserted which joined the concave to the convex end. Two rivets on one end and one on the other, serving as a pivot, completed the hinge. The joints were so arranged that, when opened to the greatest extent, the five pieces composing the whole made a straight line. The longest piece of wood was fastened at the middle and outer end by screws,

which held it firmly to the drawing-board. The shortest piece, on the opposite end of the line, had fastened to it on the under side a pointed bit of brass like an index. As morning broke, Benner was engaged in fastening a bit of an ivory meter measure, which is marked to millimeters, under this index point. After this scale was firmly fixed in its place the mechanism was apparently completed, for he straightened up, looked at his work from a distance, then bent over it again, and gently tried the joints, watching with some satisfaction the index as it moved along the scale. While preoccupied with this study a sudden knock at the door caused him to start like a guilty man. He threw open the door almost tragically. It was only the concierge, who brought him a letter. He tore it open, and read it and re-read it with eagerness; then went to the table and carefully measured several times the whole length of the mechanism, from the inner screw of the longest piece to the end of the shortest. He then began to calculate and to cipher on the edge of the drawing-board. The letter read as follows:

"MONSIEUR,—En fait de renseignements sur la dilatation du bois je ne connais que ceux donnés par M. Reynaud dans son traité d'architecture, vol. i., pages 84 à 87 de la 2e édition.

"Il en résulte que:

"1. Les bois verts se dilatent beaucoup plus que ceux purgés de sève.

"2. Que le chêne se dilate tantôt plus tantôt moins que le sapin, mais plus que le noyer.

"3. Que dans les conditions ordinaires, c'est à dire, avec les variations hygrométriques de l'air seulement, le coefficient de dilatation atteint au plus 0.018, d'ou résulte qu'une planche de 0.20 deviendrait 0.2036.

"4. Qu'en plongeant dans l'eau pendant longtemps une planche primitivement très sèche, le coefficient de dilatation peut atteindre 0.0375, ce que donnerait pour la planche de 0.20, 0.2075.

"Peut-être vous trouverez d'autres renseignements dans le traité de charpente du Colonel Emy, ou dans celui de menuiserie de Roubo.

"Recevez, Monsieur, l'assurance de mes sentiments distingués. P. BRUNIN."

A few days later there was gathered in a small room in the prefecture quite a knot of advocates and police officers. They were soon joined by Benner himself, accompanied by a short stout gentleman with eyeglasses. Besides the ordinary furniture of the room, there was a tub of water, a manikin, and the drawing-board with the mechanism on it. The entrance of the judge put a stop to the buzz of conversation, and when he took a seat on the low platform the rest of the company placed themselves on the benches in front. The judge, after a few preliminary remarks on the subject of the mystery of Montmartre, said that there had lately been developed such a new and surprising theory to account for the death of the artist that he had consented to give a hearing to the explanation of the theory. Benner then arose and made the following statement: "In the Café du Rat Mort a few days ago I noticed a peculiar movement in a broken match as it lay on the table before me. At first my curiosity was excited only to a moderate degree, but shortly this inexplicable motion interested me so that I experimented until I found the cause of it. At the same moment there flashed into my mind what I had learned long ago at school about capillary force, and the solution of the mystery of my friend's death was at once plain to me. Hurrying to my studio, I cut off the hand of my manikin, and carried it to the Academy of Fine Arts to show it to Professor Brunin, of the Architectural Department, and ask his assistance. Finding him neither there nor at his house, I wrote him a note and left it for him. All that night I worked constructing a working model of a manikin's finger, and the next morning I received a letter from Professor Brunin which gave me the data I was in search of—the facts in regard to the expansion of wood when moistened. I should read that letter here, but Professor Brunin is present, and will explain the phenomenon. My theory is very simple. My friend Charles Mandel was shot by his own manikin. There are witnesses enough to prove that the pistol had been loaded for a long time, and that Mandel had often tried in vain to draw the charge. It is also well known that the pistol was cocked when it was in the manikin's belt, for on the half-completed picture it was so painted by Mandel on the last day of his life. Furthermore, the position of the right index finger of the manikin can also be plainly seen in the picture, for the artist,

not having a model to hold the weapon, had roughly rubbed in the angular fingers of the lay figure preparatory to finishing the hand from life. The pistol, then, being loaded and cocked, needed but the pressure of the finger to discharge it. That pressure was given by the rain on the night of the death of my friend. The lieutenant will find on reference to his note-book that on the morning when he examined the studio there had been quite a serious leak in the ceiling, and that the water had fallen directly on the manikin. He will find also in his notes the exact position of the manikin in reference to the divan on which the corpse lay. Now it is clear that when the wrist of the manikin was bent, and the index finger was placed on the trigger of the pistol, only a very slight motion of the whole was necessary to give the pressure required to fire a pistol. The weapon was braced against the inside of the thumb of the hand, and thus held firmly there as it stuck in the belt ready to be drawn and fired. When the water first fell from the ceiling it soaked the covering of the wrist and hand, and swelled the wrist joint so that it became absolutely immovable. Next the moisture extended to the tip of the fingers, the hand being held somewhat downward. In the manikin we have here the exact construction of the fingers, and the movement of the joints of the hand and wrist can be plainly seen. In my working model I have imitated the mechanism of one finger, so arranging it that the least deflection of the finger from the straight line will be measured on a scale of millimeters. The joints are so constructed that any elongation of the pieces of wood will curve the line of joints away from the straight line which I have drawn on the board. I propose to experiment with this model so as to make it perfectly plain that my friend's death was accidental. If the experiment were tried on the manikin, and with a flint-lock pistol, it would doubtless fail ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. In the accident which caused my friend's death everything happened to be perfectly adjusted. If my model works, of course the manikin might have worked in exactly the same way."

The lieutenant gave his explanation of the position in which the body was found, and added that he had calculated at the time that the shot must have been fired from the direction of the manikin, and from about the height of its waist. He found in his notes the statement that the roof had leaked, and the manikin was wet. Furthermore, the pistol was found just where the recoil would have thrown it backward out of the manikin's hand. He ended by declaring that the theory just advanced was new to him then, and that he was convinced of its probability by the manner in which it harmonized with the conditions of the tragedy.

The professor proceeded next to give a full account of the expansion of wood by moisture, and went into the study of the whole phenomenon of capillary force. He was somewhat verbose in his statement, probably because he, like other regular lecturers, had been accustomed to spread a very little fact over a great deal of time. His closing argument in favor of the theory set forth by Benner was this: "In the ancient quarries wedges of wood were driven into holes in the rock, water was poured on the wedges, and the wood, expanding, split the solid mass. Capillary force is irresistible. It was this force which caused the deplorable accident which Mr. Benner has so ingeniously and logically explained."

At the command of the judge the sculptor proceeded with his experiment. He simply fastened the drawing-board with the mechanism to the bottom of the inside of the tub by means of screws. When it was in place it was covered by about an inch of water. The lieutenant then recorded on his note-book the time of day and the position of the index, and every one present made mental note of it. It was necessary, in order to give the wood sufficient time to swell, to leave it in the water for four or five hours. Consequently the judge adjourned the sitting until the afternoon at four o'clock. The room was locked and put in charge of the lieutenant and two men.

When the same company assembled at the appointed hour the door was opened by the lieutenant, and the judge, with genuine human curiosity, stepped up to the tub, looked into it, and gave an exclamation of surprise. The others approached and looked in. The lieutenant announced, almost triumphantly, that the index had moved seven millimeters—enough to have fired a cannon. The judge turned to the excited company and said, simply, "Messieurs, it was a capillary crime."

"CLOUDS LINGERING YET."

COMPOSED BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH AT THE SIDE OF GRASMERE LAKE, 1807.

CLOUDS, lingering yet, extend in solid bars
Through the gray west; and lo! these waters, steeled
By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield
A vivid repetition of the stars;
Jove, Venus, and the ruddy crest of Mars,
Amid his fellows beauteously revealed
At happy distance from Earth's groaning field,
Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.
Is it a mirror?—or the nether Sphere
Opening to view the abyss in which she feeds
Her own calm fires? But list! a voice is near;
Great Pan himself low whispering through the reeds,
"Be thankful, thou; for, if unholy deeds
Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!"

THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

ONCE on a time, when he was growing old,
Albeit there was no sign of age in him
Except his snowy beard, King Solomon
Sat deeply meditating on his throne—
His magic throne, which bore him where he would,
Winged like a planet. On a mountain-peak,
Which overlooked the long Iranian plain
And many-citied kingdoms of the Ind,
It stood, like morn re-risen in the east,
Seen by the people over whom it shone,
And seen of all the creatures of the earth,
Which gathered from all quarters of the earth,
Commanded thither by the powerful word
Of their imperious master, Solomon,
Whom the four angels of the land and sea
Had given dominion over them and theirs,
That they should honor him and do his will,
And who, moreover, understood their speech,
And could converse with them, so wise was he.
Surrounded there by these, that summer day
He sat, and over him the birds of heaven
Hung motionless—a living canopy
That shut out the fierce sunlight; also came
And ministered to him the winds of heaven—
They or the angels who ruled over them—
Diverse in kind, but strangely beautiful,
As when with their innumerable wings
He first beheld them in Jerusalem.
The populous kingdoms of the earth and air,
Below, above, about him, troubled him—
Troubled him because he understood their speech,
Their habits, passions, everything they were,
What life was to them, and how short it was,
And, whether long or short, how certain death.
The solemn thought of their mortality,
And, it may be, his own, which all that day
Was present with him, an unwelcome guest—
The more unwelcome as he grew more old—

"CLOUDS LINGERING YET."—A Sonnet by William Wordsworth.
From drawing by Alfred Parsons.

Darkened the loving heart of Solomon,
Darkened his soul, till, lifting up his eyes,
He saw a mist which slowly shaped itself,
Or seemed to shape, into an odorous cloud,
Which rose before him, and from out the cloud
There reached a hand that held a crystal cup,
Filled with strange water clearer than the cup;
And sweeter than all music spake a voice,
Saying: "The Maker of the Universe—
His Name and Power be honored, glorified!—
Hath sent me with this cup, wherein thou seest
The waters of youth and everlasting life.
Choose freely whether thou wilt or wilt not drink
This draught of youth and everlasting life.
Think! wilt thou be immortal through all time,
Or live and die like other men? I wait."
Deep silence brooded over all the place
When the voice ceased, and Solomon communed
Within himself upon the thing he heard.
Firm as a pillar stood the odorous cloud,
And the white hand reached out the diamond cup.
"Surely," he thought, "the gold of life is good
To spend in the great market of the world;
Fruitful the soil of life, wherein to plant
The stately palms of power, the flowers of love;
But joyless is the dark repose of death."
Thus he, within the silence of his thoughts,
Debating life and death. "Before I drink
I will take other counsel than mine own;
For though men call me wise, I know myself
Foolish at times—I think more foolish now
That age has come on me." He summoned then
All spirits which were subject to his charge—
The angels of the winds and of the seas,
The birds of heaven, the creatures of the earth,
The souls of wise men dead before he lived—
And speaking to them in their several tongues,
Demanded they should tell him, if they knew,
Whether, indeed, it would be wise in him
To drain the cup of everlasting life,
Or let it go, and die like other men.
Then, like the voices of a thousand streams
Which are one voice, the countless multitude
Straightway entreated him to drain the cup,
Seeing that the welfare of the world was laid
Upon his wisdom, as upon the hills
That hold up the high heavens; and, furthermore,
The happiness of all things was sustained
By the perfected circle of his life,
Set like a jewel in a golden ring,
The precious jewel in his signet-ring,
Which was the Incommunicable Name.
He hearkened to their voices, hearkening more
To the unspoken longing in his heart,
Of which they were the answer; then, resolved,
Stretched forth his hand and took the shining cup,
Whereat the hand that gave it into his,
Tempting, withdrew into the pillared cloud.
Wondrous the lights within the water were,

Which water was no longer, but a wine
The like whereof no mortal ever saw—
Not pressed from earthly clusters such as grew
In his walled garden of Jerusalem.
Vintage of heaven, its rare aroma stole,
Like the remembered music of a dream,
Through all his senses, yearning with delight.
And, lo! from out its living depths a flame
Flashed suddenly up, and flushed his royal face—
Prophetic promise of returning Youth.
He would have drank, but something stayed his hand,
Some dark foreboding that he had not done
All that a wise man should to know the truth.
Perhaps he had misheard the unknown voice
That spake from out the cloud—the words were strange;
Perhaps his wily servants flattered him,
Puffed up with self-importance. He would see.
"O ye," he cried, "who minister to me—
Spirits and men and creatures of the earth—
Tell me if there be any absent now,
Many, or one, for I commanded all
To meet me here at noon." And they replied,
Bowing before the might of Solomon,
"Master, the only one who is not here
Is that most loving of all living things,
Whom all things love, the wild dove Boutimar."
The Lord of Learning sent a golden bird,
A marvellous gift from Sheba's beauteous Queen,
To find and fetch the wild dove Boutimar
From where her nest was builded on the roof
Of the great Temple of Jerusalem,
The glory of the reign of Solomon.
"O dove," he said, while she was still afar,
"Wild dove that dwellest in the clefts of rocks,
Or in the hiding-places of the wood,
Singing all day, '*The fashion of this world*
Passes away like stubble in the fire,
But God remains eternal in the heavens.'
Hither, my dove, and let me see thy face,
Hither, and let me hear thy voice once more."
Then, when the wild dove Boutimar was come,
Smoothing her feathers with a tender hand,
He bade her tell him whether it were best
That he, her lord and master, Solomon,
Should drink the waters of immortal youth.
Whereunto Boutimar, the Bird of Love,
Whose wisdom was proportioned to her love:
"How should a simple creature of the sky,
Tenant of lonely places far from men,
In rocky clefts, or woods, or temple roofs,
Answer the Master of Intelligence?
Yet if it must be that I counsel thee,
Instruct me whether this bright Cup of Life
Be for thee only, or for all mankind."
And he: "It hath been sent to me alone.
There is not in the cup another drop—
Nay, not so much as the least bead of dew
Left at high noontide in the lily's leaves."
"Prophet of God!" the wild dove answered then,

"Oh, how couldst thou desire to live alone—
Then, when thy trusty friends and counsellors,
Thy wives, thy children, all who love thee, all
Whom thou dost love, are numbered with the dead?
For these must surely drink the cup of death,
Though thou to-day shouldst drink the cup of life.
Who could endure eternal youth, O King,
When the world's face was wrinkled with old age,
And Death's black fingers, reaching everywhere,
Had closed the pale eyes of the latest star?
When all thou lovest shall have passed away
Like smoke of incense in that holy House
Which thou hast builded in Jerusalem;
When, poor dead dust, the heart that beat to thine
Shall have been scattered by the winds of heaven;
When eyes which were the loadstars of thy fate
Have left not even the memory of their light;
When voices which were music in thine ears
Are mute forever; when thy life shall be
The sole oasis in the waste of death,
Eternal recognition of the dead—
Wilt thou then care to live, O Solomon?
Or, rather, wilt thou die like the wild dove
Who perishes when its truant mate comes not?"
For answer Solomon restored the cup
To the white hand, that disappeared again
Deep in the dense concealment of the cloud,
Which in a moment vanished out of sight.
Wisdom returned to him, and with it tears,
The happy tears that heal the sorrowing heart,
Submissive to the ordinance of Heaven,
Content to live and die like other men.

A DEAD MAN'S FACE.

IMAGINATIVE beings who invent marvellous tales may take what license they please, but a simple narrator is nothing if not accurate; so, before beginning this, I looked up old correspondences and various memoranda made at the time when the following things occurred. The first paper upon which I put my hand was a letter. I may as well open with a copy of it:

"Dear old Boy,—I have met her at last—my fate—the one woman in the world for me. Nothing is settled as yet; but I should not write this unless hope were a certainty. You must wish me joy, although she is a widow and an American—two qualifications which I know you will find fault with. No matter; when you see her you will recant and be envious. Yours ever,

"Claud Morton."

The writer was my brother—I was going to say my only brother, but I had another once, although the less said about him the better. Nearly every family has its black sheep. Ours had been a peculiarly sable one. When he died, some years ago, I passed the sponge over his long list of delinquencies, and tried to think of him as kindly as possible. He died a disgraced man, far away from home.

I call this black sheep, Stephen, my brother, not Claud's, the fact being that Claud can scarcely be said to have known him. I stood in age midway between the two. Claud was sixteen years younger than Stephen, so that when the latter was shipped off as irreclaimable, the former was a little golden-haired fellow of seven.

The above letter made me feel both glad and sorry. I was glad that the boy—he was still the boy to me, although his age was seven-and-twenty—was going to be

married; but I was sorry that his choice had not fallen on one of his own countrywomen, and one who could have given him her first love. Still, all this was his own peculiar business. No doubt he had made a suitable choice, and the only thing left for me to do was to write him a cheerful letter of congratulation, and hope that his love affairs would soon be happily settled.

A week went by; then came a long letter from him. He had proposed in orthodox form, and had been duly accepted. His letter lies before me at this moment, and I feel sad as I read again the two pages covered with the lover's usual raptures.

I am not a mercenary man, but I own I felt somewhat disappointed on learning that she was poor. Somehow one associates wealth with an American widow who is sojourning in England. But, so far as I could gather from Claud's letter, Mrs. Despard, or Judith, as he called her, was not well off. He spoke of her as being all alone in London, which fact, he added, would necessarily hasten his marriage. It would take place, he hoped, in a week or two. In conclusion he pressed me to run up to town in order to make the acquaintance of my future sister-in-law.

I was very busy at the time—I may say, in passing, that my business is to cure people's ailments, not to tell stories—nevertheless I managed to pay a flying visit to town, and was duly presented to Claud's betrothed.

Yes, she was handsome—strikingly handsome. Her whole appearance was much out of the common. She was tall, superbly built—on a large scale, perhaps, yet graceful as a panther in every movement. Her face gave evidence of much character, power, and determination, and of passion also, I decided. Her rich dark beauty was at that time in full bloom, and although I saw at a glance that she was some years older than my brother, I was not at all inclined to blame Claud for his rapturous expressions. So far as personal charms went, I could find no fault with Judith Despard. For the rest, it was easy to see that she was passionately in love with Claud, and for the sake of this I gladly overlooked all my fanciful objections to his choice, and congratulated him heartily on having won so beautiful a creature.

Yet, strange to say, in the midst of his new-found happiness my brother seemed anything but his usual cheerful self. He, the merriest and most talkative of men, seemed taciturn, moody, and preoccupied. The curious thing was that his changed manner struck me particularly whilst we were in Mrs. Despard's company. He spoke and behaved in the most affectionate and lover-like way, but there was in his general bearing something which puzzled me altogether. It seemed to me that he might perhaps be nervous as to what impression his fair friend might make upon the elder brother whom he so reverenced and respected.

This theory of mine was strengthened by the fact that when, at night, we found ourselves alone, and I was able to freely express my admiration of Mrs. Despard's good looks, he brightened up considerably, and we sat until a very late hour, and talked over the past, the present, and the future.

"When do you mean to be married?" I asked.

"In a fortnight or three weeks. There is nothing to wait for. Judith is living alone in lodgings. She has no friends to consult; so we shall just walk to church some morning and get it over."

"Well, let me walk with you. I should like to see the last of you."

"All right, old fellow. But you'll be the only one—unless Mary likes to honor us." Mary was my wife; but as her time was just then fully occupied by a very young baby, I did not think it at all likely she would be able to make the long journey to town.

"I shall fix the earliest day I can," added Claud. "The fact is, I have been feeling rather queer lately. I want a change."

Thereupon I questioned him as to what ailed him. So far as I could ascertain, all that was the matter was his having worked too hard, and being a little below par. I prescribed a tonic, and quite agreed with him as to the benefit which he would derive from change of air.

When I reached home my wife scolded me for my stupidity. It seems that it was my duty to have found out all about Mrs. Despard's antecedents, relations, connections, circumstances, habits, and disposition, whereas all I could say was that she was a beautiful widow with a small income, and that she and Claud were devoted to one another.

"Yes," said Mrs. Morton, scornfully,

"like all other men, the moment you see a pretty face you inquire no further. I quite tremble for Claud."

When I reflected how little I really knew about Mrs. Despard, I felt abashed and guilty. However, Claud was a full-grown man, and no fraternal counsel was likely to turn him aside from his desire.

In the course of a few days he wrote me that he was to be married on the 5th of the next month. I made arrangements which would enable me to go to the wedding; but three days before the date named I heard again from him. The wedding was postponed for a fortnight. He gave no reason for the delay; but he said he was anxious to see me, and to-morrow he should run down to my home.

He came as promised. I was aghast when I saw him. He looked worn, haggard, wretched. My first thought was that business matters had gone wrong with him. His looks might well be those of a man on the brink of ruin. After the first greeting I at once took him to my study in order to be put out of suspense. Just as I was about to begin my anxious questions he turned to me.

"Frank, old fellow," he said, imploringly, and with a faint attempt at a smile, "don't laugh at me."

Laugh! That was the last thing I was likely to do. I pressed his hand in silence.

"You won't believe me, I know," he continued. "I can't believe it myself. Frank, I am haunted."

"Haunted!" I was bound to smile, not from any disposition toward merriment, but in order to show the poor boy the absurdity of his idea.

"Yes, haunted. The word sounds ridiculous, but I can use no other. Haunted."

"What haunts you?"

He came close to me and grasped my arm. His voice sank to a hoarse whisper.

"A horrible, ghastly, grewsome thing. It is killing me. It comes between me and my happiness. I have fought and struggled against this phantom terror. I have reasoned calmly with myself. I have laughed my own folly to scorn. In vain—in vain. It goes, but it comes again."

"Overwork," I said, "insomnia, too many cigars, late hours; and had you been a drinking man I should add, too much stimulant, too little food, anxiety, perhaps. Have you anything on your mind—any special worry?"

"Of course I have," he said, pettishly. "Did I not tell you it is killing me?"

"What is killing you?"

He rose and paced the room excitedly; then suddenly he stopped short, and once more clutched my arm.

"A face," he said, wildly—"a man's face; a fearful white face that comes to me; a horrible mask, with features drawn as in agony—ghastly, pale, hideous! Death or approaching death, violent death, written in every line. Every feature distorted. Eyes starting from the head. Every cord in the throat standing out, strained as by mortal struggle. Long dark hair lying flat and wet. Thin lips moving and working—lips that are cursing, although I can hear no sound. Why should this come to me—why to me? Who is this dead man whose face wrecks my life? Frank, my brother, if this is disease or madness, cure me; if not, let me die."

His words, his gestures, sent a cold thrill through me. He was worse, far worse, than I had feared.

"Claud," I said, "you are talking nonsense. Cure you! of course I mean to cure you. Now sit down, collect yourself, and tell me how this hallucination comes."

"Comes! How does it come? It gathers in corners of the room; it forms and takes shape; it glares at me out of the wall; it looks up at me from the floor. Ever the same fearful white dying face, threatening, cursing, sometimes mocking. Why does it come?"

I had already told the poor fellow why it came, but it was no use repeating my words. "Tell me when you see it," I asked; "at night—in darkness?"

He hesitated, and seemed troubled. "No, never at night. In broad daylight only. That to me is the crowning terror, the ghastliness of it. At night I could call it a dream. Frank, believe me. I am no weak fool. For weeks I have borne with this. At last it has conquered me. Send it away, or I shall go mad."

"I'll send it away, old boy, never fear. Tell me, can you see it now?"

"No; thank God, not now."

"Have you seen it to-day?"

"No; to-day I have been free from it."

"Well, you'll be free from it to-morrow, and the next day, and the next. It will be gone forever before you leave me. Now come and see Mary and the babies. I haven't even asked you how Mrs. Despard is."

A curious look crossed his face. "I think she grows more beautiful every day," he said. Then he seized my hand. "Oh, Frank," he exclaimed, "rid me of this horror, and I shall be the happiest man in the world."

"All right," I answered, perhaps with more confidence than I felt.

Although I made light of it to my patient, his state greatly alarmed me. I hastened to put him under the strictest and most approved treatment. I enforced the most rigid sumptuary laws, made him live on plain food, and docked his consumption of tobacco unmercifully. In a few days I was delighted to find that my diagnosis of the case was correct. Claud was rapidly recovering tone. In a week's time he seemed quite restored to health.

The days went by. As yet Claud had said nothing about leaving me; yet, unless the date was once more adjourned, he was to be married on the 19th. I did not counsel him to postpone the happy day. He was by now so well that I thought he could not do better than adhere to his arrangement. A month's holiday, spent in the society of the woman he loved, would, I felt certain, complete his cure, and banish forever that grisly intruder begotten of disorganized nerves.

From the monotonous regularity and voluminous nature of their correspondence it was evident, delay and separation notwithstanding, that matters were going on quite smoothly between Claud and Judith Despard. Every day he received and wrote a long letter. Nevertheless, it was not until the 16th of the month that I knew exactly what he meant to do about his marriage.

"Frank," he said, "you have been wonderfully kind to me. I believe you have saved my life, or at least my reason. Will you do something more for me?"

"Even unto half my kingdom," I answered.

"Look here: I am ashamed of the feeling, but I absolutely dread returning to town. At any rate, I wish to stay there no longer than is needful. Thursday morning I must, of course, be there, to be married. You think me cured, Frank?" he added, abruptly.

"Honestly, yes. If you take care of yourself you will be troubled no more."

"Yet why do I dread London so? Well, never mind. I will go up by the night mail on Wednesday—then I need only be there for a few hours. Will you do this for me—go up on Wednesday morning, see Judith, and explain how it is that I shall not see her until we meet in the church?"

"Certainly, if you wish it. But you had better write as well."

"Yes, I shall do that. There are several other little things you must see to for me. The license I have, but you must let the clergyman know. You had better go and see my partners. They may think it strange if I marry and go away without a word."

Thinking it better that he should have his own way, I promised to do as he wished. Upon my arrival in town on Wednesday afternoon I went straight to Mrs. Despard's. I was not sorry to have this opportunity of seeing her alone. I wished to urge upon her the necessity of being careful that Claud did not again get into that highly wrought nervous state, from which my treatment had so happily extricated him.

She was not looking so well as when last I saw her. At times her manner was restless, and she seemed striving to suppress agitation. She made no adverse comments on her lover's strange whim of reaching town to-morrow only in time for the ceremony. Her inquiries as to his health were most solicitous, and when I told her that I no longer feared anything on his account, her heart-felt sigh of relief told me how deeply she loved him.

Presently she looked me full in the face. Her eyes were half closed, but I could see an anxious, eager look in them. "He saw a face," she said. "Has it left him?"

"He told you of his queer hallucination, then?"

"No; but once or twice when sitting with me he sprang to his feet and muttered: 'Oh, that face! that ghastly, horrible face! I can bear it no longer!' Then he rushed wildly from the room. What face did he see, Dr. Morton?"

To set her mind at rest, I gave her a little scientific discourse, which explained to her how such mental phenomena were brought about. She listened attentively, and seemed satisfied. Then I bade her adieu until to-morrow.

The marriage was to be of the quiet kind. I found that Mrs. Despard had made no arrangement for any friend to accompany her; so, setting all rules of etiquette at defi-

ance, I suggested that, although the bridegroom's brother, I should call for her in the morning and conduct her to the church. To this she readily consented.

Somehow that evening I did not carry away such a pleasing impression of my brother's bride as I did when first I met her. I can give no reason for this, except that I was not forgetful of my wife's accusation, that when first I met Judith Despard I had been carried away by the glamour of her beauty, and thought of nothing else. As I walked to Claud's rooms, which I occupied for the night, I almost regretted that he had been so hasty—certainly I wished that we knew more of his bride. But it was now too late for regrets or wishes.

I called for Mrs. Despard at the appointed hour, and found her quite ready to start. Her dress was plain and simple—I can not describe it; but I saw that in spite of her excessive pallor she looked very beautiful. In the carriage on our way to the church she was very silent, answering my remarks with monosyllables. I left her in peace, supposing that at such a moment every woman must be more or less agitated.

When the carriage drew up at the church door, the bride laid her hand upon my arm. I could feel that she was trembling. "Claud will be here?" she asked. "Nothing will stop him?"

"Nothing. But I may as well step out and see that he is waiting."

Yes, Claud was in the church waiting for us. We exchanged greetings. The old sexton summoned the curate; and Judith Despard, my brother, and myself walked up to the altar rails.

Claud looked very well that morning; a little fagged, perhaps, but the long night journey would account for that. He certainly looked proud and happy as he stood on the altar step side by side with the woman who in a few minutes would be his wife.

But before the curate had finished reading the opening address a great change came over him. From where I was standing I could see only his side face, but that was enough to show me that he was suffering from some agitation—something far above the nervousness so often displayed by a bridegroom. A deadly pallor came over his face, small beads of perspiration sprang to his brow, and I noticed that those tell-tales of mental disturbance, the hands, were so tightly clinched that the knuckles grew white. It was evident that he was suffering anguish of some kind, and for a moment I thought of stopping the service. But the rite is but a short one, and from whatever cause Claud's agitation might proceed, it was perhaps better to trust to him to curb it for a few moments than to make a scene. Nevertheless I watched him intently and anxiously.

Then came the charge to declare any impediment. As the curate made the conventional pause, Claud, to my surprise, glanced round in a startled way, as if fearing that his marriage would at the last moment be forbidden. The look on his face was now one of actual terror.

Both bride and bridegroom said their "I wills" in such low tones that I could scarcely hear their voices. Then, in pursuance of my duty, I gave the woman to the priest. He joined the hands of Claud and Judith.

After having played my little part I had not moved back to my former station. I was now close to the bride, and as Claud turned to her, could see his face to advantage. It was positively distorted with suppressed emotion of some kind. His mouth was set, and I could see that his teeth were closed on his under lip. He did not look at his fair bride. His gaze passed over her shoulder. In fact, he seemed almost oblivious to her presence. I was dreadfully frightened.

The clergyman's voice rang out: "I, Claud, take thee, Judith, to my wedded wife." Then, hearing no echo of his words, he paused.

"Repeat after me," he prompted. Again he began, "I, Claud—"

But his voice was drowned in a louder one, which rang through the empty church. With a fierce cry, as of inexpressible rage, Claud had thrown the bride's hand from him, and was pointing and gesticulating toward the wall, upon which his eyes had been riveted.

"Here!—even here!" he almost shrieked. "That cursed, white, wicked, dying face! Whose is it? Why does it come between me and my love? Mad! Mad! I am going mad!"

I heeded not the clergyman's look of dismay, or the bride's cry of distress. I thought of nothing but my unfortunate brother. Here, at the moment which should be the happiest he had yet known,

the grewsome hallucination had come back to him. I threw my arm round him and tried to calm him.

"It is fancy, dear boy," I said. "In a moment it will be gone."

"Gone! Why does it come? What have I to do with this dying man? Look, Frank, look! Something tells me if you look you will see it. There! there! Look there!"

His eyes were ever fixed on the same point. He grasped my arm convulsively. I am ashamed to say that I yielded, and looked in the direction of his gaze.

"There is nothing there," I said, soothingly.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "It will come to you as to me."

It may have been the hope of convincing Claud of the illusionary nature of the sight which tormented him, it may have been some strange fascination wrought by his words and manner, which made me for some moments gaze with him. God of heaven! I saw gradually forming out of nothing, gathering on the blank wall in front of me, a face, or the semblance of a face, white, ghastly, horrible! Long, dank, wet-looking dark hair, eyes starting from their sockets, lips working—the whole appearance that of the face of a man who is struggling with death: in every detail as Claud had described it. And yet to me that face was more terrible than ever it could have been to Claud.

I gazed in horror. I felt my eyes growing riveted to the sight as his own. I felt my whole frame trembling. I knew that in another moment I should be raving as wildly as he raved. Only his hoarse whisper recalled me to my senses.

"You see?" he asked, or rather asserted.

Horror forced the truth from me. "I see, or fancy I see," I answered.

With a wild laugh Claud broke from me. He rushed down the church and disappeared. As he left me, the face, thank Heaven! faded from the wall, or from my imagination.

I turned to my companions. Judith Despard was lying in a dead swoon on the altar steps; the curate with trembling hands was loosening the throat of her dress. I called for water. The sexton brought it. I bathed the poor woman's temples, and in a few minutes she sighed, opened her eyes, and then shuddered. I took her in my arms and staggered to the church door. The curate removed his surplice and followed me. I placed my almost senseless burden in the carriage.

"For Heaven's sake, see her home," I said to the curate. "I must go and look after my brother. As soon as I have seen him I will come round to Mrs. Despard's. Get her home quickly. The coachman knows where to go."

The brougham drove off. I threw myself into a cab, and drove toward Claud's rooms. I hoped he might have gone straight there.

To my great relief, when I reached his house he was on the door-step. We entered his room together; he sank wearily into a chair, and buried his face in his hands. I was scarcely less agitated than himself, and my face, as I caught its reflection in the mirror, was white as his own. I waited for him to speak.

Presently he raised his head. "Go to her," he said. "Ask her why that face comes between us. You saw it—even you. It can be no fancy of mine. Tell her we can meet no more."

"I will wait until you are calmer before I go."

"Calm! I am myself now. The thing has left me, as it always does. Frank, I have hidden from you one peculiarity of my state. That awful face never shows itself to me unless I am in her company. Even at the altar it came between us. Go to her; ask her why it comes."

I left him, but did not quit the house for some time. I went into an adjoining room and tried to collect my thoughts; for, as I said, my mind was more troubled than even Claud's could be.

I am ashamed to re-assert it; I am willing to own that excitement, my brother's impressive manner, superstition which I did not know I possessed—anything that may bear a natural explanation—may have raised that vision. But why should that phantom, gathering and growing from nothing until it attained to form, or at least semblance, have been the face of one I had known? Why should the features distorted in deadly agony have been those of my brother Stephen? For his was the dreadful face which Claud's prompting or my own imagination had raised.

Almost like one in a dream I went to do Claud's bidding. I was thankful, upon reaching Mrs. Despard's, to find that she had gone to her room, and left word that she could see no one to-day. This gave me time to consider the position.

Acting on a sudden impulse, I went to the telegraph office, and sent instructions to my wife to forward to me, by passenger train, a small box in which I kept old letters and papers. Then I went back to Claud, and after some persuasion induced him to leave town at once. I told him I would arrange everything on the morrow. He was better away.

In the morning my box arrived. In it I found what I wanted. After the calming effects of a night's rest I felt ashamed of my weakness as I drew from old letters a photograph of my brother Stephen—one taken about two years before the report of his death reached us. Nevertheless I put the portrait in my pocket, and about noon went to Mrs. Despard's.

I was at once admitted, and in a few minutes she came to me. She looked worn and haggard, as if sleep had not visited her for nights. Dark circles had formed round her fine eyes; lines seemed to have deepened round her firm, passionate mouth. She advanced eagerly toward me and held out her hand. I took it in silence. Indeed, I scarcely knew what to say or how to act.

"Where is Claud?" she asked, in a quick voice, but scarcely above a whisper.

"He has left town for a few days."

She pressed her hand to her heart. "Does that mean I shall see him no more?"

"I am afraid I must say it does. He thinks it better you should part."

She gave a sharp cry, and walked up and down the room wringing her hands. Her lips moved rapidly, and I knew she was muttering many words, but in so low a key that I could not catch their meaning. Suddenly she stopped, and turned upon me fiercely.

"Is this by your counsel and advice?" she demanded.

"No. It is his own unbiassed decision."

"Why?—tell me why? He loved me—I love him. Why does he leave me?"

The passionate entreaty of her voice is indescribable. What could I say to her? Words stuck in my throat. It seemed the height of absurdity for a sane man to give a sane woman the true reason for Claud's broken faith. I stammered out something about his bad state of health.

"If he is ill, I will nurse him," she cried. "I will wait for years if he will give me hope. Dr. Morton, I love Claud as I never before loved a man."

She clasped her hands and looked imploringly into my face. In a mechanical way I drew the portrait of my dead brother from my breast. She saw the action.

"His likeness!" she cried, joyfully. "He sends it to me! Ah, he loves me!"

I handed her the photograph. "Mrs. Despard," I asked, "do you know—"

I did not finish the question, yet it was fully answered. Never, I believe, save then did a human face undergo such a sudden, frightful change. The woman's very lips grew ashen, her eyes glared into mine, and I saw them full of dread. She staggered—all but fell.

"Why is it here—who is it?" she gasped out.

I was a prey to the wildest excitement. To what revelation was this tending? what awful thing had I to learn?

"Listen," I said, sternly. "Woman, it is for you to answer the question. It is the face of this man, his dying face, that comes between you and your lover."

"Tell me his name." I read rather than heard the words her dry lips formed.

"The name he was once known by was Stanley."

A quick, sharp shudder ran through her. For a moment I thought she was going to faint.

"He is dead," she said. "Why does he come between my love and me? Others have loved or said they loved me since then. They saw no dead faces. Had I loved them I might have married and been happy. Claud I love. Why does the dead man trouble him?"

"That man," I replied, "was my brother—Claud's brother."

She threw out her arms with a gesture of utter despair. "Your brother—Claud's brother!" she repeated. Then she fixed her eyes on mine as if she would read the secrets of my soul.

"You are lying," she said.

"I am not. He was our eldest brother. He left England years ago. He passed under a false name. He died. When and how did he die?"

She sank, a dead weight, into a chair; but still she looked at me like one under a spell. I seized her wrist.

"Tell me, woman," I cried—"tell me what this man was to you; why his dying face comes to us? The truth—speak the truth."

She seemed to cower beneath my words, but her eyes were still on my face.

"Speak!" I cried, fiercely, and tightening my grasp upon her wrist. At last she found words.

"He was my husband; I killed him," she said, in a strange voice, low yet perfectly distinct.

I recoiled in horror. This woman, the widow and self-confessed murderess of one brother, within an ace of being the wife of the other!

"You murdered him?" I said, turning to the woman.

"I murdered him. He made my life a hell upon earth. He beat me, cursed me, ruined me. He was the foulest-hearted fiend that ever lived. I killed him."

No remorse, no regret, in her words. Quite overcome, I leaned against the chimney-piece. Bad as I knew Stephen Morton to have been, I could at that moment only think of him as a gay, light-hearted school-boy, my elder brother, and in those days a perfect hero in my eyes. No wonder my heart was full of vengeance.

Yet even in the first flush of my rage I knew that I could do nothing. No human justice could be meted out to this woman. There was nothing to prove the truth of her self-accusation. She would escape scot-free.

"Would that I could avenge his death!" I said, sullenly.

She sprang to her feet. Her dark eyes blazed. "Avenged!" she cried. "Is it not doubly, trebly avenged? Has he not taken all I care for in life from me? Has he not taken my love from my side? Coward in life, coward in death. When I killed him I knew he would try to come back to me. He has tried for years. Ah, I was too strong for him. I could banish the face with which he strove to haunt me. I could forget. I could love. I could have been happy. Yet he has conquered at last. Not me—he could not conquer me—but the one I love. Oh, the coward is avenged!"

In spite of my feeling of abhorrence, I gazed on the speaker in amazement. Her words were not those of one who had committed a black crime, but of one who had suffered wrong. The strange, fanciful idea that the dead man had been trying to haunt her, but had been kept at bay by her strong will, was in my experience unprecedented. As I saw the agony of mind under which she was laboring, the thought came to me that perhaps her words were true, that my brother's death was this day avenged. I resolved to leave her. I could gain no good by prolonging the painful scene.

She was still pacing the room in fierce passion. Suddenly she stopped short, and in thrilling accents began to speak. It seemed as if she had forgotten my presence.

"See," she cried, "the river-bank—the dark rushing stream. Ah, we are all alone, side by side, far away from every one. Fool! if you could read my heart, would you walk so near to the giddy brink? Do you think the memory of the old love will stay my hand when the chance comes? Old love is dead: you beat it, cursed it to death. How fast does the stream run? Can a strong man swim against it? Oh, if I could be sure—sure that one push would end it all and give me freedom! Once I longed for love—your love. Now I long for death—your death. Oh, brave swift tide, are you strong enough to free me forever? Hark! I can hear the roar of the rapids in the distance. There is a deep fall from the river cliff; there are rocks. Fool! you stand at the very edge, and look down. The moment is come. Ah!"

With her last exclamation she used a violent gesture, as if pushing something fiercely from her. She was, I knew, in her excitement, re-acting the tragedy.

"Free! free! free!" she cried, with a delirious, almost rapturous laugh, and clasping her hands. "Hold him, brave stream! Sweep him away. See! he swims; but he dare not swim with you. You are hurrying down to the rapids. He must face you, and wrestle with you for his life. Bear him down; keep him from me. If he masters you, he will land and kill me. Hold him fast, brave stream! Ha! his strength fails. He is swept away; he is under. No, I see him again. He turns his face to me. He knows I did it. With his last breath he is cursing me. His last breath! He is gone, gone forever! I am free!"

The changes in her voice, ranging from dread to tearful joy, her passionate words, her eloquent gestures, all these combined to bring the very scene before my eyes. I stood spell-bound, and even, as she described it, seemed to see the unfortunate man battling for dear life in the rushing stream, growing every moment weaker and weaker. As the woman's last wild exclamation—"Gone forever! I am free!"—rang through the room, I seemed to hear the cry of despair drowned as the

"'LOOK!' SHE WHISPERED. 'DO YOU SEE IT? THERE!'"

waves closed over the wretched man's head. I knew every detail of my brother's fate.

I turned to leave the room. I longed to get away, and if possible to banish the events of the day from my mind. It was not given to me to be Stephen Morton's avenger.

My hand was on the door, when the woman sprang to my side. She grasped my arm and drew me back into the room.

"Look!" she whispered. "Do you see it? There! The face—that awful face! It has come at last to me. The dead man has conquered. There! look! His eyes glaring, his mouth mocking. Now it has once come, I shall see it always—always. Look!"

No, I was not doomed again to see or to fancy I saw that face. Its mission, so far as I was concerned, was at an end. But the look of concentrated horror which Judith Despard cast at the wall of the room beggars description. Then with a piteous cry she fell at my feet, and seemed to strive to make me shield her from something she dreaded. I raised her. She broke from my grasp, and again fell upon the floor, this time in paroxysms of madness.

My tale is ended. That night she was removed to a private lunatic asylum, where for three years she was kept at my expense. She died raving mad, and from inquiries I made I know that from the moment when it first appeared to her to the hour of her death the face of the man she had killed was ever with Judith Despard.

THE "ARGO."

THE MYTHICAL BOAT.

YOU can get further into wonder-land by water than by land; for the most wonderful things are always on "the other side of something." It is all well enough, to commence with, to put yourself on horseback, and ride away over the hills and the marshes and through the forests; what you come to will no doubt give you their complement of adventure. But sooner or later the inevitable arrives. The prosaic land has exhausted itself, the caverns given up their last giant, the forest brakes their last monster, and you reach the water. Beyond it, whether it be sea or lake or river, lies in every myth and fairy tale the climax of your perils, the touch-stone of your courage; and you must cross "to the other side."

But how? And then comes the magic craft. Perhaps you have to take it by force from some surly Frost-Giant; or perhaps some gentle Sabrina comes to your rescue with her timely ferry, or some toad you have befriended tells you of the boat that folds up and lies under that stone close by; or perhaps you have that talisman about you which for this supreme hour of need you have carefully treasured so long; or perhaps you set to with your comrades and build your *Argo* for yourselves; or perhaps, or perhaps, or perhaps —who knows what? But however you come by it, you must have your ship, or else go back, like the tailor's son of Basle, with your labors uncompleted. But heroes do not turn back. Hercules kills the very last fragment of the hydra; he does not leave a single Stymphalian fowl on the wing. So myth and legend have to furnish boats for their heroes; and a delightful fleet they would make if they could only be brought together, these mythical ships of legend and fairy tale.

Was ever such a curious fleet brought together? Found for your own fancy's sake some new Nauplia, and erect upon the chief promontory thereof your temple to Poseidon, the great builder. Pick out an enchanted harbor in some Circe's Isle of Calms (with blue halcyons brooding on every charmed wave, if you will), and then float into it at your leisure all the keels that have cleaved strange waters.

Here lie the storm boats on which the gods used to cross the swift Iffing when they passed from Asgard to Jotunheim, and there the gloomy rafts that know the torpid waters of Lethe, of Phlegethon with

its waves of flames, of Acheron and Cocytus, rivers of pain. Next to them see that speaking ship that braved the clashing Symplegades, leaping to the sound of Orpheus's lyre, and alongside is the vine-embowered vessel that the dolphin-mariners of Sunium still deplore, and just beyond them, lying on the water "like a yellow leaf in autumn," is the swift Cheemaun:

> "Round its waist a shining girdle,
> Round its brows a gleaming necklace,
> On its breast two stars resplendent."

But they do not all hail from unknown waters. Here are the bright shrine-galleys of the rivers of Damascus, and there, "where the poppied sails doze on the mast," the barges which the Epicurean met on the Nile, laden with large green emeralds (that wax and wane in lustre with the moon), and frankincense from the acacias that grow in Arabia, and the sweet-smelling woods which the green Nile of Nubia washes down in the season of flood, and with hives of bees to colonize the flower meadows of the south. Close by, rocking idly on the idle wave, is Cleopatra's sumptuous gondola, the fierce wyvern-head of Eric's Long Serpent just glaring above her canopies:

> "Seventy ells and four extended
> On the wave the vessel's keel;
> High above it, gilt and splendid,
> Rose the figure-head ferocious,
> With its crest of steel."

In its purely symbolical aspect the ship is very conspicuous in mythology. It is the emblem of wealth, and the hieroglyph of plenty. The earth itself is an ark, containing within itself everything necessary for replenishing the world. And so in the old mysteries of dead religions the ship always had an honored place, being carried in the processions of the priests either in its own form—an actual ship model—or else in some occult symbol of the symbol—a bowl, or cup, or shell, or water-flower.

Thus in Athens, on the great Panathenaic festival, her temple ministers carried in solemn pageant to the temple the ship of the goddess Athene, the giver of all that was good to her city of Athens, the City of the Violet Crown. Athenian maidens embroidered with flame-colored silks the saffron veil that covered the mythical vessel, and all the city stood in the streets to see the stately procession pass up the hill. So, too, in the worship of Isis, a ship, sometimes of colossal size, freighted with the first-fruits of the year, was carried by patient kine in a triumphal progress—"the Voyage of Isis"—from shrine to shrine in the early days of March. So, too, in far more recent years, and even still, I believe, in remote corners of Catholic Europe, the ship is borne by priests in the procession of the Virgin. What it may mean to those of our own day who kneel as it passes it is not for me to guess, but whatever its significance may be, there is no doubt that the carrying of the ship itself is the survival of the old pagan symbol—the ark of the earth, the chariot of the earth goddess; the Earth herself.

But in the mystery-loving cults of the old days, that delighted in incrusting symbol with symbol, and enamelling obscurity upon obscurity, the ship became a bowl, a cup, a shell on the water, a water-lily. In India, where the cow is an emblem of an all-suffering bounty, the milk pail takes the place of the bowl of plenty, and with the lotus flowers—the vehicle of the Vedic gods on the waters—divides the functions of the mythic boat. It re-appears again in Greek philosophies as the caldron in which the Demiurge fuses the primal elements of the earth, and as the golden couch on which the wealth-giving sun sails across the sky seas from east to west.

And once this idea of bestowing plenteously enters into the ship myth, the form wanders even more widely away from the original. It becomes the cornucopia that perpetually pours out the riches of the harvests of the earth, the horn of Amaltheia that never fails, and innumerable other "horns" that held all their possessors could wish—notably that horn of Oberon which yielded the juice of mighty vintages, but only to the lips of mighty men. But, more occult still, it became a goblet, mystic, wonderful, that always held wine, but, when false men tried to drink out of it, sent up its contents bubbling and frothing in furious and undrinkable heat; a dish that could never be emptied of food; a basket in which a meal for one multiplied itself into a banquet for a host; a churn that churned gold and peace and prosperity out of men's wishes; a lamp that brought up from the under-world the jinn that could satisfy all desires; a ring that the fairies who keep all good things were compelled to obey; a purse that no

SHELL FLEET OF AMPHITRITE.

spendthrift could come to the bottom of; a kettle that not only kept itself filled, but helped the guests to whatsoever they wanted. And so, from things material to things immaterial, till we come to the Apollo's well that told all secrets of the past, present, and future, the magic mirror of all wisdoms; and so, finally, to every one of those royal roads to knowledge which heroes and heroines of fairy tale and folk-lore travel with such perils and such success.

Yet far as these myths wander from the first idea, they revert to it so frequently, so unexpectedly, that the original ship fancy sails without a doubt all through them. Wherever the wish-breeze blows, there, be sure, is the magic boat, and whenever you see a cloud scud overhead, you may know that a gaudharva is on a voyage.

This cloud myth alone is full of fancies that lend themselves to the subject of mythic navigations, and what is more exquisite in all the mythology of antiquity than the fable of Alcinous and his sea-going people? What seas did they sail on, these wide-ranging mariners? and what were their ships, that needed neither helm nor helmsman, rigging nor crew? Search the world over and you will not find a place those ships have not visited, nor of all that goodly fleet will you hear that one was ever wrecked. When the sun is setting you can see in the west the portals, the golden gates, of that land of sailors, and sometimes also you may see their argosies crowding into port with all their sun-lit canvas set. There in the sunset is the harbor-city of Alcinous and the happy Phæacian folk; and thence, if you will take ship in one of their cloud-barks, and shape your course straight upward, you will come to the sky-gardens of the Hyperboreans, and find them sailing about in space in their golden air-boats, just as (long afterward) the bewildered Tish saw the Ana voyaging in their vril-cars over the mountains and the valleys of their subterranean land.

But leaving the simple myth for the definite ships of fable in which individual personages braved the enchanted waters of fairy-land, the catalogue is found to be one that would lengthen beyond Homer's, and be far more curious.

There was *Ringhorn*, the beautiful ship of Balder the Beautiful, and that other vessel in the story of *Big Bird Dan*, which moved of itself wherever it had to go; and *Ugalfar*, that had neither rigging, helm, nor oar, but, like Hiawatha's canoe, was intelligent, and understood the speech of men; *Skidbladnir*, that could hold all the Teutonic Olympus, and yet could be folded up and carried in the hand like a garment; Grettir's craft with the twin prows, one of which shrieked when bad weather was coming, the other that warbled the return of sunshine and still seas; *Ellide*, the boat of the Icelandic short-shanks, that grew bigger of itself to hold good men and true, that moved without reference to wind or current, and without sail or oars, and that grew smaller again as soon as its hero crew had stepped ashore. There, too, the

> "small vessel gliding swift and light,
> So that the water swallowed naught thereof.
> Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot.
> Beatitude seemed written on his face!
> And more than a hundred spirits sate within."

The phantom canoes are there that the people of the South Seas see moored among their coral reefs when a chief has been summoned from among them; the shell fleets in which Amphitrite and her court took their pleasure on the blue Mediterranean, and the nautilus craft in which clinging to it, who by-and-by becomes King of the Golden Mountain, or the other in which the thin man rows the captive prince across the enchanted lake; the vessel in which Ferdinand crossed the giant's lake with such goodly store of meat for the ogres and bread for the ravens; the

"VOYAGE OF ISIS"—PROCESSION WITH SHIP.

Venus voyaged; the ship in which the princess sailed with Faithful John to the realm of the King of the Golden Palace and back again, and the other ship from which another princess threw her husband into the sea, but was punished by the king her father by being put into a boat all pierced with holes and dragged out into deep water, and there allowed to sink; and the ferry-boat that took travellers over to the kingdom of the Giant with the Three Golden Hairs, or the other that drifted across to the snake-girl's castle, keel upward, with the merchant's son ship which the tailor sewed together; the twelve boats in which the twelve princes rowed the twelve sisters and the old soldier across the river—but why continue the list? They seem to be a whole navy, and of every tonnage, from the Norseman's boat that could never be filled full, to the tiny mussel-shell bark that was overladen with a single fairy.

And, by-the-way, what an exquisite fairy poem that is of Drake's, "The Culprit Fay!" I think that they are the only real fairies I have ever read of: it is a midsummer night's dream translated out

of the ideal fact. And the culprit's delicious voyage!

"He cast a saddened look around;
But he felt new joy his bosom swell,
When, glittering on the shadowed ground,
He saw a purple mussel shell.
Thither he ran, and he bent him low,
He heaved at the stern and he hauled at the bow,
And he pushed her over the yielding sand
Till he came to the verge of the haunted land.
She was as lovely a pleasure-boat
As ever fairy had paddled in,
For she glowed with purple paint without,
And shone with silvery pearl within;
A sculler's notch in the stern he made,
An oar he shaped of the bootle blade;
Then sprung to his seat with a lightsome leap,
And launched afar on the calm blue deep.

"The imps of the river yell and rave.
They had no power above the wave;
But they heaved the billow before the prow,
And they dashed the surge against her side,
And they struck her keel with jerk and blow,
Till the gunwale bent to the rocking tide.
She whimpled about to the pale moonbeam
Like a feather that floats on a wind-tossed stream;
And momently athwart her track
The quarl upreared his island back,
And the fluttering scallop behind would float,
And patter the water about the boat;
But he bailed her out with his colen bell,
And he kept her trimmed with a wary tread,
While on every side, like lightning, fell
The heavy strokes of his bootle blade."

What would a man of these days not give if he might sail with Herakles round the world in a golden jar? or steer for a single cruise that boat which the fifty daughters of Danaus used to row in? or lie becalmed for one halcyon summer with Orendie's fleet in the sleepy Klebermeer?

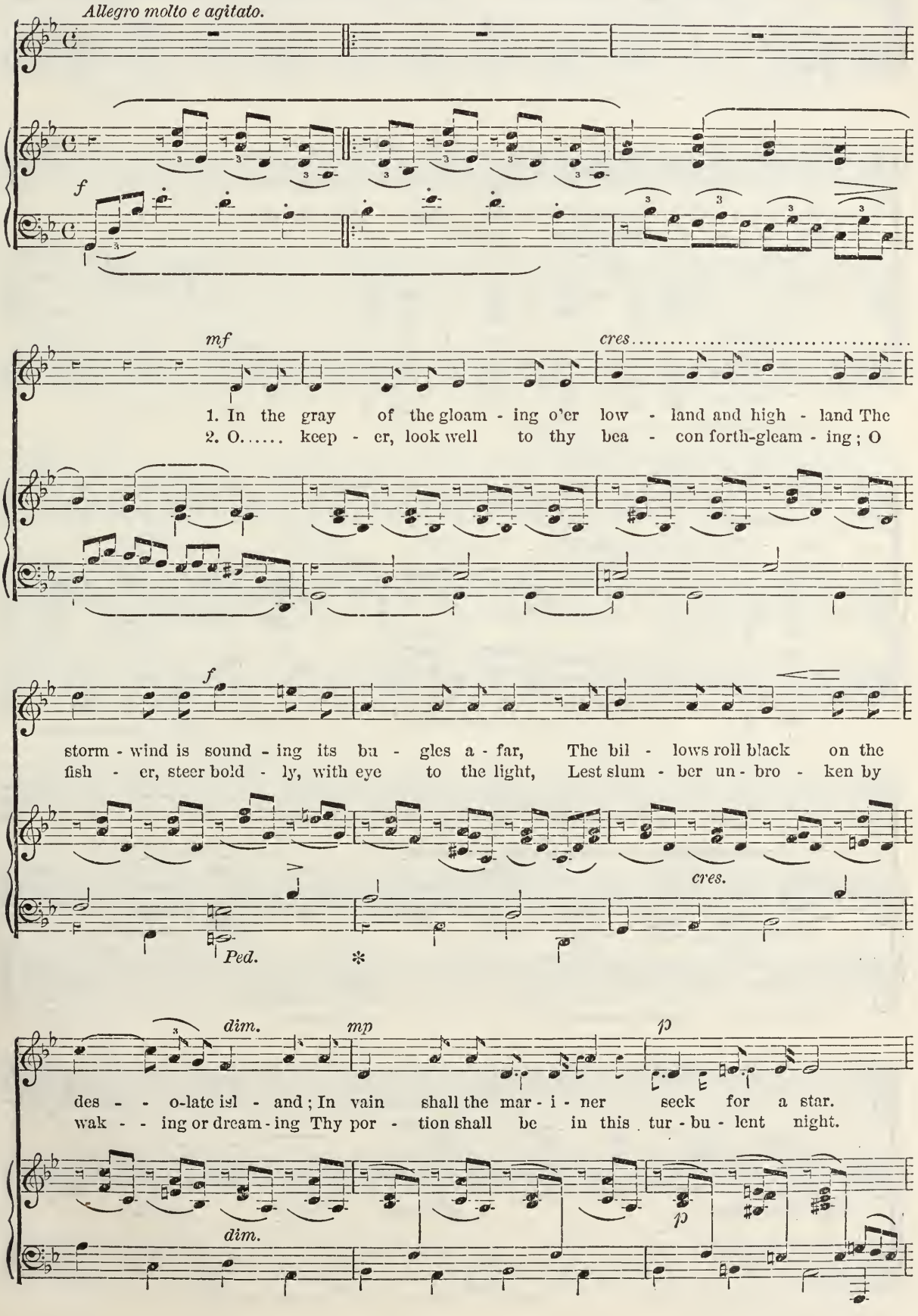
But if these things are impossible—and they are as impossible now as the ship which broke up under Nero's mother or the boat that burned Pompey—there is still, perhaps, before us all one weird voyage yet. Who knows? For even when life is over we have not fairly disembarked. The ships of death are waiting. Old Charon is at his ferry on the gloomy strand of Styx; the old woman is waiting for us with her raft on the misty banks of Sandza. Across the black waters of Yama comes the baying of the three-mouthed hound that tells the guardians of the Vedic under-world that another freight of souls is crossing to the shore that none may leave. Remember, too, the sweet singer:

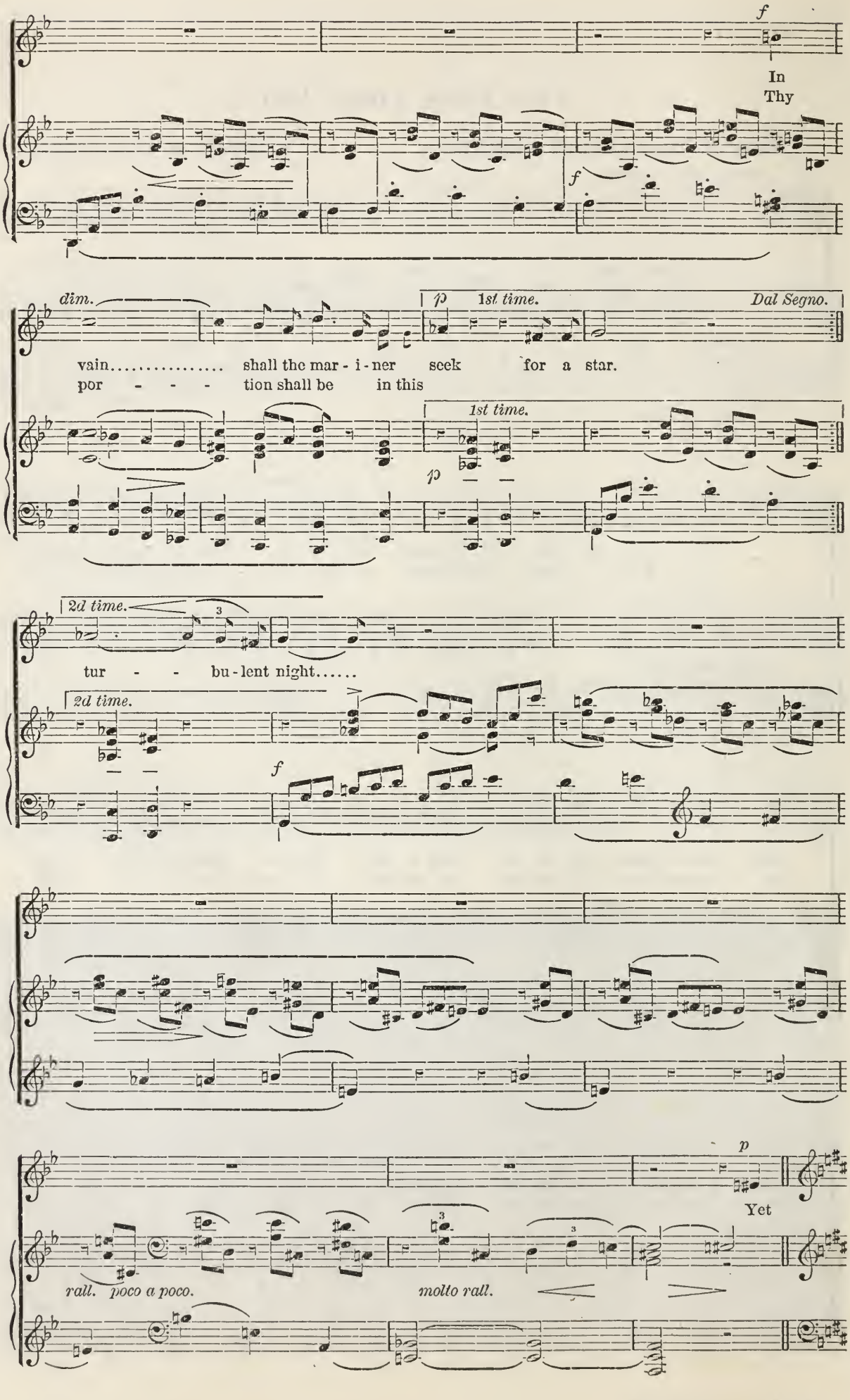
"Four whole days he journeyed onward
Down the pathway of the dead men;
On the dead man's strawberry feasted;
Crossed the melancholy river,
On the swinging log he crossed it;
Came unto the Lake of Silver,
In the stone canoe was carried
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the lands of ghosts and shadows."

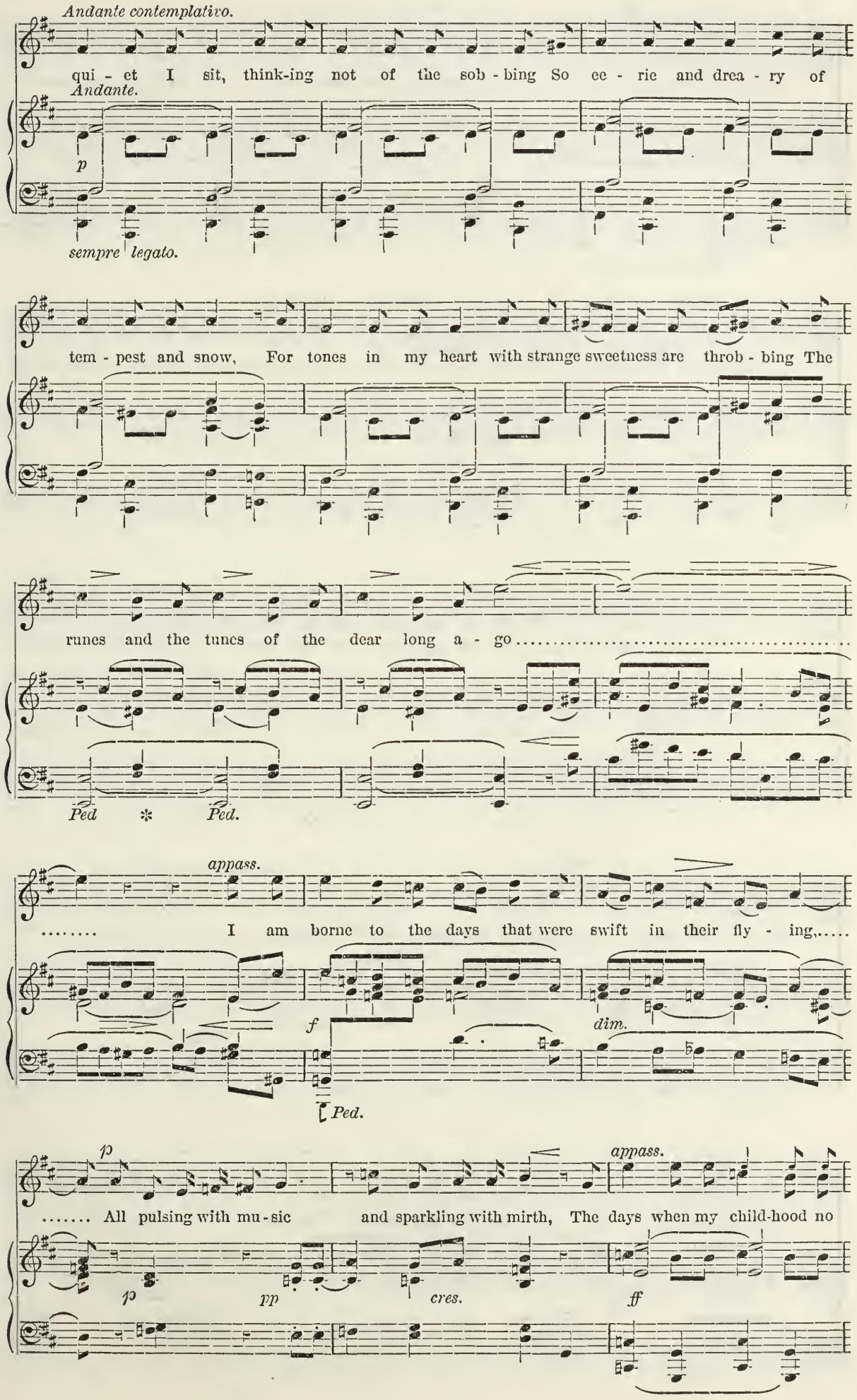
Before you lies the Valley of Avillon, the Happy Rest, and for you, just as much as for any Arthurian hero, if your life has been spent in a knightly manner, the solemn barge lies moored on the hither side of the river; the strong arms of loyal friends will carry you down to it, and loving arms will reach out to receive you from the other bank.

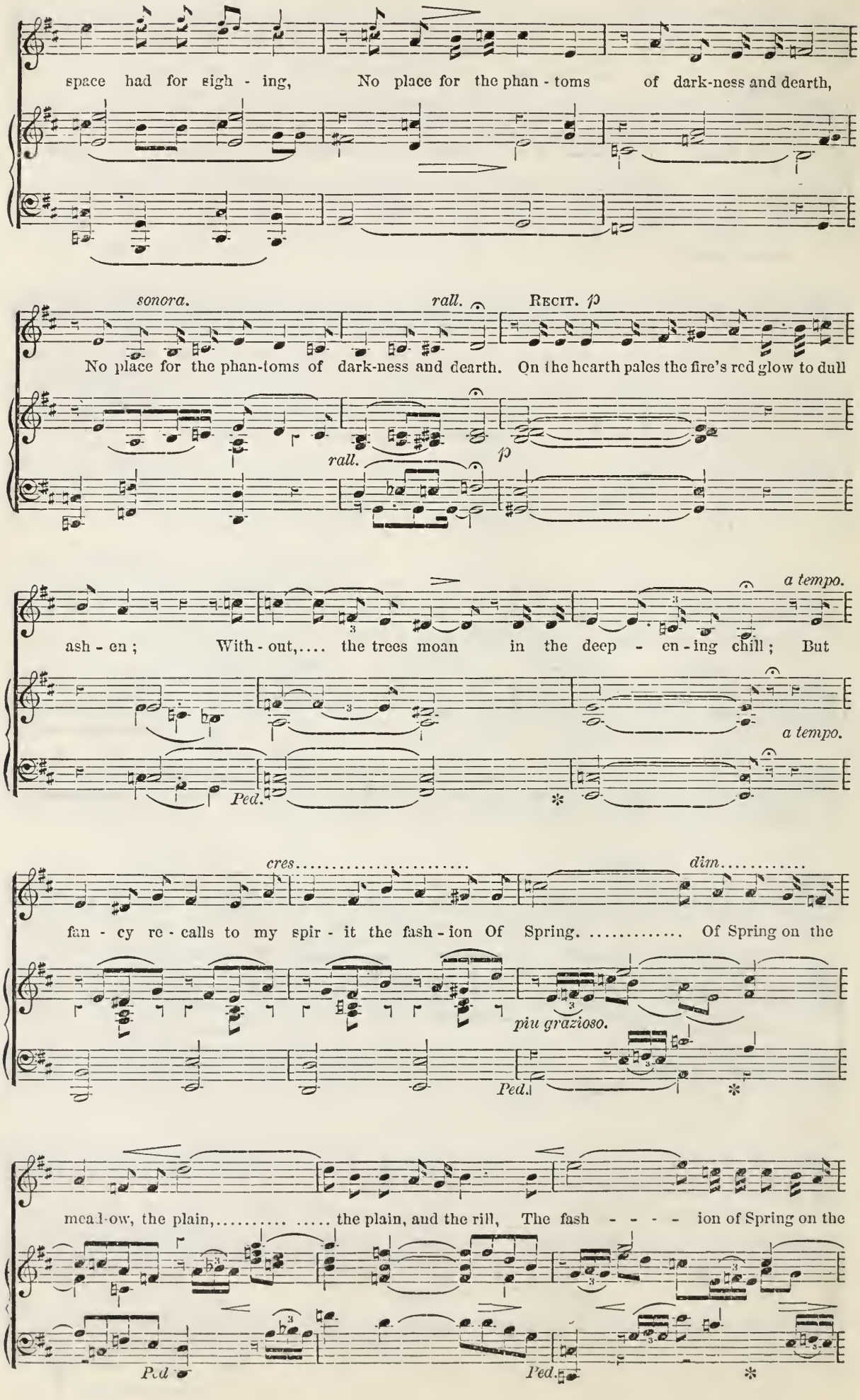
THE DEAR LONG AGO.

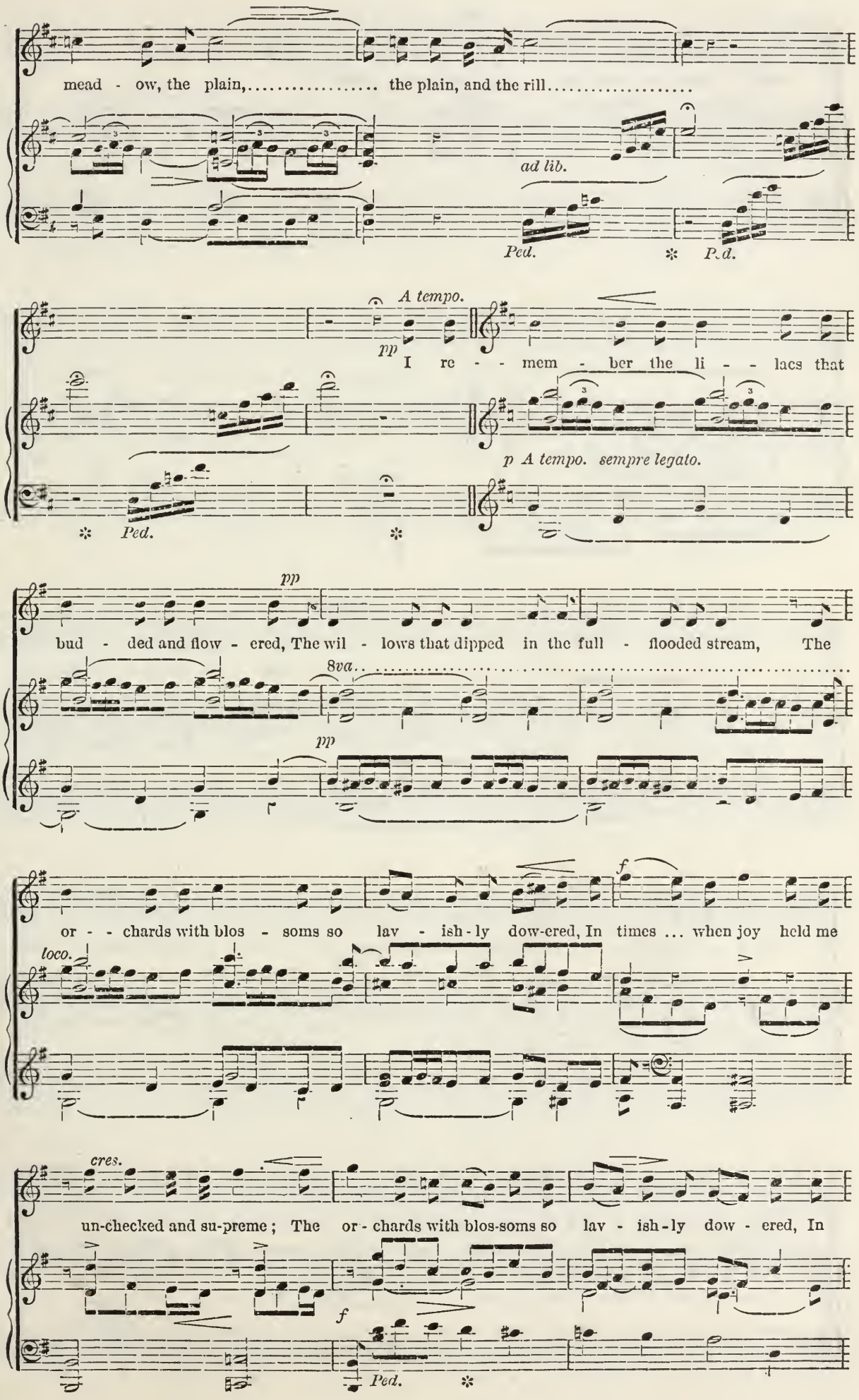
WORDS BY MRS. MARGARET SANGSTER. MUSIC BY W. W. GILCHRIST.

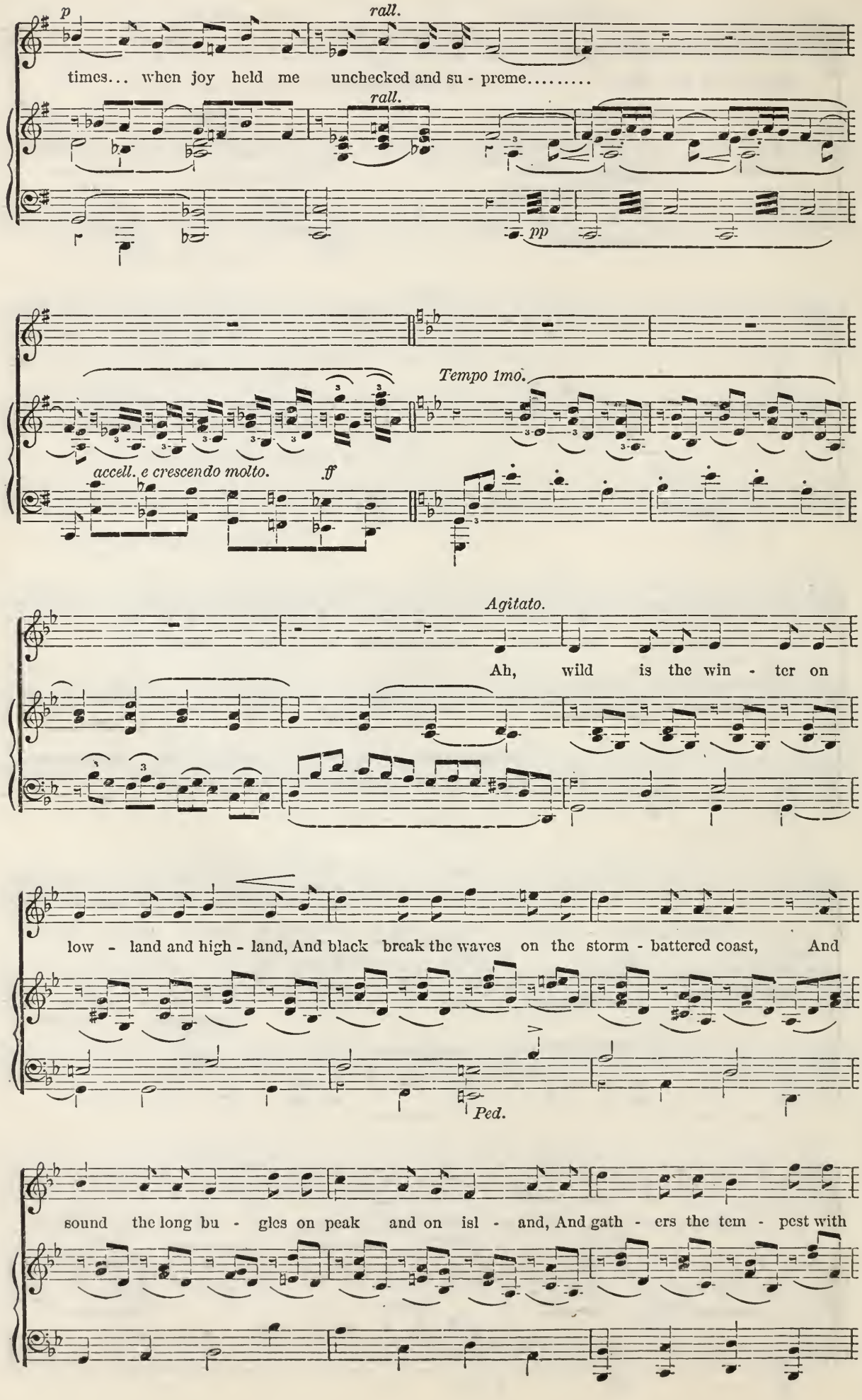


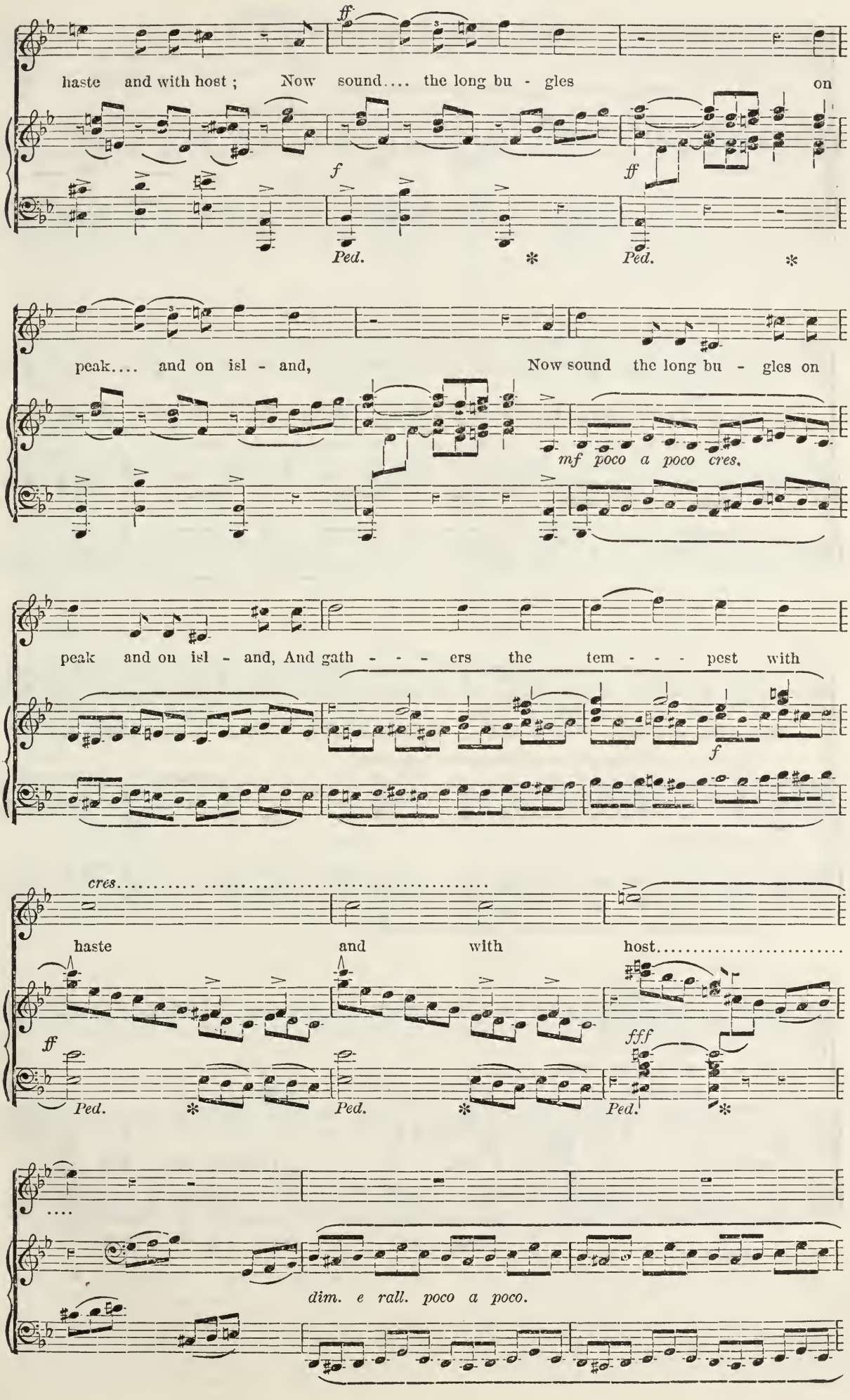

f
In
Thy
f
dim.
p
1st time.
Dal Segno.
vain..... shall the mar - i - ner seek for a star.
por - - - - tion shall be in this
1st time.
p
2d time.
3
tur - - bu - lent night.....
2d time.
f
p
Yet
rall. poco a poco.
molto rall.

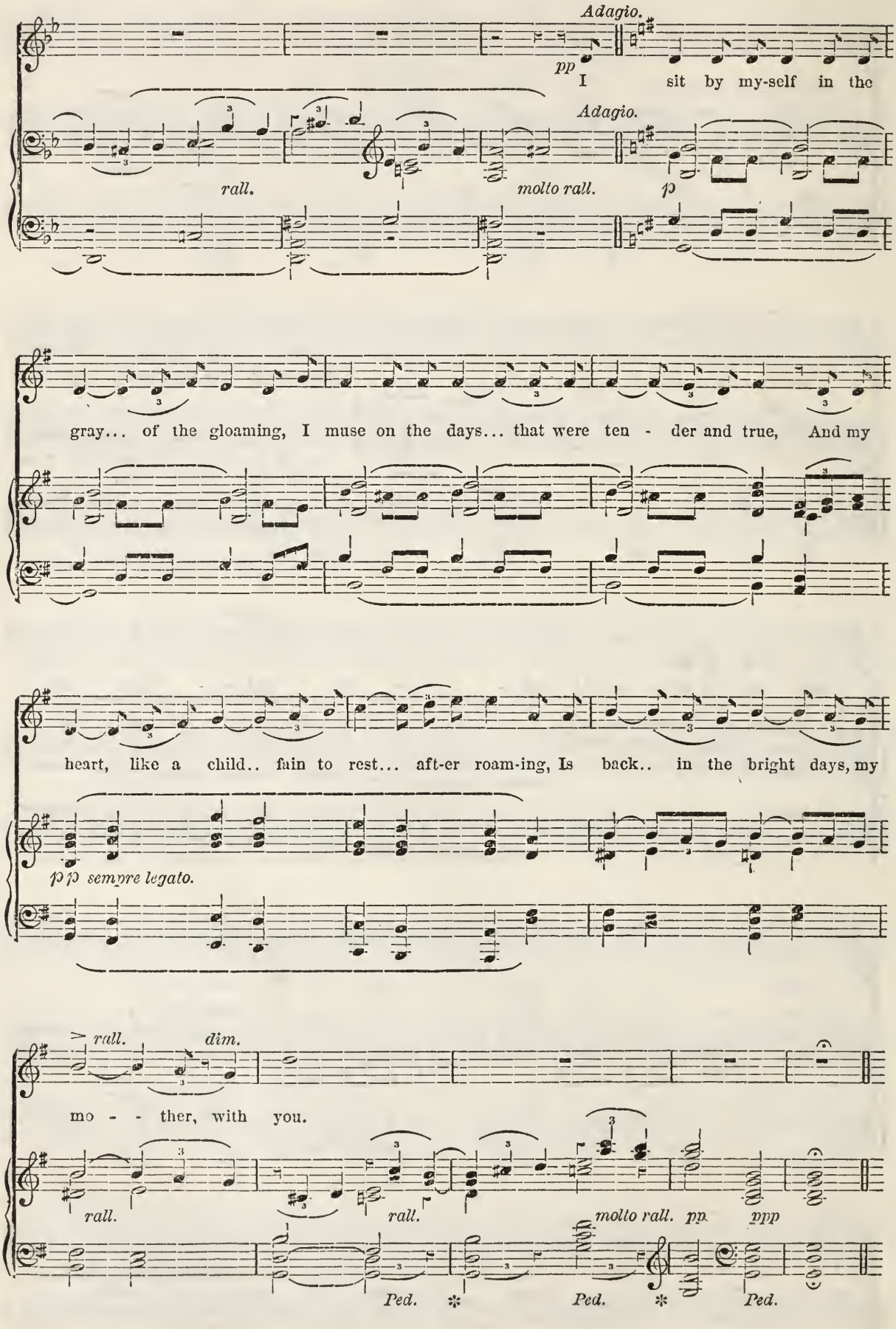

Andante contemplativo.
qui - et I sit, think-ing not of the sob - bing So ee - rie and drea - ry of
Andante.
p
sempre legato.
tem - pest and snow, For tones in my heart with strange sweetness are throb - bing The
runes and the tunes of the dear long a - go
Ped
Ped.
appass.
I am borne to the days that were swift in their fly - ing,
f
dim.
Ped.
p
appass.
All pulsing with mu - sic and sparkling with mirth, The days when my child-hood no
p
pp
cres.
ff


space had for sigh - ing, No place for the phan - toms of dark-ness and dearth,
sonora.
rall.
Recit. p
No place for the phan-toms of dark-ness and dearth. On the hearth pales the fire's red glow to dull
rall.
p
a tempo.
ash - en; With - out,.... the trees moan in the deep - en - ing chill; But
a tempo.
Ped.
cres.....
dim.....
fan - cy re - calls to my spir - it the fash - ion Of Spring. ..... Of Spring on the
piu grazioso.
Ped.
mead-ow, the plain,..... ..... the plain, and the rill, The fash - - - - ion of Spring on the
Ped.
Ped.


mead - ow, the plain,..... the plain, and the rill.....
ad lib.
Ped.
Ped.
A tempo.
pp
I re - - mem - ber the li - - lacs that
p A tempo. sempre legato.
Ped.
pp
bud - ded and flow - ered, The wil - lows that dipped in the full - flooded stream, The
8va.
pp
f
or - - chards with blos - soms so lav - ish-ly dow-ered, In times ... when joy held me
loco.
cres.
un-checked and su-preme; The or-chards with blos-soms so lav - ish-ly dow - ered, In
f
Ped.


p
rall.
times... when joy held me unchecked and su - preme.....
rall.
pp
Tempo 1mo.
accell. e crescendo molto.
ff
Agitato.
Ah, wild is the win - ter on
low - land and high - land, And black break the waves on the storm - battered coast, And
Ped.
sound the long bu - gles on peak and on isl - and, And gath - ers the tem - pest with


ff
haste and with host ; Now sound.... the long bu - gles on
f
ff
Ped.
Ped.
peak.... and on isl - and, Now sound the long bu - gles on
mf poco a poco cres.
peak and on isl - and, And gath - - - ers the tem - - - pest with
f
cres.
haste and with host.....
ff
fff
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
....
dim. e rall. poco a poco.


Adagio.
pp
I sit by my-self in the
Adagio.
rall.
molto rall.
p
gray... of the gloaming, I muse on the days... that were ten - der and true, And my
heart, like a child.. fain to rest... aft-er roam-ing, Is back.. in the bright days, my
pp semyre legato.
rall.
dim.
mo - - ther, with you.
rall.
rall.
molto rall.
pp
ppp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN some parts of England the waits will be singing upon Christmas-eve when these lines are read. On Christmas morning the great English holiday of the year will dawn. The melody that greets it will not be the song of birds, but the music of Christmas bells. For Christmas is peculiarly an English festival. Other nations share in its benediction, and its lineage may be traced far back and beyond the England that we know. But by some essential and mystic tie it adapts itself to the English genius; it is characterized by English feeling; and old Father Christmas wreathed with holly and pouring a full flagon of generous wine, while the Christmas log blazes upon the hearth and the young folks kiss under the mistletoe, is a huge, hearty, English figure. At Christmas-time, therefore, the greatest nation which sprang from English stock, and which is founded upon English principles and practices of liberty, naturally turns to the mother country with that instinct of kindred which made the typical New-Englander, Hawthorne, call England "our old home," and that genuine Englishman, Gladstone, describe Americans as "our kin beyond the sea."

Even this Magazine, as it adorns itself for the holiday, and sets its timely pages chiming with a Christmas chorus, finds in its own experience the truth of Hawthorne's and Gladstone's happy phrases. It is conscious that it is essentially an American magazine, but it has been so warmly welcomed beyond the sea that it can not help feeling that the lion and the eagle acknowledge a common heroic descent, and delight in tracing in each other the differing development of the same quality. If the worthy Edward Cave, of St. John's Gate, like Sarah Battle, "now with God," could turn these pages and consider the text and the illustrations, the thought that his *Gentleman's Magazine* of one hundred and fifty-four years ago had been transfigured into such a monthly visitor would assure him a merrier Christmas than Santa Claus himself could bestow. With patriarchal benignity and conscious virtue he would contemplate this Magazine and all its associates on both sides of the sea, and complacently impart his paternal benediction, "Bless you, my children!"

As a London bookseller in the middle of the last century the beatified founder of the *Gentleman's Magazine* had few dealings with America, and probably knew very little of that remote colonial realm. Some Virginia planter, possibly of a literary turn, who had friendly relations with Greenway Court, in the Shenandoah Valley, whose proprietor was said to have contributed a paper to the *Tatler* or the *Spectator*, may have directed his London factor to procure a book or two at Mr. Cave's, or some late copies of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and send them with the silks and knick-knacks for the ladies of the household, and the Madeira for himself, and the stout cloths for the "servants," which the good ship would bring from the wharf in London and deliver at his own wharf upon his own plantation in Virginia. Or some New England scholar may have besought the agent of the colony in London to inquire at Mr. Cave's for some modern commentary which had not yet reached the Bay. But the bookseller took no more thought of an American than of a Chinese market, and if some dreamer had held him long enough to hear a speculation upon a future international copyright, Mr. Edward Cave would have referred him to an excellent writer in Grub Street, who was preparing a paper on "Events in the Moon during the next Century" for Mr. Sylvanus Urban's magazine.

That magazine was the fruitful progenitor of a goodly race of periodicals which have been the welcome household friends of many generations. Its publication is a signal event in English literary history. Probably the sagacious Cave, as he considered the success of Addison's and Steele's charming little daily essays, treating with an indescribable lightness of touch and graceful gayety of public events and of the passing life and gossip of the town, reflected that the plan might be modified and made profitable by combining the daily essays into a monthly summary, which should carry to the slow readers in country houses as well as to the city gallants as much reading as they would wish to undertake during the month. So the first issues of the *Gentleman's Magazine* were composed of articles selected from the evanescent daily journals, literary insects of an hour, which glittered and hummed and vanished. Transfixed in the magazine, they made a museum of interesting specimens, and it was natural and easy to increase the attraction by adding living rivals.

But the new-comers were of a cuckoo breed. The choice articles which had been culled from the *Free Briton* or other current journals for the *Gentleman's* were gradually supplanted by original papers, and under the smooth and courtly garb of Sylvanus Urban appeared the doughty form of Samuel Johnson. But although the tremendous Doctor was the first editor of the first of popular literary periodicals, the suggestion surely came from Addison, whose spirit is still that of the modern magazine, and whose fine and light dexterity is still the true touch of the magazinist.

It was long after the *Gentleman's* descendants had multiplied in many forms, long after Elia had illuminated the *London Magazine* with the tender and humorous radiance which distinguishes that periodical as Shakespeare's genius ennobles the Blackfriars Theatre, that the first truly popular magazine ap-

peared in America. Burning blushes envelop the Easy Chair like those that kindle upon the maiden's cheek blooming beneath the Christmas mistletoe, as it owns the soft impeachment, and confesses that this Magazine is the very one, the new-comer of thirty-five years ago, the magazine which first appealed to the general popular taste of the country with an ever-increasing success, which is the more gratifying as it attends an ever-increasing improvement.

If John Bull will permit his cousin Jonathan to have his own way for a moment, as they sit gossiping before the blazing Christmas hearth, his cousin will modestly remark that the development of the magazine in America illustrates the same eager rapidity of progress which characterizes the general movement of the country. In Great Britain the *Gentleman's* developed into the *New Monthly Magazine* and *Blackwood* and the *London*, and they into *Fraser* and *Bentley's Miscellany*, and they in turn into Thackeray's *Cornhill* and its contemporaries, and the grave *Nineteenth Century*, *Contemporary*, and *Fortnightly*, in which solid courses of entertainment and instruction are served every month by masters in politics, science, art, theology, and literature. In America the popular magazine has added greater variety to the serial story, sketch, essay, criticism, and poem, and is especially rich in papers of travel, exploration, and adventure. But its peculiar distinction is its illustration. Indeed, the art of wood-engraving is an art which, after long delays, has latterly made extraordinary progress with unprecedented rapidity, and has reached its present perfection under the auspices of the American popular magazine.

When, therefore, a few years since, the Magazine crossed the ocean and presented itself in "our old home," it was the lineal descendant of the *Gentleman's*, and the kinsman of the monthlies and the *London*, of *Fraser* and the *Cornhill*, returning from its new home superbly decorated, like the foreign cousin, covered with ribbons and stars and orders, making his modest bow as an ambassador in the common ancestral hall. How cordial its welcome has been it gladly owns, and it does not disguise its pleasure in seeing the impulse that its coming has given to Cousin John to win and wear the decorative ornaments that it has introduced. The excellent Edward Cave of today has heard of America, and has long had dealings with its booksellers and book-makers, and Sylvanus Urban beholds with mingled emotions the arrival of this brave Western gallant who announces himself to be a chip of the old block, a son of the *Gentleman's*, and who claims kindred with all his descendants.

His coming is contemporaneous with a closer international tone in the common literature and feeling of John and Jonathan, which was prefigured, perhaps, in Thackeray's *Esmond* and *The Virginians*. The historian Freeman points out the continuing institutions and habits in both countries, and the story-tellers Henry James and Howells and White trace the filial feeling to either shore, and with curious introspection disclose under differing forms the action of the same instinct. John and Jonathan may each play Santa Claus, and put it in each other's stocking as a Christmas gift of good-will, that, while every noted Englishman is welcomed in America with an effusion which England seldom shows, a famous American poet, for the nonce United States Minister in England, is asked, passing by all famous Englishmen, to unveil a bust of Fielding in Taunton, while a bust of our Longfellow is placed by distinguished Englishmen with affectionate admiration in Westminster Abbey.

These things agree well with the entry of the American magazine into English homes—an admission accorded by kindly sympathy, as when some stranger is received at the gates and honored with the freedom of the city. To speak every month in the same tongue, and that the common tongue, to the household upon the Winnipeg in Manitoba or to homes scattered along the Oregonian Columbia, and those that look upon the solitary Pacific, to friends at the mouth of the Mississippi or "far away on Katahdin"—in leafy English Kent, in the shadow of Skiddaw and Helvellyn, in Milford Haven or King's Lynn, in remote Carnarvon upon the western sea, or "Ultima Thule, utmost isle"—this is to feel the truth of the inscription which the English scholar carved upon a seat under the trees at Cornell University, *Above all nations is Humanity*. To all these far-scattered homes upon different continents, yet bound together by a common faith, language, traditions, and love of liberty, this Magazine comes with its monthly message of cheer, saying with the poet whom both England and America love:

"Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest
At your warm fireside when the lamps are lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited."

In this way the Magazine becomes a minister of that international good-will which the Christmas season commemorates, and our kin beyond the sea, as they greet its familiar aspect, not as that of a stranger, but of a friend, will feel more deeply the community of ennobling tradition and of humane purpose which unites America and England.

The felicity and the fidelity of Hawthorne's phrase every true-hearted American owns. With Lowell he may have remarked "a certain condescension in foreigners," but he readily forgives to an islander an insular manner, and he chides himself if the air of condescension vexes rather than amuses him. It is not to the England of the cockney and of Bow Bells that the American is loyal, nor does a sensible Yankee see all Englishmen in the British traveller who asked his hackman to stop for a mo-

ment upon Bunker Hill that he might step out and spit upon the monument.

When the Englishman at an American table says to his host that the pudding is "just like what we used to call stick-jaw at school," or when he advises his British companion to take a cup of the hostess's coffee, because "it isn't so very nasty, you know," we do not hold the entire English people responsible. The absurdities of Englishmen amuse us as our absurdities amuse them. But we are not only too large to be patronized, we are too large also to do anything but smile at those who attempt patronizing. There was a time, indeed, when the gibes of Fiedler and of Mrs. Trollope made our grandfathers wince, and they were so furious at Sydney Smith's terrible question, Who reads an American book? that they forgot both that Fisher Ames had asked the same question ten years before, and that, alas! there was no American book much worth reading—always excepting, of course, the delightful Diedrich Knickerbocker's veracious history, which, however, the Knickerbockers themselves held to be a work which fully justified Sydney Smith's taunting question.

Nobody laughs at Englishmen more good-naturedly and pungently than Englishmen. Turner said to the young woman who looked at his picture and remarked, with an air, "I never saw anything like that in nature," "No, madam; but don't you wish you could?" When the old-fashioned Englishman went through the world sitting aloof in his travelling carriage, and from that British throne surveyed mankind, and observing the characteristic custom of the country in which he chanced to be, or the peculiar national institution, remarked, "I never saw anything like that in England," the cosmopolitan genius whispered, "No; but don't you wish you could?" We Americans were very wroth with Dickens for the stinging flings in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. But if the humorist lashed Cousin Jonathan, he scourged John Bull; and Thackeray the Great, while he sometimes playfully bantered the American, roundly scored the Briton.

Does the old hostility to the redcoats survive in the American school? When the grandfathers of to-day were school-boys, the old battles of the Revolution and of "the last war" were still fought out in the most sanguinary manner—fought out, that is to say, in feeling and with fists. The British always had the worst of it in the debate, and that laced scarlet coat was the very livery of tyranny. But at Yorktown—ha! ha!—redcoats learned what it is to oppress free-born Americans! And what noble flowers of liberty were the Bourbon lilies of France which bloomed beside the stars and stripes! The Versailles of the Louises was so fond of freedom, and so dearly loved rebellion and revolution! Then at New Orleans how soundly the British hirelings were drubbed by General Jackson behind his immortal cotton bales! If they had not been British soldiers whom he thrashed, Jackson would not have been half as famous. What a resource that school-boy tradition of hostility to England has been to American politicians! England and the English race have really done something for liberty, if we may trust the chronicles. But listening to much of our stormy political haranguing, the appalled hearer would suppose that Attila and Gengis-Khan, Nero and Timour the Tartar, were incarnations of England.

No doubt, as it was said that it took Dickens a long time to discover that Thackeray had written a great novel, it is true that English opinion was as reluctant as George the Third to acknowledge that there was another great English nation. No family quarrel which has been pushed to extremity is ever readily healed, and Sister Britannia, in ruling the waves, has sometimes stopped and spattered Sister Columbia in a very exasperating and unnecessary manner. It would have been much better if Mother England had comprehended that when her son was of age he was no longer a child. He could not and he would not go to bed at nine o'clock and conform to the rules of the nursery. To attempt to thrash him into obedience was the sure way to drive him off and to fill his heart with bitterness. But although she made that huge mistake, and has not wholly forgotten sometimes to repeat it, England is still our nearest relation and our natural ally.

It is pleasant to remember that it is literature, not statesmanship, which has soothed this bitterness of feeling. The first fully accredited ambassador of international good-will was Washington Irving. And what artless and kindly diplomacy it was! With tender grace he painted the portrait of the common ancestor. It was poetic and traditional England that he described, the quiet rural life, the happy old customs, the places hallowed by genius and renown, above all, old English Christmas, with its fond and beautiful associations, until in the sweet and gentle spell jealousies and animosities vanished, and as we awoke with him on Christmas morning to the murmur of pattering little feet in the corridor, and attended him through the happy hours of the holiday, we felt the common kindred, the long descent, the mysterious instinct of race, and in perfect sympathy our accordant hearts beat the refrain, We too are Englishmen.

And if Englishmen of a Newer England, of a Greater Britain, what then? Plymouth Rock is but a stepping-stone in the progress of English civilization. Our language, our traditions of liberty, our forms of securing and enlarging freedom, our literature, our prosperity—what are they, and upon what foundations built? If influences adverse to those which have fostered and developed America are to be successfully opposed, by what traditions, principles, and spirit must they be encountered? If an alliance to secure the peaceful progress

of liberty in Christendom were necessary—a true Holy Alliance—must it not be composed of the English-speaking races on both sides of the sea? Whatever draws them more intelligently together, whatever soothes little asperities and reconciles petty differences and cultivates mutual good-will, is a common benediction.

It is in this way, as in a thousand others, that literature is so great a benefactor. This service of Washington Irving is incalculable, and this is the kind of service in which the popular magazine modestly co-operates. It promotes and diffuses the Christmas spirit—the spirit of generous affection and kindliness which binds nations together like individuals. Kindred states, like neighboring territorial proprietors, may cherish hearty friendship without effusive ardor of protestation, and with constant care of the due boundaries of their estates.

In the warm glow of Christmas feeling, therefore—and we declare that it is no other glow, for the plum-pudding is not yet served, nor the hot spiced wine—this Magazine complacently regards itself as helping, in ever so small a way, the better understanding of the great family to which it belongs. It has already said how heartily this was done by Irving many years ago, and it gladly records how nobly it is done now by a fellow-American author of Irving's—of a younger generation, indeed, but of the same generous spirit—the minister to whom the Easy Chair has already alluded, who is not merely an ambassador of literature, but an actual diplomatic personage, who, in the discharge of official duty and in the world of society which is the traditional field of diplomatists, shows how closely what is best in America is related to the best in England. He too was once the editor of a magazine, and then unofficially, as now with all the splendors of official state, he cultivated that international peace and good-will which is the highest diplomacy, which tends to restrain national arrogance and jealousy and folly, and which among nations makes Christmas all the year.

May that be the perennial spirit of this monthly visitor, which is very proud of its wide welcome, and which wishes all its friends everywhere in the great English-speaking world a merry Christmas!

Editor's Drawer.

Yf Crystemas day on *Thursday* be,
A wyndy wyntyr se shalle yee,
Of wyndes and weders all wrecked,
And harde tempestes stronge and thycke.
The somer shalbe good and drye,
Cornys and bestes shall multyplye;
That yere ys good londes to tylthe;
And kynges and prynces shall dye by skylle.
What chylde that day borne bee,
He shalle have happe ryght well to the,
Of dedes he shalbe good and stabylle,
Of speche and tonge wyse and reasonabylle.
Who so that day any thefte abowte,
He shalbe shente wythowtyn dowte;
And yf sekenes on the that day betyde,
Hyt shal sone fro the glyde.

—*Harleian MS., Fifteenth Century.*

THAT is, on the whole, not a bad prophecy for 1885, and intended to cover the wide territory reached by the Drawer in this year of grace. It is not so local as the weather which British literature has sought to impose upon all English-reading people, and has that universality of application which is required of a serviceable prophecy. Without it, indeed, we are certain of a wyndy wyntyr and of harde tempestes. Concerning the fate predicted for kings and princes, we can only say that they are used to it by this time; nearly every one nowadays dies by skill, and with the progress of science and the plenty of good physicians, it is not necessary to suppose that even the great ones of the earth shall find their exit by the hands of the secret international murderers. The summer will be dry in the Sahara, and there will be wide areas of drought all over the West, and here and there in the East, and probably a day or two in Scotland and Ireland, enough to satisfy the prophecy, and there may be a lucky tourist who will pass a morning without drenching in the charming lake region of England. The prediction encourages all these hopes, and indeed diffuses a pleasant light over all the year for those who survive the winter. The coming of a chylde on Christmas-day who shall be reasonabylle is something to look forward to, and if he can be bred with the idea that he is not to be President of the United States, he will be a blessing to the country, and will, indeed, stand some chance of reaching the natural end of every American patriot. We have also an extra reason for expectation of a good and fruitful year in 1885: it will not be Presidential year, and will be free from many causes of disaster; business will revive, and it will not be necessary to prove by affidavits and certificates of clergymen and discharged coachmen that our most honored and trusted public men ought not to be in the penitentiary. Indeed, the Drawer can not repress a feeling of hilarity that four years will elapse before the whole country is again on the road to the devil, by way of a majority vote. May we have peace and good harvests, and—an unfailing sign of a happy people—an abundant supply of characteristic anecdotes, which serve to keep us all in good-humor!

It would have been a wild prediction of the optimist three centuries ago that the time

would ever come when on one day in the year everybody in Christendom would have a good dinner. And yet it is almost realized. The gospel of humanity has almost reached that point. It is perhaps a wasteful and excessive mode of showing our humanity, but there is this good about it, that the feasibility of accomplishing it on one day will suggest the possibility of making at least decent dinners more common to people generally, and that when a man has once tasted the pleasure of a prodigal meal, he may be induced to some personal exertion of industry and thrift to procure himself the pleasure again. We know by statistics that there is food enough to satisfy everybody if it were properly distributed, and the lesson that it can be distributed one day is a most important one. The danger of course is that it is in human nature to depend upon charity when once charity is accepted, and so to lose the one priceless thing to any man, which is independence. But the beauty of Christmas is in its recognition of common humanity and common dependence on something beyond humanity, and the charity of it is not a condescension that can puff anybody up or hurt any man's pride, but a diffused good feeling, and a drawing together in a common *fête* of all sorts and conditions of men. Here in the United States it is literally of all sorts and colors, a commingling of people under one privilege absolutely unparalleled. And to enjoy the Christmas of humanity we are not required to eat the same sort of dinner, any more than we are required to have the same sort of creed. The plantation negro with 'possum fat and 'coon (brown cracklin', wid graby—go 'way dar, chile!) is just as much alive to the odor of the anniversary as the English denizen with his traditionary roast beef and plum-pudding. We have learned by the hard discipline of a new country that we can make a very thankful meal for the day out of wild turkey and canvas-back ducks, flanked by a green goose, with appropriate accompaniments. People can get used to anything if they only have the right spirit. Indeed, it has been said that it is not so much what we eat on Christmas-day as what we give away that raises our spirits; but this is to be understood within limits, for it can not be denied that there is such a thing as uni-

CHACUN À SON GOÛT.

Disgusted American Tourist (*to French friend*). "Well, you've got your pictures and your churches and your bullyvards, but *where's* your oysters? *where's* your clam chowders? *where's* your turtle soup?"

versal hunger on Christmas-day that will not be allayed any more in the case of a rich man than of a poor man by the remembrance of a good deed warmed over. But the best sauce to a good dinner is the thought that nobody else within reach is hungry. And better even than the dinner of the day is the universal spirit of good-will that broadens year by year, and deepens, we are sure. The Drawer has not intended to make a homily by way of accompaniment to anybody's repast, and is satisfied if it can send a light ripple of laughter round the world.

HOW TO DO A "HEAD."

A WELL-KNOWN artist in London having dined sumptuously upon a bill of fare of which some fine canvas-backs from the Chesapeake were an important element, wrote the next day, for the instruction of some of his most cherished pupils, the following meritorious formula:

Take two or three good canvases (the "Maryland duck" is the primest: be careful to see that the *back* is sound and fair); hang them up a few days to get the proper "tone." When they are ready, ask in a few fellow-students to assist. Before beginning operations let each student select his own priming (Amontillado and Angostura mixed is a good priming).

Settle on the *size* of the "head" you want.

Serve out a half-dozen of small round shells, each containing a little "Whitstable" native; draw these carefully into your head ("Chablis" is a good vehicle to draw them in with). You may then glaze over with a warm solution of "potash" (purée tomate). Change your vehicle to dry Amontillado again.

This is for the preliminary "sketch," and not on the "canvas" itself yet.

Then place before each student a properly primed "canvas," and *change the medium.*

A good "drier" is needed—the drier the better, but not *too* "brutal." "*Pom. et Greno, très sec*, '74," is a very fine medium. A small tube of this (playfully called a "magnum," because it is rarely big enough, and more has to be called for). The student's "palate" will often have to be washed with this, and his "canvas" well soaked with it. When the head feels "tacky"—which it soon does—cover up the canvas with some fine "Turkey twill"; the simple native untutored savage stuff is best. The same medium will do to wash with, if it needs washing.

When the head feels "dried in" a little, put in a background of foliage—lettuce and things.

More medium will be required for this. "Clos-Vougeot" some like.

Then put in your accessories—bloater on toast and "deviled things" are pretty. Change medium again to anything that washes in freely. This is a good time to experiment with various "vehicles," as you will find your head is still on a very *absorbent* ground. Then, with a warm decoction of Mocha in a small cup, and a pastel of Havana, try to waft the softening and blending tones about the "head." This process will sweeten the tones of it charmingly.

Then, when "tacky" again, go gently over with various washes of old Bourbon or "Glenlivet," and still burn the pastels. This process is much dwelt upon by the student. It puts a finish—the most minute finish sometimes—on the work.

The same night is a bad time to judge of effects; so reserve yourself for a morning impression. You will fancy at first that you possess a life-size old master, cracks and all, and that the frame is too small for it; but never mind. Don't exhibit it too soon—the profession reeks with envy and jealousy.

THE possibility of a destitution of good anecdotes reminds us of the speech of an Irish servant. The family had incurred extra expenses in moving and settling down, and fell one day at dinner to discussing the short prospect, which the girl, overhearing, contributed to by suddenly opening the door and popping in this information: "Every blissed thing is given out but the tay and coffee, and sure they will, if they last long enough."

ALAS! we are becoming homogeneous. It was only the other day that an accomplished young man, staying at a Newport cottage where all the servants are French, sauntered into the breakfast-room, under the impression that he was "all ready" for that meal, observing to his hostess, "*Je suis déjà pour déjeuner!*"

DURING the celebrated campaign of 1855 Governor Henry A. Wise visited, while making his canvass, the town of Liberty, situated about thirty miles west of Lynchburg, for the purpose of addressing the people of that neighborhood on the political situation. He was received with great *éclat* by the citizens of the town aforesaid, and was of course introduced to all the local notables, without regard to party. Among these was a Mr. Fogy, residing at the foot of the Peaks of Otter, a gentleman who was not awed the least when in the presence of greatness.

The following colloquy ensued between them:

MR. F. "Mr. Wise, I am glad to see you."

MR. W. "Mr. Fogy, I am happy to make your acquaintance."

MR. F. "But I am sorry to say that I can't vote for you, Governor."

MR. W. "I am sorry for that also, Mr. Fogy; but as this is a free country, every man has a right to vote as he pleases."

MR. F. "I'll tell you how I feel about it, Mr. Wise. When I was a young man I was what is called a thimble-rigger, and I went to all the hoss-races in the neighborhood with my thimbles and ball, cryin' out, 'Tis here and

'tain't there, 'tain't here and 'tis there,' a-foolin' many a gawkin' chap outen his money. Wa'al, for years at all these races a little hoss named Waxy had been winnin' all the stakes every time. Bets war ten to one on him agin the whole track, an' he allers come out ahead. Wa'al, when I war a-workin' one day as usual with my thimbles, I noticed the ugliest, scrawniest, long-legged, sharp-hipped lookin' critter led on the track I ever saw; and he war called Wee Hawk. I soon found he war entered agin Waxy, and as the people thought it war for a joke, big odds war offered agin him. I looked him all over, an' though he war a hard-lookin' cuss of the hoss kind, I noticed thar war fire in his eye, an' he war winkin' like as if he'd been thar before. I looked at my pile, and thinks I to myself, 'Now if I bet on Waxy an' win, it won't amount to much; but if I bet on Wee Hawk an' win, I'll hev a pile worth talkin' of.' I looked agin at old Wee Hawk, an' seein' the fire in his eye a-flashin' more an' more, I concluded I'd risk it. Wa'al, when old Wee Hawk war brought out alongside Waxy, you oughter heard the guyin' the crowd give his rider. 'Take 'im off,' 'Look out for crows,' 'Fasten some hay on a stick ahead of his nose,' and the like, war heard on every side. All this time Waxy war prancin' around, everybody feelin' sure he'd win. Wa'al, as I war a-sayin', when they war led out to start, Wee Hawk began to ruffle his feathers, and, as the sayin' is, 'snuff the battle from afar,' an' it took three men to hold him. An' when the jedge said 'Go!' you oughter seen old Wee Hawk a-straightenin' out his long legs an' neck, an' lightin' out as if he war another Pegasus or Hippogriff, which, as I've heard, war great racin' hosses in old times. Waxy war nowhar, an' come out more than six lengths behind Wee Hawk. The fellers who had been yellin' to give him to the crows war not crowin' so much when they found they had to hand over to me, and it war the worst beat crowd you ever saw. Wa'al now, Mr. Wise, I never did see a man look so much like a hoss as you do like Wee Hawk; an' though I can't vote for you, I'll bet my pile on you."

Mr. Wise laughed heartily at the comparison, and the result soon proved that the "fire war thar." W. F. Wise.

AN ANECDOTE OF ROBERT BRECKINRIDGE'S YOUTH.

This amusing anecdote was told me a few years ago by an intimate friend of the noted divine:

It seems that Dr. Robert Breckinridge lost his father in his early childhood, so that his training was left entirely to his mother, who was a little woman with a large mind and wonderful will power; consequently she and her son Robert often had cause for disagreement, when she not infrequently came out second best. When he was about five, one of these encounters occurred. One day, when Mrs. Breckinridge was particularly busy, Robert of course became unusually rampagious.

His mother stood him as long as possible, then she said, "Robert, if you do or say another crooked thing this evening, I will punish you well, sir."

She left, and heard nothing more from him for some hours, when, on going upstairs, she stumbled upon Robert, whom she saw lying on the top stair twisted in the most horrible shape. His face was frightfully drawn as though in pain, and he muttered something inaudibly. Mrs. B. became greatly alarmed, and called a servant to carry the child to her room. There she begged him to tell her, if he could, what hurt him, whereupon he jumped up in bed, laughed in her face, and shrieked, "Ram's horn!—ram's horn! You told me, mamma, if I said or did another crooked thing you would punish me, and I have said and done the crookedest I know—ram's horn. So there!" So saying, he got up and fled.

The sequel to the story I did not hear, but let us hope that when Mrs. Breckinridge caught him he received the whipping he so richly deserved. From what I have heard of her character, I think he did. Cabella.

SOMETHING NEW IN THE LAW.

Senator Vance claims that the people of North Carolina are the most law-abiding people in the world, and to prove it tells of a newly appointed justice of the peace who on a public occasion, when a fight was about to commence, commanded the peace, and preserved it by rushing between two combatants, drawing a knife a foot in length, and threatening instant death to the man that should violate the public peace.

I know (writes a correspondent) of an incident which illustrates admirably the love of justice which animates our excellent body of magistrates, as well as their ingenuity in threading the mazes of the law, and arriving at its true meaning and intent.

A newly appointed J. P. in one of our eastern counties was trying a civil case of much difficulty, in which the law appeared to be involved in considerable doubt. On one side was Lawyer B——, contending that the law was dead in favor of his client; on the other was Lawyer H——, who was equally as positive that the law was clearly on the other side. The Court was in great doubt for a time, but a lucky idea occurred to its mind. "Gentlemen," said the Court, "the facts in this case are well ascertained, but the law seems to be doubtful. The attorneys on each side have stated what the law is, but they do not agree. The Court decides that as the facts are established by the *oaths of witnesses*, the law must be established *in like manner*. The Court requires each attorney to swear that the law is what he has asserted it to be."

One of the attorneys took the required oath

without hesitation. The other demurred, and lost his case.

Our new J. P. declares that he has discovered a plan of getting at the truth of the law never thought of by Coke or Blackstone.

In Bellevue Hospital, where patients are treated without charge, and at the expense of New York city, an old colored man was recently discharged after the cure of his knee, injured by falling down-stairs. He was very dignified and polite, and he took pride in his literary accomplishments. During his convalescence he spent much of the time in composing and sending letters to his friends outside. The following letter from him was received at the hospital after his discharge. It was addressed to his attending physician:

New York *Sept* — 1884

My Dear Dr.—It is with much Solicitude and Alacrity that has compelled me to take my pen in hand to write you these few lines hoping that you are into a perfect state of health and also very Supercilious. Sir, may I have the pleasure of asking you to Pardon and Forgive me of my Stubbornness: in leaving the Hospital with out first having Seen you before taking my departure from the Institution. I was very sory after a-while in which I reflected thinking that you had been so kind to me during my sickness that I must truly say without the least Adulation that your Dexterity and Illustrious duty was quite attentive to me: at the time at which the Operation took place and after; however Dr. William: please when it is commodious to your complacency: I will be very much obliged. My Hypothesis leads me to think there is still a little disconnection in my knee but I has at present a very strong momentum, although at night and morning it pains me with very much Acrimony. Doctor I hope you are not angry with me for there is no ungratefulness on my part. If there is, I beg to be excused at that time when I leaved the ward I was not into a proper state of my mind owing to that it is over one year since the injury of my knee, and what little moneys I had it was all spent so I was *non compus mentus* at that time. Dr. William I wish you a happy valediction at Christmas and I also hope that where you sojourn or where your domicile is I hope also that you may have as many cases and practise that you can attend to

Yours truly John Jefferson Green.

N B I am at your *ad libitum*.

An eccentric Baptist minister in Virginia was noted for quaint sayings. He was the owner of a fine yoke of oxen, and losing one of them—a loss he could ill afford—was well-nigh inconsolable. His good wife, endeavoring to comfort him, quoted, "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away."

"Yes, Elizabeth, I know; but I can't see what the Lord wanted with an odd steer."

There lived in southern Ohio, in the early days of that State, one Judge G——, eminent in his profession as a lawyer, and well known for his suavity of manner and courtly bearing. The judge having been nominated for the office of County Judge, thought to surprise an eccentric genius by the name of Sam, who was mauling rails on the judge's farm, and took occasion to mention it on his first visit to the "Hills," as he called his place, when the following conversation ensued:

"Well, Sam, what do you think?"

"Sometimes one thing, jedge, an' sometimes 'nother."

"But, Sam, they have nominated me as County Judge."

"They might 'a done wuss, jedge. Howsomenever, don't holler till yer outen the woods."

The judge was duly elected, and on his next visit to the Hills thereafter announced the fact unctuously to Sam, who was in the woods, maul in hand.

"Well, Sam, I am elected by a large majority. What do you think of that?"

"Well, jedge, down in our parts where I was raised, when we wanted a stopper, 'n' hadn' any cork, we ginnerally took a corn cob."

The judge passed on; Sam resumed his mauling.

I venture (says a correspondent) to send you a pure specimen of crushing contemptuous scorn.

In our lunatic asylum at S—— we had, a few years ago, as medical superintendent and general manager, a pompous, self-sufficient old doctor with a very gushing manner and great obsequiousness to any visitor whom he might deem worth cultivating. It was more than suspected that this paternal and benevolent manner did not always characterize his intercourse with the patients, but was donned only on state occasions.

He had several hobbies, and would bore a visitor dreadfully with his overdone politeness and unceasing stream of talk about the institution and his wonderful management thereof.

On one occasion, after having been trotted all over the building by him to my great disgust, as I had called on business, and my time was precious, we were approaching his own private apartments, and on opening a door discovered a young woman of quiet, lady-like appearance seated in a small parlor, and gazing through the window, with a fixed expression of weary sadness, on the beautiful view of woods and lawn and river without.

I did not realize she was a patient, and there was no occasion whatever for the doctor to disturb her. He spoke to her, however, in his blandest way, no doubt with a view of properly impressing me, and said, "Well, Jane, and how are we this morning?"

She did not reply, but continued her sad and touching gaze.

He repeated the question, and added, "Come, Jane, surely you know who *I* am?"

She dropped the arm which had supported her head, turned slowly to look at him, and said, with a sigh of weary scorn, "Oh yes; you—you are the urbane and gentlemanly superintendent."

The doctor and I left immediately.

Tony. "No offense; but question for question is all fair, you know."—*She Stoops to Conquer*, Act I., Scene 2.
From drawing by E. A. Abbey.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WICLIF.

IF the long series of movements constituting the English Reformation, the earliest began within the seemingly narrow limits of a little academical world. Of Oxford this may be said with truth: that except during a long and inglorious period, of which the memory is now passing away from among living men, she has rarely been without a spirit of inquiry, fed from the pure source of the love of truth, as well as from the ignobler spring of the love of novelty. In this sense the Wiclifite movement merely carried on traditions which at Oxford it has rarely needed any very powerful magic to revive. Yet in the days when John Wiclif may be supposed to have matriculated, those who at universities and elsewhere estimate success by counting polls, might well deem that the glory of Oxford was already departing from her. Already in the middle of the century, a prelate of high academical renown, formerly chancellor of the university—that very Archbishop Fitzralph to whose saintly authority Wiclif afterward appealed in his warfare with the friars—had asserted that whereas in his day there had been thirty thousand students at Oxford, there were now not more than six thousand. But he deplored much besides loss of numbers: if students were fewer than formerly, good books were rarer; with the flower of the youth, the cream of the manuscripts was in the hands of the mendicant friars. In Wiclif's own day, an unprejudiced observer, Langlande, bears similar testimony. Of the new style of cleric, he says, there is none who knows how to versify; not one among a hundred can construe an author or read a letter in any language but Latin (a mere matter of course) or English; and masters of divinity, if subjected to examination, would of a certainty fail both in their philosophy and in "physics." The deadness of spirit which had befallen the university was, however, by no means, as associations of the present day might lead one to imagine, due to a growth of luxury and extravagance among its members. Oxford was in those days much frequented by poor lads, who easily found means of subsistence there; and inasmuch as holy orders of course implied personal freedom, even the serfs took advantage of this to send their sons

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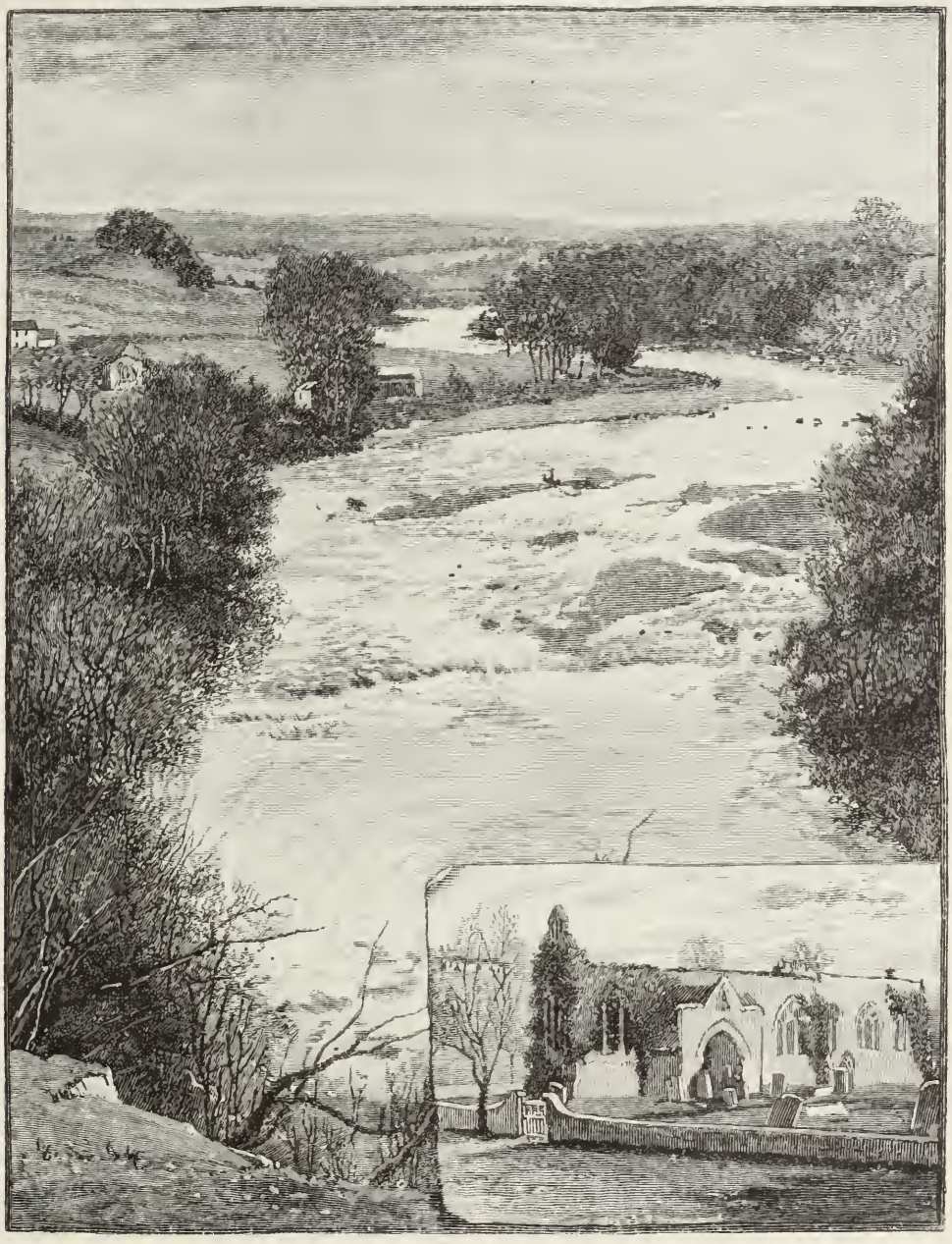
thither, so that, in the most literal sense of the word, learning might make them free. In 1391 we find the Commons petitioning that entrance to the schools of the universities might be forbidden to the sons of bondmen—a peculiarly offensive illustration of the temper of the gentle classes toward the humble after the great panic of King Richard II.'s reign.

But it was from no servile stock that the youth sprang who, probably somewhere between the years 1335 and 1340, first became a member of the university of which he was for many years to be reckoned the brightest ornament. There is no absolute certainty as to either the birth-place or the family descent of John *Wiclif* (for Lechler seems justified in selecting this contemporary official spelling from among the score of orthographical varieties which occur of the name). He may, however, be fairly assumed to have been born in or near a village situate on the bank of the Tees, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and bearing the name of Wycliffe to this day. And he may with equal probability be supposed to have been a member of the family of the Wiclifs who were settled here as lords of the manor and patrons of the parish church from early times to the beginning of the reign of James I., when the estate passed to another family. The name and stock, however, survived in the neighborhood as late as the present century. The village at the present day consists of two or three houses, besides the church and rectory and Wicliffe Hall, which is of modern construction. To this hall, built in all probability upon the site of the family dwelling of the Wiclifs, a Roman Catholic chapel is, or till very recently was, attached. As the family of the Wiclifs themselves remained Roman Catholic after the Tudor Reformation (half the village following the example), we may if we like conjecture them to have been a strong-willed and persistent race; but I do not know that there is much advantage in such generalizations.

The John Wiclif for whose sake alone his old English name is remembered may very possibly not have gone up to Oxford at as early an age as was customary with the majority of students in his times, and even in the following century. Though there were many older persons *in statu pupillari*—some of them, indeed, sufficiently advanced in life to play pranks and engage in "perturbations of the peace" which no precocity could account for in beardless boys—yet most of those who received their education at Oxford commenced residence there at the tender age of from ten to twelve years. But the north of England was neither then nor in later times so utterly destitute of means of education as it may have suited the masters of the grammar schools and the keepers of the grammar halls at Oxford to assume. Wiclif need not, therefore, have learned his grammar at Oxford; but if he did so, we may fairly conclude that it was not in one of the religious houses, into which, according to the assertion of their enemies, the monks would gladly have inveigled the better part of the youth of the realm, in order to turn them ultimately into monks like themselves. Professional jealousy may have contributed its share to the bitter hatred with which the monks, extremely successful as teachers of grammar, were regarded by the secular party in Oxford. In all probability, Wiclif, on arriving at Oxford, at once became a member of the college which seems entitled, even more exclusively than used to be thought, to claim him as the foremost in its long list of worthies.

Balliol College, founded rather less than a century before by a family—the Balliols of Barnard Castle—settled in the immediate vicinity of Wiclif's native village, could not fail to give admission to the Northern student. Indeed, Balliol very possibly stood in much the same relation toward the Northern students at Oxford as that which Merton held toward the Southerners. The distinction which these terms imply was one of the utmost importance in the life of ancient Oxford, where, after a fashion borrowed probably from Paris, and followed by other mediæval universities, the students were divided into two nations: the Northern (*Borealis*) and the Southern (*Australis*). The lines which separated these were, it is true, drawn rather arbitrarily; but even so far as Englishmen proper were concerned, the division had a real significance. For the actual difference between North and South was as yet far from effaced—even in language; and indeed it was Wiclif's translation of the Scriptures which, by virtually establishing a normal English prose, accomplished more toward the removal of this barrier than

any royal or academical ordinance. Meanwhile the division ran through the official as well as the social and intellectual life of the university. The Northern and the Southern nations had each a proctor of its own, and in the administration of the charitable funds (the so-called *chests*) it was usual to appoint a North and a South countryman side by side with one another. The few colleges in existence in Wiclif's day doubtless, so far as possible, severally gave admittance to members of a single nation only; of Merton, at all events, it is recorded that in the earlier half of the fourteenth century, and even before that time, its members refused to elect Northern scholars into their society, "because they and the university should be at peace." And indeed it was only about the time of Wiclif's arrival at Oxford that the great Northern *secession* came to an end which had sought to set up a rival university at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, something as the students of the German nation at Prague, in Hus's day, established a High School at Leipzig. Faction accommodates itself to the atmosphere of the most abstract of intellectual pursuits; and in the central philosophical controversy of the Middle Ages, upon which,



WYCLIFFE-ON-TEES AND THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

fortunately for Rome, the combativeness of scholars so long concentrated itself—the dispute between Realists and Nominalists—the Northerners held with the teaching of their countryman Duns Scotus, and the Southerners with that of William of Occam.

There seems no sufficient reason to suppose Wiclif to have become at any time a member of any other college besides Balliol, though he seems in the later part of his life to have for some years occupied rooms at Queen's. The Wiclifs appear to have kept up a kind of family connection with Balliol, so that his later eminence was nowhere likely to meet with warmer approbation and readier acknowledgment. He must certainly have held a fellowship at the college before he was (certainly not later than 1360) appointed to its mastership—a post for which by the college statutes only fellows were eligible. Fortunately for him, it must have been just about the time of his admission to the college that it was entering upon the enjoyment of new endowments, which increased the number and raised the modest emoluments of its fellowships, thus enabling its most hard-working members to continue in residence after they had taken their degree as Masters of Arts, and to prosecute the theological studies which they had formerly been obliged to carry on elsewhere. Balliol consequently soon became a chosen home of scholastic theology, a science of which the decline was not yet an acknowledged fact, and by excelling in which Wiclif gained his early fame.

We have no special information concerning his life as a student. It is almost as difficult to form a vivid conception of Oxford life in the fourteenth century as to picture to one's self the actual city that was its scene, with the gates which then shut it in at night, and the church towers of which but one or two remain to mingle with the dome and spires and turrets of to-day. No age was fonder of building than this, in which William of Wykeham spent the king's money and his own so royally; but so far as Oxford is concerned, imagination must be left to reconstruct the view which met the eyes of the Northern youth when he first forded the river on approaching what to him, as to so many after him, may have seemed an enchanted city. Supposing Wiclif to have entered the university at a comparatively advanced age, there were certain features peculiar to its mediæval as distinguished from its later life which have considerable significance for his moral and intellectual growth. At the student's entrance into the university no tests presented themselves to blunt the youthful conscience, and no examinations to flutter the untried powers. In his under-graduate days no academical dress either impeded his freedom or indulged his vanity; no special system of control superintended the always mysterious process by which in mind as well as in body boys expand into youths and mature into men; the academical discipline of Oxford grew up piecemeal, like the statute law of England. Of course the student was bound by the rules of the hall or college where (after he had absolved his grammar elsewhere) he went through his training as an *Artist*. For four years we may imagine Wiclif thus occupied, abiding in his modest *camera*, possibly less scantily furnished with books than those of many other scholars, though in truth few could in those days afford to buy books, and considering that instruction was almost entirely by word of mouth, few would find much necessity for their use. Hearing lectures and repeating what he had heard formed the student's chief means of training for the examinations which he had to pass for his bachelor's degree. After three years more he "incepted" as a Master of Arts. Inception was the great event of the scholar's life, and was celebrated accordingly—after the undying fashion of universities—by festivals and fees. For before the Inceptor was constituted a Regent Master, he had to deliver a series of lectures extending over a period of two years, forty days of which had to be devoted to disputations. Here was time enough for a young lecturer to make or mar a reputation in; and on the whole it is with this practice more than with any other that we may associate the workings of that spirit of ambition which was as the breath in the nostrils of the academical life of the Middle Ages. Whether in the later years of his mastership (or doctorate) a master chose to avail himself of his right of giving lectures was entirely a matter for his own choice; and in Wiclif's case we may suppose him coming up at intervals from his successive livings in the country to lecture at Oxford, as occasion or impulse suggested. The title of Doctor of Divinity—degrees in this and in the other faculties

could be added to the degree in Arts, after analogous processes had been gone through for acquiring them—was often expressed by the equivalent *sacræ theologiæ professor;* and hence it has been frequently stated that Wiclif, to whom the title is given in this form, was professor of divinity at Oxford! No such office then existed; and it is obvious that the blunder involves a misconception; for the patent right, not to say duties, which it suggests, is entirely foreign to the traditions of academic freedom that help to explain the beginning of such a career as Wiclif's, and to account for much in its general character.

If there was in old Oxford freedom and variety of teaching within a certain range of subjects, there was also that freedom of learning which is its correlative. Students were accordingly in a large measure accustomed to choose their own branches and times of study. Thus Wiclif, as we know, was fond of excursions into the domains of mathematical and physical science, so far as they were open to his age. And a similar liberty existed as to the choice of teachers. Wiclif may have listened to the lectures of Richard Fitzralph before in 1347 the latter quitted Oxford, where, even after the archbishop's death at Avignon in 1359, the attack was remembered and discussed which from the pulpit of St. Paul's he had made upon the monks and their unnecessary and pernicious meddling (as he described it) with the functions of the parish priests. He is less likely to have drawn inspiration

from the oral teaching of Thomas of Bradwardine, who held the archbishopric of Canterbury for a few weeks only before his death. Not only was Bradwardine of Merton College, in the direction of which the sympathies of the young *Borealis* were, to begin with, unlikely to attract him, but his connection with Oxford must have come to an end very soon after, if not before, Wiclif's began; for in 1339, when Edward III., in defiance of papal thunders, first invaded France, the "Profound Doctor" had accompanied the king as his chaplain and confessor—an office which he held for several years. In any case, while Wiclif must have learned from whatever teachers he frequented much of the knowledge and of the accomplishments on which his subsequent fame as a scholastic philosopher and theologian rested, he must also have caught from the lips or writings of the men just named, or of men like them, something of the public spirit—the national spirit, as it may fairly be called—which they and he had in common. He certainly became, at a time and under circumstances which we are unable very precisely to fix, the most shining light in the university among the representatives of its scholastic learning. The mastership of his college, and the college living of Fylingham, in Lincolnshire, which he apparently held for some time in conjunction with it, are preferments which may fairly be connected with his eminence as an academical teacher. So (if we are to regard an old controversy as finally settled) may his brief tenure of the wardenship of Canterbury Hall at Oxford. This new foundation of Archbishop Simon Islip originally comprised both monks and secular priests, while the warden was always to be chosen out of three monks presented by the Christ Church Benedictines at Canterbury, who formed the Chapter of the Cathedral. The appointment of Wiclif in 1365 by the founder was part of an endeavor to remove the monastic element, and was therefore naturally enough resented by the Canterbury monks. Archbishop Islip having died a few months afterward, Wiclif was speedily deposed, and his appeal to the pope was rejected with unusual promptitude in 1368, through the influence of the new archbishop, now cardinal, Simon Langham. There is no reason for supposing that Wiclif took this episode greatly to heart; but ten years afterward, when combating the sinfulness of church endowments, he illustrated his argument by a reference to the Simon who sinned in some measure by incorporating a parish church with his collegiate foundation, and to the "Anti-Simon" who sinned more grievously in undoing what his predecessor had done. In general, controversy was, as a matter of course, inseparable from academical distinction, and appears to have been carried on in a tone certainly not less dignified or self-restrained than that usual among the scholars of the Renaissance. Such a learned duel was, for instance, that which Wiclif carried on with the doughty Carmelite friar John Cuningham, who, as another member of the same order informs us, for many years sustained a protracted and continuous strife with Wiclif, manfully withstanding the heretic's corrosive speech, and his discourse, mordant without Christian piety. The Wiclif-Cuningham controversy of the years 1361–1366 may probably be taken as a fair sample of a scholastic disputation between two doctors of acknowledged subtlety. Unfortunately the arguments are not completely preserved, so that the truth or erroneousness of various propositions advanced by Wiclif—such as this, that *whatever has been, or will be, is*—can not be said to have been finally settled by the discussion. The most complete example of his own scholastic manner is to be found in the famous *Trialogus*, in the earlier part of which the attempt is made to prove the doctrine of the Trinity by natural reason. Such endeavors, it may be added, were in harmony with the popular taste, as well as with the academical tendencies, of the day; even Langlande, in his "Vision," a poem certainly not intended exclusively for a lettered public, takes occasion to indulge in a long-drawn series of analogies and similes designed to illustrate the same mystery.

Yet even while Wiclif and his contemporaries were engaged on the refinements of such inquiries, they were not necessarily insensible to the claims of a different sphere of study and debate.

It is easy to sneer at the extravagances or the artificialities of the schools, or to point out how Wiclif's style retained to the last the traces of the combats in which it had been formed; how in simple sermons he likes to seek for the secondary meanings, impalpable to the vulgar, of

Scriptural facts. Yet even so, his training did not deprive him of the capacity which he desired in preachers of providing that "the people understand well," or

JOHN OF GAUNT.

quench in him a spirit "to reck not of the arguments that sophists make." Nor had the learning of Oxford ever altogether cut itself off from contact with public life and public feeling. The Franciscans, who had here in their best days disputed the palm of scholastic pre-eminence with their rivals the Dominicans, had in the persons of the most distinguished members of their body been in sympathy with a free and vigorous policy as to the relations between church and state; they had supported the national endeavors of the great Bishop of Lincoln (Grossetête), whom his younger contemporary Roger Bacon described as the only living man in possession of all the sciences, but in whom the free spirit of action was united to love of learning; and to them had been due the patriotic enthusiasm which caused the university to

furnish a band of volunteers in support of Simon de Montfort and the policy of the Oxford Parliament. Though the majority of their order had accepted the papal decree which decided the great struggle between the Franciscans and Dominicans concerning the right of mendicant orders to hold property in favor of the laxer views of the latter, yet some of the most distinguished among them, with William of Occam at their head, had preferred exile and revolt to submission. Since that time the spirit of the Franciscans had grown slack; but such traditions as these are never quite forgotten; and they too, if I may venture to use the expression, formed part of Wiclif's training. Thus equipped, he might await his time; and, as is so often the case in history, when the man was ready for the opportunity, an opportunity of the highest significance soon offered itself to his hand.

Of course Wiclif's fame has no more than that of other great men been spared the insinuation that the real motive cause of his life's action was a personal grievance. Certain minds can not fly higher than this. Wiclif, we are told by the pious confessor of the orthodox Henry V., the Carmelite provincial Thomas Netter of Walden (who labored so successfully to bind together the tares of Wiclifism as to deserve the thanks of all latter-day Lollards), turned reformer because he had been disappointed in his hope of the see of Worcester. But it is not because of preferment denied that great men war with the world, like that *Miserrimus* who sleeps a querulous sleep under the cloisters of Worcester Cathedral.

At whatever date it may please the history books to assert that Wiclif "became a reformer," his patriotism, for the nurture of which I have endeavored to account, was stirred to its first public effort against papal pretensions offensive to national feeling on an occasion which might well turn academical doctors into political combatants. Only very rarely has the Curia chosen its opportunity so ill as when in the year 1365 Pope Urban V. called upon King Edward III. to pay up the arrears of the annual feudal acknowledgment agreed to by King John, and in future to send with regularity the thousand marks a year which attested his vassalship to the Holy See. The payment had been often intermitted since King John's day, and neither Edward I. nor Edward III. had scrupled to refuse it. Nor could Pope Urban's claim have at any time been less likely to be acquiesced in by the English king and people than when it was actually put forth.

The period of decline had not yet set in when men began to forget the glories of the earlier and larger half of Edward III.'s reign. The terrible sufferings of the people, if they had reached the king's ears, had neither affected his ambition nor impaired his authority. The English court was still one of the most brilliant of Europe, and its chivalrous forms gilded the outside of a society in which there was much inward rottenness. In vain Archbishop Islip had addressed a remonstrance against its extravagances to the king himself. Men had little thought how it is pride that pulls the country down at a time when three suppliant kings had sojourned beneath the shadow of Edward's throne. Only recently the most illustrious of these, King John of France, had died at the Savoy Palace. By the peace which had enabled him to return to his own kingdom, before he chivalrously came back into captivity, one-third of France had been nominally left in English hands. The French wars had stimulated a national feeling in the French-speaking barons whose banners had fluttered at Crécy and Poitiers, as well as in the yeomen whose national English arm, the long-bow, had decided the day in each of those spirit-stirring fights. The time was not yet past of which a ballad on the death of Edward III. was afterward to record with regretful pride,

> "Sometime they counted not a bean
> By all France, I understand."

The king himself still sat firmly on his throne, on which there was no fear but that he would be succeeded by a heroic prince—the idol of the nation—married to a beautiful wife who had already borne an heir to the hopes of England. No disquiet was as yet caused at home by the ambition of the Black Prince's scheming brother, John of Gaunt, who had just become Duke of Lancaster, and was the wealthiest subject of the realm. The unwarranted attempt in which he persuaded the Black Prince to engage with him for the restoration of Pedro the Cruel to the throne of Castile belongs to a but slightly later date. It was when the Black Prince was starting from Bordeaux into Spain

on this very expedition, which was to lead to the overthrow of England's ascendency, that the observing Froissart "witnessed the great haughtiness of the English, who are affable to no other nations than their own; nor could any of the gentlemen of Gascony or Aquitaine, though they had ruined themselves by their wars, obtain office or appointment in their own country; for the English said they were neither on a level with them nor worthy of their society."

WICLIF WRITING.

To a sovereign whose haughty spirit was in such a measure shared by his subjects, Pope Urban addressed his demand from Avignon, where he and his predecessors had, according to the conviction of the English people, invariably acted as the allies or henchmen of the French arch-foe. And this, moreover, when only two years previously (1365) the English Parliament had, by re-enacting its *præmunire* statute directed against the papal encroachments called "provisions," shown with sufficient clearness what advice it was likely to offer to the king in the matter of a demand for thirty-three years' arrears of a tribute implying acknowledg-

ment of the papal overlordship over the entire realm. Parliament, when the king actually did refer the pope's demand to it, gave the answer which was to be expected, though in what terms we do not know; and the feudal claim of the Holy See henceforth became a matter of historical curiosity, which never again intruded itself into the domain of practical politics.

Wiclif, whose Oxford reputation seems a little before this time to have secured to him an appointment in "the house of Herod" (to borrow the pleasing expression of Friar Cuningham) as royal chaplain, was called upon, very much as a Queen's Counsel might have been in the days of Queen Elizabeth, to justify the rejection of the papal demand in a literary manifesto. For I would interpret in this way, rather than as the report of a real Parliamentary debate, the narrative which, in answer to a direct challenge from a monastic opponent, Wiclif put forth in the year 1366 of the declarations made in "a certain council" of lords concerning the claim. There seem to me no real grounds for the supposition that Wiclif was himself a member of Parliament, while the rhetorical notion of distinguishing a series of arguments by putting them into the mouths of a succession of imaginary speakers is a device such as would naturally suggest itself to so accomplished a controversialist. For the rest, it need hardly be said that though legally the position of Wiclif's adversary was unassailable, it was in more senses than one well thought of on Wiclif's part, without, as he says, violating his obedience to the Church of Rome, to confute her case out of the mouths of a number of temporal statesmen. The argument could thus be taken into any range or sphere commending itself to the writer, and he carried it at once into the highest, by making one of his lords insist upon the pope's duty to follow the Saviour by refusing worldly dominion, and on the consequent duty of the king and his advisers to reject the present demand of the papal treasury. Here (whether the argument was ever used by a "second lord" or not) we have the germ of the idea which reappeared in the famous work published by Wiclif some time within the five years following, as a preliminary to a collective exposition of his theology. Wiclif's argument seeks to sap the very foundations of the system which the policy of the popes had built up during the Middle Ages, and which aimed at holding in subjection the monarchies of the world. He endeavors to establish the absolute independence of the civil power in civil matters, and on the other hand its right, and even its duty, to interfere on occasion in the affairs of the Church. Of course this is only a mere outside corner, so to speak, of the system of moral and social philosophy constructed by Wiclif; but it sufficiently characterizes the first stage of his polemics against Rome, when as yet he neither impugned her doctrines nor even assailed her main institutions, including that of the papacy itself. His position was still one shared by the bulk of the higher classes among the laity, though it may be doubted whether among those of the clergy who were willing to declare their views many would have been found ready to declare their adherence to his. The opinions published by Wiclif during the twelve years (or thereabouts) following amount to no more than the repetition or expansion of what he had then advanced.

But all too soon, and before a second occasion arose for a participation by Wiclif in public affairs, a change had come over the nation whose government had so promptly defied the arrogance of the Roman pontiff. The attempt to bring about by English intervention the restoration of Pedro the Cruel had indeed been momentarily successful, and the day of Navarre—one of the most desperate battles ever fought by Englishmen even on the blood-stained soil of the Peninsula—had added one more leaf to the laurels of the Black Prince. But he had returned from Spain with his strength broken forever by the sickness which had carried away four-fifths of his soldiery; and the gloom was gathering in which Edward III.'s reign was to close. By the year 1371 the Black Prince had performed his last feat of arms. The friend of France reigned in Castile, while France herself had at last torn up the impossible treaty which had left a considerable part of her territory in English hands. While these districts were being gradually recovered by Charles V., now in alliance with the King of Navarre and the King of Scotland, the English fleet was no longer mistress of the seas, and more might be in jeopardy than the foreign acquisitions of the Plantagenet dynasty. But King

DEATH OF EDWARD III.—[SEE PAGE 189.]

Edward and his Parliaments had not as yet consented to bend before the pressure of these calamities. The war must be continued and its cost must be defrayed —the question only was, by *whom*? Were the clergy—above all, were the *religiosi possessionati*, the members of the religious orders possessed of endowments—to be excused their quota of contributions, as a Benedictine preacher contended in the university pulpit at Oxford, and other monks in the Parliament at Westminster? They were in the minority. For the Parliament agreed with the views of a "peer of considerable experience," put forth, as Wiclif recounts, in the form of a fable concerning a certain owl who brought upon herself condign punishment from the other birds by her refusal, when in difficulty, to give up to them the feathers with which they had previously beautified her. In other words, the clergy had to pay heavy taxes on all lands which had been in their hands for the last fourscore years. Nothing could have more materially helped to produce the ill-will between the laity and the clergy which led to the great administrative reform of the year 1372. Its motive cause is not, perhaps, to be sought in the passionate conviction announced at a later date by Wiclif, that "faith and good religion stand in secular men, and in priests are words without good deeds," but rather in a very intelligible jealousy of the predominance of a class which no longer even comprehended all the educated intelligence of the country, and in a continued suspicion of the papal influences operating upon it. Parliament, therefore, insisted on the dismissal of the ecclesiastics from the great offices of state, now virtually monopolized by their order. This dismissal no doubt also affected humbler clerks holding offices in the courts of law, or as "justices, sheriffs, stewards, or bailiffs." At the head of the clerical bureaucracy stood the famous William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, who was so far advanced in the royal favor that, according to Froissart, "everything was done by him, and nothing was done without him." He had

been a pluralist of the first magnitude before he was appointed to his wealthy see; now he had to resign the Chancellorship, while other prelates gave up the Treasurership and the Privy Seal. Laymen were appointed in their places; and the Privy Council also was now composed of laymen only.

The spirit which instigated this trenchant reform is further illustrated by an incident belonging to the same year 1372, and commented upon by Wiclif in a significant tract published a few years later. One Arnold Garnier, a canon of Chalons, had arrived in England as papal nuncio and as collector of papal dues. For several years he appears at intervals to have exercised his functions, travelling about in that lordly style which was coming to vex the souls of Englishmen. Before beginning his first circuit of collections he was, however, required to swear to a formal undertaking to respect the rights and interests of the crown and kingdom, which he appears very cheerfully to have done. In asking how far Garnier was guilty of perjury in collecting the pope's dues after entering upon such an obligation, Wiclif obviously intended to go to the root of the question whether papal exactions were allowable at all. But before he had thus unmistakably approached the position which he ultimately adopted, he had passed through an altogether novel experience.

The difficulty which caused Wiclif's journey to Bruges was one of very old standing. The grievance of papal provisions—the reservation, that is, of English benefices to nominees of the Pope, generally, of course, foreigners—had survived the most stringent legislation that had attempted to remove it, and in one of those moments of which it seems so difficult for temporal governments to escape the temptation, negotiations had been opened with the Holy See in order to arrive at some solution of the long-lived difficulty by means of a friendly arrangement. The mission of the Bishop of Bangor to Avignon in 1373 had, however, ended in soft speeches, so that it can not have been in an altogether sanguine mood that advantage was taken of the peace conferences between England and France, in progress under papal mediation at Bruges, to attempt a settlement of the ecclesiastical question at the same time. The presence of the Duke of Lancaster, who was negotiating the peace, could not fail to be useful; and the commission sent to treat on provisions, and headed once more by the Bishop of Bangor, included, among other learned men, the famous Oxford doctor John Wiclif. Only a few months earlier the favor with which he was regarded in high places had been shown by his presentation to the rectory of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire—so far as is known the only benefice ever bestowed upon him by the crown. (The living of Ludgershall, in Buckinghamshire, which he held for some years before, had been accepted by him in exchange for his college living at Fylingham; as to the prebend at Aust, in connection with the collegiate church of Westbury, near Bristol, which was granted to him in 1375, it is only known that his nomination to this was *confirmed* by the crown.) Wiclif, it may be worth while to note, was never a pluralist.

The visit of Wiclif to Bruges awakens, indeed, no tragic memory like the summons of Hus to Constance; nor is there very much point in the inevitable comparison between the former and Luther's journey to Rome. It is, moreover, unlikely that the flourishing Flemish city, in those times one of the chief markets of Europe, and so self-consciously prosperous that on a festive occasion in this period of its history six hundred ladies are said to have severally outshone the Queen of France by the splendor of their attire, should have presented itself to Wiclif in that dim religious light of ultramontanism in *retreat* which seems to surround the Bruges of to-day. If anything there could have communicated its spirit to the English stranger, it was the sturdy resolution to resist tyranny, whether ecclesiastical or lay, which distinguished Bruges and her sister towns. As to the papal policy and its modes of action, he could learn nothing that was new to him, though much to confirm conclusions already formed. The result of the conferences, his part in which we can only conjecture, was that while Pope Gregory XI. consented to meet the wishes of the English crown with regard to all cases dating from his predecessor's reign, he reserved all his rights as to the future, and thus left the principle at issue unsettled.

On the other hand, the meeting at Bruges was of high significance for Wiclif's future career, because of the intimate relations into which it brought him with

WICLIF ARRAIGNED BEFORE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

the man who was fast becoming the foremost subject of the English crown. The king was growing old, and falling more and more under the influence of a grasping courtesan; the Prince of Wales was sick to death; the prince next to him in age (Lionel, Duke of Clarence) was already in his grave. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, had hitherto taken up no decisive position in home politics; thus there is no proof that he had been personally desirous of the overthrow of William of Wykeham. His ambition had hitherto been chiefly intent upon augmenting the dominions of the dynasty beyond the sea, till at Bruges he was brought to acknowledge the logic of facts which dictated a truce. The pride which he had sought to gratify abroad was probably the chief reason of the policy which he now pursued at home. Really great neither as a warrior nor as a politician, and in what we know of his private character grievously unlike the embodiment of chivalry as which he appears on Chaucer's courtly page, John of Gaunt seems to have had the restlessness of ambition and arrogance of temper which men placed by circumstances in the front rank at times contrive to make pass for greatness of mind and elevation of soul. His policy was personal in its ends, whether he was warring abroad or intriguing at home, in alliance with Pedro the Cruel or in connivance with Alice Perrers and Lord Latimer. He was probably suspected by his brother, the dying Black Prince; he was certainly an object of distrust to the Parliament, which seems to have feared that he aspired to the crown, and of hatred to the populace, which, as represented by the followers of Wat Tyler, "swore to admit of no king under the name of John." Thus (to adopt the more generally accepted interpretation of the fable introduced by Langlande into the prologue of his poem) both "rats" and "mice" feared the cat who they thought would

> "grieve us all,
> Scratch us and claw us and in his clutches hold,
> Till we loathe our life, ere he let us pass."

On one head, however, doubtless from a very natural dislike of any power more securely based and more difficult to unsettle than his own, John of Gaunt agreed with the views prevailing among the no-

bility and burgesses of the land; and the negotiations at Bruges may well have apprised him that in any endeavor to curb the arrogance of the clergy, and to prevent it from recovering its predominance, he would find an invaluable ally in Wiclif. On the existence of any personal sympathies between the pair it is as absurd to speculate as it is to suppose that John of Gaunt had anything in common with Wiclif's religious ideas and aspirations.

When the Parliament whose fearlessness obtained for it from the people the name of the *Good Parliament* assembled about Easter-tide, 1376, the attack was opened with unprecedented vigor against the pope's usurpation of English Church patronage; against the holding of livings by foreign, or at least non-resident, cardinals and other prelates; against the simoniacal sale of preferments by the papal brokers. Though there is no reason for believing Wiclif to have been a member of this assembly, his spirit pervaded it, and a bishop, when speaking in it, singled out Wiclif's name for reprobation. On the other hand, it was no doubt unfortunate for his cause, if not for himself, that the Good Parliament's zeal for reform, fostered very possibly both by the fears of the Black Prince and by the judicious influence of the clergy, directed itself chiefly against the court party, with which John of Gaunt was connected. Thus the hatred excited by the Duke of Lancaster may have intensified the wrath cherished by the higher clergy against his academical helpmate; and though the former, after the death of the Black Prince in 1376, was strong enough to overpower the feeling against him, Wiclif, early in 1377, found himself summoned before Convocation. The precise nature of the charge against him is unknown; but the nature of the proceedings can only be accounted for by the fact that the intention was, through Wiclif, to strike at one greater than himself. The clergy, and that section of the nobility which had failed to "bell the cat"—*i. e.*, to keep down John of Gaunt—now saw a Parliament assembled favorable to the duke, and courteous even to Alice Perrers; and since the political director of the movement could not be touched, it was all the more worth while to stop its most dangerous mouth-piece. And in Courtenay, the Bishop of London, the clerical party had a leader of unusual energy and personal influence. He sprang from one of the proudest of the noble houses of Europe, scions of which had worn the imperial purple at Constantinople, and intermarried with the royal house of France. And of the English branch the wealth and power were such as to warrant Gibbon's characteristic sneer that in his contest with the Duke of Lancaster the Bishop of London "might be accused of profane confidence in the strength and number of his kindred." The story has been often told of that memorable meeting in old St. Paul's: how Lord Henry Percy, the Grand Marshal of England, had to clear a passage through the crowd that thronged the church for Wiclif, preceded by his proud patron the Duke of Lancaster, and accompanied by four learned friars provided to assist him in his defense; how at last the Lady-chapel was reached, where the bishops and clergy were assembled in Convocation, with a number of lay nobles (no doubt members of the clerical party) gathered round them; how when the Grand Marshal bade Wiclif seat himself, the Bishop of London furiously protested against the suggestion, whereupon the Duke of Lancaster intervened in the battle of words, and in the end whispered—but not so softly as to be inaudible to several citizens of London—something like a threat of direct personal violence to the bishop. Then, the narrative continues, these in their turn raised angry voices on behalf of their bishop; and thus the meeting ended in clamor, which outside the church swelled into a riot, directed chiefly against the duke's palace in the Savoy, until the bishop and the Dowager Princess of Wales, the widow of the pious and popular Black Prince, succeeded in restoring tranquillity.

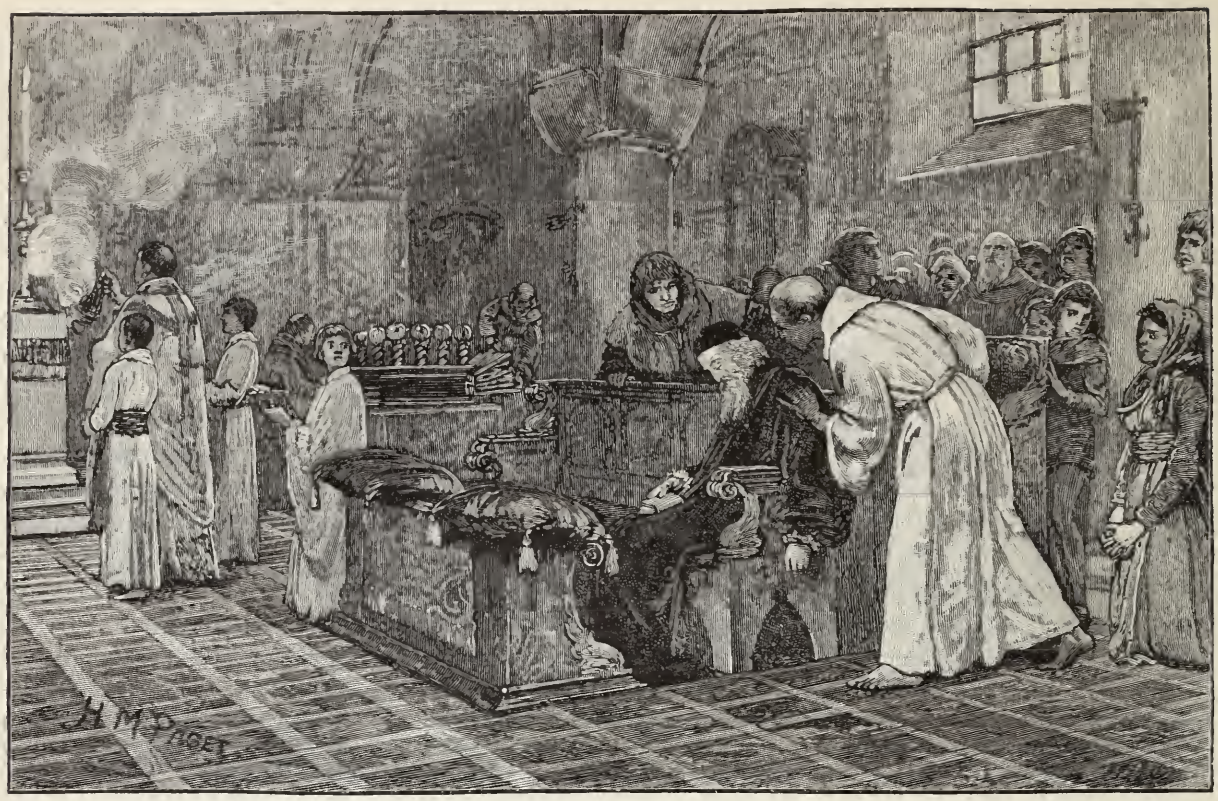
Such a result could not but be unsatisfactory to both sides. Nor was it in any case likely that Wiclif's enemies, after having once, and not without reason, marked him out for vengeance, would allow the case to drop. It was the English bishops, as there is no reason to doubt, who contrived that a selection should be made of such doctrines, advanced by him orally or in writing, as savored, or seemed to savor, of heresy, and on the strength of these promoted an indictment against him at Rome. In consequence, five bulls issued forth in May, 1377, in which Pope

Gregory XI. called upon the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London to place Wiclif under arrest, in case he should be found really to have uttered certain heresies enumerated, and summoned him to appear within three months for judgment at Rome. The king's kindly assistance in these proceedings was requested, and the University of Oxford was threatened in a peremptory tone with loss of its privileges (as if these privileges also rested on the pope's good-will) unless it guarded itself against heresy, and "caught," or "caused to be caught," the rector of Lutterworth, and handed him over to the archbishop and bishop. The tares which, according to an expression in one of these rescripts, it was sought to remove from the "clean corn" of true doctrine were opinions which, if carried out into practice, would have committed the continuation of the existing system of Church temporalities, and, indeed, that of Church discipline also, to the discretion of king and Parliament.

On king and Parliament, however, rather than upon a body like the university, amenable to pressure in the last instance, the execution of the pope's bulls depended. By a coincidence which would probably have been avoided if it could have been foreseen, the bulls arrived in England when Edward III. lay on his death-bed. On June 21, 1377, he breathed his last in his palace at Shene, where he had long lain sick, tended by his leman, and talking trivialities to her—"feeding his wits," to use Wiclif's language, "with things of the senses, and japing about children's games." Then the end came, and if the tale was true, the itching hands of the courtesan plucked the jewels from those of the dead hero. It was a melancholy close to a life in which there was much real by the side of much false splendor, and which was lit up by a real afterglow of chivalry, mingled with the glitter and glare attesting the king's love of magnificence in all things—in architecture and painting, and in arms and jewelry and precious stuffs. Nor can we listen without sympathy to the laments which the death of Edward III. evoked, when we remember how greatly the pride inspired by the victories of this king and his son had helped to make the English a united nation.

The government of a child—and of one who even after he had passed out of the age of childhood retained much of its instability and fitfulness—was now called upon to solve the problems bequeathed to it. French ships were harassing the southern coasts, and Scottish bands the northern borders, and at home the balance had to be held between the Duke of Lancaster and his adversaries. Of the hardest task, however, which awaited the boy-king and his counsellors, there is no reason to believe them to have been aware; nor perhaps could they know how near to the surface the discontent and ill-will of the lower classes was already seething. So far as John of Gaunt was concerned, the conciliatory temper which he at first displayed, consenting even to sit in judgment over the misdoings of his former ally, Alice Perrers, seemed likely to call forth a similar disposition toward him on the part of the Commons. The Churchmen judiciously deferred any proceedings against Wiclif till the first Parliament of the new king should have separated. For in this assembly the spirit of the "Good Parliament" seemed to have revived; and Wiclif himself, as the acknowledged literary mouth-piece of the anti-Roman party, was called upon by it to furnish a reply to the leading question: whether the kingdom of England had any power, for purposes of self-defense, to prohibit the exporting of treasure required by the pope. In a treatise marked by the utmost plainspokenness, Wiclif not only justified an affirmative answer by a threefold appeal to the laws of nature, Scripture, and conscience, but referred very directly to the use which would probably be made by the enemies of England of the gold exported, and the consequent charge of asinine stupidity which foreign critics would bring against the country. For though Pope Gregory XI. spent the last months of his life at Rome, the wish of his heart (which only death was said to have prevented him from executing) was to return to Avignon, where the popes had ever done the bidding of the kings of France. And with France, England was now once more at war.

But hardly had the Parliament to which Wiclif had lent his pen dispersed, when proceedings were warily begun against him. The archbishop and bishop, as commissaries of the pope, addressed a mandate to the chancellor of the university, inclosing the papal bull, but merely requiring him, after ascertaining that the



WICLIF STRICKEN BY PARALYSIS IN HIS CHURCH AT LUTTERWORTH.

impugned doctrines had been actually put forth, to cite Wiclif to appear before themselves or their delegates in London. At Oxford the demand was received with extreme disfavor, but though the bull might be ignored, the comparatively harmless mandate had to be obeyed. In due time, therefore—somewhere about March, 1378—Wiclif appeared in the chapel of the archiepiscopal palace at Lambeth, whither the place of his examination had been transferred. The reminiscences of persecution throng the chambers and staircases of the dingy and ill-kept ancient home of our primates, where one stumbles about uneasily among traditions and contradictions. Wiclif, however, was not to essay the stair leading abruptly from chapel to dungeon. We may picture him to ourselves, if we will, standing alone in the chapel before the mild archbishop and his fiery brother, and the citizens of London pressing in after him out of the spacious antechapel, and showing by their clamor in his behalf what had been the effect of his preaching among them. But for the present it was not he who was to suffer humiliation. While the examination was proceeding, there appeared in the chapel an officer of the household of the Princess of Wales—whom we may suppose to have been actuated by a desire to play a mediating part in her own name, and perhaps in that of her son, the king—and bade the prelates abstain from pronouncing any final decision. They therefore contented themselves with receiving a written answer from Wiclif, and, instead of pronouncing condemnation upon the impugned doctrines, with prohibiting him from advancing them in lectures or sermons, inasmuch as they would give offense to the laity.

Thus had brave beginnings come to a tame end. But the real significance of the Lambeth proceedings lies in the defense of his theses drawn up by Wiclif, and afterward, as it seems, communicated by him to Parliament. This defense, in which he maintained the views which he had never recalled—including the proposition that the papal authority itself might be subject to the action of the civil power—had clearly been intended by him to be laid before the pope; and thus the intervention of Rome had been met by the bold doctor with a direct counter-challenge. But the struggle, which was thus no longer to be avoided, was to be carried on under unexpected conditions. The astonishing rapidity with which, during the remaining years of his life, Wiclif progressed from

position to position could hardly be explained, were it not for the great catastrophe which in this year 1378 befell the Church of the West. In his own later words: "Help had been ordained against the guile of those who demanded that whoever interpreteth the popes' deeds to evil intent, shall be punished as a heretic defaming the Holy Father. This help was given by the popes being divided in two, so that their malice should be more known: for dividing littleth strength."

England's side in the great papal schism which ensued upon the death of Gregory XI. was very speedily chosen, and very stoutly kept. She acknowledged the election of Urban VI., whose right of first possession had something straightforward in it, and who, like so many sovereigns, was at first thought likely to satisfy high hopes. But what above all commended him to the English nation was the relation between his rival and the French crown. The schism has thus truly been said to have *recovered* for the papacy something of English good-will, which was out of the question so long as to sympathize with the pope was to sympathize with the creature and agent of France, and so long as to put money into his purse was to put arms into her hands. Wiclif himself seems at first to have shared the national inclination toward the cause of Urban; and even in a sermon of relatively late date we find him favoring the hope that at the approaching day of doom the antipope and his court may meet with their deserts. But in course of time the logician and the patriot in him proved too strong for the partisan. He perceived that as there was little difference between "Urban's friars" and "Clement's friars," so the cause of the one was like unto that of the other; good men, he found, were indifferent to the quarrel; and its moral seemed so obvious that there was something providential in the occurrence of the schism itself. It can hardly be doubted that the growth of such ideas as these—which are expressed only in Wiclif's later writings—was signally hastened by a historical episode belonging to the last year but one of his life. The echoes of "Spenser's Crusade" did not die out in England for many a day; even a conservative like the poet Gower refers to it with disapprobation. Wiclif, whose deepest convictions the whole transaction violently offended, returns to the subject repeatedly; and assuredly he did not overrate its significance as a *reductio ad absurdum*, to which Froissart, for instance, seems happily blind. Pope Urban, as the chronicler tells us, having heard that his adversary Clement had resorted to the same means in France, sent his bulls to the archbishops and bishops of England to proclaim that he absolved, or would absolve, from all crime or fault every one who would assist in the destruction of the Clementists; for he knew that he had no means of hurting these but through the English. The Bishop of Norwich was appointed to command the expedition thus brought together, "that the commonalty and churches of England might have greater faith in it." The warlike prelate began his expedition by invading Flanders, against the opinion of one of his captains, who ventured to point out that all the Flemings were as good Urbanists as the English crusaders themselves. "How do *we* know," replied the sagacious prelate, "whether they are Urbanists or not?" Finally the enterprise resulted in utter failure, the bishop and his companions being but ill received on their return home; "for from the prosperity they had been blessed with at the beginning, they ought to have conquered all Flanders." Thus it was that, as Wiclif says, Pope Urban became guilty of the death of many thousands.

He had not always so trenchant a text to preach from as this; but it is clear that already several years before his death he had begun to exercise a popular as well as an academical influence as a preacher. It is not, indeed, easy, from his sermons—often mere skeletons—preserved to us, to arrive at any very certain conclusions as to his style in the pulpit. His effectiveness must have been largely due to his power of applying or "bringing round" his subject, by which we at once recognize him as an experienced literary controversialist, who knows how to make everything bear upon what he has in view. Nor need we doubt that the discourses actually delivered by him were often seasoned by more direct and more personal references than we have before us. When he preached in London, we are told by a hostile narrator, his eloquence and his tricks of style gained the attention of the multitude. The familiar incident of the manifestation in his behalf at Lambeth by citizens of London has been already mentioned; and, indeed, according to Wal-

singham, at the beginning of Richard's reign the Londoners were nearly all Lollards. It is narrated that in 1382, during the mayoralty of John of Northampton, himself a man abounding in zeal, the influence of Wiclif and his followers found direct expression in the rigorous treatment of unfortunate women for a sin previously expiable by payments to the ecclesiastical authorities. We need not doubt but that other sins were denounced besides those of wantonness and disorderly conduct. The cutpurse and the wafer-woman were less likely to listen to sermons than more respectable sinners; and a curious tract has at least been ascribed to Wiclif which animadverts on the unreasonable trades-unionism of the guilds, and on the high prices kept up by merchants, grocers, and victuallers.

But the great academical doctor can not more than occasionally have addressed himself to such topics as these. How highly he valued the influence of the spoken Word, and how anxiously he sought to bring it home to the people, is best shown by his institution of Poor or Simple Priests. Possibly, as has been remarked, what was in interested quarters resented and resisted as an endeavor both to supplant the existing mendicant orders and to ignore the authority of the pope, might under different circumstances have resulted in the establishment of a new mendicant order, and in the beginning of a new Catholic revival. At the same time, there must have been a combative element in Wiclif's priests, even before his own attitude had become one of absolute revolt. They seem to have gone forth from Oxford, and more especially from Leicester (which is not far from Lutterworth), clad in long garments of red woollen, barefooted, and staff in hand. Their mission was to teach simple truths in simple words, declaring "God's law" in church or chapel when admitted to a pulpit, otherwise in the church-yards or public streets and places. They must have tried the patience of many an honest priest anxious to do his duty by his "parishioners," like Chaucer's Poor Parson of a Town, into the picture of whom Chaucer is supposed to have introduced a feature or two of the Wiclifite itinerant. Fettered, so far as we know, by no rules or restrictions, Wiclif's mission-men may have often had little to distinguish them from the mendicant friars but the voluntary nature of their daily self-denial. Like the friars, they no doubt often became the confidential friends of the lowly, sharing their sympathies, and very likely groaning with them over their grievances. These wandering preachers must have become less and less amenable to control, more especially when (in imitation perhaps of the example previously set by the Waldenses) even laymen were allowed to take part in the labors of the mission. No wonder that in the end the attempt was made (in May, 1382) by Archbishop Courtenay to extinguish the itinerants! The Lords consented to his proposal, but the Commons hesitated; and it was necessary to resort to an audacious manœuvre for giving statutory power to a royal ordinance which had been obtained against the preachers.

This institution of Wiclif's connects itself with some of the most important efforts of his late career. From many points of view his translation of the Bible formed an indispensable complement of his previous activity, but it was, above all, an invaluable aid to his endeavor to make the truth, in its unadorned and undisguised simplicity, known throughout the land. He had long been specially distinguished by his exposition of Holy Scripture at Oxford, where academical enthusiasm had bestowed on him the title of *Doctor Evangelicus*. But the translation of the Bible into English was undertaken by Wiclif for the people at large, which at this time was without any version of the Scriptures intelligible to it. The work was accomplished by him and his Oxford helpers by the year 1382; and whatever may have been the influence of his labors upon Wiclif himself, their result can not but have helped to incline his followers toward the principle by which he was afterward content to abide: that the Bible is the solitary and sufficient rule of faith, and that this rule is to be interpreted with the help of God alone.

Again, Wiclif's interest in his itinerant preachers must have intensified his hostility toward the existing monastic orders, more especially the mendicants. It still remains an open question, when this hostility first publicly declared itself; nor will it be possible to decide the point till, in course of time, all the writings of Wiclif shall have been made accessible, and their dates have been ascertained. The view that he began his public career by

attacks upon the mendicant friars has for some time ceased to be held by the well-informed. We have seen that in 1377, when summoned before the Convocation there, he was accompanied by four representatives of the several mendicant orders; and in the same year, in a public disputation at Oxford, he praised the Franciscan rule. On the other hand, sharp attacks upon the friars appear in a work which was published not more than a year after this, and Wiclif himself regarded his warfare with them as nothing new, and as a continuation of the endeavors in the same direction of Archbishop Fitzralph, William of Occam, and others. His quarrel with the monks, therefore, began before they entered into controversy with him on his repudiation of the doctrine of transubstantiation. But it is useless to speculate on the influence exercised upon Wiclif's bearing toward these adversaries by his personal experience at Oxford, in the Canterbury Hall affair, or at Lutterworth. We may rest assured that his indignation against the "false brethren," in whom (referring to a text from which Langlande notices that he never heard a friar preach) he recognized the eighth peril of the Apocalypse, was not the fruit of a single year or of a single controversy. Here, again, he was in sympathy with his class, his party, and his university; and if in his vituperation of the friars there is an excess which one heartily wishes away, the reason may partly lie in his having known himself to be on safe ground when reiterating what no doubt to many of his hearers as well as to himself were commonplaces. Sheer abuse must go for what it is worth; and of this there is not a little in Wiclif's diatribes against the "stinking orders" of the mendicants. But we shall probably not err in concluding that his views concerning the mendicants progressed very much in the same fashion as his views concerning the papacy. He began, that is, by objecting to the foibles and faults which discredited the orders, went on to doubt their religious utility, and ended by questioning whether there was a place in the divine economy for monastic rules at all. "God's rules should suffice to men," and the setting up by their side of human rules such as those of the orders is pernicious as well as superfluous; so that all, or the greater number of the orders, will be among the first to be condemned without excuse in the day of the Son of God. And in the mean time there can be neither sense nor reason in giving alms to able-bodied friars — hypocrites, Pharisees, deceivers, whom we should rather help spiritually by withholding from them our worldly goods.

Were the members of the four mendicant orders in Wiclif's days—the Carmelites, Austins, Jacobites (Dominicans), and Minorites (Franciscans), whose initial letters he delighted to anagrammatize in the name of their common ancestor *Caym* (*Cain*)—fairly represented by, for instance, Chaucer's Frere Huberd, we might, indeed, conclude that whatever salt there had been in the institution had lost its savor, and that the ends of religion were as ill served by the Minorite who went about sweetly hearing confession and pleasantly giving absolution as in the well-bred and well-fed Benedictine, jangling along on horseback, with a habit of gentlemanly shortness, and sleeves and hood cut in the newest fashion. Undoubtedly the mendicants had degenerated in many ways, and not much fresh superfluity of merit could be accumulating for distribution to purchasers in those "letters of fraternity" against which Wiclif so sternly inveighs. It is, however, hard to suppose that the mendicants, and more especially the Franciscans, had altogether lost the remembrance of the qualities which to St. Francis had seemed inseparable from an apostolic life. Surely the friars could not have retained the affections of the populace merely because they sold the privileges of religion cheap, and were generally jolly fellows to boot. This goodwill endured through the four great pestilences; for in 1381 Wat Tyler is said to have stated, when under sentence of death, that it had been the intention of the insurgents, if successful, to have exterminated out of the earth all land-holders, bishops, landed monks, and parish priests. "*Only the begging friars*," he said, "would have remained in the land, and these would have been enough to keep up divine service throughout the entire country." Indeed, the mendicants at Oxford had to crave the protection of John of Gaunt against any harm which might befall them as suspected of connection with the great revolt of the villeins itself.

The immediate occasion and many of the causes of that revolt are well known; but the nature of the connection between

them, and the reason why the movement assumed such tremendous proportions, must always remain more or less obscure. It can hardly be doubted that much was done to spread the insurrection by the simple priests and the mendicant friars, as well as by that altogether irresponsible class of whom M. Jusserand has lately told us so much that is new and striking —the vagrants of England. But in addition to the knowledge of the movement which Wiclif's priests, occasionally, perhaps, not without sympathy, helped to spread, the actual teaching of these men and of Wiclif himself must have contributed to stimulate the spirit of insubordination which the condition of things in church and state excited among the suffering and the oppressed. With any actual encouragement of the insurrection it would be as absurd to charge Wiclif as to connect him with the senseless raid upon the abbey at Tynemouth, or with the hideous murder of Archbishop Sudbury at Lambeth, or, for that matter, with the massacre of the Flemings in London streets.

The evil day at last had its end, and soon the government of King Richard was with politic perjury dealing vengeance round the land in a kind of bloody assize. It would, indeed, have been comforting for Wiclif's clerical opponents—above all for Courtenay, who had succeeded the murdered Sudbury as Archbishop of Canterbury—to be able to establish a relation between him and the insurrection now happily suppressed. Among the prisoners taken by the arm of the law was John Balle, a wandering preacher whom we have no more right to call a Wiclifite than we should have to call him a mendicant, but who very probably combined with the most popular style of the friars some of the most advanced doctrines of the poor priests. For many years he had preached the gospel of equality about the country, till Archbishop Sudbury had caused him to be imprisoned, instead of adopting what Froissart suggests would have been the more rational course of putting him to death at once. The rebels had set him free, but he had been recaptured at Coventry, where, by-the-bye, it is interesting to learn from Wiclif that the friars afterward took special pains to impress the principles of the sanctity of church property upon the people. At St. Albans, where King Richard was holding his court, John Balle was condemned to "distractio, suspensio," and "quarterizatio," and thereupon made, or was reported to have made, a confession which implicated the Wiclifites in the insurrection.

No historical parallel is needed, though enough are at hand, to account for the blind fury with which in this season of reaction the religious movement begun by Wiclif was made responsible for the late social revolution. Lollardry — for the name was now coming into vogue — was accounted the root of all evil. The Lollards, says a Latin ballad of the day, are the tares and the thorns and the prickly things which destroy the vineyard; barefooted hypocrites whose humility is wrapped as a cloak round their secret lusts. Under this hated name every species of deviation from the doctrines or customs of the Church was included, so that even such teaching as that of Wiclif could be thrown together with that of John Balle, and Wiclif himself, from being the literary champion of a powerful political party, came to be regarded as an accomplice in that movement against authority and property which all men of all parties possessed of "a stake in the country" were agreed to reprobate. Now, therefore, was the time to strike him down. He had no protector left. The Duke of Lancaster, whose possessions the rebels had marked out as a special object of their destructive wrath, while he had himself wisely kept out of their reach, could never have been less inclined to oppose himself to the reaction. Of the good-will of his youngest brother, the Duke of Gloucester, toward Wiclif the indications are really at no time other than faint. It was not until a rather later date (1382) that Anne of Bohemia came to England as King Richard's bride, a princess of whom Wiclif spoke with admiration as possessing the gospel written in three tongues, to which doubtless his own version was added as a fourth. The connection between England and Bohemia, brought about through this interesting lady, was of the very highest moment for the history of the Reformation; but her personal knowledge of Wiclif can not have been more than slight. King Richard, whose dissoluteness afterward made him so unpopular in Lollard London, was still a mere boy, unlikely to interfere on either side in an ecclesiastical dispute.

Such was the situation when, in the summer of 1381, the relations between Wiclif and the Church underwent a sudden alteration by his own act. The twelve short theses concerning the eucharist which he now published were absolutely irreconcilable with the accepted doctrine of the existing Church of Rome: theologians must decide how far Wiclif was justified in asserting that doctrine itself to be a heresy on the part of the friars who defended it against him. His hostility toward Rome and the papacy now rapidly reached its climax. Antichrist was now no longer the concrete Antipope Clement or the concrete Pope Urban, but the pope as such, in so far as he was contrary to Christ in life and doctrine. Such was Wiclif's argumentative position in his later days—a position which by no means amounts to the absolute identification of pope and antichrist. In scattered passages of incidental invective, however, the effect can not be said to fall short of this. The pope, he declared, owes his appointment to the Father of Evil; his office is poisonous; the prelates are changed into wolves, and their captain is a fiend in his life and antichrist in his work. Thus the hidden fire had broken forth at last, and flamed fiercely and clearly in the eyes of all men.

If, by one so moved to speak as Wiclif was, a thought could have been given to the question of opportuneness, the moment chosen by him for the promulgation of his theses might have seemed unfortunate, even so far as the little world of Oxford was concerned. Here, too, a conservative reaction was for the nonce in the ascendant; and an assembly of doctors, for the most part members of the mendicant orders, summoned by the chancellor to judge Wiclif's theses, unanimously condemned them, and prohibited the teaching or hearing of them in the university. Wiclif is said to have been found in his lecture-room at the Augustinian monastery by the university officers sent to proclaim this prohibition, discussing the very subject of the eucharist, and to have at once commented upon the mandate by declaring that he reserved to himself his freedom of opinion. He afterward appealed to the king. But, as is usually the case, the attempt to silence him had only resulted in his seeking and finding means for a wider publicity. Both in Latin and in English he made his views as widely known as possible. Indeed, I am not sure whether to this day the *Wicket* can be said to have altogether fallen out of use as a controversial tract. The extraordinary activity of Wiclif as a public writer in his last years may thus in some measure be accounted for by the restriction which had been placed upon his freedom of utterance in his lecture-room.

Meanwhile, on the 17th of May, 1382, the synod had also at last met which the new archbishop (that "strong pillar of the Church") had convoked for taking into consideration the heresies of Wiclif and the sect of the so-called Lollards. Together with the bishops of the province of Canterbury, a select number of doctors of divinity and law had assembled in the hall of that famous Dominican monastery at Blackfriars which was frequently the residence of English kings, and which in after-times acquired a second celebrity in the history of the Reformation as the scene of the trial of the divorce case between Henry VIII. and Queen Katharine. Wiclif gave to this meeting the name of the Earthquake Council; for while the synod was sitting an earthquake shook the hall, and would have terrified the prelates and doctors had not the archbishop given a neat turn to the interruption by declaring that it prefigured the required purgation of the world from blasts of vain doctrine. We may assume—for we have only the results to judge from—that the synod hereupon passed, without a dissentient voice, the substance of the mandates afterward published by the archbishop, which condemned, partly as heretical, partly as erroneous, a series of doctrines put forth at Oxford, or by preachers about the country, beginning with Wiclif's theses concerning the eucharist, and prohibited their further spread, under pain of the greater excommunication. It was also arranged that a solemn procession of penitence should pass through the streets of London, and a sermon be preached on the occasion by Wiclif's old adversary Friar Cuningham, the Eck of the Wiclifite movement. And now, after a royal patent had been obtained against the itinerant preachers (the royal ordinance smuggled into the statute-book having had to be removed from it again), the attempt could be entered upon to use force against the heretic teacher and his followers.

Five months, however, passed before the university was actually silenced.

The recent action of the party headed by the mendicants had added to the bitterness of feeling against them among the followers of Wiclif and the members of the liberal party, as one may call it, in general. Party hatred and exasperation alone could account for the tone adopted by the Wiclifites, more especially by Nicholas Hereford, the most interesting personage in the entire movement next to Wiclif himself, with whom he shares the glory of the English translation of the Bible. It was he who had formerly charged the mendicants with being the authors of the peasants' revolt, and who now declared the death of Archbishop Sudbury to be a righteous vengeance for his persecution of Wiclif. But the chancellor of the university himself, as well as the proctors of the year, was favorably disposed toward the new doctrines; and after appointing a divine named Repington, known to have recently become a convert to them, to preach the university sermon on Corpus Christi day, had openly congratulated him upon a discourse in which he had extolled the persecuted itinerant preachers as holy priests. The spirits of the Wiclifites rose accordingly, the archbishop's mandate remained for a time unpublished, and even after a stern reprimand administered by him in person to the chancellor in London, the latter ventured to silence an anti-Wiclifite lecturer at Oxford. In the end, however, the chief offenders—Hereford, Repington, and Aston—were summoned before the primate, and after a series of manœuvres they were excommunicated as contumacious, and the books of Wiclif and Hereford were prohibited in the university. Immediately all the followers of Wiclif, with the sole exception of Hereford, submitted. Of him the story went that he hereupon journeyed to Rome, where the pope confirmed the condemnation of the articles upheld by him, but commuted the sentence of death under which he lay into one of imprisonment for life. A fortunate chance set him free in the year 1385, and two years later he is mentioned as the chief itinerant preacher among the Lollards. Clearly, whatever the value of his message, he was of the stuff of which martyr-apostles are made.

Wiclif himself remained for the present untouched. It can not have been dependence on the favor of the great which encouraged him to hold his head erect. The Duke of Lancaster, when appealed to, had declined to interfere on behalf of the Oxford Wiclifites. He had warned Wiclif of the danger which he was running, and had then virtually withdrawn his countenance from the obstinate doctor. In truth, he had resolved to keep peace with the Church; the era of that Lancastrian policy was beginning which was so successfully carried on by John of Gaunt's son and grandson. But with or without the countenance of princes, Wiclif went on in the path which he had chosen. In all probability he had for some time withdrawn to Lutterworth, where, from his pulpit or his desk, he was giving forth no uncertain sound as to the doctrines which he held, and the institutions which he assailed. As one looks through those of Wiclif's writings which have been printed—often uncertain in date, but for the most part appearing to belong to this last period of his life—one seems to recognize a desire on his part to deliver his testimony concerning all the distinctive practices as well as the great doctrine of the Church of Rome with which he felt himself at issue. To the abuse of confession and to the use of sanctuary—a social necessity in Wiclif's times—to the institution of celibacy and to the whole system of the canon law, his cavil or his reproof addressed itself; and the spirit of Puritan Protestantism seems to pervade his objections to the loud intoning of the services, to the ringing of the chimes, to the images in the churches, and to the pilgrimages which joined folk of all ranks and classes together like a flock of children making holiday.

There is no positive proof that he ever again quitted his quiet parsonage. He is stated to have been summoned before a provincial synod presided over by Archbishop Courtenay at Oxford in November, 1382, but it is doubtful whether he ever made his appearance before it. At all events, no recantation was made by him there, nor is it proved that any such had ever been demanded. The English Confession on the Eucharist, which has come down to us in connection with this occasion, is *not* a recantation. When in the same month of November the Parliament met at Westminster, he addressed to it a *Complaint* (the genuineness of this memorial seems, at least in substance, indisputable), which is one of the most noteworthy documents in the history of his

career, and reads almost as if it had been devised so as to impress upon men's minds the main subjects of Wiclif's endeavors as a reformer. It is a strange picture to imagine to one's self, that of the Oxford doctor in his country parsonage penning these manifestoes, the self-contained boldness of which utterly contradicts the assumption that he had at any time retracted or recanted. He had never stood so much alone; in Hereford his Jerome had been cut off from him; but other less combative but equally faithful friends held out by him to the end, in particular John Horn and John Purvey.

Very little is known concerning his latest days. The story of his journey to Bohemia is of course a pure fable, and obviously one of no very early date. About a year before his death he was (as there is no longer reason to doubt) cited before Pope Urban, who from his refuge at Naples repeated the summons which Pope Gregory's death had rendered nugatory. The language of the curious paper called a "Letter to Pope Urban," which is a declaration by Wiclif of adherence to his impugned opinions, can not be held to decide the question whether there was an actual summons and a formal refusal. "If," he writes, "I could travel in my own person, I would with good-will go to the pope. But God has needed me to the contrary, and taught me to obey God more than man." A tract by Wiclif "On Frivolous Citations," however, contains a passage which can hardly be interpreted otherwise than as a personal reference: "Thus saith one who has been cited before this Court who is lame and feeble, that a royal prohibition prevents him from going, because the King of Kings obliges and strongly wills him not to go." It should be remembered, then, in honor of Richard II., that he refused to give up his great subject to the tender mercies of the Curia. Already, as this passage implies, Wiclif felt that he had fallen into the hand of a Higher Power. In truth, he had been a paralytic for two years before his death. On Innocents' Day (December 28), 1384—not, as his adversaries joyfully asserted, on the festival of St. Thomas à Becket (December 29), "against whom he had grievously offended by hindering men from going on pilgrimage to Canterbury"—he was smitten by a new stroke, while hearing mass in his church at Lutterworth. Three days afterward he died. His remains were left at peace, till, in consequence of the anathema pronounced by the Council of Constance thirteen years previously, about the year 1427 zealous hands tore his bones from their resting-place, reduced them to ashes, and cast these into the river. Fuller's eloquent comparison of the spread of Wiclif's doctrine to the dispersion of his ashes is well known; and it is true that while at home the spirit of conservatism, fostered at once by bigotry and by policy, prevailed over his influence, his teaching was spread into foreign lands, whence it was to return to England above all through the medium of that academical life in which his activity had found its earliest sphere.

The biography of Wiclif may be studied and his character criticised from many points of view besides that of his importance in the history of religious doctrine. I have here necessarily spoken of him as a man of action; and when he is regarded as such, his most salient feature seems to be resolution, coupled with a kind of hardness, in part, no doubt, the offspring of intellectual pride. "Since," he writes, "there are few wise men, and fools are without number, the assent of the greater part of mankind to an assertion only goes to show that is folly." Neither Wiclif's nature nor his training was that of a flatterer of the multitude; and to a many-headed movement like the revolt of the villeins, he must in any case have remained a stranger. Yet it was to the people that the work of his life appealed. The University of Oxford was forced to cast out in his followers the most admired of her sons; and of his political friends and patrons the mightiest drew away from him. There remained the people, whom his wandering priests had stirred by their simple preaching, in whose hands he had not scrupled to place "God's law," to whose reasoning powers his own English writings confidently addressed themselves. The appeal, we know was made too soon: neither the class which made the rebellion of 1381 nor the classes which overcame it were ready in his sense to liberate themselves. But it was Wiclif's singular fortune to die free, and, though persecution awaited the followers whom he left behind him, to achieve for himself what most assuredly his efforts helped in the end to accomplish for his nation.

IT was as bleak and sad a day as one could well imagine. The time of year was early in December, and the daylight was already fading, though it was only a little past the middle of the afternoon. John Finch was driving toward his farm, which he had left early in the morning to go to town; but to judge from his face one might have been sure that his business had not been successful. He looked pinched and discouraged with something besides the cold, and he hardly noticed the faithful red horse as it carefully made its way over the frozen ruts of the familiar road.

There had lately been a few days of mild weather, when the ground had had time to thaw, but with a sudden blast of cold this deep mud had become like iron, rough and ragged, and jarring the people and horses cruelly who tried to travel over it. The road lay through the bleak country side of the salt-marshes which stretched themselves away toward the sea, dotted here and there with hay-cocks, and crossed in wavering lines by the inlets and ditches, filled now with grayish ice, that was sinking and cracking as the tide ran out. The marsh-grass was wind-swept and beaten until it looked as soft and brown as fur; the wind had free course over it, and it looked like a deserted bit of the world; the battered and dingy flat-bottomed boats were fastened securely in their tiny harbors, or pulled far ashore as if their usefulness was over, not only for that season but for all time. In some late autumn weather one feels as if summer were over with forever, and as if no resurrection could follow such unmistakable and hopeless death.

Where the land was higher it looked rocky and rough, and behind the marshes there were some low hills looking as if they were solid stone to their cores, and sparingly overgrown with black and rigid cedars. These stood erect from the least to the greatest, a most unbending and heartless family, which meant to give neither shade in summer nor shelter in winter. No wind could overturn them, for their roots went down like wires into the ledges, and no drought could dry away the inmost channels of vigorous though scanty sap that ran soberly through their tough, unfruitful branches.

In one place the hills formed an amphitheatre open on the side toward the sea, and here on this bleak day it seemed as if some dismal ceremony were going forward. As one caught sight of the solemn audience of black and gloomy cedars that seemed to have come together to stand on the curving hill-sides, one instinctively looked down at the level arena of marsh-land below, half fearing to see some awful sacrificial rite or silent combat. It might be an angry company of hamadryads who had taken the shape of cedar-trees on this day of revenge and terror. It was difficult to believe that one would ever see them again, and that the summer and winter days alike would find them looking down at the grave business which was invisible to the rest of the world. The little trees stood beside their elders in families, solemn and stern, and some miserable men may have heard the secret as they stumbled through the snow praying for shelter, lost and frozen on a winter night.

If you lie down along the rough grass in the slender shadow of a cedar and look off to sea, in a summer afternoon, you only hear a whisper like "Hush! hush!" as the wind comes through the stiff branches. The boughs reach straight upward; you can not lie underneath and look through them at the sky; the tree all reaches away from the ground as if it had a horror of it, and shrank from even the breeze and the sunshine.

On this December day, as the blasts of wind struck them, they gave one stiff, unwilling bend, and then stood erect again. The road wound along between the sea-meadows and the hills, and poor John Finch seemed to be the only traveller. He was lost in thought, and the horse still went plodding on. The worn buffalo-robe was dragging from one side of the wagon, and had slipped down off the driver's knees. He hardly knew that he held the reins. He was in no hurry to get home, cold as it was, for he had only bad news to tell.

Polly Finch, his only daughter, was coming toward home from the opposite direction, and with her also things had gone wrong. She was a bright, good-natured girl of about twenty, but she looked old and care-worn that day. She was dressed in her best clothes, as if she had been away on some important affair, perhaps to a funeral, and she was shivering and wholly chilled in spite of the shawl which her mother had insisted upon her carrying.

It had been a not uncomfortable morning for that time of year, and she had flouted the extra wrap at first, but now she hugged it close, and half buried her face in its folds. The sky was gray and heavy, except in the west, where it was a clear cold shade of yellow. All the leafless bushes and fluffy brown tops of the dead asters and golden-rods stood out in exquisitely delicate silhouettes against the sky on the high road-sides, while some tattered bits of blackberry vine held still a dull glow of color. As Polly passed a barberry bush that grew above her she was forced to stop, for, gray and winterish as it had been on her approach, when she looked at it from the other side it seemed to be glowing with rubies. The sun was shining out pleasantly now that it had sunk below the clouds, and in these late golden rays the barberry bush had taken on a great splendor. It gave Polly a start, and it cheered her not a little, this sudden transformation, and she even went back along the road a little way to see it again as she had at first in its look of misery. The berries that still clung to its thorny branches looked dry and spoiled, but a few steps forward again made them shine out, and take on a beauty that neither summer nor autumn had given them, and Polly gave her head a little shake. "There are two ways of looking at more things than barberry bushes," she said, aloud, and went off with brisker steps down the road.

At home in the farm-house Mrs. Finch had been waiting for her husband and daughter to come, until she had grown tired and hungry and almost frightened. Perhaps the day had been longer and harder to her than to any one else. She had thought of so many cautions and suggestions that she might have given them both, and though the father's errand was a much more important one, still she had built much hope on the possibility of Polly's encounter with the school committee proving successful. Things had been growing very dark in Mr. Finch's business affairs, and they had all looked with great eagerness toward her securing a situation as teacher of one of the town schools. It was at no great distance, so that Polly could easily board at home, and many things seemed to depend upon it, even if the bank business turned out better than was feared. Our heroine had in her childhood been much praised for her good scholarship, and stood at the head of the district school, and it had been urged upon her father and mother by her teachers, and by other friends more or less wise, that she should have what they called an education. It had been a hard thing both for her father to find the money, and for her mother to get on without her help in the house-work, but they had both managed to get along, and Polly had acquitted herself nobly in the ranks of a neighboring academy, and for the last year had been a pupil in the Normal School. She had been very happy in her school life, and very popular both with scholars and teachers. She was friendly and social by nature, and it had been very pleasant to her to be among so many young people. The routine and petty ceremony of her years of study did not fret her, for she was too strong and good-natured even to be worn upon or much tired with the unwholesome life she lived. It was easy enough for her to get her lessons, and so she went through with flying colors, and cried a little when the last day arrived; but she felt less regret than most of the girls who were turned out then upon the world, some of them claiming truthfully that they had finished their education, since they had not wit enough to learn anything more, either with school-books in their hands or without them.

It came to Polly's mind as she stood in a row with the rest of the girls, while the old minister who was chief of the trustees gave them their diplomas, and some very good advice besides: "I wonder why we all made up our minds to be teachers? I wonder if we are going to be good ones, and if I shouldn't have liked something else a great deal better?"

Certainly she had met with a disappointment at the beginning of her own career, for she had seen that it was necessary for her to be within reach of home, and it seemed as if every school of the better class had been provided with a teacher. She had been so confident of her powers and mindful of her high standing at the Normal School that it seemed at first that a fine position ought to be hers for the asking. But one after another her plans had fallen to the ground, until this last one, which had just been decided against her also. It had never occurred to her at first as a possible thing that she should apply for the small town school in her own district; to tell the truth, it was a great downfall of pride to the family, but they had said to each other that it would be

well for Polly to have the winter at home, and in spring she could suit herself exactly. But everybody had felt the impossibility of her remaining idle, and no wonder her heart sank as she went toward home, knowing that she must tell them that another had been chosen to fill the place.

Mrs. Finch looked at the fire, and looked out of the window down the road, and took up the stocking she was knitting and tried to work at it; but every half-hour that went by doubled her uneasiness, and she looked out of the window altogether at last, until the fire was almost burned out, and the knitting lay untouched in her lap. She was a tall, fine-looking woman, with a worn, well-featured face, and thinnish hair that had once been light brown, but was much faded and not a little gray in these later years. It had been thought a pity that she married John Finch, who had not half so much force as she, and with all her wisdom and affection and economy every year had seemed to take away something from them, leaving few gifts and gains in exchange. At first her pride and ambition, which were reasonable enough, always clung to her husband's plans and purposes; but as she saw year after year that he staid exactly in the same place, making little headway either in farming or anything else, she began to live more and more in her daughter's life, and looked eagerly to see her win her way and gain an honorable place, first in her school life, and afterward as a teacher. She had never dreamed beforehand of the difficulties that had assailed Polly since she came home the head of her class in June. She had supposed that it would be an easy thing for her now to find a good situation in a high or private school, with a capital salary. She hated to think there was nothing for her but to hold sway over the few scholars in the little unpainted school-house half a mile down the road, even though the girl, who was the very delight of her heart, should be with her so much more than they had expected at first. She was a kind, simple-hearted, good woman, this elder Mary Finch, and she had borne her failing fortunes with perfect bravery; she had been the sunshine and inspiration of the somewhat melancholy house for many years.

At last she saw her husband coming along the road, and even that far-away first glimpse of him told her that she would hear no good news. He pulled up the fallen buffalo-robe over his lap, and sat erect, and tried to look unconcerned as he drove into the yard, but it was some time before he came into the house. He unharnessed the horse with stiff and shaking hands, and gave him his supper, and turned the old wagon and backed it into its place before he came in. Polly had come home also by that time, and was sitting by the window, and did not turn to speak to him. His wife looked old, and her face was grayish, and the lines of it were hard and drawn in strange angles.

"You had better sit right down by the fire, John," she told him, "and I'll get you and Polly a good hot supper right away. I think, like's not, you didn't get a mouthful of dinner."

"I've no need to tell you I've got bad news," he said. "The bank's failed, and they won't pay more'n ten cents on a dollar, if they make out to do that. It's worse than we ever thought it could be. The cashier got speculating, and he's made 'way with about everything."

It seemed to him as if he had known this for years, it was such an old, sad story already, and he almost wondered at the surprise and anger that his wife and Polly showed at once. It made him a little impatient that they would ask him so many eager questions. This was the worst piece of misfortune that had ever come to him. Although they had heard the day before that the bank would pass its dividend, and had been much concerned and troubled, and had listened incredulously to worse stories of the condition of the bank's finances, they had looked for nothing like this.

There was little to be said, but everything to be thought and feared. They had put entire confidence in this bank's security, and the money which had belonged to John Finch's father had always been left there to draw a good yearly interest. The farm was not very productive, and they had depended upon this dividend for a large part of their ready money. Much of their other property had dwindled away. If ever there had been a prospect of making much off the farm, something had interfered. One year a piece of woodland had been cleared at considerable expense, and on the day before its unlucky owner was to begin to haul the great stacks of fire-wood down to the little wharf in the marshes, from whence

they could be carried away to market by schooners, the fire got in, and the flames of the fallen pines made a torch that lit up all that part of the country for more nights than one. There was no insurance and no remedy, and, as an old neighbor told the unhappy owner, "the woods would not grow again in his time." John Finch was a cheerful man naturally, and very sure of the success of his plans; it was rare to see him so entirely downhearted and discouraged, but lately he had seemed to his wife somebody to be protected and looked after even more than Polly. She felt the weight of the years she had lived, and sometimes as if she must be already very old, but he was the same boyish person to her as when she had married him; it often seemed possible that he should have his life still before him. She could not believe until very lately that it was too late for him to start out on any enterprise. Time had, indeed, touched him more lightly than it had herself, though he had the face and something of the manner and faults of an elderly and unsuccessful man.

They sat together in the kitchen, which had suddenly grown dark. Mary Finch was as cold as either of her companions, and was angry with herself for her shivering and want of courage. She was almost afraid to speak at last for fear of crying; she felt strangely unstrung and weak. The two women had told John of Polly's disappointment, that the agent for the district had given the school to his own niece, a young girl from Salem, who was to board at his house, and help his wife as much as she could with the house-work out of school-hours. "It's all of a piece to-day," groaned the farmer. "I'm sorry for ye, Polly."

"She may hear of something yet," said Mrs. Finch, making a great effort to speak cheerfully. "You know they have her name at the Normal School; people are always sending there for teachers, and oftentimes one fails at the last minute through sickness, and I shouldn't wonder if Polly found a good place yet in that way."

"I declare I don't know how we shall get along," moaned Polly's father, to whom his daughter's trouble seemed only a small part of the general misfortunes. "Here's winter coming, and I'm likely to be laid up any day with my rheumatics, and I don't see how we can afford to even take a boy to work for his board and clothes. I've got a few trees I can cut, and one cow I can sell; but there are the taxes to pay, and the minister, and money to lay out on fences, come spring. The farm ran behind last year, too."

Polly rose impatiently and took down a lamp from the high chimney-shelf, knocking down the match-box as she did so, which was, after all, a good deal of relief. She put the light on the floor while she picked up the scattered matches, and her mother took a good look at her, and was somehow made to feel stronger at the sight of Polly's face.

"I guess we'd all better have some supper," said the girl. "I never should feel so discouraged if I wasn't hungry. And now I'm going to tell you what I mean to do. I'm going to put right to and go to work out-doors and in, and I'm going to help father same as if I were a boy. I believe I should like farming now twice as well as teaching, and make a good deal more money at it. I haven't a gift for teaching, and I know it, but I don't mean that what I learned shall be thrown away. Now we've got hay for the stock, plenty of it, and we've got potatoes and apples and turnips and cider in the cellar, and a good pig to kill, and so there's no danger we shall starve. I'm just as strong as I can be, and I am going right to work, at any rate until I get a school with a first-rate salary that 'll be worth more than my help will here."

"I'm sure I don't want you to throw away such a good education as you've had, for us," said Mrs. Finch, sorrowfully. "I want you to be somebody, Polly, and take your right place in the world."

But Polly answered stoutly that she wasn't sure it was a good education until she saw whether it was any use to her. There were too many second-rate teachers already, and she hadn't any reason to suppose she would be a first-rate one. She believed that people had better learn to do the things they were sure to have to do. She would rather be a boy, and farm it, than teach any school she ever saw, and for this year, at any rate, she was going to see whether her book-learning wasn't going to be some help at home. "I did the best I could at school," she said, "and it was easy enough to get my lessons, but now I've come against a dead-wall. I don't see but you both need me, and I'm well and strong as anybody alive. I'd a good deal rather work at home awhile than be

penned up with a lot of children, and none of us more than half know what we're about. I want to think a good deal more about teaching school before I begin to try in earnest."

"I shall be glad to have you help your mother," said John Finch, disconsolately, "and we'll manage to get along somehow."

"Don't you be afraid, father," responded Polly, in really cheerful tones, and as if she assumed her new situation formally at that moment. She went slowly down cellar with the lamp, leaving her parents in darkness; but by this time the tea-kettle had begun to sing, and a great glow of coals showed through the front slide of the stove.

Mr. Finch lifted himself out of his chair, and stumbled about to get the lantern and light it, and then went out to feed the cattle. He still looked chilled, and as if all happiness had forsaken him. It was some little time before he returned, and the table was already set, and supper was nearly cooked and ready to be eaten. Polly had made a pot of coffee, and drank her first cup with great satisfaction, and almost without taking breath; but her father tasted his and did not seem to care for it, eating only a little food with evident effort.

"Now I thought you would relish a good cup of coffee," said his wife, with much concern; but the man answered sadly that he couldn't eat; he felt all broken down.

"It was a perishing day for you to take that long ride. It's the bleakest road round here, that marsh road is, and you hardly ate a mouthful of breakfast. I wish you had got something to warm you up before you started to come back," said his wife, looking at him anxiously. "I believe I'll get you something now," and she went to find a treasured bottle, long stored away to be used in case of chill or illness, for John Finch was a temperate man.

"I declare I forgot to milk," he said, hopelessly. "I don't know's such a thing ever happened to me before. I thought there was something else when I was out to the barn, and I sat down on the grin'-stone frame and tried to think what it was, but I couldn't."

"I'll milk," said Polly; and she whisked upstairs and replaced her best dress, which had been already turned up and well aproned, by a rough old frock which she had used on days of cleaning, or washing, or other rough work, when she had lent a hand to help her mother. It was nothing new for her, a farmer's daughter born and bred, to undertake this work, but she made a distinct change of direction that night, and as she sat milking in the cold barn by the dull light of the lantern a certain pleasure stole over her. She was not without her ambitions, but they had never flown with free wings up an imaginary career of school-teaching. "I do believe mother and I can earn money enough to take care of us," she said to herself, "and next year I'm going to set out as much land as father will let me have in strawberries." Her thoughts never were busier than that night. The two cows looked round at her with surprise, and seemed to value her good-natured words and hurried pats as she left them. She disturbed a sleepy row of hens perched on the rail of the hay cart, and thought it was a pity there was not a better place for them, and that they should be straying about. "I'm going to read up some of the old numbers of the *Agriculturist*," she said, "and see what I can do about having more eggs to sell." It was evident that Polly was fired with a great enthusiasm, but she remembered suddenly another new great interest which was a secret as yet even from her mother. This remembrance gave her a little uneasiness.

It was still early when the supper table had been cleared away, and the milk strained and set aside in the pantry. John Finch had drawn his chair close to the stove, and when his wife and daughter sat down also, ready to begin the evening which showed so little promise of hilarity, they saw that he was crying.

"Why, father!" Polly exclaimed, half frightened, for this was something she did not remember ever seeing since she was a child. And his wife said nothing, but came and stood beside him and watched him as if the vague sense of coming trouble which had haunted her all day was going to explain itself by some terrible crisis.

"I'm all broken down," the poor man sobbed. "I used to think I was going to be somebody, and get ahead, and nothing has gone as I wanted it to. I'm in debt more than you think, and I don't know which way to look. My farm don't yield me as it used to, and I don't grudge what we've done for the girl, but it's been all we could carry, and here she's failed of getting a place to teach. Everything seems to go against us."

This was really most sad and death-like; it truly seemed as if the wheels of existence had stopped; there seemed to be nothing to follow this unhappy day but disgrace and despair. But Polly was the first to speak, and her cheeks grew very red: "Father, I don't think you have any right to speak so. If we can't make our living one way, we will another. Losing that money in the bank isn't the worst thing that could have happened to us, and now I am going to take hold with you right here at home, as I said before supper. You think there isn't much that a woman can do, but we'll see. How much do you owe?"

But John Finch shook his head sadly, and at first refused to tell. "It would have been nothing if I had had my bonds to help me out," he finally confessed, "but now I don't see how I ever can pay three hundred dollars."

In a little while he rose wearily, though it was only a little past six, and said he should go to bed, and his wife followed him to his room as if he had been a child. This breaking down had been a most painful and frightful thing, and Polly was not surprised to be wakened from her uneasy sleep a few hours later, for she had worried and lain awake in a way that rarely happened, fearing that her father would be ill, and wondering what plans it would be best to make for his assistance in the coming year. She believed that they could do much better with the farm, and she made up her mind to be son and daughter both.

Mrs. Finch called her, hurriedly coming half-way up the staircase with a light. "Your father is sick," she said, anxiously. "I don't know whether it is more than a chill, but he's in great pain, and I wish we could get the doctor. Can't you wrap up warm and go over to Minton's and see if they can't send somebody?"

"There's nobody there," said Polly; "the boys are both away. I'll go myself, and get back before you begin to miss me;" and she was already dressing as fast as she could. In that quiet neighborhood she had no thought of fear; it was not like Polly to be afraid, at any rate; and after a few words to her father, and making a bright fire in the little fire-place of the bedroom, she put on her warm old hood and mittens, and her mother's great plaid shawl, and scurried away up the road. It was a mile and a half to the doctor's house, and with every step she grew more eager to reach it. The clouds had broken away somewhat, and the stars' bright rays came down like glistening needles at one's eyes, so keen and piercing they were. The wind had gone down, and a heavy coldness had fallen upon the earth, as if the air, like water, had frozen and become denser. It seemed another world altogether, and the old dog, that had left his snug corner behind the kitchen stove to follow Polly, kept close at her side, as if he lacked his usual courage. On the ridges the cedar-trees stood up thinner and blacker than ever; the northern lights were making the sky white and strange with their mysterious light. Polly ran and walked by turns, feeling warm and quickened with the exercise. She was not averse to the long walk at that time of night; she had a comfortable sense of the strong young life that was hers to use and command.

Suddenly she heard the sound of other footsteps besides her own on the frozen ground, and stopped, feeling for the first time anything like fear. Her first impulse was to hide, but the road was wide and unsheltered, and there was nothing to do but to go on. She thought next that it might be somebody whom she could send the rest of the way, and in another minute she heard a familiar whistle, and called out, not without relief, "Is that you, Jerry?"

The figure stopped, and answered nothing, and Polly hurried nearer, and spoke again.

"For Heaven's sake what sends you out this time o' night?" asked the young man, almost impatiently; and Polly in her turn became a little angry with him, she could not have told why.

"I'm not out for pleasure," she answered, with some spirit. "Father is taken very sick; we are afraid it is pneumonia; and I'm going for the doctor. There was nobody to send."

"I was coming up from Portsmouth to-day," said the young man, "and I lost the last train, so I came on a freight train with some fellows I know, and I thought I'd foot it over from the depot. We were delayed a good while or it wouldn't have been so late. There was a car off the track at Beverly."

He had turned, and was walking beside Polly, who wondered that he had not sense enough to offer to call the doctor

for her. She did not like his gallantry, and was in no mood for friendliness. She noticed that he had been drinking, but he seemed perfectly sober; it was between Jerry Minton and herself that something almost like love-making had showed itself long before, but somehow any tenderness she had suspected herself of cherishing for him had suddenly vanished from her heart and mind.

"I was all knocked of a heap in Salem this morning to hear that the bank had failed. Our folks will lose something, but I suppose it 'll about ruin your father. Seems to affect him a good deal, don't it?"

"It hasn't quite ruined us," said Polly, angrily, and walked faster and faster.

"I've been turning it over in my mind to-day a good deal," said Jerry. "I hope you will call on me for anything I can do, 'specially now your father's going to be laid up."

"Thank you," said Polly, stiffly; and presently she stopped in the road, and turned and looked at him in a sharp and not very admiring way.

"You might as well go home," she told him, not unkindly. "I've got to the village now, and I shall ride home with the doctor; there's no need for you to come back out of your way." And Jerry, after a feeble remonstrance, obeyed.

The doctor was used to being summoned at such hours, and when he found it was Polly Finch he dressed hurriedly, and came down, brimful of kindness and sympathy, to let her in.

He listened almost in silence to what Polly had to say of the case, and then, taking a bottle here and there from his stores in the little room that served him as his office, he fastened his great-coat, and pulled down the fur cap that had been a valiant helmet against the blows of many winter storms, and they went out together to the stable. The doctor was an elderly man and lame, and he was delighted with the brisk way in which his young companion hurried about and helped him. The lantern that hung in the warm little stable was not very bright, but she quickly found her way about, and the horse was soon harnessed. She found that the harness needed tightening, the doctor having used it that day for another carriage, and as he saw her try it and rebuckle it, he felt a warm glow of admiration, and said to himself that not one woman in a hundred would have done such a thing. They wrapped themselves in the heavy blankets and buffalo-skins, and set forth, the doctor saying that they could not go much faster than a walk.

He was still a little sleepy, and Polly did not have much to say at first, except in answer to one or two questions which he asked about her father's condition; but at last she told him of her own accord of the troubles that had fallen upon them that day. It already seemed a week to her since the morning; she felt as if she had grown years older instead of hours.

"Your father has a bad trouble about the heart," said the doctor, hesitatingly. "I think it is just as well you should know it, and if this is pneumonia, it may go very hard with him. And if he pulls through, as I hope he will if we catch him in time, you must see to it that he is very careful all the rest of the winter, and doesn't expose himself in bad weather. He musn't go into the woods chopping, or anything of that sort."

"I'm much obliged to you for telling me," said Polly, bravely. "I have made up my mind to stay right at home. I was in hopes to get a school, but I couldn't do it, and now I can see it was meant that I shouldn't, for mother couldn't get along without me if father's going to be sick. I keep wishing I had been a boy"—and she gave a shaky little laugh that had a very sad tone in it—"for it seems as if father needed my help on the farm more than mother does in the house, and I don't see why he shouldn't have it," she confessed, filled with the courage of her new opinion. "I believe that it is the only thing for me to do. I always had a great knack at making things grow, and I never should be so happy anywhere as working outdoors and handling a piece of land. I'd rather work with a hoe than a ferule any day," and she gave the queer little laugh again. Nobody would have suspected she found it so hard to bear the doctor's bad news.

"But what is it you mean to do?" asked the doctor, in a most respectful tone, though he was inwardly much amused.

Polly hesitated. "I have been thinking that we might raise a good many more early vegetables, and ever so much more poultry. Some of our land is so sheltered that it is very early, you know, and it's first-rate light loam. We always get peas and potatoes and beans long before the Mintons and the rest of the people down

our way, and there's no trouble about a market."

"But you'll have to hire help," the doctor suggested.

And Polly answered that she had thought of that, but she knew she could manage somehow. "It's a new thing, you see, doctor," she said, much encouraged by his evident interest, "but I mean to work my way through it. Father has sold wood and sold hay, and if we had too much butter or too many eggs, and more early potatoes than we wanted, he would sell those; but it seemed as if the farm was there only to feed us, and now I believe I can make it feed a good many other people besides; and we must get money somehow. People let girls younger than I get married, and nobody thinks it is any risk to let them try housekeeping. I'm going to try farmkeeping."

The old doctor laughed. "You've got a wise head for such a young one," he said, "and now I'll help you every way I can. I'm not a rich man, but I'm comfortably off for a country doctor, and I've got more money put away than I am likely to use; so, if you come short at any time, you just come and tell me, and nobody shall know anything about it, and you can take your own time to pay it back. I know more about doctoring than I do about farming, or I'd give you plenty of advice. But you go ahead, Polly."

Polly nestled down into the buffaloes, feeling already that she had become a business woman. The old wagon bumped and shook as they went along, and in the dim light Polly caught sight of the barberry bush—only a darker shadow on the high bank at the side of the road—and she thought of it affectionately as if it were a friend. Young Minton, whom they overtook at last, called out loudly some good wish that they might find Mr. Finch better, and the doctor asked sharply who he was as they drove by. Polly told him, not without a feeling of embarrassment, which was very provoking to her.

"I must say I never liked that tribe," said the doctor, hastily. "I always hate to have them send for me."

When they reached the farm, Polly urged the doctor to go into the house at once. There was a bright light in the kitchen and in the bedroom that opened out of it, and the girl was almost afraid to go in after she had led the horse into the barn and covered him with the blanket. The old sorrel was within easy reach of the overhanging edge of the haymow, and she left him munching comfortably. As she opened the inner door of the kitchen she heard her father's voice, weak and sharp, and the doctor speaking in assuring tones with hearty strength, but the contrast of the two voices seemed very sad to Polly. It seemed to her as if she had been gone a great while, and she feared to look at her father lest he might have changed sadly. As she came to the bedroom door the sight of her rosy-cheeked and eager, sorry face seemed to please him, and his own face brightened.

"You're a good girl, Polly," said he. "I'm sorry you had such a bad time." He looked very ill already, and Polly could not say anything in answer. She rebuilt the fire, and then went to stand by the table, as she used when she was a little child, to see the doctor take out his doses of medicine.

Very early in the morning Jerry Minton's mother came knocking at the door, which Polly had locked after the doctor had gone away in the night. She had pushed the bolt with unwonted care, as if she wished to bar the entrance to any further trouble that might be lying in wait for them outside. Mrs. Minton was ready with her expressions of sympathy, but somehow Polly wished she would go away. She took a look at the sick man, who was sleeping after the suffering and wakefulness of the night, and shook her head ominously, for which Polly could have struck her. She was an unpleasant, croaking sort of woman, and carried in her whole manner a consciousness of the altered fortunes of the Finches, and she even condoled with Polly on her disappointment about the school.

"Jerry spoke about meeting you going for the doctor," she said in conclusion. "I told him I didn't know what you would think about catching him out so late at night; but he was to Portsmouth, and mistook the time of the train. I've been joking him for some time past. I've about made up my mind there's some attraction to Portsmouth. He was terrible took with that Miss Hallett who was stopping to the minister's in the summer."

This was more than Polly could bear, for it was only a short time since Mrs. Minton had been paying her great attention, and wishing that she and Jerry would

make a match of it, as the farms joined, and the farm-work was growing too heavy for her as she became older.

"If you mean Mary Hallett, she was married in September to a young man in Boston, partner in a commission firm," said Polly; and Mrs. Minton, for that time at any rate, was routed horse and foot.

"I hate that woman," she said, angrily, as she shut the door, not very gently, after her.

It was a long, hard illness that followed, and the younger and the elder Mary Finch were both tired and worn out before it ended in a slow convalescence that in its dangers and troubles was almost as bad as the illness itself. The doctor was most kind and helpful in other ways than with his medicines. It was a most cheerful and kindly presence, and more than once Polly drove back to the village with him, or went with her own horse to bring him to the farm, and they became fast friends. The girl knew without being told that it would be a long time before her father would grow strong again, if that time ever came at all. They had got on very well without help, she and her mother. Some of the neighbors had offered their services in-doors and out, but these latter offers were only occasionally accepted.

The oxen had been hired by a man who was hauling salt hay to town, and Polly had taken care of the horse and the two cows. She had split the fire-wood and brought it in, and had done what little rough work had to be attended to in these weeks in spite of her mother's unwillingness. To tell the truth, she enjoyed it after the heat and stillness of the house, and when she could take the time to run out for a little while, it was always to take a look at some part of the farm, and though many of her projects proved to be castles in the air, she found almost her only pleasure in these sad winter days in building them and thinking them over.

Before her father's illness she would have turned most naturally to Jerry Minton for help and sympathy, for he had made himself very kind and pleasant to her then. Polly had been thought a good match, since she was an only child, and it was everywhere known that John Finch and his wife had both inherited money. Besides, it gave the more dignity to her position that she had been so long away at school, and such good accounts of her standing there had reached her native place; and Polly was uncommonly good-looking, if the truth must be told, which Jerry Minton's eyes had been quick to notice. Though it was known at once through the town what a plight the Finches' affairs were in, Jerry had come at first, apparently unconscious of his mother's withdrawal of his attentions, with great show of sympathy and friendliness, to offer to watch with the sick man by night, or to be of any use by day, and he had been much mortified and surprised at Polly's unmistakable repulse. Her quick instinct had detected an assumption of condescension and patronage on his part as well as his mother's, and the growing fondness which she had felt earlier in that season turned to a dislike that grew much faster in the winter days. Her mother noticed the change in her manner, and one night as they sat together in the kitchen Mrs. Finch whispered a gentle warning to her daughter. "I thought one time that there might be something between you and Jerry," she said. "I hope you won't let your duty to your father and me stand in the way of your settling yourself comfortably. I shouldn't like to think we were going to leave you alone. A woman's better to have a home of her own."

Polly turned so red that her mother could see the color even in the dim light by which they watched.

"Don't you worry about me," said the girl. "This is my home, and I wouldn't marry Jerry Minton if he were the President."

It was a black and snowless winter until late in January. There, near the sea, such seasons are not so uncommon as they are farther inland; but the desolation of the landscape struck Polly Finch all the more forcibly since it was answered to by the anxiety and trouble that had fallen into her life. She had not been at home in midwinter for several years before, and in those earlier days she never had noticed the outward world as she had learned to do as she grew older. The farm was a pleasant group of fields in summer, lying among the low hills that kept away both the winds from the sea and the still keener and bitterer northwest wind. Yet the plain, warm, story-and-a-half house, with its square front yard, with lilac and rose bushes, and the open side yard with its close green turf, and the barns and out-

"HE AND POLLY MADE ENTHUSIASTIC PLANS IN THE SUMMER EVENINGS."

buildings beyond, was only a little way from the marshes. From Polly's own upper window there was an outlook that way over a low slope of one of the pasture hills, and sometimes when she felt tired and dreary, and looked out there, it seemed to her as if the half-dozen black cedars were standing there watching the house, and waiting for a still greater sorrow and evil fortune to go in at the door. Our heroine's life was not a little lonely, and it would have been much worse if she had not been so busy and so full of care. She missed the girls who had been her companions at school, and from having her duties marked out for her by her teachers, and nothing to do but to follow set tasks, and do certain things at certain hours, it was a great change to being her own mistress, charged with not only her own but other people's welfare.

The women from the few neighboring houses who came in to pay friendly visits, or to help with the housework, said very good things about Polly afterward. It had been expected that she would put on at least a few fine airs, but she was so dutiful, and worked so hard and so sensibly, and with such manifest willingness and interest, that no one could help praising her. A very old neighbor, who was still mindful of the proprieties of life, though she had become too feeble to be of much practical use in the event of a friend's illness, came one afternoon to pay a visit. She was terribly fatigued after the walk which had been so long for her, and Polly waited upon her kindly, and brought her some refreshments, all in the midst of one of her busiest afternoons. Poor old Mrs. Wall! she made her little call upon the sick man, who was almost too weak to even show his gratitude that she had made so great an effort to keep up the friendly custom, and after saying sadly that she used to be a great hand to tend the sick, but her day was over, she returned to the kitchen, when Polly drew the big rocking-chair to the warmest corner, and entertained her to the best of her power. The old woman's eye fell upon a great pile of newspapers.

"I suppose you are a great hand to read, after all your schooling?" and Polly answered that she did like to read very much, and added: "Those are old numbers of the *Agriculturist*. Father has taken it a good many years, and I've taken to studying farming."

Mrs. Wall noticed the little blush that followed this announcement, and did not question its seriousness and truthfulness.

"I'm going to help father carry on the farm," said Polly, suddenly, fearing that her guest might think she meant to marry, and only take the in-door part of the farm's business.

"Well, two heads are better than one," said the old lady, after a minute's reflection; "only an old horse and a young one don't always pull well together. But I can see, if my eyes aren't what they used to be, that you are a good smart girl, with some snap to ye. I guess you've got power enough to turn 'most any kind of a mill. There was my own first cousin Serena Allen, her husband was killed in the last war, and she was left with two children when she wasn't a great deal older than you be, and she run the farm, and lived well, and laid up a handsome property. She was some years older than I, but she hasn't been dead a great many years. She'd plough a piece of ground as well as a man. They used to call her Farmer Allen. She was as nice a woman as I ever knew."

Polly laughed more heartily than she had for a good while, and it did her father good to hear her; but later, when the visitor had gone, in spite of Polly's offer to drive her home a little later when another neighbor returned the horse, our friend watched her go away with feeble steps, a bent, decrepit figure, almost worn out with spending so many years in a world of hard work. She might have stood for a picture of old age, and Polly felt it as she stood at the window. It had never come home to her thoroughly before, the inevitableness of growing old, and of the limitation of this present life; how soon the body loses its power, and the strength of the mind wanes with it. All that old Mrs. Wall could do in this world was done, and her account was virtually closed. "Here I am just starting out," said unlucky John Finch's only daughter. "I did think I might be going to have a great career sometimes when I was at school, and here I am settling down just like everybody else, and only one wave, after all, instead of being a whole tide. And it isn't going to be a great while before I have as hard work to get up that little hill as old Mrs. Wall. But I'm going to beat even her cousin Serena Allen. I am going to be renowned as Farmer Finch."

Polly found it very hard to wait until it should be time to make her garden and plant it, and every day made her more impatient, while she plied her father with questions, and asked his opinion so many times as to the merits of different crops, until he was tired of the subject altogether. Through many seasons he had tried these same experiments, with not very great success, and he could not imagine the keen interest and enthusiasm with which Polly's soul was fired. She had never known such a late spring, and the scurries of snow in March and early April filled her with dismay, as if each had blighted and frost-bitten her whole harvest. The day the garden was ploughed was warm and spring-like, and John Finch crept out slowly, with his stick held fast in a pale and withered-looking hand, to see the work go on. He groaned when he saw what a great piece of ground was marked out by the long first furrows, and felt a new sense of his defeated and weak condition. He began to protest angrily at what he believed to be his daughter's imprudent nonsense, but the thought struck him that Polly might know what she was about better than he did, and he fell back contentedly upon his confidence in her, and leaned on the fence in the sun, feeling very grateful, if the truth must be told, that somebody else had taken things in charge, he was so dull and unequal to making any effort. "Polly's got power," he told himself several times that day, with great pride and satisfaction.

As the summer went on, and early potatoes from the Finch farm were first in the market, though everybody who saw them planted had believed they would freeze and never grow, and the other crops had sometimes failed, but for the most part flourished famously, Polly began to attract a good deal of attention, for she manifested a good deal of shrewdness and business talent, and her enterprise, held in check by her father's experience, wrought wonders in the garden and fields. Over and over again John Finch said, admiringly, to his wife, "How Polly does take hold of things!" and while he was quick to see the objections to her plans, and had failed in his own life affairs because he was afraid to take risk, he was easily persuaded into thinking it was worth while to do the old work in new ways. It was lucky that Polly had a grand capital of strength to live upon, for she gave herself little rest all summer long; she was up early and hard at work every morning, and only wished that the days were twice as long. She minded neither heat nor rain, and having seen her way clear to employ a strong country boy whom the doctor had met in his rounds and recommended, she took care of the great garden with his help; and when she had occasion to do battle with the marketmen who came foraging that way, she came off victorious in the matter of fair prices.

Now that so much has been said about the days and the thoughts that led to the carrying out of so bold a scheme, it is a pity there is not time enough to give a history of the struggles and successes of that first summer. There never was a young man just "out of his time" and rejoicing in his freedom who went to work more diligently and eagerly than Polly Finch, and few have set their wits at work on a New England farm half so intelligently. She managed a great flock of poultry with admirable skill. Her geese walked in a stately procession all that summer to and from their pleasure-ground at the edge of the marsh, and not a hen that stole her nest but was tracked to earth like a fox and cooped triumphantly. She tinkered the rickety bee-hives that stood in a long and unremunerative row in the garden until the bees became good housekeepers and excellent providers for very shame. She gathered more than one of the swarms herself without a sting, and by infinite diligence she waged war successfully on the currant worms, with the result that she had a great crop of currants when everybody else's came to grief. She wondered why the butter that she and her mother made brought only a third-rate price, and bought a pound of the very best for a pattern, and afterward was sparing of salt, and careful to churn while the cream was sweet and fresh. She sold the oxen, and bought another horse instead for the lighter team, which would serve her purpose better, and every morning, after the crops began to yield, a wagon-load of something or other went from the farm to market.

She was as happy as a queen, and as well and strong as girls ought to be; and though some people laughed a good deal, and thought she ought to be ashamed to work on the farm like a man, they were forced to like her all the better when they saw her; and when she came into church

on Sunday, nobody could have said that she had become unwomanly and rough. Her hands grew to need a larger pair of gloves than she was used to wearing, but that did not trouble her; and she liked a story-book, or a book with more lessons in it still, better than ever she had. Two girls who had been her best friends at school came in the course of the summer to visit her, and were asked out into the garden, after the early breakfast, because she must weed the beets, and after sitting still for a while on a garden bench, they began to help her, and both got headaches; but at the end of the week, having caught the spirit and something of the enjoyment of her life, they would have been glad to spend the rest of the summer with her. There is something delightful in keeping so close to growing things, and one gets a great sympathy with the life that is in nature, with the flourishing of some plants and the hindered life of others, with the fruitfulness and the ripening and the gathering in that may be watched and tended and counted on one small piece of ground.

Everything seemed to grow that she touched, and it was as if the strength of her own nature was like a brook that made everything green where it went. She had her failures and disappointments, and she reaped little in places where she had looked for great harvests. The hay was partly spoiled by some wet weather, but there was still enough for their own stock, and they sold the poultry for double the usual money. The old doctor was Polly's firm friend, and he grew as fond of her as if she were his own daughter, and could hardly force himself to take the money she brought back in payment of a loan she had been forced to ask of him, unknown even to her mother, once when things went hard against her enterprise late in the spring.

John Finch gained strength slowly all that summer, but his heart grew lighter day by day, and he and Polly made enthusiastic plans in the summer evenings for increased sheep-raising on their widespread pasture-land, and for a great poultry-yard, which was to bring them not a little wealth. And on Thanksgiving-day, when our farmer counted up her gains finally, she was out of debt, and more than satisfied and contented. She said over and over again that she never should be happier than she had been that summer. But more than one short-sighted towns-woman wondered that she should make nothing of herself when she had had a good education, and many spoke as if Polly would have been more admirable and respectable if she had succeeded in getting the little town school teachership. She said herself that she was thankful for everything she had learned at school that had helped her about her farming and gardening, but she was not meant for a teacher. "Unless folks take a lesson from your example," said the doctor. "I've seen a good deal of human nature in my day, and I have found that people who look at things as they are, and not as they want them to be, are the ones who succeed. And when you see that a thing ought to be done, either do it yourself or be sure you get it done. 'Here I've no school to teach, and father has lost his money and his health. We've got the farm; but I'm only a girl. The land won't support us if we let it on the halves.' That's what you might have said, and sat down and cried. But I liked the way you undertook things. The farm was going to be worked and made to pay; you were going to do it; and you did do it. I saw you mending up a bit of fence here and there, and I saw you busy when other folks were lazy. You're a good girl, Polly Finch, and I wish there were more like you," said the doctor. "You take hold of life in the right way. There's plenty of luck for you in the world. And now I'm going to let you have some capital this next spring, at a fair interest, or none, and you can put yourself in a way to make something handsome."

This is only a story of a girl whom fate and fortune seemed to baffle; a glimpse of the way in which she made the best of things, and conquered circumstances, instead of being what cowards call the victim of circumstances. Whether she will live and die as Farmer Finch, nobody can say, but it is not very likely. One thing is certain: her own character had made as good a summer's growth as anything on her farm, and she was ashamed to remember that she had ever thought seriously of loving Jerry Minton. It will be a much better man than he whom she falls in love with next. And whatever may fall to her lot later, she will always be glad to think that in that sad emergency she had been able to save her father and mother from anxiety and despair, and

that she had turned so eagerly and readily to the work that was useful and possible when her own plans had proved impossible, and her father's strength had failed.

All that is left to be said of this chapter of her story is that one day when she was walking to the village on one of her rare and happy holidays she discovered that, in widening a bit of the highway, her friend the little barberry bush was to be uprooted and killed. And she took a spade that was lying idle, the workmen having gone down the road a short distance, and dug carefully around the roots, and put her treasure in a safe place by the wall. When she returned, later in the day, she shouldered it, thorns and all, and carried it home, and planted it in an excellent situation by the orchard fence; and there it still grows and flourishes. I suppose she will say to herself as long as she lives, when things look ugly and troublesome, "I'll see if the other side is any better, like my barberry bush."

THE RUNE OF THE "VEGA'S" RUDDER.

I.

PROEM—THE PALACE OF THE KING.

OF all white days, the whitest
Are the white days of the North,
When the strong young winds of Winter,
From his caverns flying forth,
Seal the lips of heedless waters
With the arctic kiss of troth;
When the pine-tree and the fir-tree,
From root to fronded crown,
Are in their very shadows white
As breasts of eider-down;
When hill and road and homestead,
Wide fields and distant spire,
Are spectral in the centre
Of the swift and soundless gyre
Of the millions upon millions
Of snow-flakes everywhere,
In a tintless dream of silence,
Folding rolling earth and air.

Through such a white day passed I
To the palace of the King,
And to the room of relics
In the Leonbacken wing;
Nor staid to look on right or left
At any curious thing,
Till I came to where the Rudder
Of the *Vega*, straight and tall,
Reared its dark and ponderous column
Against the palace wall.
Gay banners were festooned above,
And banners swept behind,
This iron-bound tradition
Of the Norseland wave and wind;
And the tale of its contending
With the might of wintry tides
Was writ in rust and dint and shell
Upon its stalwart sides.

Strange guest for a king's palace!
Hath it not forgotten now
The days and ways it throbbed at one
With goodly keel and prow?
How knew it—through strange dangers
Of waters half congealed—
Straight on to undiscovered port
To guide the Northern Shield?*

Scarce had I asked the question
Ere methought I heard a sound
Pass faintly up the Rudder,
And as faintly gird it round.
Without, was slumbrous silence
Of beautiful white weather;
Within, began a soft, low rush
Of voices all together—
Little, sweet, incessant voices,
That from the Rudder sprung,
As though each tiny barnacle
And shell had found a tongue.
And across, from top to bottom,
Ran a faint and steely ring,
As when the style of Kühleborn
Sealed up Lord Hulbrand's spring.
And lo! the dusky Rudder
As a shield of silver shone,
And speck of rust was golden dust,
And shell was precious stone,
All glittering round the legend
That here I give to thee,
As 'twas graven on the Rudder
By the Spirits of the Sea.

II.

THE RUNE OF THE "VEGA'S" RUDDER.

Under the polar sea
Sat little Gudrun,
On a beautiful deep-sea shell,

* Literal English of the great explorer Nordenskjöld's name.

Sipping her frozen tea
From an icicle spoon.
Who will believe if I tell
She was a thousand years old?
Yet younger than you,
Red-Lips, and Hair-of-Gold,
By mothers kissed and curled
In the upper world.
Yet the riddle is true!
Gudrun had never been cold,
Had never been ill,
And so, though a thousand years old,
Was a little girl still!

Her brothers, tiring of play—
As even sea-babies may—
Slept in a cavern near;
Each had for his pillow
A puffy green billow,
And a shell at his ear;
So you'd certainly guess,
Though I would not confess,
That their dreams were queer!

With sea-weed apron tied
Around her wavy waist,
One sister, with the tails,
Nice slimy fins, and scales
Of fishes, made the paste.
Another stood beside,
And filled those dainty pies
With fishes' gills and eyes,
And in the oven placed,
And raked around the ice,
Which baked them in a trice.
When done, those pies were nice,
Said they who had a taste.
But, seated on her shell,
Gudrun thought not of dining:
Olaf, who loved her well,
Was at her feet reclining.
On both a green light fell
That told the moon was shining.

Their lives had passed like this
For many a deep-sea year;
Gudrun had thought it bliss
With Olaf ever near.
With him through darkest cave
And the strange under-wave,
Where the sea-spider's loom
Makes whir and muffled boom,
She wandered without fear;
And he, with his sweet bride,
Had been too satisfied
To seek the upper sphere.

But that Olaf had been sly,
This legend can't deny;
Had oft in deep-sea nooks
Pored over mortal books
(Brought from where wrecks are sown
In sea-bed's tropic zone),
Till of ships, from mast to keel,
Sly Olaf knew a deal.

So, when one night Gudrun
Cried, "Olaf, Olaf, see!
What rides beneath the moon
And hideth thee from me?"
He, quick to understand,
Caught her with trembling hand:
"Thine arm around me, so.
Don't fear, my own Gudrun.
To upper world we go,
To see the waveless moon."

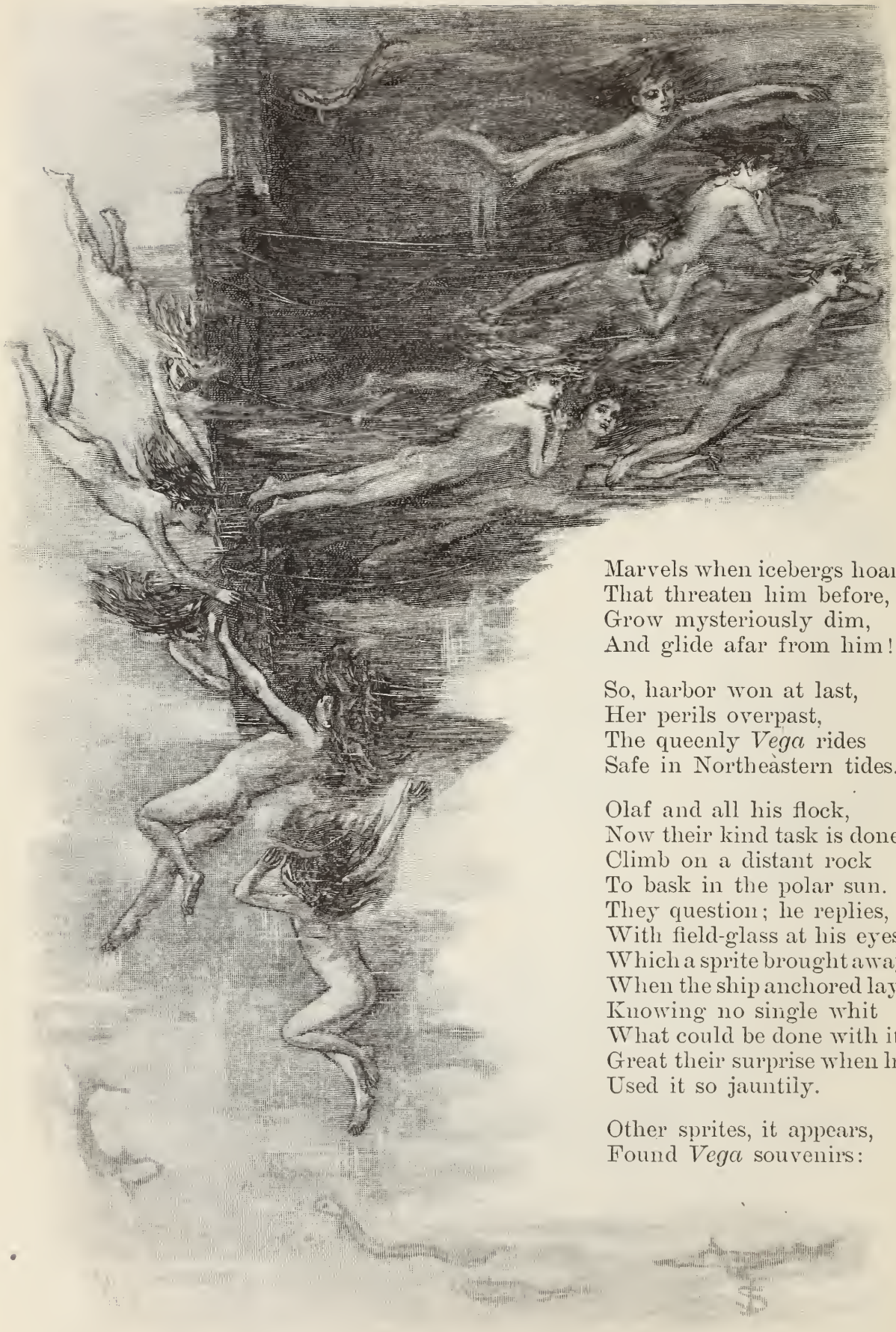
With her, bestrode a seal,
And blew the sea-pipe's peal,
"Come! comrades of the sea!
Up, up, and follow me!
No lie is on my lip:
Yon strange form is a ship.
Before, in this degree,
Ship ne'er sailed polar sea!"

Fast filled the deep with swarms
On swarms of buoyant forms;
Lightly they rose and whirled
Swift to the upper world.
First o'er the freezing surge
Olaf and she emerge.
"Gudrun, it *is* the *Vega!*"
Cried he, in accents eager.
"None but the Northern Shield
Dares brave this icy field!
I've read—hum—never mind—
Let that sprite up behind—
While I peep in *his* head!"
Through port-hole Olaf sped.

There Eric, unaware
What 'twas that stirred his hair,
Sat, with his arms close pressed,
And chin upon his breast,
Much pondering whereaway
The Northeast Passage lay.

When Olaf in his ear
Unfolds the riddle clear,
With finger on his nose
Springs Eric to his toes;
Into the cabin darts,
Scans compasses and charts;
Then scans the atmosphere,
And shouts, "Ho! *that* way steer!"

Straight on, day after day,
The *Vega* sails away.
Glad Eric doth not know
Sea sprites have her in tow.
Guarding from fatal shocks
On sharp half-sunken rocks.
Tugging as they are able
By yards and yards of cable.

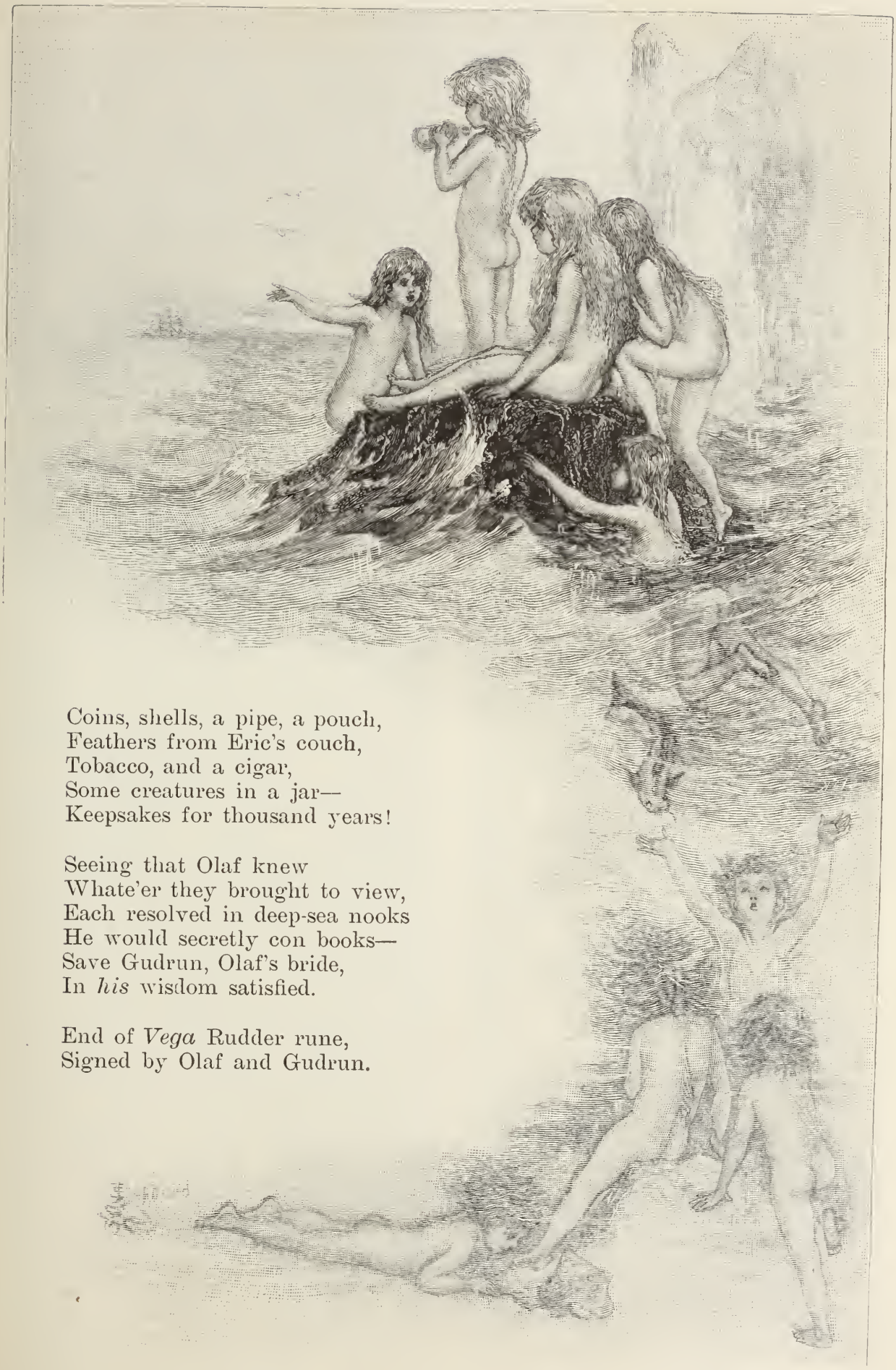


Marvels when icebergs hoar,
That threaten him before,
Grow mysteriously dim,
And glide afar from him!

So, harbor won at last,
Her perils overpast,
The queenly *Vega* rides
Safe in Northeastern tides.

Olaf and all his flock,
Now their kind task is done,
Climb on a distant rock
To bask in the polar sun.
They question; he replies,
With field-glass at his eyes,
Which a sprite brought away
When the ship anchored lay,
Knowing no single whit
What could be done with it.
Great their surprise when he
Used it so jauntily.

Other sprites, it appears,
Found *Vega* souvenirs:



Coins, shells, a pipe, a pouch,
Feathers from Eric's couch,
Tobacco, and a cigar,
Some creatures in a jar—
Keepsakes for thousand years!

Seeing that Olaf knew
Whate'er they brought to view,
Each resolved in deep-sea nooks
He would secretly con books—
Save Gudrun, Olaf's bride,
In *his* wisdom satisfied.

End of *Vega* Rudder rune,
Signed by Olaf and Gudrun.

THE CRUISE OF THE "WALLOWY."

A TRAVEL FOR TEMPERATURE.

IN this vast expanse of country, taking New York as a central point, within three or four days of it every shade and gradation of climate is obtainable. Between fur and gauze it is a question of seventy-two hours' travel. In January and February last year the mercury in New York thermometers forsook the stems and shrank into the bulbs of these instruments. Tired of plunging through the tundras of a New York Spitzbergen, three benumbed ones sought Florida.

When Florida was first bruited, the young person who acted as consulting commissary had longings for the plumage of that beautiful bird of blushes, the pink curlew. "If only I could get a wing for this hat, it would be perfect." "You see," said the greatest of fishing authorities, "the tip of the wing of the *Ibis rubra* I must have. In the Maine lakes are capricious and imaginative trout. They rise only to one particular shade of feather. Once I tried to fool them with sham colored feathers; but no, sir, they never broke. I must have a gross of pink flies; my fly-book requires 'em; so do you fellows go and get me the wings of the *Ibis rubra*."

It must be borne in mind that this was to be no fancy yachting along the populous shores of the Sound, where a bowsprit can never be run ashore without smashing into a pane of glass in somebody's back window. Landings could not be made for such trying emergencies as a tenderloin, a hair-brush, a bunch of parsley, or a bottle of cologne on the Gulf coast. When the water cask was dry, or wood had to be cut, then we would make a harbor. It was not a *terra incognita*, but there were few settlements on the water's edge. What first man's animal nature required, and then the requirements of the sportsman and artist, had to be thought of. Human comfort would have been shipwrecked for the want of a corkscrew, and art languished had there not been a Faber. It did look as if it was expected that we should live on what we shot with a gun or caught with a line. Fowling-pieces and rifles were overhauled, and we soon collected a mountain of impedimenta. As once on a time a hunter in Senegambia, after bagging his hecatomb of elephants, did not kill one poor snipe, the unfortunate man having expended his last cartridge, it became imperative that no calamity of a similar nature should happen to this party. We laid in such a supply of cartridges that had the final shell been exploded (unerring marksmanship being understood), over Florida to-day never would have winged its way a solitary flamingo, and that peninsula would have become an ornithological blank.

The provisioning in New York was slight, for it was at Cedar Keys that we were to victual the ship. But we took a substantial stock of the primest coffee and finest-flavored tea, and a coffee-pot, and with these defied the possible discomforts of the west coast.

It did seem ludicrous for a man muffled up in an ulster, shaking the snow from his arctics, to stamp into a shop on Broadway and ask a saleswoman "for four yards of silk tissue." But New York is cosmopolitan, not to be astonished; so that young person, putting her hand at once on a box, opened it, and simply said: "Yes, sir; veils. For Florida? We sell this veiling every day in winter. Take it green. It's more becoming and comfortable for the eyes. No mosquito can get through it. Dreadful weather, sir."

The last purchase was a thermometer. The buyer of it was a positivist, and took nothing for granted. Though people might say at the club, in an airy way, "In New York the temperature to-day is zero, but off Pavilion Key it is 80°—only to think of it!" he was not going to believe anything of that sort; he wanted to have unimpeachable scientific record of the fact. He recalled a friend of his who went to Japan for the sole purpose of studying earthquakes. It happened that his seismometer was defective, and would give no record of nature's convulsions. He had pinned his faith on an instrument of his own invention. He only thought there was something up when he and his apparatus were tumbled together to the ground, and the walls of a building crashed on top of him. Though his seismometer escaped without a scratch, he did not; but to this day he pooh-poohs an earthquake in Japan. But what a pleasure it was to the owner of this thermometer to look at it and gloat over it during the trip! How often before the sun had risen

would he chuckle as he read 76° or 78°! There was a malicious delight about watching the thermometer, for the idea was fixed in his mind that he was cheating the weather. Still at times there crept in doubts. He would say to himself: "You can't fool me. It is perfectly true that here I stand on the boat's deck at 4 A.M. in my shirt sleeves, and I read 77°. But it is a snare and a delusion, only a sweet foretaste of summer accidentally mixed up into the bitterness of winter. It never can last throughout the livelong day. You will see. We are going to shiver and put on woollens and overcoats before night. Some of the fellows have been tampering with the thermometer, and putting up a job on me."

It was only by degrees—no pun intended—that the memory of the inclement Northern winter faded away from my mind. Day after day that thermometer moved lazily between 76° and 81° in the shade, and had so little work to do that it must have been monotonous for any ordinarily industrious instrument.

On one of the coldest days of winter the party took the railroad. The last white frosting on earth's cake disappeared in mid-Virginia. The croak of the frog was heard on the second day in South Carolina, and on the third morning, some fifty miles from Cedar Keys, we shed our coats as we stood on the platform of the car, and were in a "shirt-sleeve climate."

Arriving at Cedar Keys in a thunderstorm, we instantly hunted up our yacht. After very little trouble we found her—a little schooner of seventeen tons. She was not a very neat or jaunty craft; her white paint was dingy; still, she seemed stanch and serviceable. We cast longing glances at certain Nassau spongers, trim, shapely cock-boats, but they were not to be hired. The cabin of the *Wallowy* looked comfortable, and would, by squeezing, hold us and our baggage. The only obstacle was her draught—four feet. As we were to sail in shallow seas, we were afraid of the *Wallowy* by just two feet. The annoyance of grounding, and losing hours when stuck on a flat, we had a premonition about. She was to be manned by a captain, a mate and a crew combined, and a cook; that made three people. It was Hobson's choice. With a smaller boat the discomforts would have been on an increasing scale. We chartered the *Wallowy* for three weeks.

Is Cedar Keys just on the border-land of that vast region known as the kingdom of *Mañana*? We were in hot haste to start. The captain was prompt, and so was the cook, Eli, but the mate and crew did not come up in a body. There was plenty to do. Eli, who as culinary artist had occupied that position on a pile-driving scow, declared that his skill could never accomplish anything with such a stove.

"I ain't gwine to do no cookin' for gentlemen as is wuth while on that yar stove, sa. There ain't a pot as has got a kiver, nor there ain't no pots. Whar's yer frypan, yer bake-pan, yer biling-water kittle, yer dipper? What yer gwine to do? No, sa. That yar stove he say no cook."

Eli had to be assuaged, and the owner of the *Wallowy* little by little supplied the deficiencies. At last the ultimate pot and all the provisions bought at Cedar Keys were brought on board. The stores were passable in quality, the butter execrable, prices not very much out of the way. But there is an oasis in the desert, and if you look you are quite certain to find it. Go to any out-of-the-way place in the world, Cedar Keys or Khartoom, and you will be sure to discover some Swiss, generally a Tessinois, who flourishes for the benefit of the traveller. The example of a Delmonico always being before a Tessinois, he keeps a restaurant. Think, then, of finding Roquefort cheese, good sound French wine, Apollinaris, and some other fluids, distilled, brewed, or natural, at Cedar Keys!

As we lay off the wharf at Cedar Keys that first night, waiting for mate and crew, the weather took its final spite on us. It was bitter cold. We covered with ulsters, and shivered all through the night. It was like when off the southern coast of France all of a sudden comes the *mistral* from the northwest, those marrow-freezing gales which whistle across the Mediterranean. This was our last fight with the cold. Next morning out came the sun, a southerly breeze, and with it mate and crew, and away we bowled for summer seas and vernal temperatures. Captain Knowles was an excellent master, willing, obliging, thoroughly acquainted with an intricate coast. Olly, the mate and crew, was a capital fellow, and the harmony on board was perfect.

Quarters were rather close in that cab-

in, and the first thing done was to straighten out. The oldest clothes were pulled from trunks and donned at once. One of the party outraged every sense of propriety by putting on a Swiss straw hat. He was upbraided for forcing the season, but although we never did acknowledge it, we should all have been more comfortable had we adopted this head-gear. It took half the day to get our baggage in order. In a confined space, system accomplishes everything. The highest dignity of general conservator was forced upon the most careless and absent-minded man of the party. Every nook and corner of that cramped cabin it was supposed should hold something. Numberless packages containing medicines, tools, fishing-lines, ammunition, were wedged into corners, and the interstices filled in with gun boxes, rifle cases, and valises. What we were after was to find a thing at once in an emergency. To go to sleep on a bag full of lemons as a pillow, or to have your feet in a tangle of deep-sea lines garnished with hooks, was comforting, because you knew right off where these things were.

Maps of Florida we nailed on the sides of the cabin. Some of these were derived from the highest sources of authority, others culled from geographers of less topographical distinction. I am forced to state that for general outline they were superb, but for particulars all of them were signal failures. As we worked down further south they were quite useless. I am not going to decry the Coast Survey, because I believe that it is almost beyond the power of the most painstaking and conscientious of chart-makers to keep up with the changes on the coast. The general configuration of the land is possible, but when you get to the nicer shadings, as it is a dissolving quantity, the charts can not be relied upon. As to depths, those along shore or on the keys, we had to give them up as bad jobs. Where the lead might have indicated three fathoms in 1883, there were three inches in 1884. Last year's norther may have done the business. Of course there is no danger about these differences of depths, for, at the worst, you only get aground and stick there. Yachtsmen should remember that, on a cruise along this shore, and in and out of the keys, they are generally in water which is knee-deep. Having, then, always in mind that the number of inches in an ordinary bath-tub is about the measure of this depth, if they plough bottom and come up all standing, it is their own fault. Judgment requires that when they make an entrance to a key they should only have motion enough on the boat to work her. Rush things, and they will get into trouble. But the consequences are never very grave, because during these winter months breezes are light, and heavy blows very rare. A great many of those indications which men who follow the seas in Northern zones, and about which they are so everlastingly oracular and prophetic, come to nothing in the Gulf. Prognostications are spent breath. The sun may go down in a bank of cloud in Florida, that luminary cross and threatening, and away off to windward it looks as if a storm were brewing. It amounts to nothing at all. To some less favored portion of the globe speed those clouds. In an hour afterward the sky is all blue and smiling, and in the heavens gleams every star. During three weeks' cruising we never took in a reef, and it rained altogether just about an hour and a half. But in early spring and fall, mostly in the latter period, there are storms of fearful violence.

Taking in a rough way the line from Cedar Keys to Pavilion Key, the number of miles, as the crow flies, would be 520. Counting the configuration of the coast, the ins and outs, the tacks to be made, we were to sail some 700 miles. Now the senior traveller of the party, having some years before made a trip from Key West northerly, we were under his guidance. Going to sea on the 26th of January, on the 27th we were off Anclote, then we skirted Tampa Bay, and on the 28th dropped anchor at Palma Sola. Here at once we had a foretaste of the pleasures of Florida, and made a personal acquaintance with the mangrove.

I am inclined to believe, in the economy of nature, so far as constructive process goes, the mangrove, in combination with the oyster, has had much to do with the building up of this western fringe of Florida. There is that factor of resistance or obstruction to a passage which renders a mangrove thicket impossible to traverse save by raccoons, snakes, or birds. Starting in a delicate way, with a single thin, pliant stalk right in the salt-water, after a while, when the mangrove grows to some four or five feet high, it throws down

OUR YACHT.

suckers from its trunk or branches, which meet the waters again. In time, the suckers being all around, the main trunk seems to hitch itself clear out of the water, and to stand upon its lower branches like a *cheval-de-frise*. Now suppose a manufacturer of gas fixtures had made a hundred big candelabra, and had stacked them in a disorderly way in a large room, the main pipes upward, and the crooks and querls of the branches on the floor. If you were requested to walk across that room you never could do it. You can fight through an alder thicket, but never through a growth of mangroves.

I do not think sufficient importance has been given to the *rôle* the oyster plays in conjunction with these trees. When the mangrove grows on the outer edge of the water-line, and drops its aerial roots, no sooner are these at the surface than at once the spat of the raccoon oyster finds a lodgment, for there can be no waters so charged with life as those in these warm seas. *Ostrea parasitica* nature originated to weight down the mangrove and anchor it in place. These oysters accumulate, growing in bunches as big as a man's head. In time these run through the cycle of oyster life, die, and drop from their branch, and fall in the shallow water. The calcareous portions of the shells dissolve in part, but some of the débris, with the silicious matter, remains. A little more soil under water is made, and here will sprout another mangrove, certain in time to have its oyster appendages. It looks to me as if the trees on the very outer edge of the clump show greater activity in this double vegetable and molluscan life than the trees in the inside. Growth, then, seems to be arrested at certain points in this dual system, and to be advanced at others. One, two, or three of these thickets are separated, and may remain apart for years; then a seed falls, finds it proper depth, sprouts, a new mangrove rises, and another and another, and the many islands become one. Mangroves are always growing, oysters depositing, then perishing, the shells dropping, and so

THE EVERGLADES.

nature's laws of life and death are balanced, and make up that grand everlasting harmony.

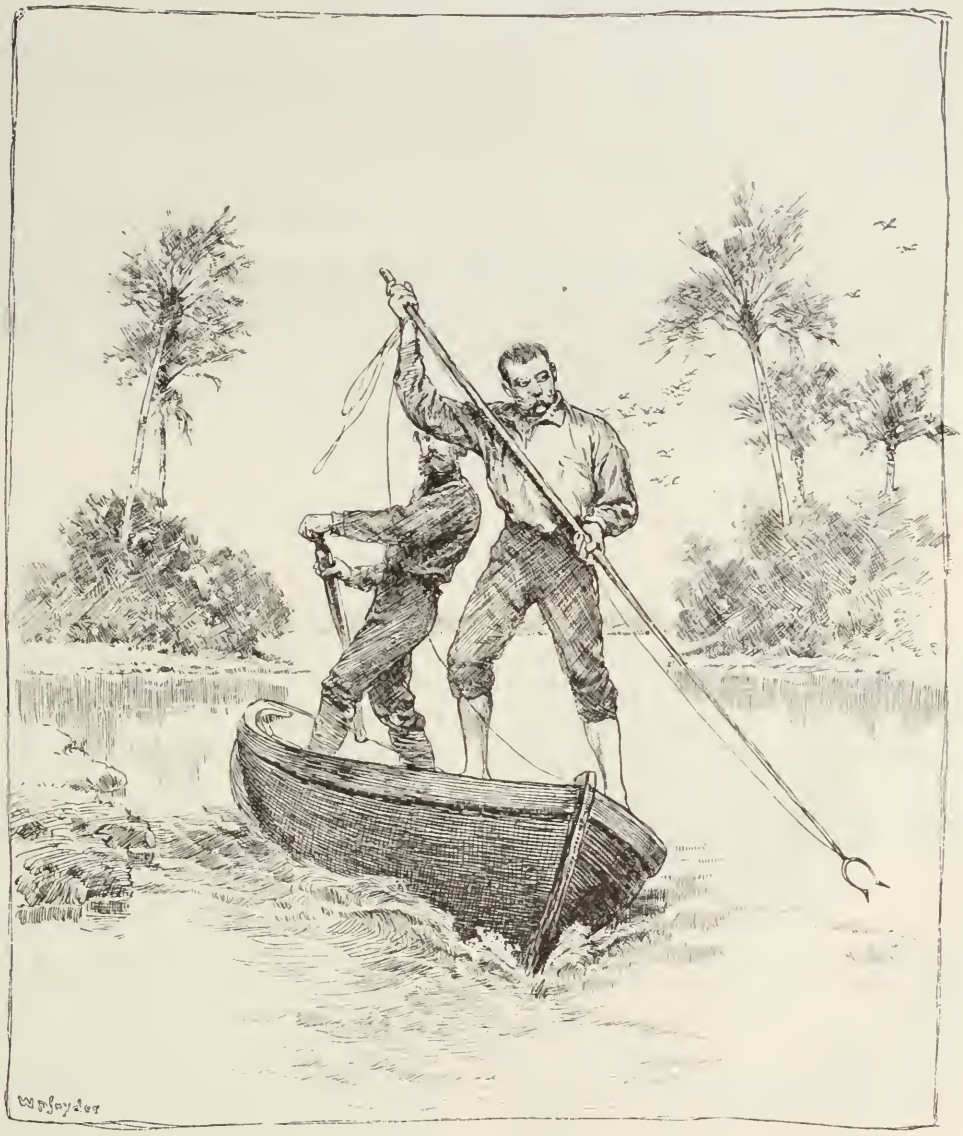
Discarding the speculative, let me write appreciatively of this oyster. It gives a great deal of trouble to open, for it is armed with a sharply fluted shell that cuts like a razor, but then the morsel inside is luscious and well flavored. One can imagine an oyster devourer taking his place in his boat in the shade under this marine orchard, and plucking the fruit forever, quietly, deliberately, methodically becoming an oyster-lotus eater, and droning out,

"Oh, rest ye, brother mariner, we will not wander more."

Recalling questions of food—something to be thought about on a cruise—I must declare that Eli (though the best-humored of colored boys, and maybe an artist who only failed because he had poor materials to fry, bake, or boil) was the worst cook I ever came across. All the time doing his best, he had the supremest talent for spoiling everything he touched. But it must be remarked that that hearty appetite, that zest for food, which is always the happy accompaniment of a healthy man when he seeks a cooler climate, does not appear in this warmer zone. We ate to live, did not live to eat; but the desire for stimulants was fairly developed. With temperatures constantly between 76° and 80°, there comes a languid *dolce far niente* mood. Longings to lounge around, to shuffle about in slippers, disinclination to read, are predominant traits, and the boat becomes a floating Capua. If you want to be supremely lazy, this is just the country where you give your whole soul to it. Returning to human hunger, nature assorts the food to the climate, and in no waters are fish so abundant, even beyond the wildest dreams of the most advanced of the ichthyophagous.

In these seas nature does her best to keep down the multitude of fish, and still they defy destruction. The waters teem with predacious fish. Sharks splash around you; there is the gigantic devil-fish, that looks as if it covered a half-acre, with porpoises swimming in every lagoon. Deep water being dangerous water for life or reproduction, the smaller fish seek the shallows. They are so near the surface that, in some of the bays, by firing into a school of mullet, we were always pretty sure to kill some. It was in ankle-deep water, between the islands, that the sheep's-head and channel bass abounded. As the light skiff would thread these passages, the fish like clouds would flit before us. Here we used the grains. Neptune's trident was a fork with steel prongs five inches long, which had a socket with a line to it, the whole affixed to a wooden staff thirteen feet long. The man at the bows would stand with arms outpoised, the grains would fly, there would be a wriggle, a flur-

ry, and a fish would be hauled into the boat. It might be a sheep's-head of three pounds, a spot (*Liostomus philadelphicus*) of five, or a tarpon of a hundred pounds. While in the Gulf, I find in my note-book the record of a fine Spanish mackerel jumping into the yawl which was towing astern, and how the fish was eaten for breakfast. There were oysters, not the raccoon variety, to be had with very little trouble, found on the reefs. These we thought were oversalt, and it is supposable that this arose from the great evaporation of these shallow waters. Here were clams of huge size, the *gigantica*. Bigger than a horse's hoof, one half-shell alone weighs over a pound. For such a cover—it would not be possible for an ordinary clam to work it with a single muscle—nature gives the *gigantica* a double one, so that he easily snaps together his inch-thick valves. What shall I say of his meat? Perhaps had we brought with us a sausage-cutter worked by steam, we might have converted the flesh of those clams into the material for a chowder. Whether these waters are thick with the fish or not, I find, on referring to my note-book again, that at Palma Sola we were regaled with canned products derived from New England seas—so they do carry coals to Newcastle at times.



CATCHING A TARPON WITH GRAINS.

In the St. Lawrence there are the Thousand Islands. Whether they fail by one or two that complete roundness of ten times one hundred I do not know. On the southern end of the Gulf State there may be seen on the map a stretch called

A FLORIDA HOMESTEAD.

the Ten Thousand Islands. He was a very unimaginative person, niggardly, having a dread of exaggeration, who named these wonderful islands. He skimped his nomenclature. There are not ten thousand islands, there must be a million of them, and more to spare, almost all of them covered with mangroves. To describe them were a difficult task. I may succeed, perhaps, in giving a faint idea of their number by asking the reader to think of one of those old mosaic floors the Romans delighted in. The infinite countless little bits of stone are the islands, the cement the water. Island after island appears emerging out of these blue bays. Some are but a few acres in size, then there are others with an area of several square miles. Now the channel between them is so narrow that a boat can not pass, and then it expands to a mile wide. Beautiful silent harbors are entered, with peninsulas jutting into them, and behind comes labyrinth. It is an endless archipelago, all green and smiling. A man might hide himself here, providing he could only live, and remain uncaught forever; tracking him would be impossible. Only here and there on some of the islands is there the appearance of land, perceptible by a thin ridge. You can tell it by the hard wood growing on it. Centuries ago this island might have been on the sea-front, and some storm threw up the sea-bottom. Stretching then out in every direction, these intricate islands block the way. There may be eight, ten, or twenty miles to cross before the mainland would be reached, that is, if you had the wings of a man-of-war bird, and could fly. In a boat, working in and out through this maze, you would have to row maybe one hundred miles, then finally you might fetch up on Florida proper. This would be that hazy country which little boys read about on their maps, spelling it out, "The Everglades," the "Ever" describing capitally the constant appearance of a great deal of water, occasional hummocks, the true home of the alligator, a God-forsaken region, where the saw-grass impedes progress.

When you are fully up to the beauty of these landscapes, certain passes are absolutely enchanting. Once it came about on this cruise not to blow so hard, for the wind was astern, but the *Wallowy* was wont to wallow a great deal in the short seas of the Gulf. We had no inclination to be rolled about like three apples in a barrel all night, so we made for Stump Pass. It was a narrow strait between two islands, with a channel not a quarter of a mile across. There were reefs standing

out to sea, over which good combers tumbled, but the captain had a steady hand, and the *Wallowy* soon slid into what looked like a land-locked harbor of small dimensions. Casting our eyes to the right and to the left of us, there stretched along a water avenue ten miles long, shaded with tall pines on both sides of it. The landscape gardener with the boldest conceptions never could have imagined such perfection. It was the channel between the outside key and an inner one. In the water the fish were splashing, and over on the sand bar, across the dune, curlews, gulls, pelicans, water turkeys, and willets were feeding. On the shores were shells by the cart-load. It was a terrestrial paradise, save—save for the sharks and mosquitoes.

Charlotte Harbor I should recommend as one of the best places as an objective point. Coming in by Cayo Costa, you take in at one delightful gulp all the pleasures of this country. Here we landed, and along its beaches killed our first birds. Then we made a trip to Pine Island, which lies wedge-like parallel with the outer key. Here we found the cocoa-nut and lemon trees, the branches laden down with magnificent fruit. Here we came across certain diminutive Robinson Crusoes which excited our sympathies. On this island, with a sad-looking and dilapidated father, lived four children. You approached the place through shallows barely navigable with a light-draught boat at high tide. A ramshackle structure on rotten piles was the landing. This settlement was twenty miles from anywhere. The house, the size of a small stable, looked as if built years before, and was open to all the winds of heaven. As the winds, however, are never cold here, that perhaps was not important, but from April, as the very flood-gates of heaven are open, that family must have been drowned out for months. Some time before, so we learned, while the father was absent, the mother died, and these poor bairns with their own hands dug a grave and buried their mother. How that family managed to eke out an existence, God only knows. Shells of the gopher, the land tortoise, were strewn around, suggestive of miserable food. Fish, though, might have been plenty. Two grim dogs, lean and lank, slunk around the house. The master of these surroundings told us the dogs were only in good condition when alligators were plentiful. The house contained scarcely anything. There was a grimy table, and a few boxes serving as chairs. We saw not a cup or saucer; there were no beds. A tame crane, that did not seem to heed our presence, flopped around. That bird was a convincing proof that those little girls had bestowed their love on something, and this was their pet.

Fancy a lad of twelve having for a toy a squirming alligator some three feet long! Not a very lovable companion, nor one to be on intimate terms with. But it was the only thing the boy could find. Evidently it was something not to be fooled with, for the 'gator's jaws were bound with a bit of rag. At our request this ligature was loosed, when this ugly brute at once made for the boot of one of the party, and fastened his teeth in it, and would not let go until his mouth was forced open. The children could read a little, and, strange to say, the *Vicar of Wakefield* had been their horn-book. It was the only bound volume the father possessed. There were, though, as additions to the library, a few tattered num-

THE CHILDREN'S PET.

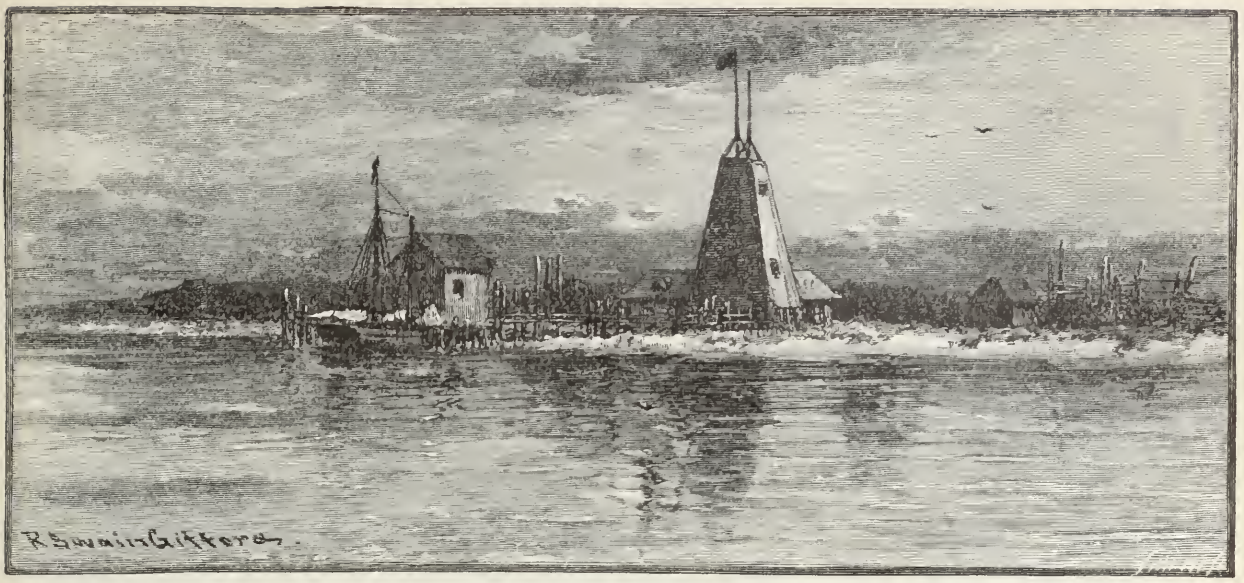
bers of children's magazines of years long gone past. There was a slate, and at once the artistic young fellow stacked his gun, dropped his Abruzzi manner, and drew for the children pretty and funny pictures, until that poor miserable house echoed again with laughter and cries of delight. The lad, instead of marbles, played with the ugly fangs of the 'gator, and was himself the slayer of saurians. To judge from a miserable fire-arm we saw, belonging to the father, I should think the risk the boy ran was greater than that of the alligator. Then the misanthropist of the party, who often wondered why people ever wrote books or magazine stories, and was always amazed why people read them, made up his mind that that library on Pine Island should be increased, and if the mail facilities have not quite gone wrong, it is supposable that before this these children have a supply of juvenile literature sufficient to last them for some time to come.

Here on Pine Island was an Indian mound, and the party, with strong archæological tendencies, scrambled through thickets, and found an ancient tumulus. It was hard digging in a blazing sun with inefficient tools. Machetes were plied, and a grubbing hoe was used. It was tough work, because vegetation has bound the sand all through with rootlets. We soon struck potsherds, then found a bone or so, and presently a good skull was discovered. We took three fine skulls after an hour's work, and carried them off. They could not have been ante-Columbian, because we turned up a bit of rusted iron, the fragment of a knife. It does not look as if the early Indians frequented these shores, save in occasional places, and I should doubt if south of this any important finds will be made. It was only in later times, when the whites encroached on the Floridian Indian, that he sought a refuge further south.

The hunting and fishing in Charlotte Harbor were excellent, and the keys surpassingly beautiful. A month might be spent there. At Punta Rassa there is a telegraph station, so that the traveller can be in ready communication with the North. We returned to Charlotte Harbor as we came back, and ascended the Caloosahatchee River, stopping at Fort Myers for an hour or so, and then worked up the river. Fort Myers, with its perhaps two hundred inhabitants, is the last populous place on the Gulf side. It has the real tropical look. Here were orange-trees, the cocoa-nut, and the date-palm. Securing a bright young man as pilot, we tracked up the Caloosahatchee. This river is attracting some attention as a means of drainage for Lake Okeechobee. Though the *Wallowy* had on board the cleverest of pilots, there was one shoal near Beautiful Island that stopped her, and we bothered with that mud bank for a whole day. But at last, by kedging and pulling and resorting to many brilliant nautical manœuvres, we got the boat off, and sailed up this enchanting stream.

Why, oh! why should our painter friend tear off to distant Granada, or far-away Morocco, intent on espousing there his artistic chimera? Why throw himself away, when within five days' easy journey of his New York, Philadelphia, Boston, or Chicago studio there languishes the most gorgeous of brides, that grand impassioned Southern nature? There she is waiting and waiting for him, ready to lavish on him all her transcendent beauty. All along that river there was unfolded to us, scene after scene, panoramic dreams of poetry. Here were quiet prairies golden with the swaying marsh grasses; tufts of palmetto, dome-like, balancing on their graceful stems; afar off sombre masses of pine, and between the scaly trunks mysterious vistas. Here were bights all emerald green, fringed with aquatic plants; flickers of light reflected on the water; gleams of snow-white birds flitting through the blue heavens. Trailing vines there were looping and festooning the trees. Then at sunrise or sunset there came lurid glows with burnishings of these pictures, with effects that neither Spanish nor African lands ever equalled. This was nature in all her wildness, originality, and exuberance. It quickened the dullest artistic sense. If there was a delirium of color, one wanted to catch the madness of it.

Were the possibilities of figure-painting wanting? Why should this man or that other man frequent the Breton coast or the Norman shore, and give us for ever and ever heavily clouted French fishermen? What a picture that was we came across at Caximbas! There was a little white two-masted boat, with flapping sail, fastened to the shore, and on the bank her cargo—a huge pile of sugar-cane. Standing near was the most gallant figure of a man the eye of an artist ever lit



PUNTA RASSA.

upon. Built like a jaunty Apollo, his legs were bare from the knee downward. On his head was cocked a Phrygian cap of brightest scarlet. This set off an admirable face, and he had a square curly black beard with rolling mustache. His shirt was just of that tender blue only brought about by frequent washings. But commend me to his breeches, which were of the faintest brimstone-color. Oh, how those breeches with their yellow shade pleased us! Where could they have come from? Were they Biscayan? We inquired particularly about those breeches, and found out that they were the cast-off trousers of some Spanish soldier who had served in Cuba. Now you might have hunted through every canal in Venice and never found a model so thoroughly picturesque, so replete with manly grace. Paint that man exactly as he was, idealize him not a bit, and you had a superb figure for your picture. And yet he was no Spaniard. He was an English sailor, who had unwittingly assorted himself to his tropical surroundings. As to the accessories, these were just as they should have been: a sparkling stream; a little weather-beaten house; back of that a jungle of sugar-cane; to the right a clearing, green with the flapping leaves of the banana, topped with luxuriant purple blossoms, lime and lemon trees around, and in the foreground a smouldering fire, with a faint ascending spire of smoke, a few glowing embers, a trivet, and an iron pot or so. Go, ye painters in search of such subjects, say to Cayo Costa, and put on canvas that gang of Spanish fishermen, working at their nets, grouped around their palmetto-thatched ranch. Jot me down those costumes; catch the swing, the gait, the allure, the pose, of these men; work in, just as it is, the tropical verdure; combine the cactus with the wreathing morning-glories and the big wooden tables, where the mullet roes, like ingots of gold, shine in the sun; make me a heap of conch shells here, with all their tender pinkness; then follow the glimpses of the sand beeches, white as snow, a cardinal-bird hopping in these strange trees, with pelicans swooping on the quiet seas beyond, and then tell me if there be not material for a dozen pictures. Paint me just one canvas, and label it, if you please, on the next catalogue, "Fishermen on the Catalonian Coast," or "The Ægean Sea," with an idea of not shocking Philistia; then, maybe, after a while, when the crowd is wedged around your picture, you will venture to say, "This is not Spanish, Moorish, Greek, but it is a little unassuming bit from Florida." But there is a reservation. Alas, that I should have to write it! Paint me sparingly the women of this country, unless you are in your tenderest, most pathetic mood. It may be because of the bad food, the trying climate, the hard work, but the women we saw in southern Florida, though not exactly bereft of grace, seemed to us to be fagged out, colorless, and fleshless.

What impressed me strongly were the mysterious sounds coming from the inland waters during this cruise. I had been skeptical as to vocal fish, but to-day I have

not the least hesitancy in declaring that fish have voices, which are just as distinguishable as if a man were singing in the room where I am writing. Now I had been quite aware that certain fish (you can catch them off New York Harbor and all along the coast) emit sounds when out of their element, but I had never heard them before in the water. When off the Ten Thousand Islands, every quiet evening, for hours together, strange sounds were heard. Now they would burst forth on one side of the schooner, now on the other. Some fish was singing a solo for our benefit. There are strange creakings about a vessel, arising from blocks, spars, rudder, and sliding keel. We inspected all these nautical trimmings, and found them dumb. The sound was a booming one. If we stamped on the deck, it might cease for a moment, to be renewed again. I can not say it was a pleasing music. It was raucous, like a cry of distress, and it irritated the nerves at times. But another kind of music coming from the sea was much more pleasing. On awakening at daylight of a still morning my companions would often ask me if it were not drizzling, so much did the sound resemble the patter of a gentle summer rain. Directly from under the bottom of the boat a dainty concert would strike up. There were chirrupings, flutterings, purlings, twitterings, twangings. There was the swell of the crescendo, with the dying fall of the diminuendo. Sometimes the sounds resembled the sizzlings of a flight of electric sparks with their faint cracklings, then all of a sudden a forte would come, as if the prelude was ended and the regular symphony was being performed. We all puzzled over it. Had the bottom of the boat been converted into a sounding-board? Were the barnacles losing their hold, and pirouetting, chasséing, swinging corners? Was it a grand promenade concert of melodic mollusks up and down and over the keel of the *Wallowy*? As this fairy concert only happened when we were in shallow water and over unpoetical mud flats, we put down these elfish performances to the action of shell-fish. Crouched at ease on deck, gazing at the moon with a cigar in one's mouth, these admirable concerts had unknown, indescribable cadences, which Mendelssohn might have imagined when he composed his *Meerstille*.

Never hurried, jogging along in a leisurely way, often becalmed, oftener aground, on the 7th of February we reached Pavilion Key, and then northerly we pointed the cutwater of the *Wallowy*, and putting in at various points again, on the 17th we bounced into Cedar Keys with a rattling breeze, and thence took the cars for home. The round trip from and to New York was accomplished, without hurrying, between the 22d of January and the 20th of February.

Some details of expenses are necessary. We paid $13 a day for the *Wallowy*, and her charter cost $286. It is safe to count on $12 as what you will have to expend for the provisions for each man during a month. As we were six, that was $72. This would not include extras, which would make the bill for food and "luxuries" $50 more, or $112. About $400, then, would be the total, not counting railroad fares from New York. If the party were increased in number, the charter being the highest item, the ratio of expenses might be considerably reduced. There might be certain advantages, as a saving of time, by taking a steamer direct from New York to Key West, bringing with you the necessary stores, then chartering a craft at Key West, and working up to the northward, landing, say, at Cedar Keys. The railroad having its terminus at Tampa might offer some conveniences for the southern cruise, providing a boat could be chartered at Tampa.

There are certain misapprehensions in regard to the climate on the west coast. Temperatures, though fairly high at Cedar Keys, are sometimes very changeable. My own experience was that it was occasionally quite cold and raw. At Tampa Bay, or south of that, there is greater constancy as to the much-desired warmth. Punta Rassa or Sanybel Island would make the most delightful of winter resorts, and somewhere in the neighborhood of Charlotte Harbor, I think, will be the future rendezvous of the Gulf Yacht Squadron. All this country lies within the reach of the canoeist. With his light cruising ship he could defy these wash-basin depths, and penetrate every nook and corner. With gun and rod, he could never starve. He might have to rough it, would at times never see a human being; but then to be quite alone is said to be the delight of the canoeist.

In all cruises of this character, either in yacht or canoe, it would be unwise to

COCOA-NUT GROVE.

depend entirely on the game or fish you might take. Curlew, even wild-ducks, as a constant diet, are monotonous. On the Caloosahatchee we killed a fine buck. It was good while it lasted, but in this warm climate, where meat spoils rapidly, a fair supply of canned meat is a necessity. As to vegetables, providing you make a long trip, you can generally find them on shore. Oranges, lemons, bananas, are in abundance, too, but our Northern human nature does not keep fat or strong on vegetables and fruit alone. A small medicine chest should be taken. Quinine is a good tonic, and barked fingers and mosquito bites require vaseline. The mosquito is ever present in southern Florida, but he is not wicked—only a bore. His deportment is angelic when compared with the vicious avenger of the Maine woods.

This is about the ideal craft for these waters: a schooner drawing not more than two and a half feet. She need not be coppered. You will want two flat-bottomed boats besides your yawl. Be very certain and provide yourself with ample means for water storage, for cisterns are scarce in South Florida, and fresh-water rivers some days' journey from the coast. Bad water will spoil your tea and coffee, as it often did ours. Such a craft as described might be built on the Manatee River, well fitted up, and not cost more than $1500. Reversing the order of things, she would be hauled up in summer, and be ready for a cruise in January. Excellent men, quick, handy, and knowing their business, could be had at Cedar Keys, Key West, or Clear Water. As there are many har-

CURLEW ISLAND.

bors on the west coast, and less heavy weather, I should think this side of Florida very much preferable to the Atlantic coast for cruising.

I have said but little of the game killed. The *Wallowy* party were all accustomed to guns, and one of them had made many a long trip, rifle in hand, far beyond the Rocky Mountains, but every one of them held that it was wicked—worse than that, unsportsmanlike—to slaughter more of God's creatures than we could use, so though battues were often possible, they never indulged in them. We only killed game enough to supply our table. Still there is a human weakness, which I decry, though given to it myself, and that is to plump a rifle-ball or let fly a charge of buck-shot into an alligator. That is something which is altogether irresistible.

Alack! the young woman has no pink wings in her hat, and the professor no strawberry-tinted hooks in his fly-book, for we never saw an *Ibis rubra*. He was not in season. We were a month too early for him. Once a flamingo appeared across a lagoon far out of gunshot. Nature having exhausted all her scarlet in painting this bird, made him the most ungainly of all winged fowl. (So I thought, recalling the fox and the sour grapes.) Of the beautiful white curlew, with the tender rose legs and bill, whose snowy wings are tipped with green bronze, the bird of predilection of the Japanese, we killed many a one. Eli invariably spoiled them for food, but we kept the wings, and to-day quite a number of the prettiest hats on the most charming women are graced with the pinions of the ibis. Of snakes, those bugbears of Florida, we never saw one. Make no trip to the Gulf in a yacht without a goodly store of insect powder, for there be many things that crawl on shipboard. They are not as powerful as the East Indian variety that nibbles a hole through sheet-iron, but the *Blatta* of the peninsula is as constant as it is disgusting.

The little cabin, our refuge for three weeks, became in time very home-like. As the light was brilliant enough to draw with at night, one or the other of the comrades would be working up the rough sketches of the day, and there was always a gun or a rifle to be taken to pieces or cleaned.

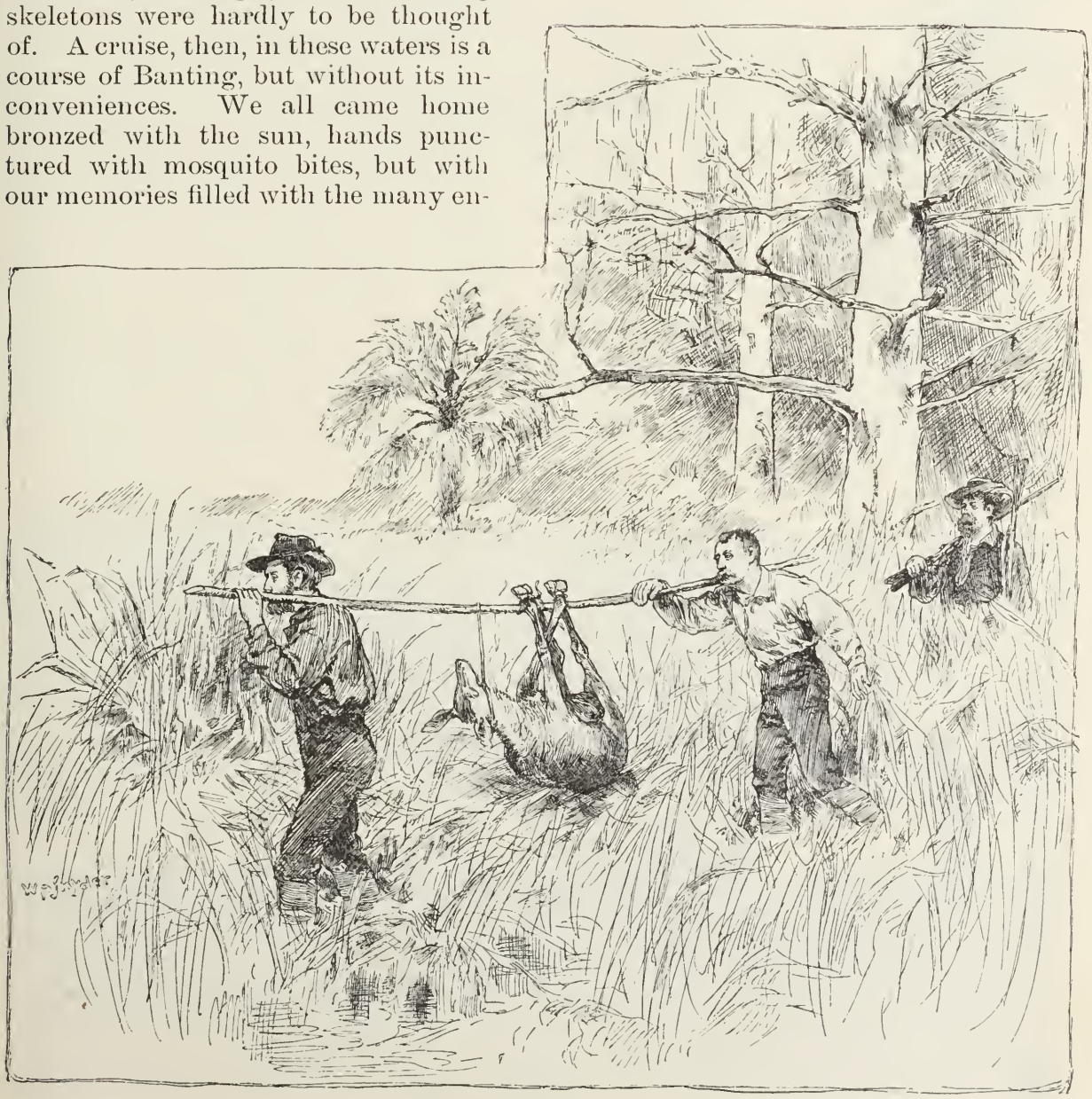
We had brought with us a fair stock of literature, but somehow or other the climate gave no desire to read. Captain Knowles, and the mate and crew Olly, would pay us visits, and impart to us various bits of information in regard to the dwellers on the coast. To them the two great centres of civilization on this globe were Key West and Cedar Keys. Then Eli the cook would perch himself on the top step leading to the cabin, and the lamp glow lighting up his ebon face, he would gaze down on us. Although he never ventured to take a direct part in the conversation, something always seemed to tickle him, and he would at stated intervals burst out into loud laughter. What we were, what we had come to Florida for, what were our occupations, seemed to be an everlasting joke to him. Not being able to solve it was, I suppose, the cause of his merriment.

I have said it was not a populous shore. Taking the fringe of keys and islands southerly from Punta Rassa to Cape Sable, accessible to a boat like ours, I do not think there could be found more than three hundred souls, all told, living on this coast line. A Nassau sponger with her colored crew would steal past occasionally, sometimes a Gulf steamer, and not more

than three or four times did we see the little boats, working along in and out from the passes, bound to Key West with their cargo of from ten to fifteen bushels of vegetables. It is a lonely coast, and an unfrequented sea. Where there is very little land that can be cultivated, difficult means of transportation, and centres for the consumption of vegetables and fruit at long distances, how could it be otherwise?

You may not increase in weight during a month's cruise on the west coast of Florida; it is even probable that you will lose flesh. When, on our return, we tipped the scales, two of the heavy weights found that their loss was ten and eleven pounds. This working off of adipose tissue was delightful. There was something, say 200 pounds, still left for each one of the two of us, and engagements as living skeletons were hardly to be thought of. A cruise, then, in these waters is a course of Banting, but without its inconveniences. We all came home bronzed with the sun, hands punctured with mosquito bites, but with our memories filled with the many enchanting hours spent on this delicious coast.

NOTE.—Itinerary of a three weeks' cruise off the west coast of Florida.—26*th January*. Set sail from Cedar Keys. 27*th*. Clear Water Pass; at mid-day, Tampa Bay; at night, Palma Sola. 28*th*. Off Gasparilla Pass and Cayo Costa. 29*th*. Entered Charlotte Harbor between Gasparilla Pass and Cayo Costa. 1*st February*. Punta Rassa, going out by Sanybel Island. 2*d*. Caximbas Pass. 3*d*. Chocoliska Bay. 5*th*. Indian Key. 6*th*. Pavilion Key and Ten Thousand Islands. 9*th*. Caximbas. 10*th*. Punta Rassa. 11*th*. Charlotte Harbor and the Caloosahatchee River. 14*th*. Punta Rassa. 15*th*. Out on the Gulf, making pass between Captivo and Cayo Costa; Stump Pass at night. 16*th*. On the Gulf. 17*th*. At anchor off Cedar Keys. From Pavilion Key, in two days or less, we might have made Key West, but the coast from the Ten Thousand Islands to Cape Sable is not interesting. Starting about the middle of January, the trip from Cedar Keys to Key West and back, stopping along the way, might be readily accomplished in six weeks. Then supplies could be had at Key West.



BRINGING HOME THE DEER.

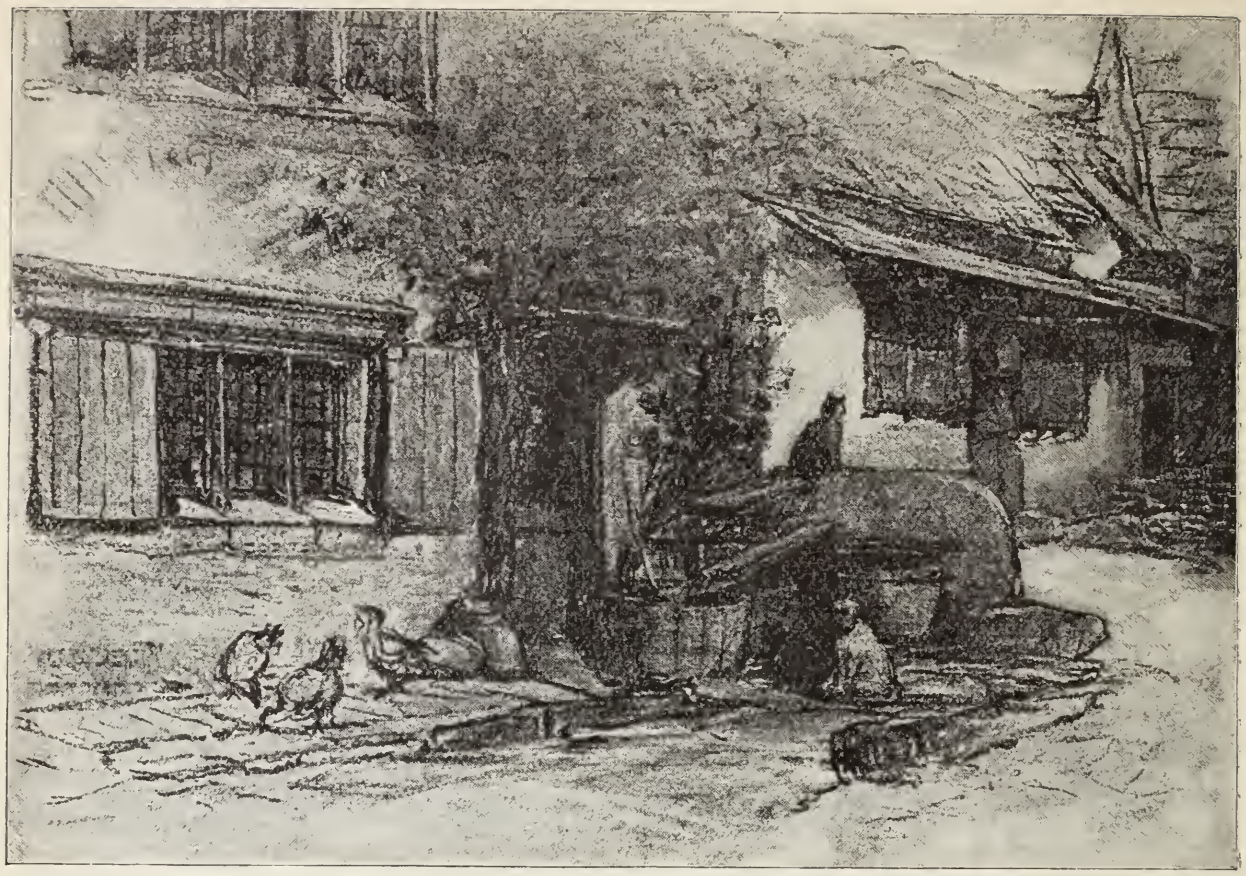
The Monument commonly called Long Meg and Her Daughters, near the River Eden.

A WEIGHT of awe, not easy to be borne,
Fell suddenly upon my Spirit—cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
When first I saw that family forlorn.
Speak Thou, whose massy strength and stature scorn
The power of years—pre-eminent, and placed
Apart, to overlook the circle vast—
Speak, Giant-mother! tell it to the Morn
While she dispels the cumbrous shades of Night;
Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud;
At whose behest uprose on British ground
That Sisterhood, in hieroglyphic round
Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the infinite,
The inviolable God, that tames the proud!

ON THE REVIVAL OF MEZZOTINT AS A PAINTER'S ART.

I CAN NOT, perhaps, better commence this article than by a plain statement of the considerations which have prompted me to write it. It is well known that for many years past, influenced by the decline of mechanical engraving, I have advocated the restoration of that more vital form of it which was practiced by the great masters of painting who were their own engravers, and which, in consequence, has come to be known as "painter-engraving" or "painter-etching." Not that the etching process, which is, after all, but one form of engraving, is essential to the perfection of this kind of art, for the painter, as a matter of fact, used that particular form of it which suited him best; the early Germans and Italians preferring the burin, the Dutch and Flemings the etching-needle, while all of them together, with Dürer at their head, depended, in an equal degree and at the same time, on wood-cutting. The ground, however, which was common to all these men, and which to this day determines the value and the interest which attach to their work, and which distinguishes it from all forms of modern engraving, is that it was original. Each man of them, as he worked, worked at least as much with his brain as with his hands; a process of thought preceded and determined every line he made, and that line became, as much as the words he uttered or the changes in his face, an intellectual expression—an expression, that is to say, of the genius that was in him. It is for this reason that I would place painter-etching or painter-engraving—I prefer the latter term as most comprehensive—at the head of the engraver's art. I place it there because, by the freedom of hand which the process permits, it is the readiest exponent of the painter's thought. Human thoughts succeed each other at all times with a wonderful rapidity, but in the brain of the genius with such rapidity as to overtake and, if the expression may be used, to overlap, each other. Before one can be recorded, unless the means of expression be very prompt, it is displaced by another, or, if not displaced, confused and attenuated.

But while there can be no question of the greater intellectuality of that process of art which is capable of the readiest expression—and the etching process is *facile princeps* in this respect—it must not be lost sight of that there are qualities essential to perfect engraving which can only be obtained by a more deliberate method. Such a quality is tonality, and such also are breadth, balance, chiar-oscuro, and the effects which belong to atmospheric phenomena, and which are necessary to what is called aerial perspective. If, therefore, etching, as the readiest and most incisive mode of artistic expression, stands at one end of the monochromatic scale, it is reasonable to assume that that form of engraving which lends itself best to the painter-like qualities just referred to should stand at the other. Such a process is mezzotint. Not the "mezzotint" which we see nowadays, and which is a mixture of everything but mezzotint, but mezzotint in its purest form as it was practiced by its earliest employers, Siegen, Rupert, and their immediate followers, and which, without any decline, but rather the contrary, has been handed down to us by the artists who succeeded them, and whose art may be said to have culminated in the genius of Turner. I may be wrong, but I am under the impression that the art in this its earliest and most interesting phases is little if at all known in America. We in England, at all events, hardly knew it till, by a timely demonstration of its capabilities by an exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1881, it was, so to speak, revealed to us. In that exhibition—which, by-the-way, like all exhibitions of the kind, to be instructive should be chronological—after specimens signed "Rupert P.," we were shown work by men whose names the majority of us had never heard of: of Johann Thomas of Ypres, who flourished about 1650; of Theodore Caspar of Fürstenberg, canon of Mainz, *ad vivum fecit*, 1656; of the brothers Wallerant and Bernard Vaillant, *circa* 1650; of John Verkolj Amstelodamus, 1650; of Paul van Somer, 1649; of John Vandervaart of Haarlem, 1647; of Nicholas van Haften of Gorcum, 1670; of Francis Place, "gentleman of Yorkshire," 1728; of George White, who was the first to combine etching with mezzotint, 1734; of George Vertue, "antiquarian and author," 1756; of Sir Christopher Wren; and, alas! of that misplaced genius Francis Kite, whose ingenuity brought him to the pillory for forgery, and who, after 1725, was known only by his alias of "Milvius"; of George Lum-



STREET IN CORFE, ISLE OF PURBECK.

ley, again, friend of Francis Place; and last, after a century of great reproductive but not original mezzotint artists, of Turner, the greatest of them all. And what was also especially interesting as a feature of this exhibition was, as indeed must always be the case in similar comparative displays of original work, that the method of one of these men in no respect resembled that of another, or, though the principle in all was the same, was even carried out by the same instruments, some of them using one kind of tool for laying their grounds, some another, and some instruments the fashion of which is not clearly indicated by the kind and quality of the work they did. And here, if I might do so, I would strongly recommend as a means of reviving and disseminating a knowledge of forgotten or neglected forms of art, the formation of such clubs as the Burlington in America.*

Meanwhile what the exhibition of 1881 has taught us as to the history of mezzotint engraving is this—that it was not invented, as is commonly supposed, by Prince Rupert, but by Ludwig von Siegen, Kammerjunker to the Landgrave of Hesse; that the first known print executed by Siegen in this manner (a portrait of the Landgrave's mother, Amelia Elizabeth) is dated 1642; that Siegen did not communicate his discovery to Rupert till 1654; and that the date of the earliest print by Rupert is 1658; consequently that all the dictionaries and treatises giving a different account of the matter from "the Parentalia," and the accounts digested by Walpole from the MSS. of Vertue, of Killegrew, and of Evelyn, down to 1835, are wrong; and even that dates heretofore confidently stated to be on certain prints, and to mark the epoch of their execution, are also wrong. In a word, it is difficult to say what these chronological exhibitions by this club have not taught us by the simple process of first showing us what to unlearn. I refer with a certain satisfaction to this, because it was at my sugges-

* The Burlington Fine Art Club was formed for the purpose of bringing together in social intercourse amateurs, collectors, and others interested in art, and affording them a ready means of intercommunication on matters connected with the fine arts, and facilitating the exhibitions of neglected or forgotten forms of art, and of acquisitions made from time to time by members and their friends. A similar club with the same objects has been formed at Liverpool.

tion that this order was first given to these historical exhibitions of the club, and because, as was the case with the exhibition of Rembrandt's etchings, they have obliged us to correct and modify so many of our beliefs.

The principle on which the process of mezzotint is founded, and the process itself, may be thus described: A plate of bright copper or steel is "rocked" backward and forward and in all directions by a tool having a sharp serrated edge till its whole surface is indented and torn up. A sort of warp-and-woof pattern is thus produced upon it, while a pile like that of velvet is thrown up and evenly distributed over its whole surface. This pile, if charged with printers' ink, would print black; the pile removed by a "scraper" and the warp-and-woof pattern laid bare, the plate would print gray; the warp-and-woof pattern itself removed, white—because the plain surface of the plate would again be reached. If, however, instead of removing the whole of the pile, only half of it be removed, a tint is obtained half-way between black and gray—a mezzotint. The art, therefore, of the mezzotint engraver consists in scraping away the metallic pile and in removing so much of the warp-and-woof pattern beneath it as he may find necessary to obtain the exact tints or tones he requires, and his skill lies in the precise value which he is able to give to each of these tones and tints.

The instruments necessary to the purpose are three—a "rocker" or "cradle" with which to lay the ground; a sharp knife or "scraper" with which to cut away the pile; and a burnisher with which to remove partially or entirely the warp-and-woof pattern below it. There is, however, no hard and fast rule as to the exact fashion of these instruments, or even as to the method of using them, the earliest mezzotinters having had recourse to a variety of methods for "laying their grounds." Thus Claude, who like Rembrandt seems to have heard of the process and tried it on one of his etched plates, rubbed its surface with pumice-stone, and then burnished away the tint produced by it; Everdingen used a process which the nature of his work does not render very obvious; Rembrandt employed the etching-needle itself in such a way as to throw up with its point as much of the pile, or "burr," as he required; Siegen had a method of his own,

ST. ALBAN'S HEAD, ISLE OF PURBECK.

BRIDGE, CORFE CASTLE, ISLE OF PURBECK.

which produced an effect not unlike "stipple" (a mode of engraving previously in use); Rupert, whose work is singularly fine and painter-like, was contented to ground his plate as he went on, and in the degree necessary to each part of it, by the action of the burin or dry point with which he was actually working, his principle being not unlike that of Rembrandt. Turner obtained his color sometimes by the roulette, as in the etching of "Kirtstall Abbey," and sometimes, as in "The Calm," by a granulated substratum analogous to the warp-and-woof pattern, produced by what is called "soft ground etching." Others, again, used special tools to obtain the effect of different tissues—a rocker with a plain chisel-like edge, for instance, for silken materials, a tool with a serrated edge for grosser textures, and so on. Altogether, therefore, it will be seen that in the hands of a man of genius the *modus operandi* of mezzotint admits of considerable variety, while this very latitude of procedure renders it, again, peculiarly a painter's art. This, too, the exhibition in question taught us, namely, that directly the original artist vanished and that his place was taken by the translator-engraver—the moment, that is to say, that the art began to be used for utilitarian and commercial as distinct from artistic purposes—these differences in procedure vanished also. Henceforth, from the Earloms and McArdells downward, an absolute uniformity as to procedure prevails, the serrated rocker being the sole grounding instrument used, and the whole surface of the plate being covered in an equal degree before the work began.

Then arose the phenomenon, for it was nothing less, of the great school of English mezzotint—the "royal domain," as Ruskin calls it, "of the painter-engraver, and which, as a means of chiar-oscuro," he declares, "will never again be approached."

With this judgment of the keenest and honestest of art critics I fully concur. I hold and entirely believe that, with intellectual etching as its Alpha and sensitive mezzotint as its Omega, the whole arena of the engraver's art is covered; that we need go, for every great and painter-like quality, no farther afield; and that all intermediate processes are comparatively imperfect, chiefly because they are superfluous. There is, besides, in this art

of mezzotint something which appeals in a peculiar way to such insular genius as we English may be supposed to possess. Whether it is the medium in which we live; our humid atmosphere, which familiarizes us with a greater range of aerial effects than is observable by the inhabitants of sunnier climes; whether we are naturally greater colorists than we are commonly thought to be; or whether our poetry touches the question in any way, I

OLD WATER-WHEEL, ISLE OF PURBECK.

know not. Certain it is, however, that in a delicate appreciation of the subtleties of gradation, in the perception of the infinite and tender differences of which the monochromatic scale is susceptible, and in our power to express those differences, we may really claim to have in us some of the qualities at least which go to the making of great artists. In a word, I believe this quality, which is undoubtedly native, and which found its loftiest expression in the genius of Turner, to be climatic, just as I believe the "superfluous energy" of the Americans (lamented by Herbert Spencer, but which to me is healthy and delightful) to be also climatic. The Dutch, whose surroundings are humid, have it also, but not in an equal degree, our mountains and forest trees, and the variations in the hygrometric condition of the air which depend on them, being probably in our favor. Have the Americans this faculty? Have they taken it over with them from the old country, and, in spite of their dry climate and clear skies and mixed nationality, been able to preserve it? It remains to be seen. Nor is the question an idle or an impertinent one, seeing that on its existence depends in no small degree the reception they will give to the proposals in this paper. To my mind there is nothing unreasonable in the fact that the denizens of drier climates should see, as they sometimes do, a sort of madness in what may be called the rainbow art of Turner's later time. It was not madness for all that, but a simple striving after qualities, unattainable perhaps, but real, and fully worth trying for as the ultimate and highest development of the painter's art. To the rendering of these qualities mezzotint lends itself in a singular degree. Nor is it less effective in its treatment of more

material objects. From 1746 or thereabouts, in the hands of the Valentine Greens, the Dickinsons, the John Raphael Smiths, the Hodges, and the Reynolds, it gave us portraiture which it is not too much to say was worthy of the art of Sir Joshua; and afterward, in the hands of the Joneses, the Charles Turners, the Daweses, the Clints, the Easlings, the Dunkartons, the Luptons, the Annis, the Hodgetts, and the Lucas, with landscape that was not unsatisfactory even to Turner.

To what, then, do we owe the decline of mezzotint? How is it that an art so fine as almost, as I have said, to have been phenomenal, should so completely have disappeared? The causes for this are not far to seek. Fine art recommends itself only to the few: the commercial instinct addresses itself to the many. The purity and subtleties of tone which alone could satisfy a Reynolds or a Turner, but to which the majority of persons are more or less insensible, have accordingly given place to the crudities of the steel plate, and the thousands of flat and worthless impressions which it is capable of giving; to the demand for something that will "tell"; for exaggerations of size, violent contrasts, and vulgar effects; for blackness which is not shadow, whiteness which is not light, and quantity which is not quality. In all this the steel plate and its application to a purpose for which it is unfitted are most to blame. Steel in its place is no doubt invaluable, but it has no more to do with art than steam-engines have with poetry. Unlike the soft copper, it is at all events unsuited to mezzotint; the rocking tool enters its surface with difficulty, the ground produced by it is shallower, the pile raised by it is lower, the ink held by it less, and, to force the effect, processes have to be used which, however applicable to industry, are foreign to art. Thus the wreck is complete.

The object of this article, therefore, is to recommend, for the benefit, chiefly, of the educated few, a return to the art of mezzotint in its purer forms; not necessarily to the uncertain and tentative forms of the earlier mezzotinters, but to processes which are painter-like, and to materials which lend themselves to those processes; to the mellow copper plate, the rich velvet pile ground which it is capable of furnishing, and the use of that ground, not merely for commercial purposes, but as a painter would use it in the furtherance of his art. Nor is it easy to see, since the copper plate when finished may be coated with steel, and since this steel face may be removed and re-applied at pleasure, why the hard iron plate should be used at all. I know of but one advantage in its use; you are not afraid to "prove" it. You do not feel that every impression you take from it in its progress toward completion is a sensible depreciation of its richness and force, and that twenty such trial impressions would go far to destroy it. Yet it is so, and this is why early mezzotint impressions command so high a price. The "artist's or engraver's proof," as it is called—the impression, that is, which he requires from time to time to take to inform him of the state of his plate—is to the mezzotinter a nightmare, a positive sacrifice. It is a sacrifice which must be made, nevertheless. From the mezzotint of Calais Pier, on which I am now at work, I have had to take seven of these impressions, and I declare that an eighth would go far to break my heart, and, therefore that, finished or unfinished, as it is, so it must go; unless, indeed, which I am quite capable of doing, I should break up the plate and, trusting to a better acquaintance with the material, begin another. With a steel plate, it is true, there is no need of such apprehension; but then, again, the difference in favor of copper is so great that a true artist would, rather than sacrifice the precious quality of color, which alone it is capable of giving, take his chance whether his six months' work shall go for much or for nothing.

An interesting and instructive example of this struggle of the artist with his material may be seen in the work of Turner. It is certain that he was greatly impressed with the capabilities of mezzotint, otherwise so busy a painter would never have executed as many as twenty plates with his own hand. Yet he did so; some, as I have said, on copper, some on steel; some fortified by the etched line, as in the *Liber Studiorum*, some without it; some with the adjunct of soft-ground etching; some with a mixture of aquatint; and some—and these the last—with nothing but the pure ground to depend upon. I would give much to see these plates arranged in the order of their production, and have asked Mr. Rawlinson,* who has

* *Turner's Liber Studiorum.* By W. G. Rawlinson. Macmillan: 1878.

DISUSED CHALK-PIT, ISLE OF PURBECK.

written an excellent monograph on the engraved work of Turner, to see if it can be done.*

To descend from great things to small, it only remains to add to this sketch my own crude reflections on the capabilities of mezzotint, and to explain the part played in those reflections by the sketches which accompany this article. The first idea which (looking back to the work of the great painter-engravers) suggested itself to me was that possibly the same use might be made by the modern painter of the mezzotint plate as was made by Rembrandt and his brother artists of the etched plate, that is to say, that he might put his hand into his pocket when and where he would, and upon a plate previously grounded for mezzotint scrape out the subject before him or the impression of the moment. With this idea, I had half a dozen plates of different sizes so grounded, and tried in the open air, on the banks of the Test, to scrape a subject upon one of them in the course of the afternoon. It would not do. The merest *ébauche* was the only result, and the next day the effect had so entirely changed that it was impossible to take the subject up again and continue it in the spirit in which it was begun. I then took out with me, not a copper plate, but a dozen pieces of thick Whatman paper blackened over with charcoal (which in principle sufficiently represented a grounded mezzotint plate), and by scraping this film away tried to develop the subject in a single sitting. Six of these pieces of paper accompany the present article, and I think I may say, from experiments since made on copper, that they represent about as much as can be done on a mezzotinted plate in the course of one afternoon. They are all taken in the neighborhood of Corfe Castle, in the Isle of Purbeck, in Dorsetshire.

* The latest mezzotints of Turner, some on copper and some on steel, were brought to me after his death, and I took from them about half a dozen proofs of each. One of these proofs I saw in America in the possession of Professor Eliot Norton. The plates were afterward entirely spoiled by rough printing.

THE ISLE OF PURBECK.

FROM a little distance the Isle of Purbeck appears like the embodiment of a dream. At every season of the year a faint mist seems to brood over it and keep it distinct from the mainland, from which, indeed, it is only separated by a thin thread of gray water, that broadens out below the hills into a wide-mouthed harbor. In the spring the heath that spreads like a luxuriant carpet between the tiny river and the hills begins to put out faint symbols of life, the deep brown hue of winter giving place to a pale green tint, that, as the year grows older, disappears entirely before the golden gorse that, boldly putting forth its claims to notice, soon spreads everywhere, rendering the air faint with its perfume, that is essentially, in Dorsetshire, as the very breath of spring. There is small evidence of the present day in the quiet island, for it is entirely one with the past, and is full of relics of those days when blows preceded words, and the whole south of England was one vast battle-field. Then the tiny town of Wareham, now sunk into a mere country village, was a wondrous strong place, and with its royal castle, perched high on a mound to command both road and river, stood like an advance-guard between the enemy and the island, that was then doubtless decked with many a tree, and served as a hunting ground for the king when not engaged in pursuit of sterner game in the marshes and fields that surrounded his residence. It is quite possible to realize that long dead time when standing where once the castle stood, and looking away down the river fancy once more that the Danes are sailing slowly up from the sea, eager for spoil, for there is small indication of life around us, and every now and then white or brown sails can be seen creeping between the banks, that might possibly belong to the warriors of old, for the river lies too low for us to see what manner of boats they are that are coming toward us; and we ponder until we almost hear the tramp of armed men, and the clash of weapons, for just where our eye falls was once a mighty battle-field, and where in spring cuckoo-blooms and kingcups beckon and bow to each other, and where later on water-lilies and forget-me-nots and willow-herb are found in abundance, the grass was trampled, and the

KITCHEN OF SHIP'S INN, ISLE OF PURBECK.—From drawing by Seymour Haden.

tiny streams ran red with blood, as Dane and Saxon fought valiantly a fight that was only ended when Alfred beat his enemies thoroughly in Swanage Bay, beyond the hills, and came home, doubtless to this very castle, to drain many a wine-cup to the glory of himself and his warriors.

Were Wareham really in the Isle of Purbeck, it were easy to tell much of that: we could point to the Castle Close and Castle Garden, whose names have been handed down from those very days; to the old earth-works that surround the town on three sides, and serve as a play-ground for all the children within the walls; we could lead you to the remains of the sixteen churches, three of which are yet recognizable as such, though one is all too large to contain the worshippers of to-day; and we could show the coffin in which Edward the Martyr lay ere he was taken to his last resting-place in Winchester. But the river divides it from the island, and leaving it behind us, we wander over the red causeway, and turn our faces resolutely for Holme Priory, the green gem of that gray island, whose vast stone-quarries, almost silent now, seem as the graves of a long-dead past.

Perhaps the presence of the river and the knowledge that salmon and trout are plentiful therein, and that the wild-fowl come in from the sea and haunt the lowlands, made the island a favorite resting-place of the monks, for there is more than one monastery within its limits. To the west of Holme lies Bindon, most peaceful and beautiful of sheltered nooks, so deeply hidden among its ancient trees that one could pass by on the high-road and never know that it was there, yet, once seen, is never forgotten, for 'tis certainly unlike any other cloistered spot. Spring is perhaps the best time to visit it, when the old walls are decked with clumps of primroses, the dark-leaved periwinkle begins to put out its slaty-blue flowers, and the pale green shoots start forward, eagerly feeling after the sunshine; the narrow fish-ponds that surround it on each side become clear, and allow us to see their flooring of last year's foliage; and the indescribable stir of hidden life that is one of spring's most perceptible features is heard here, and almost seems to force Bindon's dry bones to live. But they have been death's property so long that this is impossible, and the ruins are now almost level with the ground; and while we sit and meditate in what was once the chapel, it is almost impossible to believe that here was one of the oldest monasteries in England, and that the grand ceremonials of the early English Church once were celebrated on the altar, that is now completely covered by creepers, and hardly distinguishable. The church lies to the left, and empty stone coffins, with the round place for the head and niche for the neck that are the marks of the early ages, lie open to the blue sky, all traces of their occupants long since blown to the four winds, and we think with somewhat of a shudder and a glance over our shoulder of the possible ghost who may stand beside us, gazing at what held all that was mortal of his portly body. In spring and early summer the rooks never cease their monotonous cawing, and every now and then the harsher cry of the jackdaw tells us that one of these gray-headed marauders has come over to call from his more stately, if no less ruinous, home in the tall, tottering tower of Corfe Castle, which is standing away to the west, in the gap from whence it takes its name.

It has always been a marvel how people rush in crowds to Kenilworth and scarcely a stranger's foot is found in Corfe, save those belonging to the inhabiters of the south, for in interest and historical associations Corfe is in some particulars far beyond the more famous castle; and while the one is patched and bolstered up with cement and new stones, and stands low and inconspicuous, the other has a magnificent position between two fair green sweeping ranges of hills, and though mended now and again by a loving hand, is so dexterously handled, and so well clothed and hung about with ivy, that the restorer's handiwork is never evident or obtrusive, and detracts not at all from its venerable appearance. There is a strange gray gloom hanging over it in autumn, that appears like a ghostly company keeping watch and ward over the crumbling ruins—spirits, perchance, of those who lived and loved and hated and died within its walls, and whose unhappy restless wraiths are condemned to wander forever about the place where once they lived. In the centre of the hill stands a tall lean tower—nay, not a tower, for there is only one side left—that looks like a huge shaft; here the jackdaws build, and here in early spring the fierce peregrine falcon rears her young,

foraging for them in the neighboring coverts, descendants of those hunting grounds where Edward the Martyr had his last day's sport, ere riding to Corfe, beneath the shadow of which he met his death. But then Corfe was only a hunting-box, an appanage, as it were, to the royal castle of Wareham, and although the tower is called Ælfrida's to this day, it is well-nigh certain that that cruel mother never looked from its windows, watching for her victim, following the chances of the hunt with fierce eyes as it went hither and thither along the stretching hills on either side. But the castle sprang from the hunting-box in which she was, and infallibly contains the old aroma, the old consciousness of being the scene of the crime. For even were the tower not quite the same, it stands on a vantage-ground from whence all the country-side can be seen, and over those fields and swelling purple hill-sides rode the king unwittingly to his doom. It is easy to picture the scene for ourselves, for the hills are unchanging, and seem to mock with their venerable quiet our little day of unrest. Here just beneath the archway Ælfrida stood to welcome her stepson, and down this identical slope the horse fled, just escaping the clanging portcullis that fell at her command, away, away, past the market-cross, the steps of which are still standing, down the long red road that leads to Wareham (stained red, so say the superstitious, with the martyr's blood), until stopped by a cotter, who took up what was now the body, and carrying it into the town, gave it up to some pious monks, who guarded it well in St. Edward's Chapel, yet extant, until time and occasion served to convey it away to Winchester, where it rests at this very day. All sorts of weird and curious legends cluster round the story of the murdered boy, and are told by the cottagers to this day, whose cottages, by-the-way, are made out of the stones of the castle; and some believe that he is guardian of the village, and should be prayed to in times of rain and when they are unprosperous, which happens often there; and others whisper of how his body never went to Wareham for some time after his murder, and tell the story of how it was hidden in the village for many years, and at last discovered by reason of a bright light and soft music, hovering and sounding in mid-air until some one more courageous than the rest found out the king, and taking him up all reverently, conveyed him to the monks at Wareham, where it is sure it rested awhile, for there are stories of wondrous cures worked at his shrine, and the coffin he lay in can yet be seen there by the curious any day they are passing thereby and look in to see the church.

From the castle it is easy to see the two great industries of the island. Below the first range of hills lie a number of hillocks that denote the presence of the clay-pits, whence is extracted the white blocks and lumps that in Staffordshire, and even in America, become in dexterous hands fine china cups and plates and ware of all descriptions. The works are full of interest, albeit the mining is of the very simplest description, for at times strange relics of the war wave that swept the south of England are discovered, and the foundations of a whole Roman villa were once laid bare, and sundry columns and relics brought to the light that found a place in the neighboring museum, and in the master's dwelling-house near by; and earlier days were recalled to recollection by the finding of a beautiful British urn full of calcined bones and pieces of stuff, while in the débris turned out at the same time we came upon various-hued glass beads and flint arrow-heads, that were industriously collected and kept with great care until this day.

The pitmen are a strong, vigorous set of men, dangerous in a fray, and in the old election-days, before voting by ballot was an accepted fact, a terrible factor in an election; for to a man they went with the master, and so had as natural enemies the burly farmers, who, handsomely mounted, and looking like slaves dragged at the conqueror's chariot wheels, rode in from the other side of the town to support the conservative candidate, whose tenants they were, and whom they were bound to support or leave their farms. The farmers and clay-pit men met at the market-cross, and lucky indeed was the day that did not witness a fierce encounter between the two parties, when the farmers' hunting-crops and the pitmen's weapons, consisting of stakes dragged from the hedges, or, in fact, any weapon that "came handy," caused such terrible destruction both of heads and property that the riot act has been read and the aid of the military evoked before peace was finally restored.

On the other side of the hill lie the stone-quarries, worked by a set of men

entirely distinct from the clay-cutters. Self-governed and self-contained, they suffer no interference either with their rights or the places where they work. The quarries themselves are separate, each surrounded by its own particular wall, and in most cases having its own shed, where in wet weather the quarrier can sit chipping his stone into portable shape, and which is sometimes the abode of a patient, shaggy donkey, whose life is spent in a monotonous round as he walks in a circular direction, dragging miniature trucks laden with stone up the small incline that leads into the heart of the quarry. No one can work in the quarry who is not a freeman, and to be able to take up one's freedom one must be the legitimate son of a freeman. This has had a serious effect on the mental health of the aborigines, for the original owners of the quarries were few in number, and intermarriage has been so frequent that often during the year three or four of the unfortunates are taken away to the county asylum.

Once during the twelve months the quarriers meet at the little building known as the Corfe Town-hall, and there solemnly read over their charter, and on that occasion (viz., Shrove-Tuesday) "free boys" can claim or take up their freedom, having previously expressed their intention of doing so by assembling on Candlemas-day and parading Corfe and Swanage streets, headed by a band, and accompanied by the stewards of the quarriers, or "marblers," as they are called in the old papers relating to the body. The man who is anxious to take up his freedom must be twenty-one, up to which age his wages belong to his parents; but after he has signed the roll of freemen, paid his fee of six shillings and eightpence (half a mark in by-gone times), and provided a penny loaf made on purpose by the bakers of the place, and two pots of beer, he becomes his own master, and has a quarry all to himself, should he so desire. Then, when he marries, he has to pay to the stewards a marriage shilling, and should he omit this, his widow loses all her interest in the quarry, and can not take an apprentice to work for her, as she would otherwise be able to do.

The parade of the free boys on Candlemas-day was formerly rather a riotous proceeding, as they used to claim the privilege of kissing any woman they happened to meet, which sometimes led to awkward encounters. This, we believe, is not now insisted on, being one of those customs better honored in the breach than in the observance. Nothing will induce the quarriers to allow a stranger to work among them, and a strange person who was in a lax moment employed in a quarry at Swanage was instantly objected to and forced to leave, because he was neither a freeman nor a son of a freeman. This is rather a stricter rule than is to be found elsewhere, for although they are very exclusive in the neighboring island of Portland, they will give a week's work to a stranger, though after that he must at once take his departure, for if he does not he is taken down to the sea and shown a plank up which he is requested to walk. As the plank is so prepared that the result of a promenade thereon would be instant immersion, the would-be quarrier departs, shaking the dust of Portland off his feet.

But the Swanage men will not even give the week's work, keeping rigorously to themselves according to their charter, which is kept in the hands of the warden, who lives at Langton, a straggling village above Corfe, in the very heart of the stone country. The wardens are two in number. One is appointed to act for Corfe itself, and he is called the town warden; the other, for the parts of Purbeck out of the borough itself, who is called the country warden. The great day is always Shrove-Tuesday. Then the new officers are nominated by the outgoing ones, subject to the approval of the general meeting; and should their nominee be considered an unfit person, a substitute is regularly elected by the majority. After this is done, and the freemen are sworn in, the ceremony of kicking the foot-ball begins. The foot-ball is provided by the man who was last married among the freemen, and is presented in lieu of the marriage shilling. Should, however, no freeman have married since the previous Shrove-Tuesday, the old ball has to be used. It was the custom to kick it from Langton, through Corfe, down to a little quay on the river called Oure; but as the kickers were generally any of those among the crowd that looked on who could get at it, it is now discreetly carried, in company with a pound of pepper, as an acknowledgment to the lord of the manor in respect of the way to Oure; and the cottager

who lived there used to provide pancakes for the stewards who brought the ball and pepper, on Ash-Wednesday, when the previous day's fuss and turmoil were over.

The charter is supposed to date from the building of Corfe Castle, but the one that really exists bears the date of 1551, though the marblers always insist that they possess an earlier one.

The stone, and also the Purbeck marble used so largely in the cathedrals of England, run straight through the hills, the marble appearing at Peveril Point, at the end of Swanage Bay, coming out once more at Warbarrow, a fishing village at the other extremity of the line of hills. For the most part the stone is carted down to Swanage, a sleepy little town ten miles from the rail, and one hundred miles, as it were, from the influence of the present day, the hurry and rush of which avoid Swanage as much as Swanage avoids them, or else it must wake up and do away with the miles of stone that lie all along the shore awaiting shipment, and that make the beautiful little bay resemble nothing so much as a very big and overcrowded church-yard. The removal of the stone is certainly a cumbersome business, for it has to be removed from the "bankers" in carts with enormous wheels, that go out into the shallow bay until the horses are almost washed off their legs, to barges. The stone is put into these, and from them into larger boats, that carry it off to its destination.

Swanage lies east, and when the east wind blows no boats can stay in the bay; and although Swanage never looks better than in early spring with a brisk east wind blowing, the fishermen and stone-workers much prefer a gentle northwester that brings the soft gray fog up the Channel and makes all look sad and mournful. It is essentially a picturesque place. On one side Bollard Down heaves up its great green breast, and then the bay sweeps round gradually to Peveril Point, whence the coast goes round again in a series of lovely bays to the great west bay beyond Weymouth, the scene of many a shipwreck and smuggling adventure.

There are many sides to the life in the Isle of Purbeck, and there are many objects of interest for different folk. For the antiquarian there are Corfe and Bindon, the queer old British barrows and the Roman field; for the geological student there are strata to examine found nowhere else; and he can begin his searches at Studland Bay, where there are colored sands like those at Alum Chine, and where "Parson's Barn" and "Old Harry and his Wife," the exact fac-similes of the Needles, and their accompanying caves, point out emphatically that once in long-ago ages the Isle of Wight and the Isle of Purbeck were united. Studland itself deserves far more than a passing notice, for, miles from the beaten track as it is, it is utterly unlike any other sea-side place—nay, it can not even be called a place, for besides the rectory and the manor-house there are only a handful of picturesque cottages, one or two farmers' houses, and a delightful old inn, to constitute any sort of a village. There are no shops. The butcher comes over twice or three times during the week from Swanage, butter and milk and eggs can be obtained at the farmers', and all other necessaries must be fetched from divers places around, or else gone without.

Perhaps the best time to see Studland is when the wild-fowl are breeding in Little Sea—two curious ponds much frequented by duck and teal and widgeon, and where their habits can be watched easily by a cautious person. Yet Studland should be seen first; and after passing through the village, that slowly crawls down a narrow "chine," as the clefts in the cliff are called locally, to the quiet, shallow, wide bay, turn aside to see the old church that has no foundations, but that is inclosed, as it were, in a heavy oak frame, and stands sturdily on its own merits, and so resists the wear and tear of time, whose march seems ever so much slower here than it is in the world outside. It is essentially a peaceful spot, one in which it would be delightful to be a convalescent — to do nothing save bask on the warm brown sand, and lazily note the birds, and listen to the lap of the soft sea as it gently kisses the shore, and then slowly retreats with a hissing sound as it finds itself entangled among the shells and stones that lie all along. The shells are very lovely too, and the children often find cowries and the small glittering shells that they love to string and hang round their necks for ornaments. But leaving the shore, we plunge over the sand banks into the broad heath once more, and see looming on our left the great "Agglestone"—a supposed Druidical remain—a tremendous stone, dropped,

so say the country folk, by the devil himself as he was flying over with it to Salisbury, where he meant to let it fall on the cathedral, whose lovely proportions had raised his ire. But devil or not, no one can exactly account for its sudden appearance just there, for there is no stone similar to it for many and many a mile around. Little Sea lies to the right of it, and consists of two large inland ponds, sacred to the rights of water-fowl, which congregate there largely, and rest there in winter, as much as the owner will allow them to. Herons have had their nests here, building, unlike the general habit of the bird, low down among the sedges, and so forsaking the great heronry farther down the shore, where in spring and summer the birds can be seen among the dark bluish-green branches of the firs like vast clumps of gray-white snow.

But should the visitor to the Isle of Purbeck care only for the picturesque side of the birds, it were well for him to climb the long hill behind Studland that leads round to Corfe, and gaze down upon the scene from above, for surely he will then see the fairest sight that England has to show: the vast heath, the wide sea, and the hills and river making a most perfect picture, while the great red sails of the Thames barges coming round the edge of the bay toward Poole give the necessary color to a scene made up of all shades of purple and brown and blue, and accentuated here and there by a dark fir-tree, or a clump of larches just hanging out their fresh green tassels to the wind. Perhaps it is necessary to know Purbeck to really love it; perhaps the chance visitor might only perceive stretch after stretch of heath and water; and the hills, though lovely surely even to one who has small love for color and changeful beauty, may not reveal all their secrets at once to him who gazes with a lack-lustre eye and then passes on; but to him who sees in the heath the home of the peewit, with her ever-changing cry and her plaintive note, and her forgetfulness of self as she guards her young, the haunt of the snipe or the wild-duck, and who knows exactly where the blue gentian hangs out its great lovely bells, and the big Cornish heath hides, and cares to find out the secrets of past ages, or discover for himself, by old names and legends, in Corfe or following the hills, where different hunting-boxes of the kings once were, the remains of which are now farmsteads, Purbeck willingly shows all she can, and becomes instinct with life and interest.

The cliffs from Lutworth to Bollard swarm with birds, from the quaint red-legged chough to the common sea-gull, whose breeding-place, if visited in May, is a most charming sight. For then all along the cliffs, tier upon tier, the gulls sit on their nests, and when alarmed, rise with a deafening noise, and float in mid-air like a vast animated cloud, sinking, falling, rising, floating, but never going far away, until the marauder vanishes, confidence is restored, and the gulls return to their nests, where, with heads erect to catch the smallest sound, they remain until once more disturbed. They have learned to mistrust mankind; for their true nature is to build along the shore, where young and foolish gulls still often begin housekeeping, learning by sad experience that they had better have followed their elders' example and built higher, as on the shore the eggs are easily taken, while to reach those above it requires courage and a steady head, as it can only be done by one who is willing to be swung over the face of the cliff on a rope that, attached by one end to an iron staff fixed securely in the ground, and watched by a comrade, forms with the other end a sort of seat, which swings in under the overhanging cliff, and allows the egg-gatherer to reach and steal the eggs at will. For those to whom the birds have no attractions there are the little old circular chapel on St. Adhelm's Beach and the queer old church at Worth to examine, and the mysterious depths of Chapman's Pool, where every stone seems full of fossil remains, to investigate. While here it were well to talk (an you can gain their confidence) with the natives, for it is not often we meet in these prosaic days with folks who implicitly believe that a lock of hair cut from the cross on the donkey's back, and worn round the neck in a bag, is a certain preventive of whooping-cough, and that whooping-cough can be cured immediately by taking a ride on a donkey to four cross-roads, where, on saying the Creed aloud, the cough will instantly vanish. Indeed, the belief they have in "jarms," and in being "overlooked," or "hag-ridden," is wonderful; and it were perhaps well to endeavor to preserve one "jarm" (*i. e.*, charm)—writ out large by "passon," if possible—which is an infallible cure for

toothache, for no one knows when one may have it one's self. So here it is:

"Peter he sat upon a stwon [stone];
Presently John he came along.
Rise, Peter, sez he, and wear this for my sake,
And you shall no more have the toothie ache."

This we procured from a victim who was industriously repeating it, seated on a stone wall, while a drizzling mist came up the valley, and took away, we should have thought, any good the "jarm" might otherwise have done him; but faith, as is well known, works miracles. The mist—deep blue in summer, purple in autumn and early spring, and gray and weird in winter—that hangs over our island reminds one of Mrs. Oliphant's Beleaguered City, and seems as if the spirits of the old-world folk form an impalpable yet impassable barrier between the dwellers in Purbeck—the villages and nooks and corners of it—and the outside world, and keep it as a thing apart. At first these spirits are jealous of strangers, and regard them unkindly, so to speak; but when they know that the mocking, disbelieving tone of the present day is left outside the island, they are pacified, and so one after the other disclose the secrets they hide to him or her that reverently and lovingly gaze with an artist's or antiquarian's eye on the ever-changing scenery around them. It must be so, for none who ever visit her and learn to love her ever find in any other place what they find there, nor of any other place does one think in absence, and remember every sight and smell and sound, as one thinks of and remembers the views from the hill-tops, the scents of the pine-trees, the dying bracken, the peat smoke, and the cries of the birds that pervade the Isle of Purbeck.

EAST ANGELS.

CHAPTER I.

"I THINK, more than anything else, I came to be under blue sky."

"Are you fond of sky?" said the young girl who was sitting near the speaker, her eyes on the shimmering water of the lagoon which stretched north and south before the house.

"I can not lay claim to tastes especially celestial, I fear," answered the visitor, "but I confess to a liking for serenity in my weather, for an existence which is not, for six months of the year, a combat. I am mortally tired of our long Northern winters, with their processions of snow, ice, and thaw—thaw, ice, and snow. I am tired of our tardy springs—hypocritical sunshine pierced through and through by east winds; and I have at last, I think, succeeded in emancipating myself from the belief that there is something virtuous and heroic in encountering these things—encountering them, I mean, merely from habit, and when not called to it by any necessity. But this emancipation has taken time; it is directly at variance with all the principles of the country and creed in which I was brought up."

"You have good health, Mr. Winthrop?" asked Mrs. Thorne, in a tone which was prepared to turn with equal appreciation toward sympathy if he were, and congratulation if he were not, the possessor of the lungs which classify a person and give him a recognized occupation.

"Do I look delicate?"

"On the contrary, you look remarkably well," answered his hostess, sure of her ground here, since even an invalid likes to be congratulated upon an appearance of health: not only is it more agreeable in itself, but it gives him the opportunity to explain (and at some length, being so important) that all is illusory merely, a semblance; a nice adjustment of the balances between resignation and heroism which everybody should respect. "Yes," Mrs. Thorne went on, with a critical air which seemed to say, as she looked at him, that her opinions were founded upon unprejudiced scrutiny, "wonderfully well, indeed—does he not, Garda?"

"Mr. Winthrop looks well; I don't know that it is a wonder," replied Edgarda Thorne, in her soft voice. "He has been everywhere, and seen everything," she added, turning her eyes toward him for a moment—eyes in which he read envy, but envy impersonal, concerning itself more with his travels, his knowledge of many places, his probable adventures, than with himself.

"Mr. Winthrop is accustomed to a largeness of opportunity," remarked Mrs. Thorne; "but it is his natural atmosphere."

She paused, coughed slightly, and then added, "He does not come into the ports he enters with banners flying, with rockets, with cannon, and a brass band blaring at bow and stern."

"You describe an excursion steamer on the Fourth of July," said Winthrop.

"Precisely. One or two of the persons who have visited Gracias-á-Dios lately have seemed to us not unlike that," answered the lady.

Mrs. Thorne had a delicate little voice, pitched on rather a high key, but so slender in volume that, like the pure small note of a little bird, it did not offend. Her pronunciation was very distinct and accurate—that is, accurate according to the spelling; they knew no other methods in the conscientious country school where she had received her education. Mrs. Thorne pronounced her *t* in "often," her *l* in "almond," her "again" rhymed with "plain."

"Did you mean that you too would like to go everywhere and see everything, Miss Thorne?" said Evert Winthrop, addressing the daughter. "I assure you it's dull work."

"Naturally—after one has had it all." She spoke without again turning her eyes toward him.

"We are kept here by circumstances," observed Mrs. Thorne, smoothing the folds of her black gown with her little withered hand. "I do not know whether circumstances will ever release us—I do not know. But we are not unhappy meanwhile. We have the old house, with its many associations; we have our duties and our past; and if not frequent amusement, we have our home life, our few dear friends, and our affection for each other."

"All of them crowned by this same blue sky which Mr. Winthrop admires so much," added Garda.

"I see that you will always hold up to ridicule my poor speech," said Winthrop. "You are simply tired of blue. As a contrast you would welcome, I dare say, the dreariest gray clouds of the New England coast, and our east wind driving in from the sea."

"I should welcome snow," answered Garda, slowly; "that is what I most wish to see—a whole country covered with it, lying white and still. I want to walk on a frozen lake, and know that it is ice—real ice—under my feet. I want to breathe cold air, and feel its chill. I want to see trees without any leaves on them, and sleet driving across empty fields, and a snowstorm where the flakes are very large and soft, like feathers. I want to take icicles in my hands and break them with a snap, and I want to hear the wind whistling round the corners of the house at night, and be glad to close the curtains and draw round a great bright fire. Think of that—to be *glad* to draw round a fire!"

"I have described these things to my daughter," said Mrs. Thorne, explaining these wintry aspirations to their guest in her careful little way. "My home before my marriage was in the northern part of New England, and these pictures from my youth have been Garda's fairy tales."

"Then you are not English?" said Winthrop. He knew perfectly that she was not. But he wished to hear the definite little abstract of family history which, in answer to his question, he thought she would feel herself called upon to bestow. He was not mistaken.

"My husband was English—that is, of English descent," she explained—"and I do not wonder that you should have thought me English also, for I have imbibed the family air so long that I have ended by becoming one of them. We Thornes are very English; but we are the English of one hundred and fifty years ago. *We* have not moved on, as no doubt the English of to-day have been obliged to move; *we* have remained of the solid past, we have been stationary—oh yes, very stationary, I grant you that; but it seems to me that there is a certain repose in it, a certain charm. No doubt, however, even in dear old England itself, we should to-day, Garda and I, be called old-fashioned."

Winthrop found himself so highly entertained by this speech, by her "dear old England," her "repose," her "solid past," that he looked down lest she should see the change of expression which accompanies a smile, whether the smile be visible or concealed. This little woman had never been in England in her life; unmistakable New Hampshire looked from her glance, sounded in every tone of her voice, made itself visible in each one of her gestures and attitudes. She was continuously anxious; she had the keenest sense of duty; she had never indulged herself in anything, or taken anything lightly, since she was born; she had as little body as

was possible, and in that body she had to the full the strict American conscience. All this was very un-English.

"Yes, I always regret so much the modern ways into which dear England has fallen," she went on. "It would have been so beautiful if they could but have retained the old customs, the old ideas, as we have retained them here. But in some things they have retained them," she added, with the air of wishing to be fully just. "In the late unhappy contest, you know, they were with us—all their best people—as to our patriarchal system for our servants. They understand us—us of the South—completely."

Winthrop's amusement had now reached its highest point. "Heroic, converted little Yankee school-marm," was his thought, "she ought to have a medal for her pluck. What a colossal effort her life down here must have been for her, poor thing!"

"Your husband was the first of the American Thornes, then?" he said, by way of turning the conversation slightly from her "patriarchal system."

"Oh no. The first Edgar Thorne came out from England with Governor Tonyn (the friend of Lord Marchmont, you know), during the British occupation of this province in the last century; he remained here after the retrocession to Spain, because he had married a daughter of one of the old Spanish families of this coast, Beatriz de Duero. As Beatriz was an only child, they lived here with her parents, and the second Edgar Thorne, their son, was born here. He also married a Duero, a cousin named Inez; my husband, the third Edgar, was their child. My husband came North one summer; he came to New England. There he met me. We were married not long afterward, and I returned with him to his Southern home. Edgarda was but two years old when her dear father was taken from us."

"Miss Thorne resembles her Spanish more than her English ancestors, I fancy?" said Winthrop, looking at the handle of his riding-whip for a moment, perhaps to divest the question of too closely personal a character. But this little by-play was not needed. Mrs. Thorne had lived a solitary life so long that her daughter, her daughter's ancestors, her daughter's resemblances (the last, indeed, might be called historical), seemed to her quite natural subjects for conversation; and if Winthrop had gazed at Garda herself, instead of at the handle of his riding-whip, that would have seemed to her quite natural also.

"Edgarda is the portrait of her Spanish grandmother painted in English colors," she said, in one of her neatly arranged little phrases.

"An anomaly, therefore," commented Garda, who seemed rather tired of her ancestors. "But it can do no harm, Medusa-fashion, because fastened definitely and forever upon a Florida wall."

"A Florida wall is not such a bad thing," answered Winthrop. "I am thinking a little of buying one for myself."

"Ah, a residence in Gracias-á-Dios?" said Mrs. Thorne, her small bright blue eyes meeting his with a sort of screen suddenly drawn down over them—a screen which he interpreted as a quick endeavor on her part to conceal in their depths any consciousness that a certain desirable old Spanish mansion was possibly to be obtained, and for a price which, to a well-filled purse of the North, might seem almost comically small.

"No; I do not care for a house in the town," he answered. "I should prefer something outside—more of a place, if I should buy at all."

"I can not imagine why any one should wish to buy a place down here at the present day," said Garda. "A house in Gracias-á-Dios, with a rose garden and a few orange-trees, is all very well; you could stay there for two months or so in the winter, and then close it and go North again. But what could you do with a large place? Cotton and sugar are no longer worth raising, now that we have no slaves. And as to one of the large orange groves that people are beginning to talk about, there is no one here who could manage it for you. You would have to see to it yourself, and that you could never do. The climate would kill you; and then there are the snakes."

"Being already dead, the snakes would hardly trouble me, I suppose; unless, indeed, you refer to future torments," said Winthrop, laughing. "Allow me to congratulate you upon your picture of the agricultural resources of the country. They have never before been so clearly presented to me. It is most interesting."

Garda shook her head, repressing a smile. But still she did not look at him.

"In purchasing a place here Mr. Winthrop may not be thinking of agriculture; he may be seeking only climate," remarked Mrs. Thorne, mildly, to her daughter.

"Climate: that is blue sky, I suppose," said Garda. "I acknowledge that there is an abundance of that here. But I advise Mr. Winthrop to buy but a small piece of ground as his standing-point, and to take his sky out perpendicularly; he can go up to any height, you know, as high as the moon, if he likes. That would be ever so much wiser than to have the same amount spread out horizontally over a quantity of swamp land which no person in his senses could wish to own."

"But the land about here strikes me as remarkably dry," observed their visitor, amused by the girl's opposition to an idea which he had as yet so faintly outlined. He suspected, however, that she was not combating him so much as the possibility of a hope in the breast of her little mother. But poor Mrs. Thorne had been very discreet; she had not allowed herself to even look interested.

"It is as dry as the Desert of Sahara," Garda answered, with decision, "and it is as wet as a wet sponge. There is this dry white sand which you see on the pine-barrens—miles upon miles of it. Then, stretching across it here and there, come the great belts of bottomless swamp. *That* is Florida."

"Your description is a striking one," said Winthrop, gravely. "You make me feel all the more desirous to own a little of such a remarkable combination of wet and dry."

Garda glanced at him, and this time her smile conquered her. Winthrop was conscious of a distinct pleasure in having made her turn, for she did not turn often. His feeling about her had been from the first that she was the most entirely natural young girl whom he had ever met—that is, in the ranks of the educated. There was a naturalness, of course, in the Indian girls whom he had seen in the far West which probably exceeded Garda's; but that sort of naturalness, the naturalness that is not accompanied by delicate taste, he did not care for. Garda was natural in her own graceful way, and singularly natural; her glance and her smile, therefore, while not so ready, perhaps, nor so promptly hospitable as those of most girls of her age, seemed to him to possess a quality which he had come to consider almost extinct—the quality of pure untroubled sincerity.

"I sometimes regret that I described to my daughter so often the aspects of my Northern home," said Mrs. Thorne. "It was a pleasure to me at the time (it had been a great change for me, you know), and I did not realize that they were becoming exaggerated to her, these descriptions—more beautiful than the reality would admit. For she had dwelt too much upon them; by contrast she overestimated them. The South, too, has its beautiful aspects: that we must allow."

Winthrop fancied that he detected a repressed plaintiveness in her tone. "She thinks her daughter cruel to keep on beating down so ruthlessly her poor little hope," was his thought. Then he answered the spoken sentence: "As she has never seen these things for herself, your descriptions must have been vivid."

"No; it is her imagination that is that."

"True. I have myself had an example of her imagination in her remarks upon agriculture."

Garda laughed. "I shall say no more about agriculture, blue sky, or anything else," she declared.

"You leave me, then, definitely, to take care of myself?"

"You do not need my assistance. I never waste it."

"I should have pretended to be quite helpless. That's the second mistake I have made this afternoon. If I had only let it be supposed that my health was delicate, Mrs. Thorne herself would have been much more interested in me."

"Oh no, Mr. Winthrop," said his hostess, earnestly; "you are quite mistaken. Good health is in itself full of the deepest interest, I am sure, and especially at the present day, when it is so singularly rare. I am most glad you possess it—most glad indeed."

"I possess enough of it, at any rate, to go over the place, if you will be so kind," said Winthrop. "You know you promised me that pleasure some day, and why not this afternoon? There is a delightful breeze."

Mrs. Thorne dropped her eyes to the tips of her black cloth slippers, visible beneath the skirt of her gown. Her guest, a man of observation, had already noticed these little shoes, which, indeed, one could scarcely fail to see, since the skirt, which was neatness itself in its decent black folds,

was rather scanty and short. He had noticed their age and well-worn thinness, the skillful mending of their worst places, the new home-made bindings, the fresh ribbon bows bravely tied. He had thought them very pathetic little shoes.

But while Mrs. Thorne surveyed her slippers, her daughter was replying: "It would hardly amuse you to go over the place, Mr. Winthrop. There is really nothing to see but the crane."

"Let us go, then, and see the crane."

"Mamma would be so delighted, you know. But she never walks."

"Not far," corrected Mrs. Thorne. "I am not strong, not able to walk far."

"And I should be so delighted, too," continued Garda, "only I am very sleepy. You see, we have so few visitors that I have fallen into the habit of spending my afternoons in the hammock. That makes me immensely drowsy just at this hour."

"I feel like an interloper," said Winthrop.

"You needn't. It's not well to sleep so much," replied Miss Thorne, calmly.

"You know how to console! Is that the hammock in which you pass your happy existence?"

"Not existence; only afternoons. You really wish to go?" she added, seeing that he had taken his hat from the chair beside him. "We will send Raquel with you, then, as guide."

"Raquel?"

"Haven't you noticed her? She lets you in when you come. She is an important personage with us, I can assure you; her mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother lived on the place here before her."

Winthrop recalled the portly jet-black negress who, in answer to his knock, had opened the lower door.

"Three generations make aristocracy in America," he replied. "I am afraid of so distinguished a guide. If doomed to go without Mrs. Thorne or yourself, why may I not go alone?"

"You would never find the magnolias, you would come into the live-oak avenue at the wrong end, you would look at the ruin from its commonplace side, you would see only the back of the Cherokee roses, the crane would not dance for you, the wild cattle would run at you, and you would inevitably get into the swamp," answered the girl, checking off the items one by one on her pretty fingers.

"I have confessed my fear of Raquel, and now you display before me this appalling list of dangers. Don't you think it would be but common charity to come with me yourself? My conversation is not exciting; you could easily sleep a little, between times, as we walk."

"I believe you have had your own way all your life," said Garda, "or you would never persist as you do. Your humility is nothing but a manner. In reality you expect everything to be done for you by everybody."

"Not by everybody," Winthrop responded.

Mrs. Thorne had coughed as Garda ended her speech. Mrs. Thorne often coughed. Her coughs had a character of their own. They did not appear to be pulmonary. They were delicate little sounds which came forth apologetically, shielded by her hand, never quite completed. They were not coughs so much as suggestions of coughs, and with these suggestions she was in the habit of filling little pauses in the conversation, covering up the awkwardnesses or mistakes of others (there were never any of her own to cover), and acting as general hyphen for disjointed remarks when people had forgotten what they were going to say. It was, indeed, a most accomplished cough; all Gracias had been indebted to it. Lately, too, she had begun to use it to veil her own little periods of consultation with herself regarding her daughter; for she seemed by no means certain of the direction which Edgarda's thoughts or words might take, and this uncertainty troubled her careful maternal mind. The present visitor had observed these mental perplexities of the mother. She made him think of a little lady endeavoring, with as much dignity as possible, to keep up with some one whose step was much longer than her own, but continually tripped and impeded in her efforts by the long voluminous skirt of her own gown, the skirt in this instance being composed of the many excellent rules, theories, beliefs, maxims, and precedents with which she had started out in life, and which, though now more or less stretched in places, and even by the hard struggles of her lot rent apart here and there, remained as a whole embarrassingly tenacious still, and capable of much obstruction. Garda, however, though often out of sight round some unexpected corner, was never far distant; the hurrying little mother always caught up with her

before long. But these periods of uncertainty, combined with older cares of a more material nature, had ended by impressing upon Mrs. Thorne's face the look of anxiety which was now its most constant expression—an anxiety covered, however, as much as possible, by the mask of minutely careful politeness, which fitted closely over it, doing its best to conceal, or, failing in that, to at least mark as private, the personal trouble which lay underneath.

"Mamma's cough means that I am not sufficiently polite," said Garda. "I always know what mamma's cough means." She rose, passed behind her mother's chair, and bending forward over her small head, lightly kissed her forehead. "I will go, mamma," she said, caressingly. "I will be beautifully good, because to-morrow is your birthday. It ought to be a dear little day, about six hours long, to fit you."

"I am fortunate to have asked my favor upon the eve of an anniversary," said Winthrop.

"You are," answered Garda, taking her broad-brimmed hat from the nail behind her. "It's only upon such great occasions that I am really and angelically good—as mamma would like me to be all the time."

"I will send Raquel after you, my daughter, with the umbrellas," said Mrs. Thorne, with a little movement of her lips and throat, as though she had just swallowed something of a pleasant taste, which was, with her, the expression of highest content.

"Surely it is not going to rain?" said Winthrop, examining the sky.

"They are sun-umbrellas; you may need them," answered his hostess, with a certain increased primness of accentuation, which immediately brought to his mind the idea that the carrier of these articles would represent the duenna whom she considered necessary.

"A Spanish graft, that, on the original New England tree," was his mental comment. "I wonder how many more there are?"

But the descendant of the Spaniards was speaking for herself. "We do not want Raquel, mamma. We can carry the umbrellas ourselves." And she passed into the darkened drawing-room, from which opened the little balcony where they had been sitting.

Winthrop, after taking leave of Mrs. Thorne, followed Garda. But he had the conviction that a duenna of some sort, though it might not be Raquel, would be improvised from that balcony before long, and sent after them.

He had already paid several visits to these ladies, and knew his way through the interior dimness. But the old house still attracted him, and he did not hurry his steps; he looked again at the rooms, which, with their few articles of furniture, had to Northern eyes an appearance of cool shaded emptiness, the broad open spaces having been purposely left to give place for the free passage of air. The old vaulted ceilings deep in shadow, the archways in place of the Northern doors, one room panelled to the top in dark polished wood which glimmered dimly as he passed through—all these he liked to note. Beyond, the stone stairway made a leisurely broad-stepped descent. The high wainscot on the wall at its side showed pomegranates stiffly carved in low relief, while the balustrade of the same dark wood ended in a clumsy column, with a heavy wreath of the same fruit wound round it, the conventional outlines worn into vagueness by the touch of time.

The old house was built of stone, the porous shell-conglomerate of that coast; the thick blocks had been covered with an outer coat of plaster, and painted a shadeless gray-white. The structure covered a large space of ground. And it did not ramble over this space, or lose an inch of it in ornamental angles; blank, unadorned, covered by a flat roof, without so much as the projection of a cornice to break the monotony, its walls stretched evenly round a large parallelogram, and having but two stories of height, it looked low in comparison with its breadth. But in reality the old house was not so large as it appeared to be, these same thick walls, with their lining of broad rooms, inclosing an interior court which was open to the sky, the windows of the four inner sides looking down upon a square low-curbed well, a clump of bananas, some tangled rose-bushes, and a stone seat with a hook above it, where had hung in his cage, until he had died of old age, Mrs. Thorne's canary, a plump, stupid, shrill-singing little creature whom his mistress had tended with a desperate affection to the last, though she was careful to explain to her Gracias friends that she had brought him with her from her Northern home, "quite unnecessarily, not having a

premonition of the wondrous mocking-bird."

Viewed from without, the old gray-white house had a peculiar dumb aspect. On the north side there were no windows. On the south, east, and west the windows of the lower story, few at best, were covered by solid wooden shutters, which, being all kept closed, and having the same hue as the walls, could scarcely be distinguished from them. The windows of the upper story were more numerous, but almost as jealously guarded; for though their shutters were here and there partially open, one could see that in a trice they could all be drawn to and barred within, and that then the old mansion would present an unbroken wall to all points of the compass. But once allowed to pass the door, solidly set in the stone, without top or side lights, the visitor perceived that these rooms, with exterior windows darkened, opened widely upon the sunny court within. Some of them, indeed, did more. On one side the inner walls of the ground-floor had been cut away, leaving rounded open arches, with pillars supporting the second story; under these arcades were rooms with one side down, as it were, to the weather—rooms which with their chairs and tables, visible within, presented to Evert Winthrop's eyes, every time he came, a picture of tropical and doorless confidence in the temperature which struck him as delightful. These rooms were not so unprotected as they appeared to be. Still, as the months went by, it could be said with truth that they remained for five-sixths of the year thus widely open. Evert Winthrop had spent his childhood and youth in New England; he had visited all parts of the great West; in later years he had travelled extensively in the Old World; but this was his first visit to that lovely southern shore of his own country which has a winter climate more enchanting than any that Europe can offer; to match it, one must seek the Madeira Islands or Algeria. In addition to this climate, Winthrop was now beginning to discover that there were other things as well—old Spanish houses like the one through which he was now passing, the flavor of tradition and legend, tradition and legend, too, which had nothing to do with Miles Standish and his companions, or even with that less important personage, Hendrik Hudson. There was—he could not deny it—a certain comparative antiquity about this southern peninsula which had in it more richness of color and a deeper perspective than that possessed by any of the rather blank, near little backgrounds of American history further north. This was a surprise to him. Like most New-Englanders, he had unconsciously cherished the belief that all there was of historical importance, of historical picturesqueness even, in the beginnings of the republic, was associated with the Puritans, from whom he was on his father's side descended, was appended to their stately hats and ruffs, their wonderful perseverance, their dignified orthography, and the solemnities of their speech and demeanor. And if with liberality he should stretch the lines a little to include a few of the old Dutch land-holders of Manhattan Island, and the river up which the *Half-moon* had sailed, that seemed to him all that could possibly be necessary; there was, indeed, nothing else to include. But here was a life, an atmosphere, to whose contemporary and even preceding existence on their own continent neither Puritan nor Patroon had paid heed; and now it was becoming evident that he, their descendant, with all the aids of easy communication, and that way of looking at the globe which has annihilated distance, and made a voyage round it but a small matter—even he, with all this modern enlightenment, had not, respecting this beautiful peninsula of his own country, developed perceptions more keen than those of these self-absorbed ancestors—an appreciation more delicate than their obtuse one. Winthrop's appreciation was very good. But it had been turned, as regarded historical and picturesque associations, principally toward the Old World. He now went through a good deal of meditation on this subject; he was pleased, yet, on the whole, rather ashamed of himself. When Raphael was putting into the backgrounds of his pictures those prim, slenderly foliaged trees which he had seen from Perugino's windows in his youth, the Spaniards were exploring this very Florida shore; yet when he, Evert Winthrop, had discovered the same tall thin trees (which up to that time he had thought rather an affectation) from the overhanging balcony of the little inn at Assisi—it had seemed to overhang all Umbria—did he not think of Raphael's day as far back in the past, and as completely remote from

the possibility of any contemporary history in America as America is remote from the future great cities of the Sahara plains? And when, in Venice, he grew richer in delight, dwelling upon the hues of Titian and Veronese, had he not been of the opinion (when he thought about it at all) that in their day the great forests of his own New World, untrodden by the white man's foot, had stretched unbroken to the sea? Because no Puritan with grave visage had as yet set sail for Massachusetts Bay, he had not realized that here on this southern shore had been towns and people, governors, soldiers, persecutions, and priests.

"I presume you intend to show me everything in its worst possible aspect," he said, as he joined Garda in the sunny court below. She was waiting for him beside the bananas, which were here not full grown—tall shrubs that looked, with their long-winged slender leaves standing out stiffly from their stalks, like green quill pens that a giant might use for his sonnet-writing.

"No; I have withdrawn my guardianship—don't you remember? You must now guard yourself."

"From the great temptations opening before me?"

"They may be such to you; they are not to me. I think I have never met any great temptations. I wonder when they will begin?"

They had crossed the court, and passed through a cool, dark, stone-floored hall on the other side; here they went out through a low door, which Raquel opened for them. Winthrop declined the white umbrella which this stately handmaid offered him, and as Garda would not let him carry the one she had taken, he walked on beside her with his hands in the pockets of his short morning coat, looking about him with enjoyment, as he usually did at East Angels. The gray-white façade of the house, which looked toward the lagoon, was broken by the small balcony, roofed and closely shaded by green blinds, where they had been sitting, and where the hammock was swung. This little green cage, hung up on the side of the house, had no support from below; there was neither pillar nor trellis; not even a vine wandered up to its high balustrade. The most agile Romeo could not have climbed to it. But a Romeo, in any case, could not have approached near enough to attempt such a feat, since a wide space of open ground, without tree or shrub upon it, extended from the house walls outward to a certain distance on all sides. Winthrop had already noticed these features—the heavy barred shutters of the lower floor, the high-hung little balcony, the jealous open space—he had pronounced them all very Spanish. He now looked about him again—at the dumb old house, the silvery sheen of the lagoon, the feathery tops of the palmettoes on Patricio opposite, the blue sky, and the sunny sea stretching eastward to Africa. "I ask nothing more," he said at last. "This is sheer content."

His companion glanced at him. "You do look wonderfully contented," she commented.

"It amuses you? Perhaps it annoys you?"

"Neither. I was only wondering what there could be here to make you so contented."

This little speech pleased the man beside her highly. He said to himself that in the mind of a girl accustomed even in a small degree to the ways of the world it would have belonged to the list of speeches too obvious in application to be made; and that a little country coquette would have said it purposely, with the intention, if not the form, of a question. But Garda Thorne had spoken both naturally and indifferently, without thinking or caring as to what he might say in reply.

"I was remembering," he answered, "that at home everything is frozen up and bare, that the ice blocks are grinding against each other in the harbor, the streets either covered with snow or swept by a wind laden with gritty dust. Is it any wonder, then, that under this blue, and in this air, I should be content? But there are various degrees even in contentment, and I should reach a higher one still if you would only let me carry that umbrella for you." For she had opened it, and was carrying it, as women will, not high enough to admit him under its shade, but at just the angle that kept him effectually at a distance, on account of the points, which were dangerously on a level now with his eyes, now with his hat, now with some undefended portion of his face. He had always admired the way in which women will pass calmly through a crowded street, raking all the passers-by as they go with an umbrella held at just that angle.

"No man knows how to hold a sun-umbrella," answered Garda. "To begin with, he never has the least idea where the sun is."

"I have learned that when you say, 'To begin with,' there is small hope for us. Still, I might offer the suggestion, humbly, that there may be other methods regarding the holding of umbrellas in existence besides those prevalent in Gracias."

Garda laughed. Her laugh was charming. Winthrop had already noticed that. It was not a laugh that could be counted upon; it did not come often, or upon call. But when it did ripple forth it was a distinct laugh, merry and sweet, and not the mere magnified smile with a following murmur of breath, or the two or three shrill little shouts in a descending scale, which do duty as laughs from the majority of feminine lips. Its influence extended also to her eyes, which then shot forth two bright beams to accompany it. "I see that it will not do to talk to you as I talk to—to the persons about here," she said.

"Are there many of them—these persons about here?"

"Four," replied Garda, promptly. "H. Reginald Kirby, surgeon; the Reverend Middleton Moore, rector of St. Philip and St. James; Ernesto de Torrez, from the Giron's, down the lagoon, south of here; and Manuel Ruiz, from Patricio, opposite."

"A tropical list," said Winthrop—"most discouragingly tropical."

"Ah! but you must remember that I am tropical myself," answered Garda. She was taking him through a narrow path between what had once been hedges, but were now high tangled walls, overrun with the pointed leaves of the wild smilax. Here and there these wiry vines had stretched an arm across the path, and taken hold of the bushes on the opposite side. These Winthrop was obliged to pull down and stand upon while his companion passed over; for break them he could not—only an axe could have severed their tough strength. Garda Thorne had a light step; but if light, it was not quick. On the other hand, no one would have called it slow, exactly; it could have been best described, perhaps, by the term *unhurrying*. A suggestion of leisure lay in each motion, from the poise of the graceful head down to the way the pretty feet moved over the path or floor. Evert Winthrop had a theory about steps. He had never believed that more is accomplished by the step that is always in a hurry. A hurrying step indicated to his mind the nature that gives its thoughts to a future. Though it may be but the future of the next hour, none the less is the present undervalued, its pleasures, such as they may be, lost. The tardy step denoted, he thought, the nature that lingers in a past; and though here, again, it may be but the past of a day, it is a day whose opportunities are at an end forever—gone. But the step that was light yet at the same time unhurrying, this step seemed to him a sign of the temperament which gets the most out of life as a whole, certainly the most of pleasure, often, too, the most of attainment. Garda Thorne had this step. In her case, probably, there had been more of pleasure than of attainment. She did not, in truth, strike one as a person who had given much thought to attainment of any kind, whether of scholarship or of housewifely skill, of graceful accomplishments, or even of that excellent poise of conscience, that trained obedience of the mind, which are so much to many of her sisters further north. But these same sisters further north would have commented, probably, commented from the long rocky coast of New England, and from the many intelligent communities of the Middle States, that no woman need trouble herself about attainment, or anything else, if she were as beautiful as Edgarda Thorne.

For in their hearts women always know that of all the gifts bestowed upon their sex that of beauty has so immeasurably the greatest power that nothing else can for one moment be compared with it, that all other gifts, of whatsoever nature and extent, sink into insignificance and powerlessness beside it. It is, of course, to the interest of domestic men, the good husbands and fathers who are satisfied with home comforts and home productions, and desire nothing so much as peace at the hearth-stone, to deny this fact, to qualify it as much as possible, and reduce its universality. But the denials of these few contented, low-flying gentlemen are lost in the great tide of world-wide agreement, and no one is deceived by them, save, in occasional instances, their own wives, who in that case have been endowed by nature with much faith (or is it self-complacence?), and powers of observation not much beyond those of the oyster. But on that long New England

coast already spoken of, and in those pleasant, pretty towns of the Middle States, observation has been keenly cultivated, and self-complacence held in abeyance by much analysis. All the Northern sisters who lived there would probably have answered again, and with one voice, that, with simply the most ordinary good qualities in addition, a girl as beautiful as Edgarda Thorne would carry all before her in any case.

Garda was of medium height, but her litheness made her seem tall. This litheness had in it none of the meagre outlines of the little mother; its curves were all moulded with that soft roundness which betrays a Southern origin. But the observer was not left to this evidence alone: there was further and indisputable proof in her large, dark, beautiful, wholly Spanish eyes. She had, in truth, been well described by Mrs. Thorne's phrase—"the portrait of her Spanish grandmother, painted in English colors." The tints of her complexion were very different from the soft, unchanging, creamy hue which had been one of the beauties of the beautiful Inez de Duero; Garda's complexion had the English lightness and brightness. But it was not merely pink and white; there were browns under its warm fairness—browns which gave the idea that it was acquainted with the open air, the sun, the sea, and enjoyed them all. It never had that blue look of cold which mars at times the beauty of all women who are delicately fair; it never had the fatal shade of yellow that menaces the brunette. It was a complexion made for all times and all lights; pure and clear; it had also a soft warmth of color which was indescribably rich. The lustrous black braids of Inez de Duero had been changed in her granddaughter to braids equally thick, but in color a bright brown; not the brown that is but golden hair grown darker, nor that other well-known shade, neither light nor dark, which covers the heads of so many Americans that it might almost be called the national color; this brown had always been bright, had never changed; the head of the little Garda of two years old had showed a flossy mass of the same hue. This hair curled slightly through all its length, which gave the braids a rippled appearance. It had, besides, the beauty of growing low and thickly at the temples and over the forehead. The small head it covered was poised upon a throat which was not a mere point of union, an unimportant or lean angle to be covered by a necklace or collar; this throat was round, distinct in outline, its fairness beautiful not only in front, but also behind, under, and at the edges of the hair, where the comb had lifted the thick soft mass and swept it up to take its place in the braids above. Garda's features were fine, but they were not of the Greek type, save that the beautiful forehead was low; the mouth was not small; the lips full, delicately curved. When she smiled, these lips had a marked sweetness of expression. They parted over brilliantly white teeth, which, with the colors in her hair and complexion, were the direct gifts of English ancestors, as her dark eyes, with their long curling dark lashes, the thickness of her brown braids, her rounded figure, with its graceful unhurrying gait, and high-arched little feet, were inheritances from the Dueros.

But written words are not the artist's colors; they can never paint the portrait which all the world can see. A woman may be described, and by a truthful pen, as possessing large eyes, regular features, and so on through the list, and yet that woman may move through life quite without charm, while another who is described, and with equal truthfulness, as having a profile which is far from being in accordance with artists' rules, may receive through all her days the homage paid to loveliness alone. The bare catalogue of features, tints, and height does not include the subtle spell whose fullness crowns the one, while its lack mars the other, and a narrator, therefore, while allowing himself as detailed a delineation as it pleases him to give, should set down plainly at the end the result, the often mysterious and unexpected whole, which the elements he has described have, in some occult manner, combined to produce. "There was an enchantment in her expression," "There was an irresistible sweetness about her"; these phrases tell more than the most minute chronicle of hue and outline; they place the reader where he would be were the living, breathing presence before him, rather than the mere printed page.

But in the case of Garda Thorne it could have been said that she had not only brilliant beauty, but loveliness as well, the loveliness which does not always accompany it. There was sufficient regularity in her face to keep from it the

term irregular; but it had also all the changing expressions, all the spirit, which faces whose features are not by rule often possess. She had undoubtedly a great charm, and it was a charm which no one had as yet analyzed: she was not a girl who turned one's thoughts toward analysis; one was too much occupied in simply admiring her. She was as open as the day; her frankness was wonderful. It would have been said of her by every one that she had an extraordinary simplicity, were it not that the richness of her beauty threw over her a sort of sumptuousness which did not accord with the usual image of pure, rather meagre limpidity called up by the use of that word.

Evert Winthrop, beholding her for the first time in the little Episcopal church of Gracias, had said to himself that she was the most beautiful girl (viewing the matter impersonally) whom he had ever seen. Impersonally, because he would have set down his personal preference as decidedly for something less striking, for eyes of blue rather than black, eyes which should be not so much lustrous as gentle, for smooth hair of pale gold, a forehead and eyebrows like those of a Raphael Madonna. He was sure, also, that he much preferred slenderness. Even a certain virginal thinness and awkwardness he could accept; it might be part of the charm. A friend of his, a lady older than himself, upon hearing him express these sentiments not long before, had remarked that they shed a good deal of light backward over his past. When he asked her what she meant, she added that a liking for little wild flowers in a man of the world of his age, and an indifference to tea-roses, did not so much indicate a natural simplicity of taste as something quite different—too long an acquaintance, perhaps, with the heavily perfumed atmosphere of conservatories.

"I don't know what you are trying to make me out," Winthrop had answered, laughing.

"I make you out a very good fellow," replied the lady. "But you are like my husband (who is also a very good fellow); he wonders how I can go to the theatre, plays are so artificial. I suppose they are artificial; but I notice that it required his closest—I may almost say his nightly—attention for something like fifteen years to find it out."

Winthrop happened to think of this little conversation—he knew not why—as he followed his guide through her green-walled path, which had now become so narrow that he could no longer walk by her side. As it came up in his mind he said to himself that here was a tea-rose, growing if not quite in the seclusion of untrodden forests where the wild flowers have their home, then at least in natural freedom, in the pure air and sunshine, under the open sky. There was—there could be—nothing of the conservatory, nothing artificial, in the only life Edgarda Thorne had known, the life of this remote Southern village where she had been born and brought up. Her knowledge of the world outside was—must be—confined to the Spanish-tinted legends of the slumberous little community, to the limited traditions of her mother's small experience, and to the perceptions and figments of her own imagination; these last, however numerous they might be in themselves, however vivid, must leave her much in the condition of a would-be writer of dramas who has never written a play nor seen one acted, but has merely evolved something vaguely resembling one from the dreaming depths of his own consciousness. Garda's idea of the world beyond the barrens must be equally vague and unreal. And then, as he looked at her, sweet-natured and indifferent, walking onward with her indolent step over her own land, under the low blue sky, it came over him suddenly that probably she had not troubled herself to evolve anything, to think much of any world, good, bad, or indifferent, outside of her own consciousness. And he said to himself that wherever she was would be world enough for most men. In which class, however, he again did not include Evert Winthrop.

The path made a sudden turn, and stopped. It had brought them to the borders of a waste.

"This was one of the sugar fields," said Garda, with her little air of uninterested proprietorship.

A ditch full of low verdure ran past their feet, and appeared to stretch round the whole, a moat in place of a fence. Two old roads, raised on embankments, crossed the level, one from north to south, the other from east to west. The verge upon which they stood had once been a road also, though now narrowed and in some places blocked by the bushes which had

grown across it. "A little further on, beyond that point, you will find our ruin," said Garda. "There will not be time to sketch it. I will wait for you here."

"You are deserting me too soon."

"I am not deserting you at all. I intend to take you remorselessly over the entire place. But there are thorns in those bushes. Thorns are dangerous."

"I know it; I am already wounded."

"I mean that the briers might tear my dress," explained Miss Thorne, with dignity.

This stately rejection of so small and, as it were, self-made a pun entertained her companion; it showed how unfamiliar she was with the usual little commonplaces. Talking with her would be not unlike talking with a princess in a fairy tale—one of those who have always lived imprisoned in a tower; such a damsel, regarding her own rank and importance, would be apt to have a standard which, remaining ungauged by practical experience, would strike the first comer as fantastically high. His entertainment, however, was not visible as, with a demeanor modelled upon the requirements of her dignity, he bent back the thorny bushes of the green cape, and made a passageway for her round its point. When his little roadway was finished, she came over it with her leisurely step, as though (he said to himself) it and the world and his own poor personality belonged to her by inherited right whenever she should choose to claim them.

Evert Winthrop, as has already been remarked, was a man who observed. He observed little things as well as great. He was conscious of this mental habit; sometimes it seemed to him a failing, sometimes an advantage. At present he was quite aware that he was saying to himself a good many things about Edgarda Thorne. But was it not natural, coming unexpectedly upon so much beauty set in so unfamiliar a frame? It was a new portrait, and he was fond of portraits. In picture-galleries he always looked more at the portraits than at anything else. But he had no taste for idealized likenesses; so little, indeed, that he had sometimes thought Dürer the greatest of masters. He smiled now at the thought of Dürer attempting a likeness of Garda Thorne.

On the opposite side of the thorny cape the ruin came into view, standing back in a little arena of its own. Two of its high stone walls remained upright, irregularly broken at the top, and over them clambered a vine with slender leaves and long curling sprays that thrust themselves boldly out into the air, covered with bell-shaped golden blossoms. This was the yellow jasmine, the lovely wild jasmine of Florida.

"You will look at it, please, from the other side," announced Garda. "It looks its best from there. There will not be time to sketch it."

"Why do you keep supposing that I sketch? Do I look like an artist?"

"Not the least in the world. I have never seen an artist, but I'm sure you don't look like one. I'm sure they are different. I suppose you sketch simply because I suppose that Northerners can do everything. I shall be fearfully disappointed if they can not—when I see them."

"Do you wish to see them?"

"I wish to see hundreds," answered Miss Thorne, with great deliberation. "I wish to see thousands. I wish to see them at balls; I have never seen a ball. I wish to see them driving in parks; I have never seen a park. I wish to see them climbing mountains; I have never seen a mountain—"

"They don't do it in droves, you know," interpolated her companion.

"—I wish to see them in the halls of Congress; I have never seen Congress. I wish to see them at the Springs; I have never seen Springs. I wish to see them wearing diamonds; I have never seen diamonds—"

"The last is a wish easily gratified. In America, as one may say, the diamond's the only wear," remarked Winthrop, taking out a little linen-covered book.

Garda did not question this assertion, which reduced her own neighborhood to so insignificant an exception to a general rule that it need not even be mentioned. To her Florida was Florida, and not America at all. Very much as Winthrop himself, when a little boy, had stoutly denied to a new Sunday-school teacher that he was a Gentile. Gentile indeed! he was an Episcopalian.

"You are going to sketch, after all," said the girl. She looked about her for a conveniently shaped fragment among the fallen blocks, and finding one, seated herself, leaning against a second sun-warmed fragment which she took as her chair's back. "I thought I mentioned that there

would not be time," she added, indolently, in her sweet voice.

"It will take but a moment," answered Winthrop. "I am no artist, as you have already mentioned; but, plainly, as a Northerner, I must do something, or fall hopelessly below your expectations. There isn't a mountain here for me to climb, nor a ball at which I can dance; I am not a Congressman to make a speech in the 'halls,' nor are diamonds sewed upon my every-day coat. Clearly, therefore, I must sketch; there is nothing else left." And with slow, accurate touch he began to pencil an outline of the flower-starred walls upon his little page. Garda, the handle of her white umbrella poised on one shoulder, watched him from under its shade. He did not look up nor break the silence, and after a while she closed her eyes and sat there motionless in the flower-perfumed air. Thus they remained for fully fifteen minutes, and Winthrop, going on with his work, admired her passiveness. He had never before seen the ability to maintain undisturbed an easy, indolent silence in a girl so young. True, the silence had in it something of that same element of indifference which he had noted in her before; but one could pardon her that for her tranquillity, which was so charming and so rare.

"Ah, sketching, I conjecture—sketching," said a voice, breaking the stillness. "Yes, yes; the old mill has, I suppose, become sketchable. We must think of it now as moss-grown, antique."

Garda opened her eyes. "No moss," she said, extending her hand. "Jasmine, doctor."

The new-comer, whose footsteps had made no sound on the sand as he came round the cape of thorns, now crossed the arena, and made a formal obeisance over the little glove; then he threw back his shoulders, put his hands behind him, and remained standing beside her with a protecting, hospitable air, which seemed to include not only herself and the stranger artist, but the ruin, the sky, and the sunshine, and even to bestow a general benediction upon the whole long, warm peninsula itself, stretching, like a finger pointing southward from the continent's broad palm, into the tropic sea.

But now Miss Thorne laid her white umbrella upon the heap of fallen blocks beside her, and rose; she did this as though it were something of a trouble, but a trouble that was necessary. She walked forward several steps, and turned first toward the new-comer, then toward the younger gentleman. "Let me present to you, doctor, Mr. Evert Winthrop, of New York," she said, formally. "Mr. Winthrop, this is our valued friend Reginald Kirby, surgeon, of Gracias-á-Dios." She then returned to her seat with the air of one who had performed an important task.

Dr. Kirby now advanced and offered his hand to Winthrop. He was a little man, but a little man with plenty of presence. He bore—if one had an eye for such things—a general resemblance to a canary-bird. He had a firm, plump little person, upon which his round, partly bald head (visible as he stood with hat doffed) was set, with scarcely any intervention of neck. This plump person was attired in nankeen-colored clothes. His face showed a small but prominent aquiline nose, a healthily yellow complexion, and round bright black eyes. When he talked he moved his head briskly to and fro upon his shoulders, and he had a habit of looking at the person he was addressing with one eye only, his face almost in profile, which was most bird-like of all. In addition, his legs were short in proportion to his body, and he stood on his small, well-shaped feet much as a canary balances himself on his little claws.

"I am delighted to meet you, sir," he said to Winthrop. "I esteem it a fortunate occurrence, most fortunate, which brought me to East Angels this evening to pay my respects to Mistress Thorne, thus obtaining for myself, in addition, the pleasure of your acquaintance. Mistress Thorne having mentioned to me that you were making a little tour of the place with Miss Garda, I offered to bear you company during a portion, at least, of your progress, for Miss Garda, though possessing an intelligence delicately keen, may not (being feminine) always remember to present you with the statistics, the—as I may say—historical items, which would naturally be interesting to a Northerner of discrimination." The doctor had a fine voice; his words were borne along on it like stately ships on the current of a broad river.

"Do not praise me too highly," said the possessor of the delicate intelligence, from her block. "I could never live up to it, you know."

"Miss Thorne has said many interesting things," answered Winthrop, "but she has not as yet, I think, favored me with anything historical; her attention has perhaps been turned rather more to the agricultural side."

"Agricultural? agricultural?" said Kirby, bringing to bear upon Winthrop a bright left eye.

"He is making sport of me," explained Garda, laughing.

"Pooh! pooh!" said the doctor, raising himself a little, first on his toes, then on his heels, thus giving to his plump person a slightly balancing motion to and fro. "A little more seriousness, Garda, my child; a little more seriousness." Then, still balancing himself, with his hands behind him, he turned to Winthrop to present, in his round tones, one of the historical items of which he had spoken. "These walls, Mr. Winthrop, whose shattered ruins now rise before you, once formed part of a large sugar mill, which was destroyed by the Indians during the Seminole war. This province, sir, has had a vast deal of trouble with her Indians—a vast deal. The nature of the country has afforded them every protection, and clogged pursuit with difficulties, monstrous difficulties, which, I may add, have never been in the least appreciated by those unfamiliar with the ground. The records of our army—I speak, sir, of the old army," said the doctor, after a moment's pause, making his little explanation with a charmingly courteous wave of the hand, which dismissed, as between himself and the guest of Mistress Thorne, all question as to the army which was newer—"these records, sir, are full of reports of the most harassing campaigns, made up and down this peninsula by our soldiers, in pursuit—vain pursuit—of a wily, slippery, creeping, red-skinned, damnable foe. Canebrake, swamp, hummock; hummock, swamp, canebrake; ague, sunstroke, everglade; fever, scalping, ambuscade; and massacre, massacre, massacre! —such, sir, are the terms that succeed each other endlessly on those old pages; words that represent, I venture to say, more bravery, more heroic and unrequited endurance, than formed part of many and many a campaign that shines out to-day brilliantly on history's lying scroll. Yet who knows anything of them? I ask you, who?" The doctor's fine voice was finer still in indignation.

"As it happens, by a chance, I do," answered Winthrop. "A cousin of my father's was in some of those campaigns. I well remember the profound impression which the Indian names in his letters used to make upon me when a boy—the Withlacoochee, the Caloosahatchee, the Suwannee, the Ocklawaha; they seemed to me to represent all that was tropical, and wild, and far away."

"They represented days of wading up to one's waist in stiff marsh grass and water, sir. They represented rattlesnakes, moccasins, and adders, sir. They represented every plague of creation, from the mosquito down to the alligator, that great pig of the Florida waters. They represented long fruitless tramps over the burning barrens, with the strong probability of being shot down at the last by a cowardly foe skulking behind a tree," declaimed the doctor, still indignant. "But this cousin of yours—would you do me the favor of his name?"

"Carey—Richard Carey."

"Ah! Major Carey, without doubt," said the surgeon, softening at once into great interest, and stopping his balancing. "Allow me—was he sometimes called Dizzy Dick?"

"I am sorry to say that I have heard that name applied to him," answered Winthrop, smiling.

"Sir, you need not be," responded the doctor, with warmth. "Dizzy Dick was one of the finest and bravest gentlemen of the old army. My elder brother Singleton—Captain Singleton Kirby—was of his regiment, and knew and loved him well. I am proud to take a relative of his by the hand—proud!" So saying, the doctor offered his own again, and the two men went gravely through the ceremony of friendship a second time under the walls of the old mill.

"Returning to our former subject," began the doctor again—"for I hope to have many further opportunities for conversation with you concerning your distinguished relative—I should add, while we are still beside this memento, that the early Spanish settlers of this coast—"

"As a last wish," interrupted Garda, in a drowsy voice, "wait for the resurrection."

"As a last wish?" said the doctor, turning his profile toward her with his head on one side a little, in his brisk canary-bird way.

"Yes. I see that you have begun upon the history of the Spaniards in Florida, and as I shall certainly fall asleep, I think I ought to protect, as far as possible beforehand, my own especial ancestors before I go," she answered, still somnolent. "They always have that effect upon me —the Spaniards in Florida; they always put me to sleep." And as she slowly pronounced these last words the long lashes drooped over her eyes, she let her head fall back against the block behind her, and was apparently lost in dreams.

In this seeming slumber she made a lovely picture. But its chief charm to Evert Winthrop lay in the fact that it had in it so much more of the sportiveness of the child than of the consciousness of the woman. "I am interested in the old Spaniards here, I confess," he said, "but not to the extent of allowing them to put you to sleep in this fashion. We will leave them where they are for the present (of course in Elysium), and ask you to take us to the crane, whose powers of entertainment are evidently greater than our own." And he offered his hand as if to assist her to rise.

"I am not quite gone yet," replied Garda, laughing, as she rose without accepting it. "But we must take things in their regular order; the magnolias come next; the crane, as our greatest attraction, is kept for the last." And she led the way along a path which brought them to a grove of sweet-gum trees, tall, slight, bright-looking trees, whose delicately cut leaves did not make a thick foliage, but adorned the boughs with lightness, each one visible on its slender stalk. This grove was tenanted by a multitude of little birds, whose continuous diminutive carols kept the air filled with a shower of fine small notes.

"Fairy flutes," said Winthrop, "and leaves of lace. I am amazed at myself for never having been in Florida before. The Suwannee River can't be very far off; it oughtn't to be, at any rate. How well I remember the singular sensation that came over me once in Vienna, when at a crowded concert a little Hungarian singer began, in response to an *encore*, to sing with her strange mixture of broken English and doubly broken negro,

> "'Way down upon de Suwannee River,
> Far, far away.'

The crowded house faded, and in its place I seemed to see my old vision of these Florida rivers, and the game upon their wild warm shores."

"Vienna?" said Garda, envyingly.

"You, sir, are too young, unfortunately too young, to remember the incomparable Malibran," said Dr. Kirby. "Ah! there was a voice!" And with recollections too rich for utterance, he shook his head slowly several times, and silently waved his hand.

"Oh, when shall *I* hear something or somebody?" said Garda.

"We shall accomplish it, we shall accomplish it yet, my dear child," said the doctor, coming briskly back to the present in her behalf. "Malibran is gone," he added, in his rich tones. "Her place can never be filled. But I hope that you too may cross the seas some day, my child, and find, if not the atmosphere of the grand style which was hers, and perished with her, at least an atmosphere more enlarging than this. But there will be other associations open to you in those countries besides the musical—associations in the highest degree interesting. You can pay a visit, for instance, to the scenes described in the engaging pages of Fanny Burney, incomparably the greatest, and I fear, from the long dearth which has followed her, the last of female novelists. For who is there since her day worthy to hold a descriptive pen, and what has been written that is worth our reading? With the exception of some few things, by two or three ladies of South Carolina, which I have had the privilege of seeing, and which exist, I regret to say, only in manuscript as yet, I know of nothing, no one."

Winthrop glanced at Garda to see if her face would show any merriment over this proposed literary pilgrimage. But no; the young girl accepted Miss Burney calmly; she had heard the doctor declaim on the subject all her life, and was accustomed to think of the lady as a celebrated historical character, much as school-boys think of Helen of Troy.

Beyond the grove, they came to the Levels. Great trees rose there, extending their straight boughs outward as far as they could reach, touching nothing but the golden air. For each stood alone, no neighbor near; each was a king. Black on the ground beneath lay the round mass of shadow they cast. Above, among the dense dark foliage, shone out occasional spots of a lighter green; and this was the mistletoe. Besides these monarchs there

were sinuous lines of a lower growth of verdure, eight and ten feet in height, wandering with grace over the plain. Most of the space, however, was free—wide sunny glades open to the breeze and the sky. The arrangement of the whole, of the great single trees, the sinuous lines of lower verdure, and the open glades, was as beautiful as though Art had planned and Time had perfected the work. Time's touch was there; but Art had had nothing to do with it. Each tree had risen from the ground where it and Nature pleased; birds, perhaps, with dropped seeds, had been the first planters of the lower growths. Yet it was not primeval. Winthrop, well used to primeval things, and liking them (to gratify the liking he had made more than one journey to the remoter parts of the great West), detected this at once. Open and free as the Levels were, he could yet see, as he walked onward, the signs of a former cultivation antecedent to all this soft wild leisure. His eye could trace, by their line of fresher green, the course of the old drains crossing regularly from east to west. The large trees were sometimes growing from furrows which had been made by the plough before their first tiny twin leaves had sprouted from the acorn which had fallen there. "How stationary things are here!" he said, half admiringly. "How tranquil the life must be!" He was thinking of the ceaseless round of change, improvement, and labor which went on year after year on the Northern farms he knew, of the thrift which turned every inch of the land to account, and made it do its share. The thrift, the toil, the constant change and improvement, were best, of course. Winthrop was to the full a believer in the splendid industries of the great republic to which he belonged, and, personally too, there was little of the idler in his temperament. Still, looked at in another way, the American creed for the moment dormant, there was something delightfully restful in the indolence of these old fields lying asleep in the sunshine, with low furrows of a hundred years before stretching undisturbed across them. Here was no dread, no eager speed before the winter. It was, in truth, the absence of that icy task-master which gave to all that lovely land its appearance of dreaming leisure. Growing could begin at any time; why, then, make haste?

"All this ground was once under cultivation," said the doctor. "The first Edgar Thorne (your great-grandfather, Garda) I conjecture to have been a man of energy, who improved the methods of the Dueros; these Levels probably had a very different aspect a hundred years ago."

"A hundred years ago—yes, that was the time to have lived," said Garda. "I wish I could have lived a hundred years ago!"

"I don't know what we can do," said Winthrop. "Perhaps Dr. Kirby would undertake for a while a resurrection of the stately manners of your Spanish ancestors, while I could attempt, humbly, those of the British colonist. I haven't the high-collared coat of the period, but I would do my best with the high-collared language which has been preserved in literature. Pray take my arm, and let me try."

Garda, looking merrily at the doctor, accepted it.

"Arms were not taken in those days," said the doctor, stiffly. "Ladies were led, delicately led, by the tips of their fingers." He was not pleased with Garda's acceptance. But they had kept her a child, and she did not know. He flattered himself that he should at an early moment be able to bring about a withdrawal of that too freely accorded glove from the Northerner's arm. He—Reginald Kirby, man of the world, and noted for his tact—he should be able to accomplish it with the most delicate grace. In the mean while it remained where it was. And Winthrop, who had had there numberless times before gloves equally small, but newer and of the latest fashion as to texture, hue, and length, reflected that there was still something charming in the little old-fashioned well-worn gauntlet which reposed there now. At the same moment, however, he felt sure that the minute embroidery of finest mending on the small fingers which gave it its character was due, not to the hand it covered, but to the still smaller one of the indefatigable little mother.

Beyond the Levels they came to a bank's edge. Below, the ground descended sharply, and at some distance forward on the lower slope rose the great magnolias, lifting their magnificent glossy foliage high in the air. "The Magnolia Grandiflora," said the doctor, as if introducing them. "You no doubt feel an interest in these characteristically Southern trees, Mr. Winthrop, and if you will walk down there

and stand under them for a moment—the ground is too wet for your little shoes, Garda—you will obtain a very good idea of their manner of growth."

Miss Thorne made no objection to this suggestion. But neither did she withdraw her hand from Winthrop's arm.

"I can see them perfectly from here," answered that gentleman. "They are superb—like tremendous camellias."

"When they are in bloom, and all those sweet-bays too, they are more superb still," said Garda. "That is the time to come here. The perfume is dense."

"Too dense," said the doctor, shaking his head disapprovingly; "it's fairly intoxicating."

"That is what I mean," responded Garda. "Intoxicating. It's as near as I can come to intoxication, you know. I have always thought I should love to be intoxicated."

"What is your idea of it?" said Winthrop, speaking immediately, in order to prevent the doctor from speaking. For he saw that this gentleman was gazing at Garda with amazement, and he divined the solemnity his words would assume after he should have got his breath back. But though he divined this, he found time also to reflect that, as he was startled, it was probable that Garda had not been in the habit of advancing longings of this sensational nature. The talent must therefore have developed itself recently, and it almost followed, so small and unchanging had been the little round of her life, that he himself, the only stranger who had entered it, had supplied the element, hitherto lacking, which had called it forth. The idea was a novel one, for if he had any vision of himself that was fixed, definite, it was that there was nothing in him or in his words that could call out anything of the sort.

"I hardly know how to describe my idea," Garda was answering. "It's a delightful forgetting of everything that is dull; an enthusiasm that could do anything; a being carried far away from all stupid people and stupid things—lifted above them."

"You describe the intoxication, or rather, to give it a better name, the inspiration, of genius," said Winthrop. "All artists feel this inspiration at times—musicians, poets, painters, sculptors, all who have in them a spark, great or small, of the creative fire. Even I when with such persons—as by great good fortune I have been once or twice—have been able to comprehend something of it, have caught, by reflection at least, a little of its glow."

"Oh, if *you* have felt it, it is not at all what I mean; it couldn't be!" answered Garda, with one of her sudden laughs. She drew her hand from his arm, and walked down the slope across the lower level toward the magnolias.

As soon as her back was turned, Dr. Kirby tapped Winthrop on the arm impressively, and raising himself on tiptoe, spoke in his ear. "She has never, sir, been near—I may say, indeed, that she has never *seen*—an intoxicated person in her life." He then came down to earth again, and folding his arms, surveyed the Northerner challengingly.

"Of course I understand that," Winthrop answered.

When Garda reached the dark shade under the great trees she paused and turned. Winthrop had followed her. She gave him a bright smile as he came up. "I wanted to see if you would come," she said, with her usual frankness.

"Of course I came. What did you suppose I would do?"

"I did not know. That is what I wanted to find out. You are so different, I should never know."

"Different from whom? From your four persons about here? I assure you that I am not different; I have no such pretensions. Your four are different, perhaps, but I am like five thousand, fifty thousand, others—as you will see for yourself when you come North."

"I don't believe it," said Garda, beginning to retrace her steps. She looked at him reflectively; then added, "I don't believe they are like you."

"What is it in me that you disapprove of?"

"Oh, I haven't thought whether I disapprove of it or not," responded Garda, with what he called in his own mind her sweet indifference—an indifference as natural as her frankness. "What I meant was simply that I do not believe there are fifty thousand, or five thousand, or even five hundred, other men who are as cold as you are."

"Do I strike you in that way?"

"Yes. But of course you can not help it; it is probably a part of your nature—this coldness," said the girl, excusingly. "It was that which made me say that

you could never have felt the feeling I was trying to describe, you know—the intoxication. It needs a certain sort of temperament, I think; I have it, but you have it not."

"I see you are an observer," said her companion, inwardly laughing, but maintaining a grave face.

"I am," answered Garda, serenely. "I observe a great deal. It helps to pass away the time."

"You have good opportunities for exercising the talent?"

"Oh yes, many."

"The four persons about here?"

"Garda's laugh rippled forth again. "My poor four—how you make sport of them! But I should have said five, because there is the crane, and he is the wisest of all. He is wiser than any one I know, and more systematic. He is more systematic even than you are, which is saying a great deal. His name is Carlos Mateo, and you must be careful not to laugh at him when he dances, for a laugh hurts his feelings dreadfully. His feelings are very deep. You might not think so from a first glance. But that will be because you have not looked deep into his eyes, taken him round the neck and peered in. He has a great deal of expression in his eyes. You have none at all —what has become of it? Did you never have any, or have you worn it all out? Perhaps you keep it for great occasions. There will be no great occasions here."

"No; great occasions are at the North, where they are engaged in climbing mountains, walking on frozen lakes, breaking icicles, and attending the halls of Congress," Winthrop answered.

Dr. Kirby was waiting for them on the bank; he had not stained his brightly polished little boots with the damp earth of the lower level. He had surveyed with inward disfavor the thick-soled walking shoes of the Northerner, and the rough material of his gray clothes. The Northerner's gloves were carelessly rolled together in his pocket; but the doctor's old pair were on.

Garda led the way westward along the bank. After they had proceeded some distance, in single file, owing to the narrowness of the path, she suddenly left her place, and passing the doctor, took Winthrop's hand in hers. "Close your eyes," she commanded; "I am going to lead you to a heavenly wall."

Winthrop obeyed, but retarded his steps.

"How slow you are!" she said, giving his hand a little pull.

"It's a wild country for a blind man," answered Winthrop, continuing to advance with caution. "Please take both hands."

"Let me lead him, Garda," said the doctor, preferring to join in this child's play rather than have her continue it alone.

But the child's play was over; the bend in the path had been but a short one, and they were now before her "heavenly wall." Winthrop, upon being told to open his eyes—he had perhaps kept them closed longer than was absolutely necessary—found himself standing before a wall of verdure, fifteen feet high, composed of a mass of shining little leaves set closely together in an almost even expanse, that sloped backward slightly as it rose. This surface of lustrous green was spangled with white flowers widely open, the five petals laid flatly back like a star; it was bossed with the white cups of those but half unfolded, and it was fretted by the innumerable points of the closed buds, conspicuous against the darker leaves by the pale penetrating hue of their immature green.

"The Cherokee rose," said Dr. Kirby. He had been greatly vexed by Garda's freak of taking Winthrop's hands, and as he added, explanatorily, "the wild white rose of the South," he glanced at him to see how he, as a Northerner and stranger, regarded it.

But the stranger and Northerner was gazing at the Southern flowers with an interest which did not appear to depend at all upon the Southern girl who had brought him thither.

Garda remained but a moment; while they were looking at the roses she walked slowly on, following her heavenly wall.

"She is but a child," said the doctor, looking after her. "We have perhaps kept her one too long."

"On the contrary, that is her charm," replied Winthrop. "How old is she?"

"Barely sixteen. If her father had lived, it would perhaps have been better for her. She would have had in that case, probably, more seriousness—a little more. Mistress Thorne's ideas concerning the training of children are admirable, most admirable. But they presup-

pose a certain kind of child, and Garda wasn't that kind at all. I may say, indeed, the contrary. Mistress Thorne has therefore found herself at fault now and then; her precedents have failed her. She has been met by perplexities; sometimes I have even thought her submerged in them, and floundering, if I may use such an expression of the attitude of a cultured lady. The truth is, her perceptions have been to blame."

"But I have thought her perceptions remarkably keen," said Winthrop.

"So they are. But they all advance between certain lines; they are narrow. Understand me, however—I would not have them wider. I was not wishing them wider; I was only wishing that poor Edgar Thorne, the father, could have lived awhile longer. Too wide a perception, sir, in a woman, a perception of things in general, general views, in short, I regard as distinctly immoral; women so endowed are sure to go wrong—as witness Aspasia. It was a beautiful provision of nature that made the feminine perceptions, as a general rule, so limited, so confined to details, to the opinions and beliefs of their own families and neighborhoods; in this restricted view lies all their safety."

"And ours?" suggested Winthrop.

"Ah, you belong to the new school of thought, I perceive," answered the doctor, stroking his smoothly shaven chin with his plump gloved hand.

The two men had begun to walk onward again, following their guide, who was now at the end of the rose wall. Here she disappeared. When they reached the spot they found that she had taken a path which turned northward along a little ridge—a path bordered on each side by Spanish-bayonets.

"Garda's education, however, has been, on the whole, good," said the doctor, as they turned into this stiff aisle. "Mistress Thorne, who was herself an instructress of youth before her marriage, has been her teacher in English branches; Spanish, of course, she learned from the Old Madam; my sister Pamela (whom I had the great misfortune to lose a little over a year ago) gave her lessons in embroidery, general deportment, and the rudiments of French. As regards any knowledge of the world, however, the child has lived in complete ignorance; we have thought it better so, while things remain as they are. My own advice has decidedly been that until she could enter the right society, the cultivated and dignified society to which she properly belongs—that of the city of Charleston, South Carolina, for instance—it was better that she should see none at all. She has therefore lived, and still continues to live, the life, as I may well call it, of a little novice or nun."

"The young gentleman who has just joined her is probably, then, a monk?" observed Winthrop.

The doctor was near-sighted, and not at all fond of his spectacles. With his bright eyes and quickly turning glance, it humiliated him to be obliged to take out and put on those cumbrous aids to vision. On this occasion, however, he did it with more alacrity than was usual with him. "Ah," he said, when he had made out the two figures in front, "it is only young De Torrez, a boy from the next plantation."

"A well-grown boy," commented the Northerner.

"A mere stripling—a mere stripling of nineteen. He has but lately come out from Spain (a Cuban by birth, but was sent over there to be educated), and he can not speak one word of English, sir—not one word."

"I believe Miss Thorne speaks Spanish, doesn't she?" remarked Winthrop.

OF THAT BLITHE THROAT OF THINE.

[More than 83° north—about a good day's steaming distance to the Pole by one of our fast oceaners in clear water—Greely heard the song of a single bird merrily sounding over the desolation.]

Of that blithe throat of thine, from arctic bleak and blank,
I'll mind the lesson, solitary bird: let me too welcome chilling drifts,
E'en the profoundest chill, as now—a torpid pulse, a brain unnerv'd,
Old age land-lock'd within its Winter bay—(cold, cold, O cold!)—
These snowy hairs, my feeble arm, my frozen feet;
For them thy faith, thy rule I take, and grave it to the last.
Not Summer's zones alone, not chants of youth, or South's warm tides alone,
But held by sluggish floes, pack'd in the Northern ice, the cumulus of years—
These with gay heart I also sing.

THE TOWN-MEETING.

THE settlement of New England by the Puritans occupies a peculiar position in the annals of colonization, and without understanding this we can not properly appreciate the character of the purely democratic society which instituted the town-meeting. As a general rule, colonies have been founded, either by governments or by private enterprise, for political or commercial reasons. The aim has been, on the part of governments, to annoy some rival power, or to get rid of criminals, or to open some new avenue of trade; or, on the part of the people, to escape from straitened circumstances at home, or to find a refuge from religious persecution. In the settlement of New England none of these motives were operative except the last, and that only to a slight extent. The Puritans who fled from Nottinghamshire to Holland in 1608, and twelve years afterward crossed the ocean in the *Mayflower*, may be said to have been driven from England by persecution. But this was not the case with the Puritans who between 1630 and 1650 went from Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and Suffolk, and from Dorset and Devonshire, and founded the colonies of Massachusetts and Connecticut. These men left their homes at a time when Puritanism was waxing powerful, and could not be assailed with impunity. They belonged to the upper and middle classes of the society of that day, outside of the regular peerage. Mr. Freeman has pointed out the importance of the change by which, after the Norman Conquest, the Old English nobility, or *thegnhood*, was pushed down into "a secondary place in the political and social scale." Of the far-reaching effects of this change upon the whole subsequent history of the English race I shall hereafter have occasion to speak. The proximate effect was that "the ancient lords of the soil thus thrust down into the second rank formed that great body of freeholders, the stout gentry and yeomanry of England, who were for so many ages the strength of the land."* It was from this ancient thegnhood that the Puritan settlers of New England were mainly descended. It is no unusual thing for a Massachusetts family to trace its pedigree to a lord of the manor in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. The leaders of the New England emigration were country gentlemen of good fortune, similar in position to such men as Hampden and Cromwell; a large proportion of them had taken degrees at Cambridge. The rank and file were mostly intelligent and prosperous yeomen. The lowest ranks of society were not represented in the emigration, and all idle, shiftless, or disorderly people were rigorously refused admission into the new communities, the early history of which was therefore singularly free from anything like riot or mutiny. To an extent unparalleled, therefore, in the annals of colonization the settlers of New England were a body of *picked men*. Their Puritanism was the natural outcome of their free-thinking, combined with an earnestness of character which could constrain them to any sacrifices needful for realizing their high ideal of life. They gave up pleasant homes in England, and they left them with no feeling of rancor toward their native land, in order that, by dint of whatever hardship, they might establish in the American wilderness what should approve itself to their judgment as a God-fearing community. It matters little that their conceptions were in some respects narrow. In the unflinching adherence to duty which prompted their enterprise, and in the sober intelligence with which it was carried out, we have the key to what is best in the history of the American people.

Out of such a colonization as that here described nothing but a democratic society could very well come, save, perhaps, in case of a scarcity of arable land. Between the country gentleman and the yeoman who has become a landed proprietor the difference is not great enough to allow the establishment of permanent distinctions, social or political. Immediately on their arrival in New England the settlers proceeded to form for themselves a government as purely democratic as any that has ever been seen in the world. Instead of scattering about over the country, the requirements of education and of public worship, as well as of defense against Indian attacks, obliged them to form small village communities. As these villages multiplied, the surface of the country came to be laid out in small districts (usually from six to ten miles in length and breadth) called *townships*. Each township contained its village, together with the woodlands surrounding it. In

* Freeman, *Comp. Pol.*, 264.

later days two or more villages have sometimes grown up within the limits of the same township, and the road from one village to another is sometimes bordered with homesteads and cultivated fields throughout nearly its whole length. In the neighborhood of Boston villages and small towns crowd closely together for twenty miles in every direction; and all these will no doubt by-and-by grow together into a great city.

From the outset the government of the township was vested in the TOWN-MEETING, an institution which in its present form is said to be peculiar to New England, but which, as we shall see, has close analogies with local self-governing bodies in other ages and countries. Once in each year—usually in the month of March—a meeting is held, at which every adult male residing within the limits of the township is expected to be present, and is at liberty to address the meeting, or to vote upon any question that may come up. At first Massachusetts and Connecticut restricted this exercise of the rights of freemen to church members, but this restriction was abolished before the end of the seventeenth century, and it was never adopted by the other New England colonies. At the present day there is no restriction except as to non-naturalized foreigners.

In the first years of the colonies it seems to have been attempted to hold town-meetings every month, and to discuss all the affairs of the community in these assemblies; but this was soon found to be a cumbrous way of transacting public business, and as early as 1635 we find *selectmen* chosen to administer the affairs of the township during the intervals between the assemblies. As the system has perfected itself, at each annual town-meeting there are chosen not less than three, nor more than nine, selectmen, according to the size of the township. Besides these there are chosen a town-clerk, a town-treasurer, a school committee, assessors of taxes, overseers of the poor, constables, surveyors of highways, fence-viewers, and other officers. In very small townships the selectmen themselves may act as assessors of taxes or overseers of the poor. The selectmen may appoint police officers if such are required; they may act as a board of health; in addition to sundry specific duties too numerous to mention here, they have the general superintendence of all public business save such as is expressly assigned to the other officers; and whenever circumstances may seem to require it, they are authorized to call a town-meeting. The selectmen are thus the principal town magistrates; and through the annual election their responsibility to the town is maintained at the maximum. Yet in many New England towns re-election of the same persons year after year has very commonly prevailed. I know of an instance where the office of town-clerk was filled by three members of one family during one hundred and fourteen consecutive years.

Besides choosing executive officers, the town-meeting has the power of enacting by-laws, of making appropriations of money for town purposes, and of providing for miscellaneous emergencies by what might be termed special legislation. Besides the annual meeting held in the spring for transacting all this local business, the selectmen are required to call a meeting in the autumn of each year for the election of State and county officers, each second year for the election of Representatives to the Federal Congress, and each fourth year for the election of the President of the United States.

It only remains to add that as an assembly of the whole people becomes impracticable in a large community, so when the population of a township has grown to ten or twelve thousand, the town-meeting is discontinued, the town is incorporated as a city, and its affairs are managed by a mayor, a board of aldermen, and a common council, according to the system adopted in London in the reign of Edward I. In America, therefore, the distinction between cities and towns has nothing to do with the presence or absence of a cathedral, but refers solely to differences in the communal or municipal government. In the city the common council, as a representative body, replaces (in a certain sense) the town-meeting; a representative government is substituted for a pure democracy. But the city officers, like the selectmen of towns, are elected annually; and in no case (I believe) has municipal government fallen into the hands of a self-perpetuating body, as it has done in so many instances in England, owing to the unwise policy pursued by the Tudors and Stuarts in their grants of charters.

It is only in New England that the township system is to be found in its com-

pleteness. In several Southern and Western States the administrative unit is the county, and local affairs are managed by county commissioners elected by the people. Elsewhere we find a mixture of the county and township systems. In some of the States, settled by New England people, town-meetings are held, though their powers are somewhat less extensive than in New England. In the settlement of Virginia it was attempted to copy directly the parishes and vestries, boroughs and guilds, of England. But in the Southern States generally the great size of the plantation and the wide dispersion of the population hindered the growth of towns, so that it was impossible to have an administrative unit smaller than the county. As De Tocqueville said fifty years ago, "The more we descend toward the South the less active does the business of the township or parish become; the population exercises a less immediate influence on affairs; the power of the elected magistrate is augmented and that of the election diminished, while the public spirit of the local communities is less awakened and less influential." This is almost equally true to-day, yet with all these differences in local organization there is no part of our country in which the spirit of local self-government can be called weak or uncertain. I have described the town-meeting as it exists in the States where it first grew up and has since chiefly flourished. But something very like the "town-meeting principle" lies at the bottom of all the political life of the United States. To maintain vitality in the centre without sacrificing it in the parts; to preserve tranquillity in the mutual relations of forty powerful States while keeping the people as far as possible in direct contact with the government: such is the political problem which the American Union exists for the purpose of solving; and of this great truth every American citizen is supposed to have some glimmering, however crude.

It has been said that the town governments of New England were established without any conscious reference to precedent; but however this may be, they are certainly not without precedents and analogies, to enumerate which will carry us very far back in the history of the Aryan world. At the beginning of his essay on the "Growth of the English Constitution," Mr. Freeman gives an eloquent account of the May assemblies of Uri and Appenzell, when the whole people elect their magistrates for the year, and vote upon amendments to the old laws or upon the adoption of new ones. Such a sight Mr. Freeman seems to think can be seen nowhere but in Switzerland, and he reckons it among the highest privileges of his life to have looked upon it. But I am unable to see in what respect the town-meeting in Massachusetts differs from the *Landesgemeinde*, or cantonal assembly, in Switzerland, save that it is held in a town-hall, and not in the open air, that it is conducted with somewhat less of pageantry, and that the freemen who attend do not carry arms even by way of ceremony. In the Swiss assembly, as Mr. Freeman truly observes, we see exemplified the most democratic phase of the old Teutonic constitution as described in the *Germania* of Tacitus—"the earliest picture which history can give us of the political and social being of our own forefathers." The same remark, in precisely the same terms, would be true of the town-meetings of New England. Political institutions on the White Mountains and on the Alps not only closely resemble each other, but are connected by strict bonds of descent from a common original.

The most primitive self-governing body of which we have any knowledge is the village community of the ancient Teutons, of which such strict counterparts are found in other parts of the Aryan world as to make it apparent that in its essential features it must be an inheritance from prehistoric Aryan antiquity. In its Teutonic form the primitive village community (or rather the spot inhabited by it) is known as the *Mark*—that is, a place defined by a boundary line. One characteristic of the mark community is that all its free members are in theory supposed to be related to each other through descent from a common progenitor, and in this respect the mark community agrees with the *gens*, *γένος*, or *clan*. The earliest form of political union in the world is one which rests, not upon territorial contiguity, but upon blood-relationship, either real or assumed through the legal fiction of adoption. In the lowest savagery blood-relationship is the only admissible or conceivable ground for sustained common action among groups of men. Among peoples which wander about,

supporting themselves either by hunting, or, at a somewhat more advanced stage of development, by the rearing of flocks and herds, a group of men thus permanently associated through ties of blood-relationship is what we call a *clan*. When by the development of agricultural pursuits the nomadic mode of life is brought to an end, when the clan remains stationary upon some piece of territory surrounded by a strip of forest land or other boundaries, natural or artificial, then the clan becomes a mark community. The profound linguistic researches of Pictet, Fick, and others have made it probable that at the time when the old Aryan language was broken up into the dialects from which the existing languages of Europe are descended the Aryan tribes were passing from a purely pastoral stage of barbarism into an incipient agricultural stage, somewhat like that which characterized the Iroquois tribes in America in the seventeenth century. The comparative study of institutions leads to results in harmony with this view, showing us the mark community of our Teutonic ancestors with the clear traces of its origin in the more primitive clan, though, with Mr. Kemble, I do not doubt that by the time of Tacitus the German tribes had long since reached the agricultural stage.

Territorially the old Teutonic mark consisted of three divisions. There was the *village mark*, where the people lived in houses crowded closely together, no doubt for defensive purposes; there was the *arable mark*, divided into as many lots as there were householders; and there was the *common mark*, or border strip of untilled land, wherein all the inhabitants of the village had common rights of pasturage and of cutting fire-wood. All this land originally was the property not of any one family or individual, but of the community. The study of the mark carries us back to a time when there may have been private property in weapons, utensils, or trinkets, but not in real estate. Of the three kinds of land, the common mark, save where curtailed or usurped by lords in the days of feudalism, has generally remained public property to this day.

The pleasant green commons or squares which occur in the midst of towns and cities in England and the United States most probably originated from the coalescence of adjacent mark communities, whereby the border-land used in common by all was brought into the centre of the new aggregate. In towns of modern date this origin of the common is of course forgotten, and in accordance with the general law by which the useful thing, after discharging its functions, survives for purposes of ornament, it is introduced as a pleasure-ground. In old towns of New England, however, the little park where boys play ball, or children and nurses "take the air," was once the common pasture of the town. Even Boston Common did not entirely cease to be a grazing-field until 1830. It was in the village mark, or assemblage of homesteads, that private property in real estate naturally began. In the Russian villages to-day the homesteads are private property, while the cultivated land is owned in common. This was the case with the *arable mark* of our ancestors. The arable mark belonged to the community, and was temporarily divided into as many fields as there were households, though the division was probably not into equal parts: more likely, as in Russia to-day, the number of laborers in each household was taken into account; and at irregular intervals, as fluctuations in population seemed to require it, a thorough-going redivision was effected.

In carrying out such divisions and redivisions, as well as in all matters relating to village, ploughed field, or pasture, the mark community was a law unto itself. Though individual freedom was by no means considerable, the legal existence of the individual being almost entirely merged in that of his clan, the mark community was a completely self-governing body. The assembly of the markmen, or members of the community, allotted land for tillage, determined the law or declared the custom as to methods of tillage, fixed the dates for sowing and reaping, voted upon the admission of new families into the village, and in general transacted what was then regarded as the public business of the community. In all essential respects the village assembly, or *mark-mote*, would seem to have resembled the town-meetings of New England.

Such was the mark community of the ancient Teutons, as we gather partly from hints afforded by Tacitus, and partly from the comparative study of English, German, and Scandinavian institutions. In Russia and in Hindostan we find the same primitive form of social organization existing

with very little change at the present day. Alike in Hindu and in Russian village communities, we find the group of habitations each despotically ruled by a paterfamilias; we find the pasture-land owned and enjoyed in common; and we find the arable land divided into separate lots, which are cultivated according to minute regulations established by the community. But in India the occasional redistribution of lots survives only in a few localities, and as a mere tradition in others; the arable mark has become private property, as well as the homesteads. In Russia, on the other hand, re-allotments occur at irregular intervals, averaging something like fifteen years. In India the local government is carried on in some places by a council of village elders, and in other places by a headman, whose office is sometimes described as hereditary, but is more probably elective, the choice being confined, as in the case of the old Teutonic kingship, to the members of a particular family. In the Russian village, on the other hand, the government is conducted by an assembly, at which every head of a household is expected to be present and vote on all matters of public concern. This assembly elects the village elder, or chief executive officer, the tax-collector, the watchman, and the communal herd-boy; it directs the allotment of the arable land; and in general matters of local legislation its power is as great as that of the New England town-meeting—in some respects perhaps even greater, since the precise extent of its powers has never been determined by legislation, and, according to Mr. Wallace, "there is no means of appealing against its decisions." To those who are in the habit of regarding Russia simply as a despotically governed country, such a statement may seem surprising. To those who, because the Russian government is call a bureaucracy, have been led to think of it as analogous to the government of France under the old *régime*, it may seem incredible that the decisions of a village assembly should not admit of appeal to a higher authority. But, in point of fact, no two governments could be less alike than that of modern Russia and that of France under the old *régime*. The Russian government is autocratic inasmuch as over the larger part of the country it has simply succeeded to the position of the Mongolian Khans who from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century held the Russian people in subjection. This Mongolian government was (to use a happy distinction suggested by Sir Henry Maine) a tax-taking despotism, not a legislative despotism. The conquerors exacted tribute, but did not interfere with the laws and customs of the subject people. When the Russians drove out the Mongols, they exchanged a despotism which they hated for one in which they felt a national pride, but in one curious respect the position of the people in reference to their rulers has remained the same. The imperial government exacts from each village community a tax in gross, for which the community as a whole is responsible, and which may or may not be oppressive in amount; but the government has never interfered with local legislation or with local customs. Thus in the *Mir*, or village community, the Russians still retain an element of sound political life, the importance of which appears when we consider that five-sixths of the population of European Russia is comprised in these communities. The tax assessed upon them by the imperial government is, however, a feature which—even more than their imperfect system of property and their low grade of mental culture—separates them by a world-wide interval from the New England township, to the primeval, embryonic stage of which they correspond.

From these illustrations we see that the mark, or self-governing village community, is an institution which must be referred back to early Aryan times. Whether the mark ever existed in England in anything like the primitive form in which it is seen in the Russian *mir*, is doubtful. Professor Stubbs (one of the greatest living authorities on such a subject) is inclined to think that the Teutonic settlers of Britain had passed beyond this stage before they migrated from Germany.* Nevertheless, the traces of the mark, as all admit, are plentiful enough in England; and some of its features have survived down to modern times. In the great number of town names that are formed from patronymics, such as *Walsingham*, "the home of the Walsings," *Harlington*, "the town of the Harlings," etc.,† we have unimpeachable evidence of a time when the town was regarded as the dwelling-place of a clan. Indeed, the comparative rarity of the word *mark* in English laws, charters, and local

* Stubbs, *Constitutional History*, i., 84.

† Kemble, *Saxons in England*, i., 59.

names (to which Professor Stubbs alludes) may be due to the fact that the word *town* has precisely the same meaning. *Mark* means, originally, the belt of waste land encircling the village, and, secondarily, the village with its periphery. *Town* means, originally, a hedge or inclosure, and, secondarily, the spot that is inclosed. The modern German *Zaun*, a "hedge," preserves the original meaning. But traces of the mark in England are not found in etymology alone. I have already alluded to the origin of the "common" in English towns. What is still more important is that in some parts of England cultivation in common has continued until quite recently. The local legislation of the mark appears in the *tunscipesmot*, a word which is simply old English for "town-meeting." In the shires where the Danes acquired a firm foot-hold the township was often called a "by"; and it had the power of enacting its own "by laws" or town laws, as New England townships have to-day. But, above all, the assembly of the markmen has left vestiges of itself in the constitution of the parish and the manor. The mark, or township, transformed by the process of feudalization, becomes the manor. The process of feudalization, throughout western Europe in general, was no doubt begun by the institution of Benefices, or "grants of Roman provincial land by the chieftains of the 'Teutonic' tribes which overran the Roman Empire, such grants being conferred on their associates upon certain conditions, of which the commonest was military service."* The feudal *régime* naturally reached its most complete development in France, which affords the most perfect example of Roman territory overrun and permanently held in possession by Teutonic conquerors. Other causes assisted the process, the most potent, perhaps, being the chaotic condition of European society during the break-up of the Carlovingian Empire and the Scandinavian and Hungarian invasions. Land was better protected when held of a powerful chieftain than when held in one's own right; and hence the practice of commendation, by which free allodial proprietors were transformed into the tenants of a lord, became fashionable, and was gradually extended to all kinds of estates. In England the effects of feudalization were different from what they were in France, but the process was still carried very far, especially under the Norman kings. The theory grew up that all the public land in the kingdom was the king's waste, and that all land-holders were the king's tenants. Similarly in every township the common land was the lord's waste, and the land-holders were the lord's tenants. Thus the township became transformed into the manor. Yet even by such a change as this the townsmen or tenants of the manor did not in England lose their self-government. "The encroachments of the lords," as Sir Henry Maine observes, "were in proportion to the want of certainty in the rights of the community." The lord's proprietorship gave him no authority to disturb customary rights. The old township assembly partially survived in the court-baron, court-leet, and customary court of the manor; and in these courts the arrangements for the common husbandry were determined.

This metamorphosis of the township into the manor, however, was but partial. Along with it went the partial metamorphosis of the township into the parish, or district assigned to a priest. Professor Stubbs has pointed out that "the boundaries of the parish and the township or townships with which it coincides are generally the same; in small parishes the idea and even the name of township is frequently at the present day sunk in that of the parish, and all the business that is not manorial is dispatched in vestry meetings, which are, however, primarily meetings of the township for church purposes."* The parish officers, including overseers of the poor, assessors, and waywardens, are still elected in vestry meeting by the freemen of the township. And while the jurisdiction of the manorial courts has been defined by charter, or by the customary law existing at the time of the manorial grant, "all matters arising outside that jurisdiction come under the management of the vestry."

In England, therefore, the free village community, though perhaps nowhere found in its primitive integrity, has nevertheless survived in partially transfigured forms, which have played no unimportant part in the history of the English people. In one shape or another the assembly of freemen for purposes of local legislation has always existed. The Puritans who colonized New England, there-

* Maine, *Village Communities*, London, 1871, p. 132.

* Stubbs, *Constitutional History*, i., 85.

fore, did not invent the town-meeting. They were familiar already with the proceedings of the vestry meeting and the manorial courts, but they were severed now from church and from aristocracy. So they had but to discard the ecclesiastical and lordly terminology, with such limitations as they involved, and to re-integrate the separate jurisdictions into one, and forthwith the old assembly of the township, founded in immemorial tradition, but revivified by new thoughts and purposes gained through ages of political training, emerged into fresh life, and entered upon a more glorious career.

The preservation of local self-government is of the highest importance for the maintenance of national life. As we contemplate the vicissitudes of local self-government in the various portions of the Aryan world, we see the contrasted fortunes of France and England illustrating for us most forcibly the significance of this truth. For the preservation of local self-government in England various causes may be assigned, but of these there are two which may be cited as especially prominent. In the first place, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the Teutonic settlement of Britain, the civilization of England previous to the Norman conquest was but little affected by Roman ideas or institutions. In the second place, the thrusting down of the old thegnhood by the Norman conquest (to which I have already alluded) checked the growth of a *noblesse* or *Adel* of the Continental type —a nobility raised above the common people like a separate caste. For the old thegnhood, which might have grown into such a caste, was pushed down into a secondary position, and the peerage which arose after the conquest was something different from a *noblesse*. It was primarily a nobility of office rather than of rank or privilege. The peers were those men who retained the right of summons to the Great Council, or Witenagemote, which has survived as the House of Lords. The peer was therefore the holder of a legislative and judicial office, which only one of his children could inherit, from the very nature of the case, and which none of his children could share with him. Hence the brothers and younger children of a peer were always commoners, and their interests were not remotely separated from those of other commoners. Hence, after the establishment of a House of Commons, their best chance for a political career lay in representing the interests of the people in the lower house. Hence between the upper and lower strata of English society there has always been kept up a circulation or interchange of ideas and interests, and the effect of this upon English history has been prodigious. While on the Continent a sovereign like Charles the Bold could use his nobility to extinguish the liberties of the merchant towns of Flanders, nothing of the sort was ever possible in England. Throughout the Middle Ages, in every contest between the people and the crown, the weight of the peerage was thrown into the scale in favor of popular liberties. But for this peculiar position of the peerage we might have had no Earl Simon; it is largely through it that representative government and local liberties have been preserved to the English race.

In France the course of events has brought about very different results. I shall defer to my next paper the consideration of the vicissitudes of local self-government under the Roman Empire, because that point is really incident upon the study of the formation of vast national aggregates. Suffice it now to say that when the Teutons overcame Gaul they became rulers over a population which had been subjected for five centuries to that slow but mighty process of trituration which the empire everywhere brought to bear upon local self-government. Moreover, while the Teutons in Britain enslaved their slightly Romanized subjects, and paid no attention to their language, religion, or customs, the Teutons in Gaul, on the other hand, quickly adopted the language and religion of their intensely Romanized subjects, and acquired to some extent their way of looking at things. Hence in the early history of France there was no such stubborn mass of old Aryan liberties to be dealt with as in the early history of England. Nor was there any powerful middle class distributed through the country to defend such liberties as existed. Beneath the turbulent throng of Teutonic nobles, among whom the king was only the most exalted and not always the strongest, there lay the Gallo-Roman population which had so long been accustomed to be ruled, without representation, by a distant government exercising its authority through innumerable prefects. Such Teutonic rank and file as there was

became absorbed into this population, and except in sundry chartered towns there was nothing like a social stratum interposed between the nobles and the common people.

The slow conversion of the feudal monarchy of the early Capetians into the absolute despotism of Louis XIV. was accomplished by the king gradually *conquering* his vassals one after another and adding their domains to his own. As one vassal territory after another was added to the royal domain, the king sent prefects, responsible only to himself, to administer its local affairs, sedulously crushing out, so far as possible, the last vestiges of self-government. The nobles, deprived of their provincial rule, in great part flocked to Paris to become idle courtiers. The means for carrying on the gigantic machinery of centralized administration, and for supporting the court in its follies, were wrung from the groaning peasantry with a cynical indifference like that with which tribute is extorted by barbaric princes from a conquered enemy. And thus came about that vile state of things which a century since was abruptly ended by one of the fiercest convulsions of modern times.

The prodigious superiority—in respect to national vitality—of a freely governed country over one that is governed by a centralized despotism is nowhere more brilliantly illustrated than in the contrasted fortunes of France and England as *colonizing* nations. When we consider the declared rivalry between France and England in their plans for colonizing the barbarous regions of the earth, when we consider that the military power of the two countries has been not far from equal, and that France has at times shown herself as a maritime power by no means to be despised, it seems to me that her overwhelming and irretrievable defeat by England in the struggle for colonial empire is one of the most striking and one of the most instructive facts in all modern history. In the struggle for the possession of North America, where the victory of England was so decisive as to settle the question for all coming time, the causes of the French failure are very plainly to be seen. The French colony in Canada was the most complete example of a despotic government that the world has ever seen. All the autocratic and bureaucratic ideas of Louis XIV. were here carried out without let or hinderance. It would be incredible, were it not attested by such abundant evidence, that the affairs of any people could be subjected to such minute and sleepless supervision as were the affairs of the French colonists in Canada. A man could not even build his own house, or rear his own cattle, or sow his own seed, or reap his own grain, save under the supervision of prefects acting under instructions from the home government. No one was allowed to enter or leave the colony without permission, not from the colonists, but from the king. No farmer could visit Montreal or Quebec without permission. No Huguenot could set his foot on Canadian soil. No public meetings of any kind were tolerated, nor were there any means of giving expression to one's opinions on any subject. The details of all this, which may be read in Mr. Parkman's admirable work on *The Old Régime in Canada*, make a wonderful chapter of history. Never was a colony, moreover, so loaded with bounties, so fostered, petted, and protected. The result was absolute paralysis, political and social. When, after a century of irritation and skirmishing, the French in Canada came to a life and death struggle with the self-governing colonists of New England, New York, and Virginia, the result for the French power in America was instant and irretrievable annihilation. The town-meeting pitted against the bureaucracy was like a Titan overthrowing a cripple. The historic lesson owes its value to the fact that this ruin of the French scheme of colonial empire was due to no accidental circumstances, but was involved in the very nature of the French political system. Obviously it is impossible for a people to plant beyond sea a colony which shall be self-supporting, unless it has retained intact the power of self-government at home. It is to the self-government of England, and to no lesser cause, that we are to look for the secret of that boundless vitality which has given to men of English speech the uttermost parts of the earth for an inheritance. The conquest of Canada first demonstrated this truth, and when—in the two following papers—we shall have made some approach toward comprehending its full import, we shall all, I think, be ready to admit that the triumph of Wolfe marks the greatest turning-point as yet discernible in modern history.

THE OLD-TIME SHOEMAKER.

A PAIR OF SHOES.

A GREAT naturalist said, "Show me a scale, I'll draw the fish." Had he been a shoemaker he might have said, "Show me a shoe, I'll tell the wearer." The sandal of the Arab, the tiny shoe of the high-bred woman of China, the wooden dancing-shoe of the Dutch, the high-heeled court slipper or the sensible walking shoes of the English and Americans, proclaim their nationality to the tyro. An amateur might not readily recognize the characteristics of different districts within a single nation, but the practiced designer must know that in the United States, for instance, your Northerner wants his shoe comfortable, neat, and stylish; the Southerner asks for something fancy and handsome; the agricultural West demands solidity, fullness, and an article stout to break the land for a coming population.

"A pair of shoes" is one of the most typical products of modern industry. To make them the animal kingdom contributes from the herds roaming on Western plains or South American pampas, or from the barn-yards near at home; the vegetable, from dotted groves of hemlock and oak or from the great forests still left to us. Great textile manufactories supply cloth and thread; mines, furnaces, and forges combine to furnish nails or wire. A hundred machines have been invented, one of which has changed the whole course

of a great industry and produced large cities. Through scores of processes, the forty-four pieces of a pair of shoes require to bring them together the co-operation of fifty men, women, and children; the division of labor is pursued to the utmost, demanding in turn for its successful maintenance the dispersion of product the world over; until, as a result, you, well-shod reader, can buy for three dollars what would have cost your forefather six.

As the reader buys a pair of shoes, his next pair may at the same moment be dodging the lasso of the "cow-boy" on some far-away plain, or perhaps be in process of slaughter at Chicago. The perishable beef promptly reaches the market, and one day soon you dine from a fat, juicy roast, little thinking as you smack your lips after dinner that the fine, pliable skin which once protected the delicate morsel may at some time contribute to your outward comfort. Stranger things have happened. The skins or hides meantime are salted, and the buyer of salted hides sends part of them, say, to Peabody, Massachusetts, to be tanned for upper-leather, and the rest to central New York, to be tanned for sole-leather.

There is little poetry in a herd of cattle by the time it arrives at a tannery, jolting along in the crazy tip-cart which is sometimes the property of these salubrious establishments, or perchance packed roof-high on some great vehicle, almost too heavy in itself for overworked horseflesh, without the addition of its heavy load. You would notice a lot of carefully folded, damp, hairy packages, occupying about a cubic foot each, tied about with a rope so precisely that even an apothecary might envy the exactness. Hides brought to the tannery in this condition are known as "wet salted." They are also transported, packed flat, in large bundles, with their scraggy edges looking the very climax of scragginess, and then they are called "dry salted."

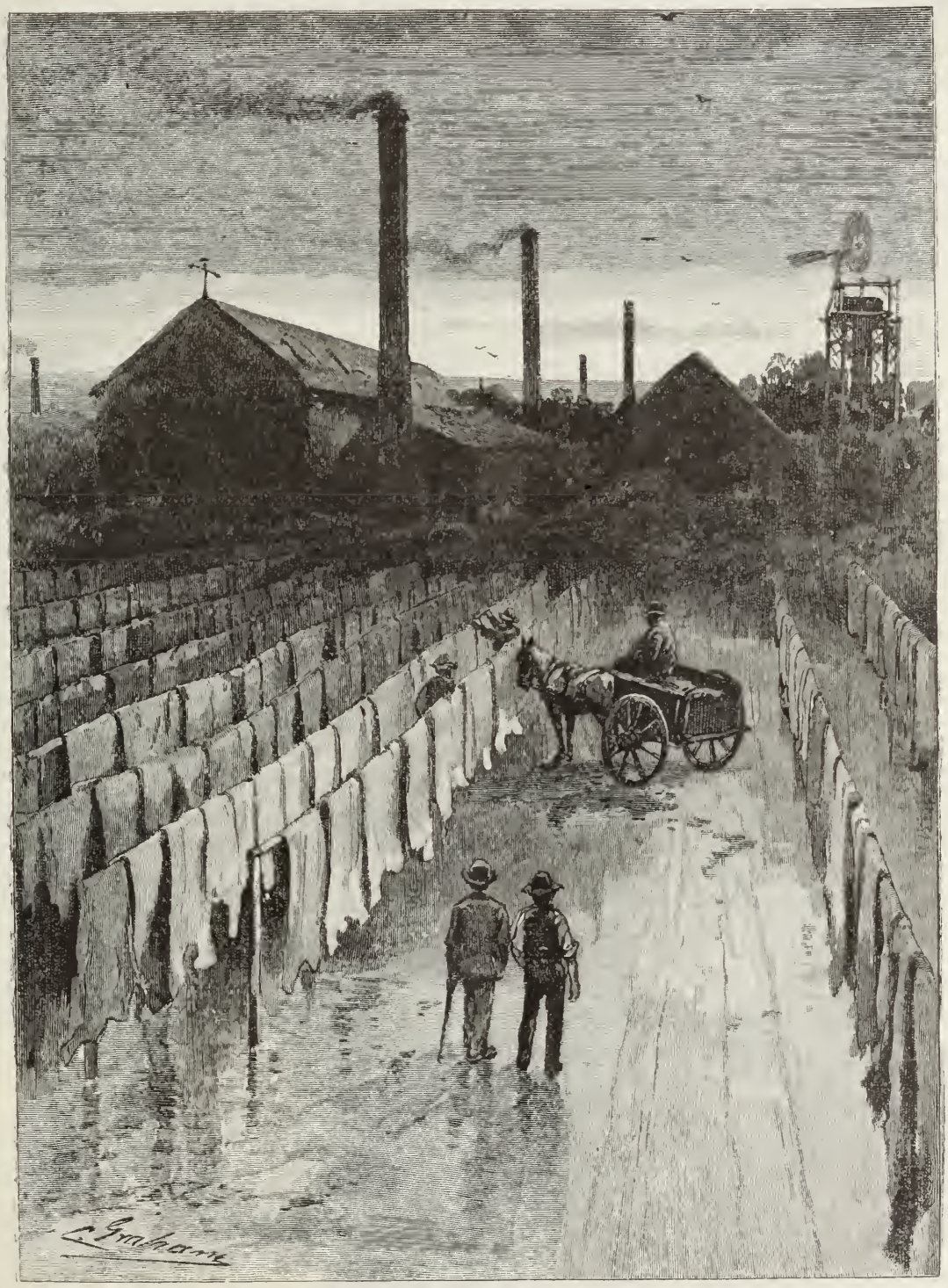
Almost every one has seen a tannery—generally an unadorned wooden structure; invariably painted leather-color to correspond with the exhausted bark which, with lawn-like smoothness, covers the land about the buildings. Its interior, with beams unfinished, has a doubtful-looking floor, and the planks look as treacherous as loose bricks in a Philadelphia sidewalk. Stand on which planks you will, they are all movable, and are merely temporary coverings for unsavory-looking liquids in "vats," or "pits," which, to say the least, are uninviting bath-tubs. In old times tanneries were largely "local industries," and in such near-by mountain regions as the Berkshires or the Catskills the summer explorer discovers in half-choked vats or picturesque, tumble-down, deserted buildings vestiges of a petty industry which flourished till all the accessible trees had been cut or recklessly robbed of their bark, and then disappeared, to give way to such modern centres of trade as Peabody, Massachusetts. Higher up in the mountains are still to be found half-rotted piles of timber or bark, stranded when the tide of industry ebbed away.

Let our hides come to the tannery "wet salted." The ropes are cut, and the hides are put into the great sunken boxes underneath the floor to soak in "water pits" for a few days. This "process of water" is necessary for soaking, milling, and softening the hide to get it into condition to receive the bark. After soaking, the hides are hung over a wooden "horse," and cut through the middle of the back to separate them into "sides." Some tanners then place them in the vats, and cover them up to take a "warm sweat" or a "cold sweat," the pungent moisture from the hides loosening the hair and scurf. The common method, however, is to place the hides for a few days in a solution of lime and water, not so strong as to let the skin get "lime-burned." This "liming" not only plumps, or swells, the hide, but if a skin is beginning to decompose or decay, tends to preserve it for tanning. After the hair-loosening the besmeared tip-cart again makes its appearance, splashed and spattered inside and out, driven by men whose business it is to spatter and be spattered, ready to take a load to the beam-house.

"Beaming," or unhairing, derives its name from an inclined convex wooden form called a "beam," on which the hide is spread during the operation. A blunted piece of iron, known as a "hide-worker," similar to a draw-shave, easily removes the hair after the hide is taken from the water where it was "dumped" after the liming. The beamsters, bending to their task, look as if they had taken in a large week's washing, and but for unsavory odors a beam-room might pass for a laundry. The hides are next "trimmed" with a knife to remove all the hard, harsh, or unnecessary parts on the edge of the skin,

and "green-shaving" in turn removes the roughness from the flesh side of the skin. To reduce all parts to an even thickness, in preparing upper-leather the shoulders

looking contrivance known as a "pin-wheel," a stout circular wooden box, in which they are churned about in warmish water, dropping upon stout wooden pins



THE TANNERY.

are cut off, as they are so much thicker than the rest of the skin that they would seriously interfere in the future processes of obtaining an even tannage, and also in an economical use of the skin by the purchaser. The hides next pass into a queer-

attached to the circumference. The mission of the lime, to preserve the hide and loosen the hair, is accomplished, and this washing in warm water is a preparation for "drenching," the first process of unliming.

To an observer it might seem that the whole process has been such a series of drenchings that more is unnecessary. To "drench," however, the hides are placed for six or eight hours in vats filled with a dissolved excrement, above which a line of large wooden "England wheels"—like the paddle-wheels of a steamer—in their revolution turn them over and over in the solution. The drenched hides, when taken from this "bate," are a second time worked over a beam, to remove the lime thoroughly and get them into the best possible condition to receive the bark.

To tread the wholesome-looking ground bark which covers the approach to the tan vats, after leaving the slippery, slimy, uncertain floor of the beam-room, is almost a luxury. The deep-colored "liquor," of ground oak or hemlock bark and water, looks inviting after the indescribable mixtures thus far used. Most tanners buy bark, which is now sold compressed like hay, and grind it in a bark mill, "leaching" the bark to obtain the liquor, but some use extracts. The hides to be colored or tanned, looking unnaturally white after their thorough cleansings, are placed in tanks of bark liquor to be "handled" by the revolutions of another England wheel, as in the drenching treatment. Becoming slightly colored, they are placed in large piles for a day or two to get them seasoned to take the bark. The plank flooring is removed from one of these long systems of vats, where the hides are laid away in strong bark liquor to receive the tannage. As each hide is spread out in the vat it is covered with some ground bark wet with water, as carefully as a good housewife sprinkles with sugar her choicest preserves. Hides remain in a "first layer" for six or eight days. The same process is repeated in a "second layer" in other vats for about two weeks, and in a third, or "splitting layer," for about four weeks, the temperature of the liquor being graduated for the different layers.

They are then hung out for a few days to partly dry, so that they can be evenly "split" by means of a machine constructed with iron rollers, which roll or force the hides against a long splitting-knife. This reduces all to an even thickness, the outside of the hide retaining the "grain," and the part cut off becoming a "split." The machine does not always do its work perfectly, so the hide is put upon a "flattening" or levelling board to pound out the thicker parts. Having been soaked in water, soaked in lime, soaked in bark, severed in twain, grains and splits together are again "pin-wheeled," preparatory to one final soaking in strong bark liquor, the parting salute of the tan-yard.

A near neighbor to the tannery, often a part of it, is the "currying shop." Splitting and flattening the hide after the "third layer" belong to currying, but these can be done so conveniently at the tannery that the extra transportation is saved. Hides brought to the currying, after having been properly split, flattened, pin-wheeled, and tanned out, are put under a "scourer," a machine constructed of a number of diminutive wheels, which are made to move powerfully and swiftly over the yet damp hide, placed on a substantial table surface, which can be made to roll about on a turn-table. "Scouring" is not wholly, as its name suggests, a cleansing process, for the resistless motion of the little wheels, pressing the hide firmly upon the table, and pushing in every direction, forces the stretch and wrinkles from the hide, so that the texture becomes finer and firmer. To tell the truth, it also stretches the hide to its greatest possibilities, so that if sold by surface foot it will have a greater market value. Any one who has "put down a carpet," and pushed and kicked in all directions from the middle to the edges of the room to make the carpet lie smooth, will have a "realizing sense" of the scouring process.

Hanging up to dry is quite important in seasoning leather, being supplementary to almost every step in currying; so, after scouring, the hides are hung out to dry for several hours, the time varying according to the amount of sunshine. When brought in, they are dampened for "stuffing," and remain dampened in piles for a whole day. The following day they are revolved in another of those great pin-wheels, kept warm by a certain proportion of melted tallow which is put in with the hides. It seems as if the designer of these clumsy-looking pin-wheels must have been own cousin to the architect of the Trojan horse, as two more ungainly pieces of workmanship never better performed the parts assigned to them. This time the hides are wheeled for half an hour, and laid by for a day or two to allow them to become well "stuffed" with the tallow. As taken from the piles they are put under a "setting-out" machine, doing similar

BEAMING.

work to that of the scourer, but more thorough. An experienced workman finishes the work of setting out by "shaping up" the hides, so that when hung up to dry again for three or four days they will retain a desired shape. The hides are "whitened" by scraping them with a whitening slicker, or knife, to get a fine surface ready for the blacking. To further prepare the

surface each one is held under a "glassing-jack"—a kind of bar or arm moving swiftly to and fro above a solid bed—and afterward a workman doubles them over by means of a board strapped to the arm, the "boarding" making them very pliable. To obtain the finish, the hides are blacked on the flesh side with a preparation of soap and lamp-black, spread with a stout brush, and again "glassed." They are "filled" with paste, glassed in the paste, hung up to dry, and have then only to be "gummed" and dried to become thoroughly finished wax leather, the serviceable leather for the upper parts of men's boots. The "split" leather is subjected to the same treatment, but does not make so smooth a finish, and betrays its fibrous roughness in wearing. Wax leather and wax calf are always finished on the flesh side, and the smooth or "grain" side is worn next the foot. A high, bright polish must be made on the grain side of a skin. Pebble grain, glove grain, and straight grain are finished on the grain side, but the process of putting a firm finish upon large, heavy leather often weakens or "rots" it.

That part of our herd sent to central New York, destined for sole-leather, escaped many of the tan-yard processes necessary for upper-leather, and all the violence of currying. Sole-leather needs a heavier tannage than upper-leather. It is invariably sold by the pound, and the more tan which can be soaked into it without injuring the quality, the better the profit for the producer. Upper-leather, on the other hand, is sold by the foot or pound, according to its finish. Sole-leather is valued for its fine grain and toughness, as every step of the consumer wears something from it. Leather used in the upper part of a shoe must be pliable, well-stretched, and not in the least brittle. Sole-leather is tanned to firmness where upper-leather is stretched to firmness. Sole-leather retains the whole thickness of the hide, and there is no part split off. The flesh side of the hide is the toughest, and every time a "split" of flesh is taken off it weakens the hide.

"Morocco" manufacture deals with the little goat and sheep skins for ladies' wear. Goat-skins in their raw state come to the market "dry salted." They are soaked, limed, unhaired, and tanned in a similar manner to large skins, but they are tanned with sumac and gambier instead of with coarse bark, as these produce softer finishes. Being small, compact, and of fine texture, they are desirable for high finishes, which do not "crack" if the skin is properly treated in tanning. Goat-skins retain the whole of the grain and flesh, except thin shavings of flesh removed from the back and neck to procure even thickness. Glove finishes on small skins are generally procured by "alum-tanning." The unapproachable French kid and French glove leather are fruits of years of experiment, and to rival their excellent quality is the laudable aim of progressive morocco manufacturers everywhere. The skin of a wool-bearing animal, or sheep-skin, is inferior in quality or service to a goat-skin. Its texture is loose or "spongy," absorbing liquors so readily that it can be tanned in a short time. It absorbs moisture in the same manner in wearing, so that in wet countries it is ill adapted to hard service. Sheep-skins are used for linings and facings in almost every pair of shoes made, and the best selections only are used to make upper-leather. We buy most of our South American sheep-skins from England "in the pickle," as a high duty on wool makes it cheaper to have the "wool-pulling" done in England, and let the skins come to us as our raw material. The English thus have a great hold on the wool-pulling and sheep-skin market, and, further, their famous Southdown sheep furnish us with our "skivers." The skiver is a large-sized split sheep-skin used for linings and facings.

Small skins are finished on the grain side, being "glazed" or "figured" as desired. Sometimes a kid finish is used, sometimes a pebbled figure, and often the poor sheep are made to masquerade as alligators. The race of alligators and seals would long ago have been exterminated to satiate fashion's demands for fancy-colored leathers for reticules and portmanteans had not the docile goat or sheep again appeared in history as a sacrifice. "Russia leather," too, is not now an unknown quantity in the accomplishments of the American tanner. The late Hon. Marshall Jewell, one of America's most distinguished leather merchants, when Minister to St. Petersburg, accepted an invitation to visit a tannery. In the course of the inspection he noticed a mixture in some barrels in an obscure part of the building, into which he dipped his fingers, prompted no doubt by a practical curiosi-

ty. On returning to his apartments he discovered on his hand the odor of Russia leather as the result of his experiment. He afterward learned that the liquor contained asafœtida and birch tar, and that the materials used were selected because of their cheapness, and not because they produced a peculiar fragrance. He sent home several barrels of the ingredients, but in the mean time a Russian knowing the secret of the manufacture had come to New York, and, after attempting to set up a manufactory of his own, entered the service of an American firm, who with others have since developed the manufacture so that little is now imported from Russia.

Tanning in all its departments is largely experimental. A tannery is a great laboratory, and even experienced tanners differ in their opinions of treatment. There are diverse opinions as to the relative value of liming or sweating, pin-wheeling, milling, green-shaving or "fleshing," and whether "sewed" or "open-tanned" goat-skins are preferable. Leather for gloves, harnesses, belting, and all kinds of novelties is tanned in similar manner to leather for shoes, although the processes differ in slight degrees as best adapted for the required use.

To mention whence we derive our skins would be to name almost every agricultural nation, isle of the sea, mountain fastness, or great plain in the world's geography. Mexico, South America, India, Persia—anywhere that four-footed beast treads, that nation kills to eat, and preserves the skin to sell. According to the annual report of the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department, we imported for the year ending June 30, 1883, 13,142,761 pounds of leather, chiefly fine French and German calf-skins of high price, valued at $8,235,053. Our export of sole, upper, and other such leather for the same period was 28,593,894 pounds, valued at $6,038,097. Our export of morocco and other fine leather was valued at $385,825 more. Heavy leather is and will be our hold on the leather export trade. In addition, every head of cattle "tossed on stormy sea" is covered with an American hide to be tanned on European soil.

For domestic use, sole-leather is sent from a tannery in large rolls of a number of "sides" each. Manufacturers of shoes formerly cut their own sole-leather; but the adoption of a factory system caused such a difference in grades that it was necessary to "sort" leather after cutting to procure uniform weight. Most manufacturers now buy "cut" leather from firms who make it their business to cut and sort leather. They buy the sides of leather, and cut them into "strips" by means of a long straight knife, moved by a treadle or by steam, known as a "stripping machine." The width of the strip is determined by contact with movable pins which regulate the "size" or length of the sole. The curved outline of the sole is cut by passing the strips beneath two curved sliding or revolving knives in a "sole-cutting machine." These two were the pioneer shoe machines. "Sorting" leather properly is no mean accomplishment, as it requires a man who so thoroughly understands leather that he can quickly tell to which grade each piece belongs. Several grades of leather can be sorted from a single side. When leather-sorting first became a separate employment, some men earned the fabulous wages of fifty to eighty dollars a week; but at the present time the business has become so settled that in most instances a man earns no more than good day wages. Before cutting, sole-leather is sold by the pound, and varies in price from twenty to forty cents. After cutting, soles are sold by the pair, all the way from ten to thirty-five cents. The average side will yield about thirty-five or forty pairs of soles, according to the width and size of the sole. South American hides are much prized for sole-leather, Buenos Ayres being a great market, but many tanners prefer a Western hide above all others. Hemlock and oak leather are technical names given to describe the kind of bark used in tannage. "Union" leather designates a combination of oak and hemlock tannage. Leather once tanned is also sometimes "refinished" with gambier or some other substances to make it a light color for delicate finishes.

Upper-leather is sold by the pound, the square foot, and by the dozen skins. The surface measurement of a skin is generally found by placing it beneath a "frame," from the sides of which cords are stretched into squares, and the squares covered show the number of quarter feet in the skin. Measurement is also taken by means of an ingenious machine on which the skin is laid. It displaces wooden pins from a perforated cover, registering on an indicator the *weight* of those pins remaining to determine the number

of *feet* the skin measures. Wax finishes, such as calf splits, and wax leather, which, it will be remembered, are finished on the flesh side, are sold by the pound. Grain leather, goat, glove calf, kid, and best grades of sheep-skin, of domestic manufacture, are sold by the square foot. Imported kid and glove calf-skins are usually sold by the dozen, varying in price according to size and quality. Sheep-skins used for facings and linings are sold by the dozen. Serges, lastings, ducks, drills flannels, beavers, and all kinds of cloths are sold by the yard. Strapping, staying, and all kinds of binding are sold by the gross. The houses which sell these different component parts of a shoe are known as leather, stock, or finding dealers. They in large part compose the great shoe district of Boston—those few busy streets including a great supply depot for every branch of this extensive industry.

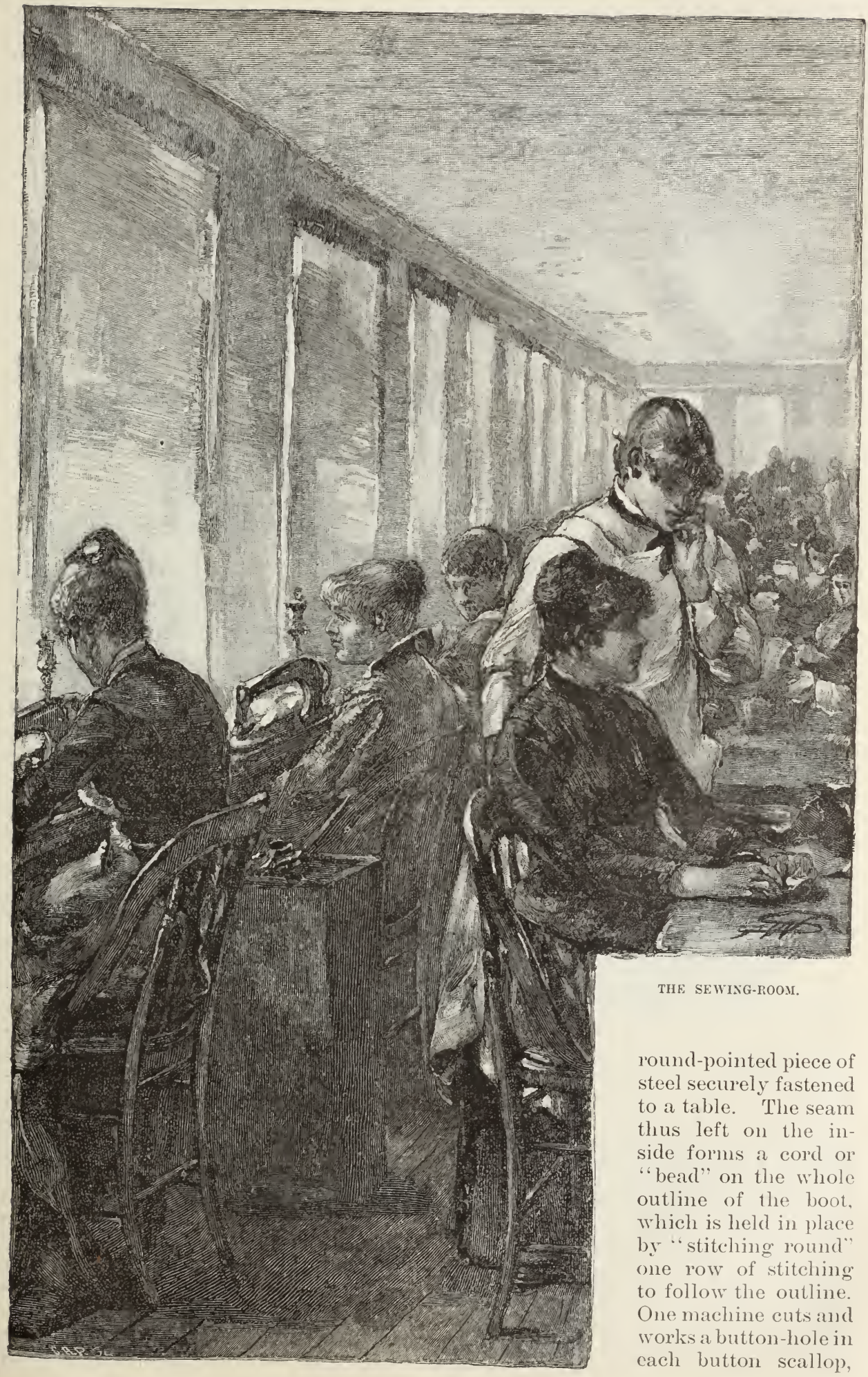
The whole aim of tanning is to get hides and skins properly conditioned so that in their different qualities of upper and sole leather they can be so arranged, by sewing different pieces together, that the space inclosed shall be the shape of the human foot. To accomplish this end most perfectly, swiftly, and economically, patterns, tools, and machines of every description are used.

The essentials of a shoe are the upper, the sole, the counter or heel stiffening, and the heel. These again can be so subdivided that the upper is found to consist, as in the case of a button boot, of a "vamp" to cover the front part of the foot, a large and small "quarter" to encircle the ankles, and a button piece to fasten the shoe around the foot. The sole in a machine-made shoe would mean a sole, an inner sole, shank piece, and whatever other orthodox or unorthodox composition the demand of the market would make available.

Perhaps in tracing the process of manufacture it will be most interesting to follow in all its details the completion of that next "pair of shoes" for which one of the hides sent to central New York has been carefully seasoned for sole-leather by the different processes of tannage. To make your purchase as nearly as possible a domestic product, you use for the upper a kid-skin, which, though South American by birth, is entitled to citizenship by finish and adoption.

The progress of a pair of ladies' button shoes is the most interesting of any in the whole shoe manufacture. The glossy kid-skin in all its perfection is spread on a "cutting board," and the shoe "cutter," with knife in hand, glances over the skin to see just where he can most profitably place his patterns. This experienced artisan explains to you that he must avoid cutting the "way of the stretch," and that the vamp, large quarter, small quarter, and button piece have peculiar uses for which different parts of the skin are adapted. He will cut you two pieces of lining from drilling, a top stay, button stay, heel stay, and button-piece lining from sheep-skin for each shoe, when you will be astonished to find that it requires twenty pieces to cover the upper part of your feet. This workman is distinctively a "hand-worker," and you could pick him out on the streets of a shoe city by the protuberance on the back of the wrist, which, in common with a barber and a dentist, he develops by the necessities of his deft and muscle-needing work.

The first clatter of machinery is heard in a room which is "all windows," where "girls," who are always girls, no matter the age, sit with eyes and hands busy at sewing-machines. No longer the "stitch, stitch, stitch" of the weary binder, but machines speeded at the rate of six hundred stitches in a minute! Their introduction came early in the "golden age" of invention, and with the advent of sole-cutting and sewing-machines, foot-power began to assert its rising importance. Now even the foot is relieved, and the machines are run almost altogether from steam shafting. In this "stitching-room" the small quarter and button piece are "closed" on the large quarter, the seams are "rubbed down" on the inside, and a "stay" is sewed over the inside of the seam with a row of stitching on each side. The different parts of the lining are stitched together in similar manner, when outside and lining are passed along to be "closed on." A small cut on the front of the lining is the only guide by which an experienced "closer-on" knows where to begin her work, yet as with accurate eye and practiced hand the needle and "trimming knife" follow the winding outline, it seems as if she must be following a traced pattern. Lining and outside are stitched together on the wrong side, and to get them right side out, a "corder" forms the top and button scallops over a



THE SEWING-ROOM.

round-pointed piece of steel securely fastened to a table. The seam thus left on the inside forms a cord or "bead" on the whole outline of the boot, which is held in place by "stitching round" one row of stitching to follow the outline. One machine cuts and works a button-hole in each button scallop,

doing the work so regularly that an exacting seamstress would not hesitate to commend it. After the "vamp" has been joined to the quarters by two or three rows of stitching, there is no use to look for more pieces, because they have all been sewed together. They have become an "upper." Perhaps you may wonder at the swiftly moving machines, but if you will look at your watch you will wonder still more to find that this whole stitching has been done in fifteen minutes—scarcely more than a dressmaker would have taken in making a single hand-made button-hole in a new dress. Some inventor watched this process, and supplemented it in 1882 with a machine to sew on the buttons!

The "last" of shoemaking is an important factor in securing perfect shoes, and unless it is in fashion shoes might as well be made on an ill-shaped stick. Patterns and lasts are so carefully graded for different sizes and widths of feet that it is no end of expense to change them to follow the caprice of fashion. From hats to shoes it is one thing to-day, another to-morrow. A well-fitted manufactory must carry a variety of perhaps fifty different kinds of lasts and patterns, each style having, say, nine sizes, or eighteen lasts when rights and lefts are used. If shoes are made "on the last," each "set" consists of sixty pairs of "followers" additional. One manufacturer will sometimes have from three to five thousand pairs of lasts. These must be changed with each change of fashion, at a cost of some hundreds of dollars. Innumerable combinations of stock and varieties of finish can be planned for as many samples as desired.

Preparing the sole for the last is called "stock-fitting." Leather destined for the bottom or sole of a shoe, in order to cut, die, split, and mould easily, must be properly "tempered" by dampening it. Now called "stock," each sole is subjected to pressure between two rapidly revolving rollers, so as to make it solid, and then rolled through a splitting machine to reduce it to an even thickness. By means of "dies," or sole-shaped knives, in a die-machine, required shapes, sizes, and widths are cut out. Before the use of dies, soles were "rounded out" by hand to follow the shape of a tin pattern, and even the tin pattern was a marvel in its day. Prior to its use the old-time shoemaker guessed at the shape to make the sole. Tin patterns and dies settled the question of uniformity of shape, and made it possible to produce in large quantities shoes similar to samples. The stitching uniting the sole to the upper in a machine-made shoe runs in a "groove" made by a "channelling machine." Sometimes a "sole-rounder" is used, an ingeniously contrived equipment of recent invention, in using which the sole is clamped upon an iron form. By one simple motion well-poised knives follow the shape of the form, cutting instead of dieing the sole, and making the channel groove at the same time. A small shaving from the flesh side is taken off by a "feather-edging machine" to make the edge lighter than the rest of the sole. An edge worked down to the least possible thickness is a test of good workmanship in hand-made goods, as the thickest part of the leather is needed only in the central part of the foot, where the wear comes. To hollow the shank and round it into a genteel shape, the sole is subjected to a pressure of one or two tons between two heavy iron "moulds." Every machine-made shoe also has an "inner sole" died out or moulded to correspond in shape with the "outer sole."

We have now seen the hide or skin become by successive steps a "side," a piece of "leather," "stock," and "sole." Such are the many important changes at the tannery, at the sole-cutter's, and thus far in the shoe factory, which have been necessary to prepare the skins, so that at a proper moment the upper and sole can be united to make a shoe.

"Lasting" your "pair of shoes" properly requires a skilled workman, and is a process which through years of wonderful invention has stood invulnerable against any improvement over an honest pair of hands. There are many chances for variation in stitching an upper, and no matter how carefully patterns are graded, or how smoothly skins are cut, the least difference in meeting the seams may destroy the whole proportion. A workman with a true eye can often counteract "stretchy stock," and cover up the deficiencies of the stitcher so that the upper will be a "snug fit" to every part of the last. Two or three inventors, however, claim to have discovered this philosopher's stone, but there is no machine for fine work which has yet stood the test of an exacting market. The laster is about the only shoemaker left who can still talk fondly of his "kit." He owns his post, his jack, his

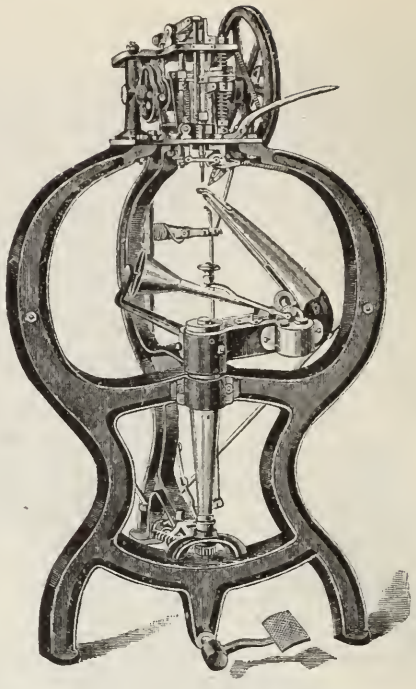
THE LASTER.

hammer, his pincers, and his awl, but progress has deprived almost every other son of St. Crispin of his peculiar emblems. Even while glorying in the ingenuity about you, these relics of the past are quite refreshing. The laster with his pincers pulls the upper tightly over an iron-bottomed wooden last, the inner sole is adjusted, a dampened piece of leather, half spherical in shape, called a counter, or stiffening, is inserted at the heel between the outside and lining, and sharp-pointed little tacks, clinched by the iron bottom of the last, are driven at intervals to hold the upper in place. The laster supplies the tacks from his mouthful of them, and his pincers have a hammer head which drives them in. His flattened thumb is also an important tool to him, and is his distinguishing mark among

his fellow-craftsmen. A "steel shank" is also inserted to assist in keeping the shank of the shoe in desired shape. The outer sole is applied by a "nail tacker," and this workman, by the assistance of his machine, can "lay the soles" for a dozen lasters. Lasters apply the sole to the upper, but do not unite them.

When the great problem of stitching the sole to the upper was solved, the little shoemakers' shops disappeared before the march of the sewing-machine, that revolutionizing influence which has made famous the humble pursuit of the cobbler. A resistless combination of cog-wheels, so arranged above a heavy frame-work as to drive an awl-like needle through half an inch or more of tough pieces of leather, has built great factories and made thriving cities. A swift workman was he who could sew soles to a pair of shoes in fifteen minutes' time, yet this wonderful piece of mechanism can sew six hundred pairs within the limits of a working-day. The machine which does this work must feed a waxed thread in any direction, so that the shoe rests not on a table but over the end of a horn, from within which the thread, previously waxed, is supplied, after being heated by a gas-jet within the horn. By letters patent, for many years the company controlling the machine collected a royalty from persons who used it, and one large manufacturer paid in a single year the sum of fifteen thousand dollars for the privilege of using thirteen of them. A McKay stamp, like a postage stamp, was in these times attached to each pair of shoes made on this machine. With several hundred in use, the corporation paid a fancy dividend for many years that was more than the original value of the stock. Rivers have attracted capitalists to build acres of mills on their banks, but this machine has made cities and large towns anywhere.

The fine outline of a shoe depends largely on the iron lasts and corresponding forms of a "beating-out machine," between which, after the channel groove has been filled with naphtha cement, the sole of the shoe is subjected to enormous pressure. The edge of the sole is yet in a rough state, but sliding knives or revolving cutters in "trimming" machines pare off unnecessary parts, so as to leave a bevel, round, or square edge. To rival the high finish on the upper-leather, blacking is then applied to the original leather-color of the edge, and when dry "burnished,"



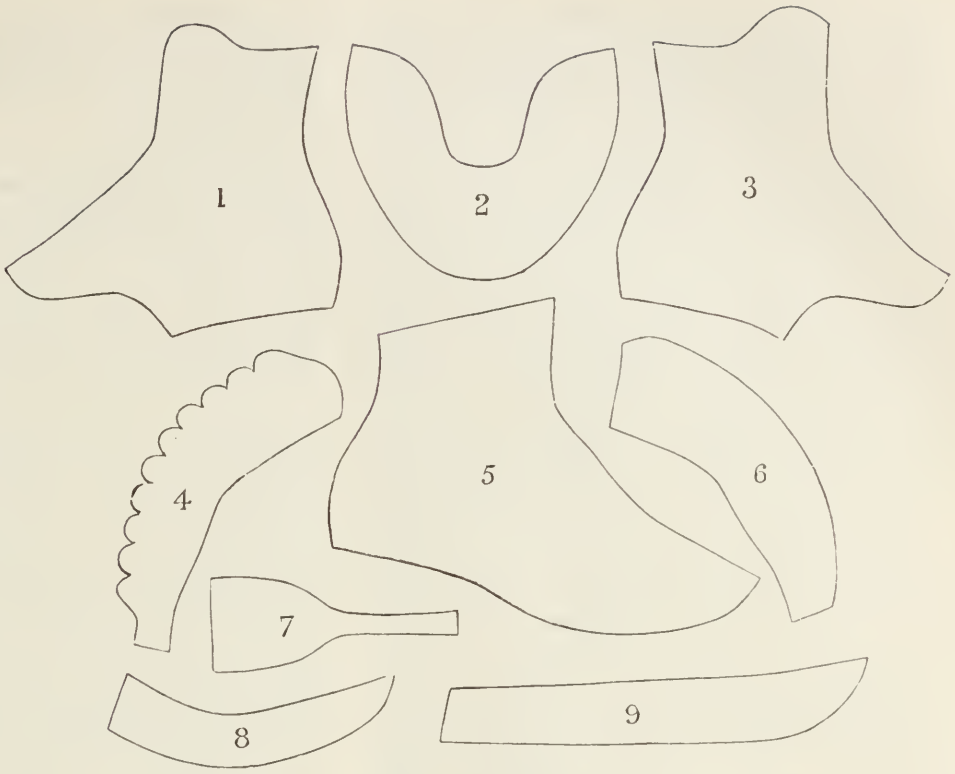
THE McKAY SHOE-SEWING MACHINE.

or "set," by coming in contact with a swiftly moving "edge-iron" corresponding in shape with the cutters. Burnishing is burning blacking into the sole, whether done by heated irons or by friction. After edge-setting the sole is held against a cylinder covered with sand-paper, revolving at the rate of twenty-five hundred times a minute, which in a twinkling "buffs" the grain of the leather, leaving it white and velvety. The action of the sand-paper creates a "nap." The edge of leather can be cut the whole length of the side with no perceptible change in color, but sand-paper applied to the surface changes it at once.

A shoe without a heel would be as great an anomaly as a ship without a rudder. Whether French, medium, or "common-sense," an appropriate heel has much to do with the beauty of the product. A number of "lifts," cut out of a piece of leather by means of heel dies, are tacked into a pile and punctured with small holes to be filled with nails by light-fingered operatives. A wedge-shaped "rand" is put under the heel lifts to make the heel level, and the crude heel is pressed upon the "heel seat" of the shoe by a nailing machine. This drives the nails firmly into the sole, and by the movement of a curved "shave" cuts off enough leather to leave a well-formed heel. The front of the heel is cut smooth by a "breasting" machine, and quartz-covered wheels "scour" off the

roughness left after shaving. Blacking is applied to this prepared surface, and brilliantly polished by the heated iron of a burnishing machine to finish the heel.

The heel top is buffed to correspond with the sole, and the bottom is further prepared for finish by being thoroughly scoured with an emery pad. Attached to a small countershaft is a stiff circular brush, and after a coat of "finish" is applied to the bottom of the sole, a "brusher" holds it against the brush to produce a "hard finish." No longer does each shoe "paddle its own canoe," as two are now mated and tied into a pair. To paste a kid lining over the inner sole to prevent soiling the stocking in wearing is all that remains for the "makers" before the shoes are sent to the packing-room. There the trade-mark is stamped into the sole by a monogram machine, the shoes are buttoned up by "trimmers," carefully laid away in a neat little pasteboard carton by a "packer," and handed to you as your next "pair of shoes."

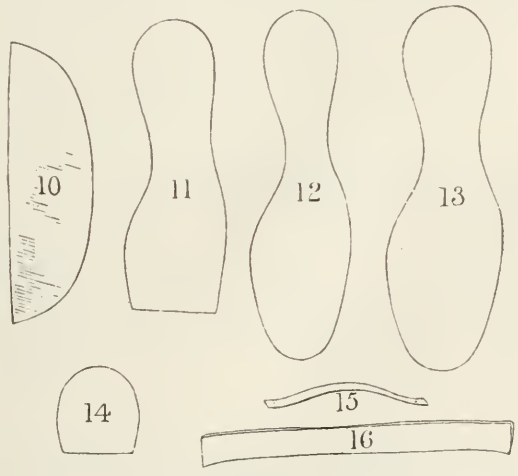


PIECES OF A SHOE.

The Upper: 1, Large quarter. 2, Vamp. 3, Small quarter. 4, Button piece. 5, Drill lining. 6, Glove button-piece lining. 7, Heel lining stay. 8, Button stay. 9, Top stay.

With two soles, two inner soles, two stiffenings, two steel shanks, two rands, a dozen heel lifts, and two sole linings added to the twenty pieces in the upper, the pair of shoes required forty-four separate pieces. Besides this there would be as many as thirty lasting tacks, twelve heel nails, and twenty buttons, making over one hundred distinct pieces, to omit entirely the silk used in stitching the upper and the well-waxed thread which sewed the sole.

If a shoe could be "kept in the air" from the time the knife of the cutter divided the skin until finished, your most approved button boot could be thoroughly cut, stitched, and made in a well-appointed factory in less than two hours' time. Mr. Parnell,



PIECES OF A SHOE.

10, Heel stiffener. 11, Sole lining. 12, Inner sole. 13, Outer sole. 14, Heel lifts (6). 15, Steel shank. 16, Rand.

THE COMPLETED SHOE.

when in this country, asked to see a shoe made in a Yankee shoe factory. A large lace or "Polish" boot was the style selected, and twenty minutes after he began pursuing the hurrying workmen the shoe was presented to him completed. It is not practicable to make quantities of shoes thus hurriedly at the expense of drying and seasoning, but there are few well-conducted factories which have not "snap" enough to make a single pair of samples at half a day's notice if necessary. Orders in large quantities are generally filled in about four weeks, as a factory running full time needs that much work in process.

There are many interesting machines used in addition to those mentioned, especially in the manufacture of men's and boys' goods*—the crimping-machine, for instance, to crimp heavy leather; the pegging-machines, which cut their own pegs before driving them; and in place of sewing, the "screw-nailing" machine, which with a whirl and a thump drives a screw-nail severed from a coil of brass wire through the thickest of tough leather. A lasting-machine has also been used with success on heavy work. Wax finishes are so generally used for men's shoes that "treeing" and "dressing" with gum and blacking as the final process in finishing are important.

As the result of one year's manufacturing, our people required, for 1880, 6,831,661 sides of sole-leather, 21,147,656 sides and skins of upper-leather, besides leather sold by weight to the amount of 32,960,614 pounds. This supply was sufficient to make 125,478,511 pairs of boots and shoes, or a little more than two pairs each for every man, woman, and child in the United States. One such place as Lynn would perhaps require for weekly supply the slaughter of four thousand cattle, ten thousand goats, fifteen thousand sheep, the manufacture of fifty thousand yards of cotton cloth, nearly a ton of silk and thread of every kind, two or three tons of nails and tacks, besides general supplies of every description which enter into the composition of shoes.

The table shows the leading facts of the great branches of the leather industry, to which might be added a few "patent-leather" manufactories and other small divisions of the trade.

Statistics from United States Census, 1880.

	Tanning.	Currying.	Morocco Dressing.	Shoe Manufacturing.
Whole Number of Establishments.	3,105	2,319	202	1,959
Persons employed	23,812	11,053	5,395	111,152
Capital	$50,222,054	$16,878,520	$6,266,237	$42,994,028
Wages	$9,204,243	$4,845,413	$2,441,372	$43,001,438
Material	$85,949,207	$59,306,509	$11,063,265	$102,442,442
Wages and Material	$95,153,450	$64,151,922	$13,504,637	$145,443,880
Value of Product	$113,348,346	$71,351,297	$15,399,311	$166,050,354
Wages per Employé	$386.53	$438.32	$452.34	$387.21

Less than one-half the number of shoe establishments paid two and one-half times the amount of wages of tanning, currying, and morocco establishments combined. It required 111,152 persons, however, to make into shoes the leather which 40,260 persons prepared for use.

* The continuous development of machinery is shown by the dates at which prominent machines came into use. The date given in every instance is as near as possible to the time when the machines ceased to be experimental and became accepted successes:

Uncertain.—Rolling-machine, hand-power; steam-power applied in 1851.
1840.—Sole-leather "separating" machine.
1844.—Sole-leather "stripping" machine, succeeded by "splitting" machine.
1844.—Sole-cutting machine, foot-power; steam-power applied in 1857.
1845–7.—Dies used for hammering out.
1851.—Howe sewing-machine used for stitching shoes by a Worcester (Massachusetts) manufacturer.
1851.—Die-machine, foot-power; steam-power and revolving die-block applied in 1857.
1855.—Buffing or sand-papering machine.
1857.—Pegging-machine.
1859.—Splitting-machine.
1862.—McKay sole-sewing machine.
1864.—Self-feeding eyeleting machine, foot-power.
1866.—Sole-moulding machine.
1867.—Beating-out machine.
1870–1.—Hotkit heel-burnishing machine.
1871.—Edge-trimming machine.
1872.—Cable-nailing machine; succeeded by standard screw machine in 1876.
1874.—Edge-setting machine.
1880.—Sole-rounding machine.
1882.—Lasting-machine on men's work.
1882.—Button-fastening machine.
1884.—Patents taken out for lasting-machines, yet untried.

The wages in the shoe factories are proportionally the largest, because the average includes 3483 children in the shoe department, and only 726 in tanning, currying, and morocco-dressing combined. Women, also, to the number of 25,122 are employed in the shoe manufacture, and only 473 in the leather establishments. These distinctively factory estimates do not include the persons who work on shoes in fifteen thousand custom and repair shops, and who add several millions of dollars to the gross product. A large proportion of this class are their own "masters," as the Germans express it of their own shoemakers, and it would be incorrect to quote wages in which there might be a sprinkling of profit also. Colonel Wright, of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics, selects four hundred and sixty representative shoe manufacturing establishments in the State, and in his table develops the interesting facts that the average annual earnings are $381 58, that three millions of dollars more are paid in wages in the year than the capital invested, and that about three-quarters of the employés are men. He makes the average day earnings of shoe employés $1 41 per day, and those employed in different branches of leather $1 50, explicitly stating that this is the average for "men, women, and children."

The table below tells the history of the shoe trade for the last thirty years. In it we see again the old shoemaker of 1850, pounding out his $205 43, without the aid of steam-power or ingenious machines. Ten years later, in 1860, his work is lightened, and though he may not toil in a factory, machines have so simplified his work that with less labor he earns $251 48. The civil war ended, he returns with folded tent to find the old shop locked, and wide-swung factory doors inviting him to become master of a powerful machine. With it he toys a few hours each day, and in 1870 earns $463 50 (currency), or, figured in gold, according to the census directions, $370 80. "Black Fridays" come apace; he makes more shoes than are worn out; he does more work for less money, and in 1880 earns $387 21. In 1884 he is looking about him, talking about the country being too small to keep him employed, preparing to push into other markets, and determined that in 1890 or 1900 Uncle Sam's census shall credit him with more earnings. Thus has machinery lightened his toil, improved his manner of living, and given to him in 1880 almost double the wages of 1850.

In addition to the evidence of these compilations, there may be mentioned some influences in the trade which it is not the province of the general statistician to recognize. A gradual reduction in the number of working months of shoe operatives, caused by the ease with which labor-saving machinery can supply the market, has made the shoemaker somewhat *migratory* in his pursuit. If there is not full work at his regular place of employment he uses his spare hours in another factory, or, as is often the case in shoe-manufacturing cities, works for half the season in a factory supplying the Western market, and in a factory supplying the New England market the other half of the season. Sometimes, too, men begin a season in New York and finish in some Massachusetts shoe city. It is not uncommon for a man to "hold a job" in each of two small factories, and be returned as an employé in two factories. He would thus increase the number of employés and decrease the average wages. This migrating is done in hundreds of instances by men, women, and children operatives, and is a peculiarity whose effect it would be impossible to estimate. No doubt there are hundreds of persons who in this way increase their annual wages to six hundred dollars, seven hundred, or even more.

Statistics from United States Census.

	General Boot and Shoe Industry.				Special Factory Statistics.†	
	1850.	1860.	1870.*	1880.	1870.*	1880.
Whole Number of Establishments...	11,305	12,487	23,428	17,972	3,151	1,959
Persons employed	105,254	123,029	135,889	133,819	91,702	111,152
Capital	$12,924,919	$23,358,527	$48,994,366	$50,995,144	$37,519,019	$42,994,028
Wages	$21,622,608	$30,938,920	$51,972,712	$54,358,301	$42,504,444	$43,001,438
Materials used	$23,848,374	$42,729,649	$93,582,528	$114,966,575	$80,502,718	$102,442,442
Wages and Materials	$45,470,982	$73,668,569	$145,555,240	$169,324,876	$123,007,162	$145,443,880
Value of Product	$53,967,408	$91,891,498	$181,644,090	$196,920,481	$146,704,055	$166,050,354
Wages per Employé	$205.43	$251.48	$382.46	$381.07	$463.50	$387.21

* Currency.

† There were no special factory statistics before 1870.

If this great army of workers could have steady employment through all the months of the year, instead of having little or no work during certain inevitable "dull months," a more remarkable comparison than this could be made. The wages of shoe operatives, although they have always earned more than the "old-fashioned shoemaker," have been practically decreasing for a number of years, by reason of the constantly increasing number of large factories to flood the home market. There has been a strong tendency all over the country to get as many people under one roof as possible. According to the census of 1870 there was an average of twenty-nine people in every shoe factory, and in 1880 fifty-six people. The result of this ambition has been that such factories as employ a number of hundred hands have kept up a constant warfare for the ascendency. This has made the actual working-time much less, and the average yearly wages have therefore decreased. It has engendered a strong competition to sell goods—to sell at a good profit if possible, but to sell anyway. When machinery was first introduced it was possible for a workman to earn thirty or forty dollars each week, and even girls in the stitching-rooms could earn fifteen or eighteen dollars weekly, without working "early and late" to earn "fancy wages." As long as there was a demand for as many shoes as could be made, operatives practically named their own wages and number of working hours. When a manufacturer could get a good profit himself, he did not care to meddle with the wages question any more than to "bid higher" if workmen were scarce. When he made shoes so fast that the "shoe began to pinch," and workmen had to be "cut down" to meet the market, there commenced "strikes," which had never been known before except in seasons of great financial depression. As wages have declined, operatives have worked harder and longer to earn the same amount. Most of the work is "piece-work," so that to ambitious operatives decrease of pay means increase of work. The same number of persons in 1875 made three times as many shoes as in 1845.*

Our English cousins are great shoe manufacturers, and they, too, have factories where hundreds of workmen are employed by a single firm. They have their "clickers," or cutters, lasters, riveters, finishers, who are paid by the piece or week, corresponding in a marked degree with our own system of payment. A comparison is quite interesting, although there is less division of labor in England. An American laster, for instance, merely draws the upper over the last, and his part is done; but the English laster draws the upper to the last, puts the soles on, puts down the channels, builds and squares up the heels. This one process is a good illustration of the difference in manner of manufacture in the two countries. American labor-saving machinery and improved methods increase wages and decrease cost of production. Wages are high-

* The following interesting incidents are gleaned from the concise history of the boot and shoe trade contained in the United States census for 1870:

In 1629 Thomas Beard took passage for Massachusetts with a supply of hides, being accredited to the Governor of the colony by a company in London, at a salary of £10 per annum, with the recommendation of a grant of fifty acres of land where he should be directed to settle.

In 1635 Philip Kertland, the first Lynn shoemaker, arrived.

In 1648 the shoemakers of the Massachusetts colony were invested by the General Court with the privileges of an incorporated company, or guild, with the power to regulate their trade for three years.

In 1721 shoemakers in Pennsylvania were prohibited by an act of Assembly from taking more than 6*s.* 6*d.* for a pair of good, plain, well-made men's shoes, and 5*s.* for a pair of women's shoes. The same act prescribed the manner of making them, and forbade the use of neats and calf leather in the uppers of the same boot or shoe, or any sheep-skin uppers when made for sale.

In 1750 John Adam Dagyr, a Welshman, settled in Lynn, by whose superior skill domestic workmen were taught how to make shoes nearly equal to those imported.

In 1802, and again in 1812, the London Society of Arts awarded premiums for machines which should enable shoemakers to work in a standing position, thereby relieving pressure upon the breast and constraint of position.

In 1807 a patent for making lasts was granted to William Young of Philadelphia, and in 1817 a patent was granted to him for right and left lasts.

In 1811 a patent was taken out for pegging boots and shoes, and a patent for a pegging-machine forty years later, in 1851.

In 1818 the first full cargo of boots and shoes was shipped from Boston, on board the sloop *Delight*, consigned to Spofford, Tileston, & Co., 131 Fly Market, New York.

In 1819 patents for a lathe for turning lasts were granted to Thomas Blanchard, of Sutton, Mass.

In 1827 John Kimball made the improvement of cutting blocks from the upper and anterior parts of lasts.

In 1829 Boston jobbers stopped consigning goods, and sold direct to purchasers.

er in America, but cost of living is also somewhat higher. English shoe operatives are, on the whole, quite well conditioned. Earning more than a pound a week, living in tenements which, according to the customs of their country, are deemed comfortable, if provident they are enabled to save a few shillings each week. As with us, they have the provident and the prodigal, but their wages have been increasing within the past few years, and their opportunities for saving are good, if they wish to take advantage of them.

Providing there is full work, American "cutters" can earn each week $12 to $15; English "clickers," $7 to $7 50; American makers, $11 to $13; English makers, $7 50 to $8 50.* American operatives work each week 59 hours; English operatives, 54 hours. American ladies' shoes, wholesaling at $1 50 per pair, cost for labor of making 25 cents; English ladies' shoes, wholesaling at $1 50 per pair, cost for labor of making 34 cents; American men's shoes, wholesaling at $2 60 per pair, cost for labor of making 33 cents; English men's shoes, wholesaling at $2 60 per pair, cost for labor of making 50 cents. In the report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics for 1884 the general average weekly wage in Massachusetts is given as 128.9 per cent. higher than in Great Britain. The general average weekly wage in Massachusetts is given as $11 63, and in Great Britain $5 08.

The Germans have some establishments, employing a large number of hands, but it seems to be the general desire to become a "master" as soon as one has properly learned his trade. German shoemakers earn about four dollars each week. Consular reports tell us of Mexican shoemakers who earn seventy-five cents to one dollar and a half per day, and of Italians the same. The French earn about one dollar and a quarter a day, but the aim of the French and Spanish is to produce stylish, handsome shoes, to attract as well as to compete. The representative *factory* operatives of shoemaking are the English and Americans, as all other nations have their shoes—and good ones too—made in "custom" shops, whether for home or foreign use.

In view of the accomplishments of one short generation, it is not visionary to assume that the invention of shoe machinery is far from its possibilities. Few attempts have been made to *combine* different steps. As is well known, the wages of operatives depend largely on the facility with which they "handle" their work. It takes more time to handle work than it does to do it, and if the taking up or putting down a piece of work can be eliminated, the actual time can be reduced more than one-half. This will be the next point to strike at. The knife that moves with the needle on a stitching-machine, the steam-eyeleting machine, the machine which cuts and works the button-hole, the sole-rounding and nailing machines, are about the only ones in which combination has been attempted. The rolling machine has yet to be invented which will feed the rolled soles to a splitting knife to save one machine in the stock-fitting. Some day a machine with properly shaped knives, a brush to black the edges, and heated irons to correspond with the knives, will trim and finish the edges too. The chemist has a great field. Such a machine for making edges would be impracticable without quickly drying blacking which would strike into the stock at once, or blacking which could be polished when wet. A damp day is as disastrous to shoemaking as it is disappointing at a picnic, and blacking which will prove superior to wet weather will be an important adjunct to swift manufacturing. It requires imagination, but perhaps not too much, to believe that a heavy machine will yet be invented to hold a shoe on a form after it has left the beating-out machine; that a well-guided knife will trim the edge, a brush apply blacking, an iron will finish it; that the heel will be nailed and shaved in a similar manner to the present heeling machine; that emery will smooth for a heated iron to burnish; and, lastly, a revolving cylinder sandpaper the bottom of the sole. It is possible that the next generation will reduce the processes of combining sole and upper to a lasting, a sewing, a beating-out, a combination, and a bottom-finishing machine. It is not probable that a shoe can ever be well made and profitably made by one machine, although it is not hard for a person who has watched the development of a few years to believe that the manufacture of cheap slippers for house wear is capable of enough simplification to approach it.

* The prices paid English operatives were kindly furnished by Mr. H. D. Richardson, editor *Boot and Shoe Trades Journal*, London.

THE SNOW ANGEL.
From statue by Larkin G. Meade.

THE SNOW ANGEL.

THE sleigh-bells danced that winter night;
Old Brattleborough rang with glee;
The windows overflowed with light;
Joy ruled each hearth and Christmas tree.
But to one the bells and mirth were naught:
His soul with deeper joy was fraught.
He waited until the guests were gone;
He waited to dream his dream alone;
And the night wore on.

Alone he stands in the silent night;
He piles the snow in the village square;
With spade for chisel, a statue white
From the crystal quarry rises fair.
No light, save the stars, to guide his hand,
But the image obeys his soul's command.
The sky is draped with fleecy lawn,
The stars grow pale in the early dawn,
But the lad toils on.

And lo! in the morn the people came
To gaze at the wondrous vision there;
And they called it "The Angel," divining its name,
For it came in silence and unaware.
It seemed no mortal hand had wrought
The uplifted face of prayerful thought;
But its features wasted beneath the sun;
Its life went out ere the day was done;
And the lad dreamed on.

And his dream was this: In the years to be
I will carve the Angel in lasting stone;
In another land, beyond the sea,
I will toil in darkness, will dream alone;
While others sleep I will find a way
Up through the night to the light of day.
There's nothing desired beneath star or sun
Which patient genius has not won.
And the boy toiled on.

The years go by. He has wrought with might;
He has gained renown in the land of art;
But the thought inspired that Christmas night
Still kept its place in the sculptor's heart;
And the dream of the boy, that melted away
In the light of the sun that winter day,
Is embodied at last in enduring stone,
Snow Angel in marble—his purpose won;
And the man toils on.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR, THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.—A COMEDY.

ACT FIRST.—(*Concluded.*)

SCENE—*An Ale-house Room.*

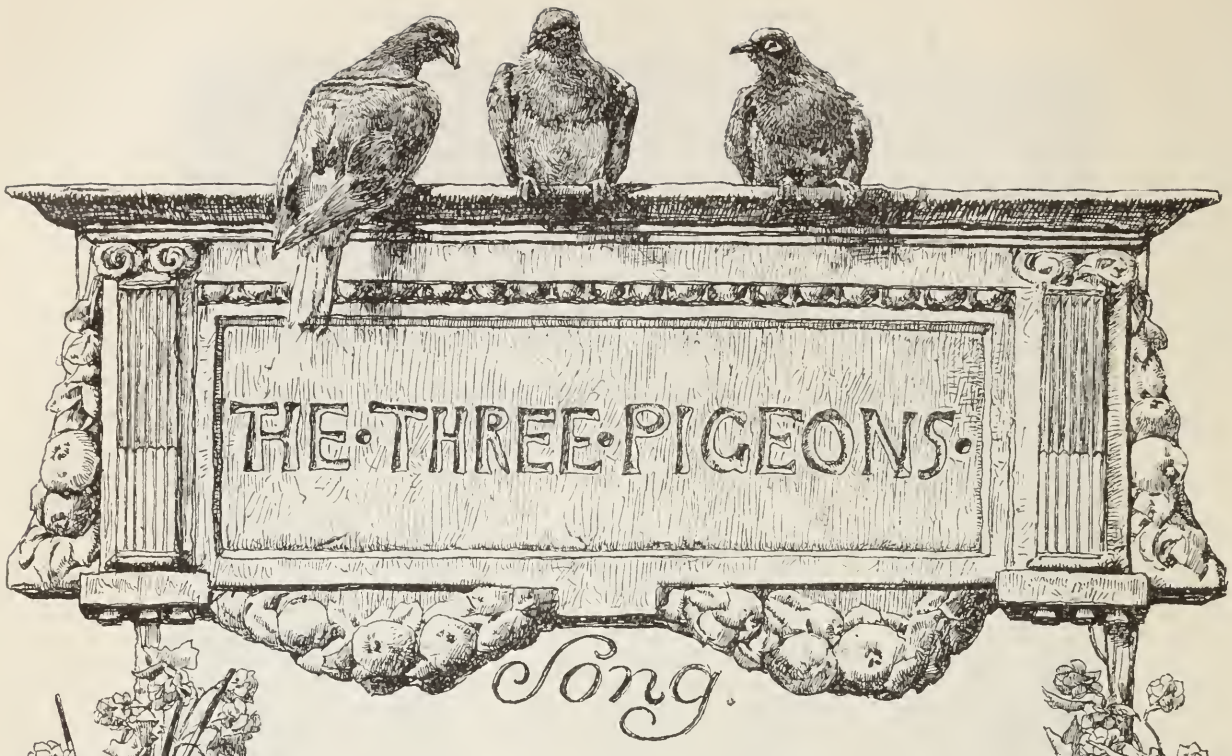
Several shabby fellows with punch and tobacco. TONY *at the head of the table, a little higher than the rest, a mallet in his hand.*

OMNES. Hurrea! hurrea! hurrea! bravo!

FIRST FELLOW. Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The 'Squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

OMNES. Ay, a song, a song.

TONY. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this ale-house, the Three Pigeons.



Song.

I.

LET school-masters puzzle their brain
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning,
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning.
Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians,
Their quis, and their quæs, and their quods,
They're all but a parcel of pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

II.

WHEN methodist preachers come down,
A-preaching that drinking is sinful,
I'll wager the rascals a crown,
They always preach best with a skinful.
But when you come down with your pence,
For a slice of their scurvy religion,
I'll leave it to all men of sense,
But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

III.

THEN come put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever,
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons forever.
Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons;
But of all the gay birds in the air,
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

OMNES. Bravo, bravo!

ALE-HOUSE SCENE.

First Fellow. The 'Squire has got spunk in him.

Second Fellow. I loves to hear him sing, bekeays he never gives us nothing that's low.

Third Fellow. O, —— anything that's low; I can't bear it.

Fourth Fellow. The genteel thing is the genteel thing any time: if so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

Third Fellow. I like the maxum of it, Master Muggins. What though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison, if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelest of tunes; "Water Parted," or "The Minuet in Ariadne."

Second Fellow. What a pity it is the 'Squire is not come to his own. It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

Tony. Ecod, and so it would, Master Slang. I'd then show what it was to keep choice of company.

Second Fellow. O, he takes after his own father for that. To be sure, old 'Squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the straight horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench, he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place, that he kept the best horses, dogs, and girls in the whole county.

Tony. Ecod, and when I'm of age, I'll be no bastard, I promise you. I've been thinking of Bet Bouncer and the miller's gray mare to begin with. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning. Well, Stingo, what's the matter?

Enter Landlord.

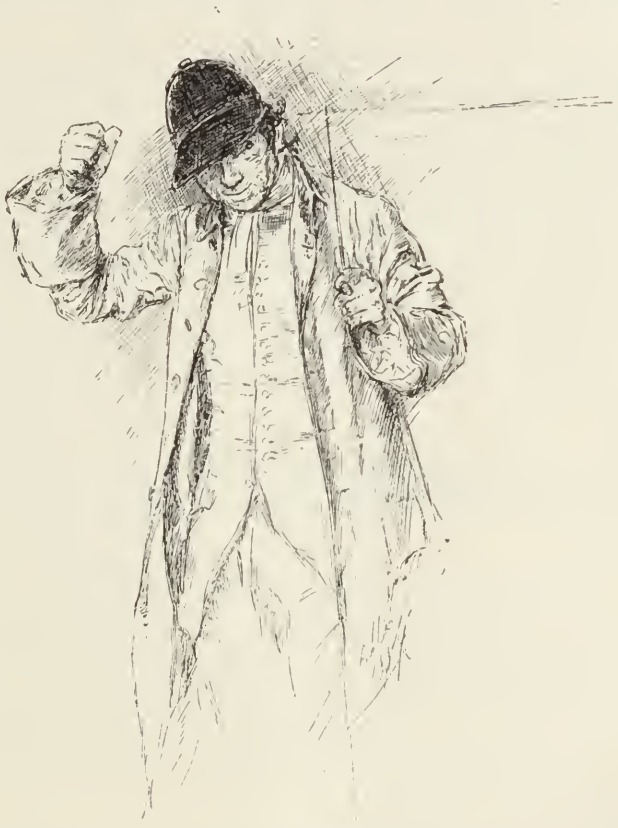
Land. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest; and they are talking something about Mr. Hardcastle.

"WHAT THOUGH I AM OBLIGATED TO DANCE A BEAR."

Tony. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Land. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. (*Exit Landlord.*) Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. [*Exeunt Mob.*



"FATHER-IN-LAW HAS BEEN CALLING ME WHELP AND HOUND THIS HALF-YEAR."

Tony. (*Alone.*) Father-in-law has been calling me whelp and hound this half-year. Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can.

Enter Landlord, *conducting* Marlow *and* Hastings.

Marl. What a tedious, uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore.

Hast. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way.

Marl. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet, and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hast. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offense, gentlemen. But I'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

HAST. Not in the least, sir, but should thank you for information.

TONY. Nor the way you came?

HAST. No, sir; but if you can inform us—

TONY. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—you have lost your way.

MARL. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

TONY. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

MARL. That's not necessary toward directing us where we are to go.

TONY. No offense; but question for question is all fair, you know.—Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

HAST. We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

TONY. The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative May-pole—the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of.

MARL. Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred, and beautiful; the son an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron string.

TONY. He-he-hem!—Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

HAST. Unfortunate!

TONY. It's a —— long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's! (*Winking upon the Landlord.*) Mr. Hardcastle's, of Quagmire Marsh, you understand me.

LAND. Master Hardcastle's! Lackadaisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong! When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash Lane.

MARL. Cross down Squash Lane!

LAND. Then you were to keep straight forward, till you came to four roads.

MARL. Come to where four roads meet!

TONY. Ay; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

MARL. O, sir, you're facetious.

TONY. Then keeping to the right, you are to go sideways, till you come upon Crack-skull common; there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to Farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill.

MARL. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude!

HAST. What's to be done, Marlow?

MARL. This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

LAND. Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

TONY. And to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. (*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*) I have hit it. Don't you think, Stingo, our landlady could accommodate the gentlemen by the fireside, with—three chairs and a bolster?

HAST. I hate sleeping by the fireside.

MARL. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you?—then, let me see—what if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head; the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole county?

Hast. O ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. (*Apart to Tony.*) Sure, you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum, you fool you. Let them find that out. (*To them.*) You have only to keep on straight forward, till you come to a large old house by the road-side. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hast. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no; but I tell you, though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business: so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! he! He'll be for giving you his company; and, ecod, if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

Land. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

Marl. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no farther connection. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no; straight forward. I'll just step myself and show you a piece of the way. (*To the Landlord.*) Mum! [*Exeunt.*

AT THE RED GLOVE.

CHAPTER I.

MARIE.

"TAKE your places! take your places! The train is going to start." Then, in a louder voice, "The train for Lausanne!" This on one side of the big station. On the other was heard, in yet harsher tones, "A stay of five minutes—Berne! Berne!"

Out of this train, which had just arrived from Lucerne, were pouring scores of travellers—English, American, German, and others—their arms full of rugs and bags, etc. At first they did not hurry, but went about with their burdens in search of porters with whom to deposit them. But when the warning cry was heard from the other side, they hurried on, staggering under the weight of their varied impedimenta.

A tall official at the top of the steps at the end of the platform shouted out to them to make haste, and pointed to the train about to start for Lausanne, quite on the further side of the wide area; but greater haste was impossible for many of the travellers. A tall, gray-haired man, encumbered with bags and sticks, limped along with a look of despair on his charming, high-bred face. A young Swiss girl saw his trouble, and presently catching sight of a porter with a truck, she pounced upon him like a hawk.

"Do you not see," she said, eagerly, "the gentleman is lame, and he will not be in time? You are going across with those boxes; can you not also take his luggage?"

While she spoke, the Englishman had flung his load on the truck, and then, taking off his hat, he thanked the girl, and asked if he could help her.

"No, thank you, sir," she said, in a fresh young voice. "I stay at Berne."

He bowed again, and went on.

The girl looked wistfully after him, then round the station, where all was bustle and confusion; then she turned to follow the stream of travellers going toward the way out. Here they had to run the gauntlet of a line of omnibus conductors, each bear-

ing the name of his hotel on his cap; some were silent, only holding up their fingers, but others clamored for passengers. The other travellers were soon relieved of their burdens, but the young girl only hugged her bag more closely when an officious conductor tried to take it from her.

She was tall, and although young and fair, looked far more capable of carrying a load than many of the pale English women she had seen starting on their second journey. She too was pale, but evidently this was a natural tint; there was no sign of ill health or feebleness in her face. Indeed, her pale clear skin matched well with the light brown hair that waved over her forehead, and with the gray eyes below; these eyes darkened and brightened, and a faint rosy color showed itself, as the man again tried to take her bag.

"You must be going somewhere in the town," he said. "Come with me. See! I have plenty of room." And he pointed to a little omnibus, the shabbiest in the row drawn up in front of the station.

The girl bit her lips. The noise and bustle had made her head spin, and she would gladly have taken shelter from it; but she remembered the directions she had received. She pulled out a bit of folded paper from her glove, and held it for the man to read.

"Spitalgasse," he said—"Madame Bobineau; that's the glove shop—oh!" His interest vanished, and he turned away.

"You are close by, my girl," he said, over his shoulder. "Go straight on; you will see the shop under the arcade, a little way beyond the corner of the Place yonder; a large red glove hangs over the shop."

"Please stop," the girl said, in a frightened voice. "I was to ask some one—you, perhaps—if your omnibus goes past Madame Bobineau's house."

"Yes, yes—what then?" he said. He was less surly now.

"Then I am to give you this"—she gave him her luggage ticket—"and I was to ask you to bring my box to Madame Bobineau's, in the Spitalgasse."

He shrugged his shoulders and grunted. The girl, without another look at him, darted out into the street, and then stopped, bewildered by the movement around her.

It was market-day in Berne, and besides the crowd of small vehicles, there were groups of peasant women in sober costume of black and white, varied by flower-crowned hats, and silver chains hanging from each shoulder of their bodices. Also it was the last week in July, and Berne was full of tourists, either just arrived, or just setting out in search of health and amusement.

Marie Peyrolles, fresh from her quiet convent home near Lake Lucerne, felt dazed rather than amused. She had no link of sympathy to connect her with the bustle in the street. The stalwart milk-carriers, bending under the weight of their wooden milk cans, or walking beside the huge yellow dogs that drew their milk barrows, had no word or message for her. They nodded to the women at the fruit stalls beside the road, to the girls at the fountains, or to other women who passed them; the comers in from the villages told their bits of gossip or did their marketing as they went up the long street toward the Clock Tower. The sun shone hotly on the round stones of the street, and birds in their cages sang merrily among the flowers at the blind-shaded windows.

Marie did not see sorrow anywhere, but her heart was heavy; she felt a forlorn stranger amid all this life and bustle, and she stood fairly scared at the corner of the large Place, looking up and down the four ways that met there.

"Was it left or right I had to turn?" she said, and her eyes grew larger still with terror and sadness.

She had that morning said good-by to all she loved—the good sisters of St. Esprit—and now, before her tears were dry, she had lost her way in seeking her guardian's house. Marie had tried not to prejudice herself against this guardian, her old cousin, Madame Bobineau. She knew that she had no claim on her, and that, as the good sisters had said, it was very kind and generous of her cousin to come forward and offer to provide for her. Marie had often felt a longing to see what the world was like beyond the little village near the convent; but, so far, she was chilled and frightened—she thought her cousin would have met her—and now she feared she would scold her for having lost her way. She stood still and tried to keep back some fresh tears which were scalding her eyelids.

In a minute or two she became aware that a short, stout, very upright man, with a round, placid, whiskerless face, was star-

ing at her. He seemed to have stopped for no other purpose. There he stood, his legs wide apart, his small black eyes and his mouth wide open, surveying her with much complacency.

At first Marie frowned: she thought it was rude of him to stare so. Her second thought was that he looked good-natured, and would perhaps help her.

"If you please, sir," she said, growing rosy, for she felt much shyer in speaking to this stranger than she had felt in helping the Englishman, "can you tell me if I am near the Spitalgasse?"

The stout man had raised his hat at the first word; he bowed profoundly.

"I am at your service, mademoiselle," he said. "This is the Spitalgasse"—he pointed to the arcaded street on the left; then seeing the tears hanging on her eyelashes, he divined some of her uneasiness. "If mademoiselle will have the goodness to tell me where she is going, I will gladly show her the way." He looked hard at her, and pushed up the tuft of hair on his chin with a fat, stumpy finger.

But the nuns had bade Marie beware of strange men, and she remembered how the conductor had told her to find the shop.

"I thank you, monsieur," she said, shyly, "but I know my way now."

Her grateful glance completed her conquest over the stout man. He stood looking after her, hat in hand, with his feet set widely apart.

"She is a dainty morsel," he said to himself, "fresh as a bunch of flowers. My friend Loigerot, if you do not find out where this pretty bird is going to perch, you are not worthy to have been a captain in the Forty-fifth Regiment of the Emperor Napoleon the Third."

He had put on his hat, but at this he uncovered again, and glanced at the decoration on his coat. No one looking at him could mistake his profession or his country. One sees such middle-aged warriors by the dozen, in their blue frocks and sword-belts and red breeches, in any French garrison town; and although he had quitted the army, and wore plain clothes, Monsieur Loigerot had a way, as he walked, of putting his hand now and then to adjust the sword which no longer hung beside him. His broad, cheerful face looked serene and untroubled; no lines furrowed his brown forehead, though it must be owned that the hair had receded from it, and was even a little gray. He had lately inherited some property—a little country house near Strasbourg and some land had been left to him by an old relative whose affairs would take some months to settle, and so, after thirty years of army life, Captain Achille Loigerot had decided to give up soldiering and settle down as a quiet citizen. In a few months' time he should come into possession of his property, and then he meant to marry; meantime he had come to Berne to look up an old acquaintance, one of the few he could lay claim to. His friend kept a hotel in Berne, but on arriving in that city Monsieur Loigerot found that Jacques Carouge, whom he had not seen for twenty years, was dead, and that his young widow was left hostess of the Hôtel Beauregard.

This very morning he had reminded Madame Carouge of the Beauregard that he wanted a wife: not too young—a sensible, pleasant woman, who would manage his house and make life agreeable.

The handsome widow had nodded and told him he would find plenty for the asking, and then he had timidly invoked her aid in the search. "Quiet and amiable, and about thirty-five," he said, in a shamefaced way. Just now the sight of this fair young country girl had scattered these sober visions; and although he did not follow Marie closely, he determined to keep her in sight, and Monsieur Loigerot went up the Spitalgasse on the other side of the way, knowing well that under the arcades, crowded as they were to-day, it would not be easy for the girl to distinguish him. Both sides of the street were so full that it cost him much vigilance not to lose sight of the girl over the way; every shop window had its group of gazers, and in the street between was a double line of fruit and vegetable stalls, so that vehicles coming up or going down found it difficult to pass between the stalls.

All at once a horse turned restive, backed against a pile of plums and pears, and sent the rich-hued fruit rolling over the stones. Monsieur Loigerot stood still, laughing heartily at the promptitude with which a score of urchins flung themselves on the spoil, while the owner, a shrivelled old woman, scolded and grumbled and chattered through her toothless gums, and frowned till the lines in her brown face looked inky, and her small eyes like a pair of shining black beads. It was all over in a moment. The subdued horse was led off, the old woman's stall was

"'GOOD-MORNING, MADEMOISELLE,' SAID LOIGEROT."—[SEE PAGE 316.]

righted, and Monsieur Loigerot looked across the street to see whether his country girl had also enjoyed the little scene. She had vanished. Opposite him was the Stork Fountain, gray-green with age, and just behind this was the glover's shop, over which he lodged, with a plump huge scarlet glove hanging over the doorway. Beyond was a confectioner's, and its windows were extra gay to-day; there was a brave show of delicate cakes, frosted with sugar or brown with chocolate, cream tarts, and many-colored *fondants*. He peered curiously in, for it seemed a likely place to tempt a young girl's appetite. The shop was empty, and Madame Webern herself stood behind her counter.

The captain little knew how near he was to the object of his search, when he forbore to question Madame Webern.

"She and the old Bobineau are dear friends," he said. "They are always gossiping. I do not choose my landlady to hear that I have been looking after a girl; it might make her less civil."

He went a little farther, looking curiously into the shops, but at last he turned back to resume his walk, which his meeting with Marie had interrupted. A twinkle came into his quiet eyes. "It does not matter. I will keep a good lookout, and we shall meet again. After all, I do not think that Bobineau would trouble herself about me." He gave a chuckle. "She is blind to the ways of a first-floor lodger who pays his rent every week. That poor devil on the top story, or even my tall friend the bank clerk, over my head, might find her more clear-sighted."

He walked on smiling; he did not see why he should not amuse himself with a little adventure before he settled down quietly into matrimony with the pleasant wife he had asked Madame Carouge to find for him.

CHAPTER II.

MADAME BOBINEAU.

Marie Peyrolles passed by the glove shop, and gave a timid knock on the house door beside it. She was too much agitated even to notice the plethoric-looking glove that seemed to point either a warning or a welcoming finger toward her. Presently the door opened, but the passage was so dark that she could only see dimly.

"Come in," a voice said in the darkness. "Is it you, Marie Peyrolles?"

"Yes," the girl answered; and then the door shut behind her, and she followed the short figure she began to make out in the darkness to the end of the narrow passage.

A door was opened on the left, and light streamed through. Then Marie saw that she was following a small woman in a shabby gown of brown stuff into a shallow oblong room surrounded by shelves, on which stood paper boxes ranged closely one against another; on two sides these shelves reached the ceiling, at the back a small window intervened, and opposite this was a glass partition between the room and the shop. The panes of this partition were frosted, except those four which made the upper part of a door of communication; over these panes hung a green curtain, which at this moment was tucked up on one side so as to command the entrance of the shop. Marie's eyes had strayed from her conductor to take in these details. Now, looking down at her, she met the piercing gaze of two small, narrow, dark eyes. It seemed as if some one had drawn the face belonging to these eyes on each side till it had taken a sort of Chinese expression, which the paucity of eyelashes increased; the face was certainly more broad than long, and the loss of teeth had brought the nose and chin nearer together than nature had originally meant them to be. Madame Bobineau's skin was thick and yellow, and looked older than her hair did; this was still brown, and was strained in flat braids into a little round knot behind her head, the knot being crowned by a black comb with five points, each surmounted by a large black knob. She wore a black silk apron, and some folds of white muslin showed between her throat and the top of her shabby gown. Marie thought as she looked that the nuns' garb at St. Esprit was far more attractive than this dull Puritan costume; she supposed that this must be her guardian.

Finding that she did not smile, but went on gravely with her scrutiny, the girl smiled timidly. "I hope I find you well, cousin. You are Cousin Bobineau, are you not?" she said.

"Yes, child, I am always well," was the brisk answer. "Did you find your way easily?" and raising herself on tiptoe, she tried to kiss Marie's forehead.

The girl's constraint vanished; she bent down, hugged the old woman in her strong young arms, and kissed her lovingly on both cheeks.

Madame Bobineau gave a little gasp when released, and looked yet more attentively at her visitor.

"You look much older than I expected," she said, in a cold voice. "How old are you?"

"I am just eighteen."

"Can it be true? Berthold's child eighteen! How time runs on!"

"You knew my father, cousin, did you not?"

"Yes—" Madame Bobineau checked herself. "Sit down, child. I do not mean unkindly, Marie, but it is better to begin as we are to go on. You can call me madame, or Madame Bobineau. I dare say the sisters told you that you were coming here to help in my shop." Marie bent her head. "Well, then, you are to be my assistant, not my relative, remember—it sounds better in business." She gave an uneasy smile, and the girl thought she looked less friendly.

"I am afraid you will find me very ignorant," Marie said, timidly. "I can embroider, but I can not do much else; but I will try, madame," she added, earnestly.

"Yes, yes, of course," said the old woman. "Are you hungry? Come this way, and eat something."

They went again into the dark passage, then down some steps and across a bit of yard to a kitchen. Here the cloth was laid for two on a round table; a hideous old woman, with a throat that Marie could not bear to look at, took the cover off a little soup tureen, and also from a dish of veal and macaroni.

"Madame will find the tart on the shelf," she said, and she went away.

Marie was very hungry after her journey. Madame Bobineau took a little soup, and then a few mouthfuls of the ragout; but as she watched her visitor eat, her face grew longer and her eyes hard and eager.

"She eats like a wolf. Will this happen every day?" she said to herself. Then, after a pause of silent watching, "It shall not; young animals never know when they have had enough. Already she has eaten a plateful of soup and two helps of meat. It is too much. Her services will not be worth much till she has been some time with me; she is sure to make mistakes with the customers. She looks strong-willed; she must not be allowed to get her head. Poor Bobineau used to say, 'Keep young girls under, and they will never know that they have wills or fancies.' He always said luxury was bad for the young. Ah! he was wise."

In old Bobineau's lifetime his wife had groaned under his miserly despotism; but ever since he had freed her by his death she had quoted his opinions, and tried to act them out, utterly unmindful of her own suffering under his suspicion and niggard ways. This was the first time that she had been able to put herself entirely in Bobineau's place. She had had assistants, but these had been girls with homes of their own; they came in the morning and went away at night, and they brought their dinner with them. The old woman who cleaned the house only came for half a day, and was quite independent of Madame Bobineau.

As she sat blinking her narrow eyes at the fresh young creature who had brought a touch of summer into the sunless room, Madame Bobineau groaned.

"I have been overgenerous to have her here," she thought. "I believe from what those sisters wrote of the girl that they would have kept her, fed her, and clothed her as long as she chose to stay. Well, as I have been a fool once, I must be as wise as I can to make up for it." She took a small box from her pocket, and from it a huge pinch of snuff.

Just at this point Marie left off eating, and helped herself to a draught of water from the carafe on the table.

"You do not seem hungry, cousin," she said. "You make me ashamed to eat so much; but I was so very hungry."

Madame Bobineau smiled grimly. "There is a tart." She looked at the shelf behind the door. She hoped Marie would refuse this luxury; at any rate she would not tempt her through her eyes by setting it before her.

"Thank you." Marie rose up to get the tart. "You are very kind."

She could easily have finished the small dish of meat, and this slice of flat plum tart did not look satisfying. She cut it in two, and offered a portion to Madame Bobineau.

Her cousin shook her head and pressed her lips closely together. "I have dined: soup and meat make a dinner fit for a countess," she said, coldly, and she folded her shrivelled hands in patient resigna-

"SHE PUT ONE HAND ON HER BOSOM."—[SEE PAGE 308.]

tion at the time consumed over such a worthless employment as eating.

"It is excellent," said Marie. She was accustomed to liberal fare, and she helped herself to the remainder.

Madame Bobineau chafed inwardly, but she had learned to control any show of feeling.

"When you have quite finished," she said, with an emphasis that made Marie redden as she swallowed the last mouthful of pastry, "I will tell you what your duties are."

Marie jumped up briskly. "Shall I clear this away first?" she said.

"By no means; leave it. I wish you to understand that you come into this kitchen only three times a day, for your meals. You will spend the rest of the day in the shop or in my parlor."

"Where am I to sleep, madame?" the girl said.

Her dinner had given her courage, and her cheerful tone irritated Madame Bobineau: she could not understand the fearlessness begot by sympathetic treatment.

"I will show you, later," she said. "There is no room for you here; my rooms are let to lodgers. I have taken a room for you close by. Now come."

She led the way back to her parlor, and telling Marie to leave her hat there, she went into the shop, and drew back the bolt on the street door. She then began to teach Marie her duties. She showed her the places of the gloves in their boxes below and behind the counter, told her how to find the sizes and the prices, and also gave her instructions relating to the embroideries and the other articles she had for sale.

Marie listened attentively. So far, her work seemed easy enough, and she began to think it would be amusing to see so many different people in the course of a day, for Madame Bobineau told her that sometimes she had as many as six customers at once in her shop. Presently she took Marie's hand and held it in her skinny fingers.

"Yes"—she looked carefully at the plump hand—"it is not a bad hand; it will do; though sunburned, it has not done rough work, I see. So much the better. To begin with, I will show you how to put on your gloves."

Marie grew rosy to the wavy curls on her forehead.

"I have not any gloves," she said, in a mortified voice; "we never wore them at the convent."

"That does not matter," Madame Bobineau said, coldly. "What you have to learn is how to fit them on my customers." She gave another look at Marie's hand, then reaching a box down from one of the shelves, she took out a dull pair of slate-colored gloves, spotted in two or three places with mildew.

"These will do," she said. "Now observe how I fit you."

Marie stood wondering while the glove was being fitted. It seemed to her that Madame Bobineau was wasting so much time and trouble, and when she took from the counter a pretty little steel hook, and buttoned every one of the four buttonholes, she wondered still more, while her round firm wrist ached at the squeezing to which it was subjected.

"There"—madame smiled with her satisfaction—"if it had been made for your hand, that glove could not have fitted better. Yes, yes"—she put her head on one side, nearly closing her narrow eyes—"I know by looking, but you must be content to measure until your eye has got practiced. Now, watch me carefully measure—so"—she took the fellow-glove from the counter and measured it across Marie's knuckles—"and so," as she tried it from the thumb-tip to the point of the forefinger. "Let me see you do that," she said, gravely.

Marie began to laugh; she thought such child's play as this could not have an earnest meaning, but she measured the glove very exactly, and, as Madame Bobineau saw, with a simple grace of manner that was very attractive.

"There is nothing to laugh about." She gave a dry cough. "In business you must smile and look pleasant, but you must never laugh at a customer: laughing would be quite out of place; it might give grave offense. I think I have told you all that is necessary. You have only to select, measure, and then try on the gloves; if they seem a little small, here are stretchers and here is powder;" she stopped and illustrated her meaning with the help of one of the spotted gloves. "You are to do exactly as you have seen me do—exactly," she added, severely, "let the customers be whom they will; and above all, make no mistake in the price."

"I am to do to strangers all those things?" Marie said, slowly, with a sur-

prised stare; and then the absurdity overcame her shyness, and she laughed out merrily.

"Chut!" said Madame Bobineau. "I tell you I can not allow you to laugh in the shop. See, now. The best way is for you to begin at once: go behind the counter and fit me on this glove, or take off the one on your hand; it will go on mine easier."

Marie obeyed in silence; but she found that glove-fitting was not so easy as it looked; the color flew into her face, and she panted a good deal before she succeeded in drawing the glove over madame's bony knuckles. She was too rough here, or too gentle there, and the old woman said, "You must begin all over again."

The third attempt was pronounced better, and Marie hoped that her probation was over, and that she should be allowed to get cool again.

"Here comes a customer," said Madame Bobineau; and she seated herself behind the opposite counter.

The shop door opened slowly, and in came a tall, gray-haired woman, with a long, inquisitive nose, and lips that showed her gums when she smiled. She was so simply dressed that Marie thought she could not possibly care about the fit of her gloves.

"Good-day, neighbor," she said; and then she looked at Marie. "I came to tell you that there is a sale of needle-work at Thun next week. You might pick up bargains." As she spoke she went close up to Madame Bobineau. "You have got a new assistant?" she said, in a low voice.

Madame Bobineau shook her head. "I have no money to buy bargains with, Madame Riesen. I have to feed and clothe the fatherless." She turned up her eyes, and drew down the corners of her mouth. "Yes," she went on, so that Marie could hear, "that is the orphan daughter of my cousin Berthold Peyrolles, and I am the only relative she has in the world."

"And she has come to help you," said Madame Riesen. "Ah! I like to hear that. It will be pleasant for you to have something young about you;" and Madame Riesen giggled, and put up her hand as if she thought the movement would prevent Marie from hearing. "She will be a good show card—ha! ha! neighbor." And taking away her hand, she giggled unrestrainedly.

Madame Bobineau looked stolid. "Come in and tell me about these bargains;" and she led the way into her den. Then when the door was shut, and she had tucked up the curtain over the little glass window that looked into the shop, so that she might keep an eye on Marie, she turned a wrathful face on her visitor. "For the love of Heaven," she said, in a low voice, "be more careful. Is it not enough that the child has a taking face and taking ways, but you should come and put into her head what will, I fear, be a burden to me? When I first saw her I was minded to send her back at once to her convent; and then"—she turned up her eyes—"I felt that I had promised to be as a mother to the orphan, and that I could not go back from my word."

"Why should you?" Madame Riesen patted her on the shoulder, but her mischievous smile showed her gums almost to the last tooth in her head. "She is pleasant-looking and attractive, but she is not beautiful—not, for instance, like our friend at the Beauregard—and nothing can happen in the shop without your knowledge." She gave a sly look at the tucked-up curtain. "You have only to keep her out of the way of your lodgers—ah! that may be less easy."

Madame Bobineau looked yellower than ever. She always ranked her chattering townswoman a fool, and to be instructed by her was intolerable; at the same time the glover prided herself on giving offense to no one. She pressed her colorless lips still closer, and bent her head with a reassuring smile.

"There is no fear on that score. I have no room to give Marie in this house. Monsieur Loigerot has both rooms on the first floor. Monsieur Engemann has the second floor front; the room behind that is not furnished, and one of the upper rooms I let to a student."

"But you have a floor above?" Madame Riesen looked inquisitive.

"That is not mine; it belongs, with the *grenier* over it, to my landlord. My staircase only goes to the third story."

Madame Riesen clapped her hands.

"Well, to be sure!"—she gave a sigh of relief. "How often have I wondered and asked Riesen to tell me what you could possibly do with so large a house! and I knew that you had only three lodgers."

"How kind you are!" Madame Bobineau's smile was very grim. "I did not flatter myself you thought so much about

me. Well, you know now, and you see that I have not a room for Marie, even if it were fitting to introduce a girl into a house occupied by single men. I have taken a lodging for her.

"Where is that?" said Madame Riesen.

"Not far off." She spoke carelessly. There was no occasion to let this inquisitive gossip know that she had got a miserable garret room for Marie from a poor man in a back street. She had lent this man money at a high rate of interest, and some of the loan remained unpaid; it had seemed to her a golden opportunity to place her protégée without the need of paying rent.

"That is thoughtful. Well, I hope all will go right, and that you will be rewarded for your generosity." Madame Riesen felt that she could ask no more questions. "If she does encourage young men," she said, laughing, "you can not find fault. I wager that there will be a run on the Red Glove when it becomes known that there is a handsome girl behind the counter. I congratulate you, neighbor; but you'll have to keep an eye on the shop. Why"—she gave a start as she looked at the clock on a little marble shelf on one side of the room—"mon Dieu! how late! I must say good-day—ah! but perhaps your clock is fast"—she shook hands—"I have heard Jules say that you regulate it yourself."

"It keeps the time of the big clock on the tower," said Madame Bobineau—her face still wore the same mask of indifference—"and I believe Madame Carouge's keeps the same time."

Madame Riesen was on her way to the door; she stopped and turned round.

"Ah! that beautiful Madame Carouge, is it not wonderful to see her taste? Before she came to the place, I have heard Jules say, the hotel was a desert, and now when you go in there are flowers, tropical plants, a fountain—ah! one might fancy one's self in Paris."

"Your husband is very fond of Paris, I believe," said the old woman, dryly.

Madame Riesen was quick at making discoveries, but she was not sensitive.

"It gives me pleasure," she said, "even to look at that beautiful woman; and only think, we are going to have her all to ourselves on Sunday."

"What is going to happen?" said Madame Bobineau, taking a pinch of snuff.

"We have asked her to go with us to Thun. Jules says we shall spend the afternoon on the lake. It will be heavenly. Jules has asked some one else—Monsieur Engemann, I fancy."

"Ah?"

A checked inquiry shone for an instant in the narrow eyes of Madame Bobineau.

"Yes"—her visitor gave an irritating little giggle—"are they not a handsome pair? Made for one another, I say; but Jules thinks Monsieur Rudolf too young, and he says our beautiful widow might do better."

"Keep as she is, perhaps."

This time Madame Riesen did wince a little at the dry voice. She nodded and went out.

The old woman glanced like a spider through her spy-hole; then she smoothed her apron with her withered hands.

"Chattering fool," she said. "You came to pick up my secrets, but you leave behind more than you take away." Madame Bobineau took a long pinch of snuff, and nodded her head. "I had not thought it had gone so far between the widow and my lodger."

CHAPTER III.

AT THE HÔTEL BEAUREGARD.

MADAME CAROUGE had been sitting still, with an expectant look on her face, for more than half an hour. Occasionally her eyes had turned from the clock on the mantel-shelf to the large staircase. She could see this between the fronds of palms and ferns that almost hid the glass front of her room, and gave a pleasant aspect to the inner hall of the Hôtel Beauregard.

Madame Carouge's eyes were very handsome eyes, large and dark, with drooping dark lashes; the broad dark eyebrows might have been thought heavy on any one else—on this ripe nectarine-hued skin they were perfect; but, indeed, when one had gazed fully at Madame Carouge's faultless figure and superb face, one only thought of her eyes and of her lovely mouth, its upper lip like the crumpled leaf of a damask rose. Perhaps the admiration she invariably created could hardly stay to dwell on detail. One brought away from her a vision of jewel-like brilliance and velvet softness. She moved with perfect grace, but looked perhaps a little proud; yet in a woman whose head was so divinely placed, and who walked

as if the world belonged to her, one expected a little extra dignity. And then the mystery in which she had lived (for Monsieur Carouge, till he died, had kept her in his country cottage beyond the Enge) had doubtless increased the reserve that now characterized her. Carouge had been dead more than a year, and yet the beautiful widow was little known in Berne. She kept herself apart, and had little intercourse with her customers; they did their business with the head waiter, Moritz, the man with sunken cheeks and a hectic color, who presided over the bureau on the right of the door as you entered.

Madame Carouge's room was farther on, on the same side, and communicating by a door with the bureau aforesaid, but it had its special entrance round the corner, so as to face both the staircase leading to the *salle à manger* upstairs, and the inner hall, which looked very pleasant on this warm evening, with its tiny fountain screened by the surrounding foliage.

A slight frown drew the heavy eyebrows together, and Madame Carouge's beautiful bosom rose and fell with impatience. Next moment she smiled, and her smile was what the clockmaker, Monsieur Riesen, in the corn market, called "adorable"; then one saw how sweet her eyes were, and how exquisite the curves of her perfect lips. She rose up and shook out the folds of her trailing black silk gown as she moved like a queen to a bird-cage hanging against the glass front of the little room.

"Chéri!" she said, and placing a bit of sugar between her full red lips, she offered it to the little golden bird in the cage. As she bent her head you saw how round and firm was her throat in the ruff of black lace that set off its rich brown tint. You felt instinctively how warm a tide flowed beneath this golden brown skin, and just now, as a tread sounded on the stairs, it revealed itself in the flush on her cheek and the added glow in her dark eyes.

Chéri took the sugar, but his mistress's lips lingered beside the wires. Could she be trying to hide the blush which she felt on her cheeks?

She listened. The steps came down to the mat at the foot of the stairs. In the pause that followed, her heart throbbed so strongly that instinctively, and as it were to calm it, she put one hand on her bosom—not a small hand, but one proportioned to her tall, well-developed figure, with round, long, tapering fingers, a lovely dimple at the root of each. As the fellow-hand hung down beside her it showed a rosy cushioned palm that would have gladdened the eyes of a hand-reader. This hand contracted nervously as the steps moved on, not down the passage to the street, but leftward to her room. And now she could see between the palm leaves the tall figure of Monsieur Rudolf Engemann. In another moment he was at her door, which stood open; but he did not come in.

"Good-evening, madame," he said. "What delightful weather—is it not?"

The smile of Madame Carouge was beautiful at that moment. She looked radiant with happiness; and as she fixed her eyes on the young man, he thought he had never seen so handsome a woman.

"Will you not come in?" she said.

The tall, broad-shouldered young Swiss bent his fair head, and came into the pretty little room.

He was not a stranger there, for he walked up at once to the bird-cage hanging in a group of ferns and flowers.

"How are you, my friend Chéri, eh?" he said.

The bird put his head on one side and looked inquisitively out of his sharp black eyes at the friendly blue ones bent on him.

"Aha, my friend," said Monsieur Rudolf, "I often hear you as I go upstairs; you let us all know that you can sing."

All this while madame's eyes had been fixed on him, and now as he suddenly looked up she did not turn away. "Can you really hear him?" she smiled up at her tall visitor. "I have to give you a message, monsieur," she said.

He bent his head; he wondered, while he listened to her pleasant voice, mellow as her complexion, if any woman ever stood so gracefully before. Her exquisite figure, spite of its rich womanly development, was full of the long curving lines that so rejoice an artist. But then everything was harmonious in Madame Carouge, from the soft grace of her movements to the downward sweep of her long eyelashes, as she began to speak.

"Monsieur Riesen, our good neighbor—I think you know Monsieur Riesen" (the young Swiss nodded)—"has asked me to go with him and his wife to spend a Sunday at Thun. We are, I believe, to spend most of our time on the lake. He says the boat will hold four. Will you condescend to be of the party?" She raised her

eyes, and as she met Monsieur Rudolf's admiring gaze she blushed ever so little.

"Thank you so very much!" he said, impulsively. "I know I owe this invitation to your kindness."

Madame Carouge looked unmoved. "Ah, no, monsieur," she smiled; "I deserve no more thanks than the postman who brings you a letter. I have only given you a message from Monsieur Riesen. He will be so pleased if I may say that you accept for next Sunday."

"I have much pleasure in accepting such a kind offer," he said; and then he saw Moritz, the waiter, at the door, and there seemed no excuse for lingering. "Au revoir, madame." He bowed, and was going.

"You can come to me presently," Madame Carouge said to Moritz. Then to Engemann: "We have not fixed any time, monsieur; that, I believe, Monsieur Riesen will decide. I think we are to start soon after noon, but whenever we go, Monsieur and Madame Riesen are to breakfast with me, and if you will do me that honor—"

She paused; her timid, uncertain manner made a curious contrast with her attitude, full of dignity and repose.

Engemann bowed low. "You are very kind," he said. "It will give me much pleasure to join you. I suppose Thun is an old story to you."

"I have been there"—she looked grave —"but I have not been on the lake. I have never in my life had such a pleasure."

It seemed to Monsieur Engemann, as he watched her animated face, that something very like a tear glistened in her eyes.

"Your presence," he said, in a low voice, "will give the day a charm it could not otherwise possess." A sudden kindling in her eyes made him remember that Moritz was waiting to see his mistress. "I must not detain you," he said.

The change in his tone seemed to rouse Madame Carouge out of a dream. She had leaned forward a little, while her eyes and her slightly parted lips had been drinking in the expression that had gone with his words. Now she stood erect, and her bow, as she said "Good-evening," might have been addressed to any ordinary visitor. Monsieur Engemann pushed past the bower of leaves that circled the fountain, and then along the passage that led to the entrance.

Here he saw Moritz, the waiter, standing with his head bent on one side, listening with deep attention and hardly concealed amusement. The short, burly figure of Captain Loigerot stood on the mat, talking with much emphasis.

"You must really look to it, Moritz," the captain was saying. "When I wish to give a friend a bottle of Liebfrauen Milch, I mean to have it; it will not do to give me Diedesheimer, and to charge me twice its value."

"Moritz," said Monsieur Engemann, "Madame Carouge is waiting for you."

The waiter bowed his thanks to the right, and his excuses to the left. "Pardon me, monsieur," he said; "it shall be seen to," and he hurried back to the glass-fronted parlor.

Captain Loigerot's voice had been decided, and his gesture earnest; but when Engemann looked at his fleshy, high-colored face he saw a smile on it of the most placid kind. This expression broadened into actual pleasure at the sight of Rudolf Engemann.

"Let us walk home together," he said, "if you are going that way; if not, I will go yours."

"I am going home," Rudolf said, but he did not seem delighted at the prospect of a companion. Just then he wanted solitude, in which he could think of Madame Carouge's eyes, and of all that they told him.

All? As he walked on in silence by the side of his short, round-faced companion, who rolled along the street like a plaster mandarin, Monsieur Engemann began to feel that there was something he did not understand in the glances of the beautiful widow—beautiful was a poor word for her seductive charm. It seemed to him, too, that he had not thanked her nearly enough for her goodness—well, he would mend that fault to-morrow. But it was wonderful that such a woman could care for his friendship. He felt unusual impatience to see her again.

"—Eh, don't you think so, my friend?" the captain was saying.

"I beg your pardon."

Engemann looked round; he felt as if he had waked up from a glowing dream. On each side of the street were tall houses, arcaded along the lower story, and he and the captain were just passing the quaint Clock Tower, which, with its pointed red-tiled cap and little magical figures, seemed

like an old necromancer presiding over the destiny of the city. Eight o'clock was just going to strike, and a group of people stood open-mouthed, watching to see the little bears come out, and the toy Duke of Zahringen strike the hour.

The ex-captain's eyes twinkled.

"I was saying how handsome our hostess is. You are a lucky young fellow, Engemann, if I may say so."

Rudolf laughed uneasily. "You can say what you please, my good friend. I have been boarding at the Beauregard these three months past; Madame Carouge is not an acquaintance of yesterday."

Again the stout man's eyes twinkled, and he twirled his mustache as if he thought by that means to hide a smile.

"What a thing it is to be young"—he broke into a hearty laugh—"and"—he recovered himself, and looked at Rudolf from head to foot—"and other things. I have been *en pension* at the hotel for more than six months, I was a friend of our fair hostess's husband, and yet she rarely gives me a crumb of notice, or a chance of looking at her—eh, eh!"—here he winked, and Rudolf felt irritable again. "I never receive a message during dinner to say that madame wishes to see me in her bureau as soon as I have dined. Ah! you are indeed a lucky fellow."

For a minute or two Rudolf looked annoyed; then he too laughed.

"You do me much honor, captain. Madame Carouge had a message for me from Monsieur Riesen, the clockmaker. He is always telling me I want change, and he offers me a place in his boat the next time he goes to Thun—that is all."

"All?" the captain laughed till he actually rolled from one side of the pavement to the other; then he took out a huge red silk handkerchief and wiped his eyes. "I ask pardon," he said. "I had thought you were—what shall I say?—too young?—in short, that you might stand in the way of your own good fortune by not being aware of your advantages. I see I was mistaken." He nodded with a very satisfied look, and walked on in silence.

Engemann felt nettled, but he was puzzled how to answer. He could not deny his admiration for Madame Carouge, and yet, if he confessed it, there was no knowing what use the captain might make of his avowal. Perhaps he had been too shy, and yet he did not feel that he was to blame; he shrank from being hurried into words which might pledge him to anything definite.

They had been walking for the last few minutes in the middle of the street, for it had grown dark under the arcades, except where a shop was brightly lighted; now they passed a gray-green fountain. On it was the colored figure of a knight with his lance, standing on a fluted column.

Suddenly the captain broke out with: "I saw such a pretty girl—a stranger in Berne—near the station this morning!"

"Ah," said Engemann, without interest. He had not much opinion of the captain's taste in beauty.

Loigerot had decided not to tell Engemann, or any of the Bernese young fellows who frequented the Beauregard, of his adventure with the girl; but after what he had seen to-day, with regard to Madame Carouge, he felt there could be no risk in telling Rudolf. There were two things absolutely necessary to Monsieur Loigerot: he must have a companion; and if he had anything to tell, he must have a confidant.

They were now close to the Stork Fountain, behind which, in the gloom cast by the arcade, hung the huge red glove over Madame Bobineau's shop. The glove seemed to glower portentously in the dim light.

One of the shop windows was already cleared; the other still showed embroidered handkerchiefs, lace ties, and other *colifichets*. As the two men stopped opposite, the shop door opened, and a couple of women came out into the gloom. One of them—unmistakably Madame Bobineau—closed the door behind her, and the captain and his companion stared at the girl left standing under the arcade. She looked a tall, well-made young woman; her face could not be distinguished. In an instant the old glover joined her, and they passed together out of sight.

"Who the devil has old Bobineau got with her?" said Loigerot. "I could make out she is young, with a good face and figure."

Engemann laughed. "Come, come, my friend, you are drawing on fancy. I saw a passable figure. I could make out nothing else."

The captain gave his companion a dig in the ribs.

"That for your making out! Would you pit a civilian's eyes against a sol-

dier's where a woman is concerned? I tell you that is a handsome girl, and—" He checked himself, for Engemann, surprised by his excitement, was looking at him with an amused smile. "Never mind," he said, quickly; "I will ask old Bobineau all about it when she comes back."

"Good-night," said the younger man. "I have work to do to-night."

He nodded, and going to the private door of the Red Glove, he let himself in.

CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN LOIGEROT INDULGES HIS CURIOSITY.

CAPTAIN LOIGEROT—he clung to his title—lit a fresh cigar; and then he walked resolutely up and down between the corner house and the first break which came among the shops beneath the arches. Every now and then on the stone buttresses which divided one house from the other, and helped to support the arcade, a name was painted in large black letters. On the stone pier beside the glover's appeared the inscription: "La Veuve Bobineau. Gants de Paris et de Neufchâtel, Broderies, etc.;" and beneath was painted a huge red hand, nearly as large as that which hung in front of the shop.

"Gloves!" The captain looked meditatively at his bronzed hands. "It makes little difference to me whether the shop-girl is pretty or ugly; but still it would be refreshing to know that there was something younger in the house than the shrivelled old Bobineau and the hideous witch she employs. This girl may be a granddaughter."

He took another turn, and reflected that the last time Lenoir, the hair-dresser, had shaved him, he had said that Madame Bobineau had never had a child. Some one else had told the captain that Bobineau himself was a fiction; but Lenoir denied this; he and Madame Bobineau had both come from Bâle, and he had seen Bobineau in his youth. The glover had been a miser, and it was to free herself from his grasping relatives that Madame Bobineau had followed Lenoir's advice when he wrote from Berne and told her of a good business for sale in the Spitalgasse.

"But I certainly heard that the old woman was wanting help in the shop," Loigerot said to himself. "She shall tell me all about it, and whether the girl came this forenoon."

It has been said that the ex-captain was forty-five. When he first came to Berne he was charmed with his well-furnished first floor at the sign of the Red Glove, and with the way in which his meals were served at the Hôtel Beauregard, but of late he had found life rather dull. He had been a good soldier, and he liked active service; but he had risen from the ranks; he was uncultivated, and he shrank from society. It was this awkwardness that had kept him so long a distant admirer of his beautiful hostess; she had seemed to him a superior being. Now he began to blame himself for this reticence. "But where would have been the use, my friend Achille?" he said. "You are not blind, and you are susceptible; you would only have destroyed your peace: moths that fly too near a light end by singeing more than their wings; and the light burns on and cheers some one else—not a whit the worse for the poor moth it has shrivelled out of life. No, the widow would never have looked at me; but if I were Rudolf Engemann I would go in and win."

He snapped his fingers as he reached for the third time the turning down which Madame Bobineau and her protégée had disappeared.

"If I were a young man," he said again, "I could not shilly-shally as Engemann does. I have not seen them together lately, but I feel confident he has only got to propose for the widow and she will accept him. She is constantly sending him a message about something or other, and then I meet him coming out of that parlor of hers looking as pleased as if he had been made a general; if he is spoken to, he has to wake up out of a dream, as he did just now. *Ma foi*," said the honest captain, "have I not gone through it over and over again in my time with the young sub-lieutenants?—poor young fools, as if the women are not dying to listen to them, when they are young and handsome. Ah! if the young only knew!"

He sighed. Presently turning round on his heel, he found himself face to face with his landlady.

Madame Bobineau gave an obsequious courtesy, and the captain bowed as if she were Madame Carouge herself. Though he had no advantages in the way of breed-

ing, Monsieur Loigerot had a natural deference for women, even when they were old.

"You are out late, madame," he said.

"Yes, yes, monsieur, it is late." She was hurrying on; but he placed himself beside her, and suited his pace to hers.

"You have had an arrival to-day." The captain spoke boldly; shy as he was with women, he was not afraid of old Bobineau in the gloom of the arcade.

She started with surprise, but then she remembered gossiping Madame Riesen, and cursed her indiscretion.

"Yes, monsieur."

"The young lady is your niece, perhaps. Ah! I congratulate you, madame, on so charming a relative. It was perhaps she whom I had the honor of directing to your house this morning?"

Madame Bobineau hesitated. She intended Marie to be considered as her shop-girl; but as she felt sure that the captain would speak of his meeting with the girl to others, it might save trouble in some ways if she let him know that Marie belonged to her.

"Monsieur is very kind," she said, "but I think he mistakes. My cousin is not a young lady—only a child, fresh from her convent."

"Exactly," said the captain; "she is as dainty as a blossom of edelweiss. You will have to take great care of her, madame, in this town, and in this bustling time of year; those tourists are insufferable sometimes in their behavior."

"Yes, yes, monsieur; I will be careful."

"You see, you have two young men in the house," Loigerot went on, pausing between his words.

"Yes, monsieur; but my cousin will only be in the shop, not in the house, and she will have plenty to do; she will not have time to think of young men."

"For that matter"—the captain was talking to himself as much as to Madame Bobineau—"so far as regards Monsieur Engemann (this is between ourselves, madame), I think you will soon have to seek a new inmate for your second floor."

He winked, but though Madame Bobineau could not see in the darkness, she was sharp enough to understand, and she was troubled. This was the second warning that had fallen on her ears to-day, and the change suggested meant to her more than the loss of a quiet, regular lodger.

Would Madame Carouge, who, in her desolate, widowed state, had shown herself so full of sympathy for other widows—would she, Bobineau asked herself, be as generous when she became a remarried woman?

The shrewd old glover guessed that a large part of the beautiful landlady's kindness to her arose from her connection with Rudolf Engemann; he often brought her a note or a message from Madame Carouge, and sometimes was the bearer of a reply. Madame Bobineau had no appetite for the viands she had set before Marie, but she could eat greedily, for all that, in private, and many a dainty dish was smuggled home when she called, by madame's request, at the hotel, on her way from mass. Already she felt robbed in the prospect of such a marriage, and yet she was bound not to thwart it, lest Madame Carouge should find her out.

She looked stolid as she answered: "Monsieur Engemann has said nothing to me, and he would surely give me notice of his intentions if he meant to leave me."

"Ah, my good friend," the captain said, gayly, "you forget the old song." He began to whistle:

"Oh, c'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour!"

"So!" she exclaimed. "Does Monsieur Engemann think of marrying? Is that your meaning, monsieur?"

They had reached the Red Glove, and she was watching her opportunity to slip away.

But Loigerot put his hand on her arm. "You forget," he said: "it is not so long ago that you agreed with me that Engemann and our fair widow would make a fine couple."

"But then," she said, sweetly, "I could have said that of monsieur himself in regard to Madame Carouge."

Loigerot reddened, and poised himself first on one foot, then on the other. He was not much accustomed to personal compliments, and they excited him.

"Well," he said, "the truth is that our friend Engemann is in love with the beauty, and I fancy she favors him."

"Mon Dieu!"—Madame Bobineau spoke impulsively, and turned up her eyes—she always did this before uttering a virtuous sentiment; the action seemed to help out her words—"can it be possible that so honorable a gentleman, who is yet but a clerk in the bank, can think of offering

himself to a woman of fortune, for, monsieur, by your leave, it is, I fancy, not only the beauty of Madame Carouge that makes marriage with her desirable, is it ?"

This shaft told; the captain stood open-mouthed, his feet wide apart, plunged in a deep reverie.

"Good-night, monsieur;" and Bobineau disappeared through her doorway.

"Great heavens!"—the captain slapped his thigh—"Achille Loigerot, you have indeed been a blind mole. An old toothless woman has discerned what has been for so long a puzzle to you! And Bobineau is right. There is the key to the mystery; Engemann is too proud to propose to a rich woman, and the pair will go on pining for one another. Well, I am not handsome or clever, perhaps, but"—he put his finger to his nose—"I may be able to help these lovers. Ha! ha!—a hint to one or the other may smooth matters. I like to see people happy."

He took his cigar from his lips to enjoy a laugh, and then walked on to the point at the corner of the Spitalgasse where he had met Marie. He sighed, and turning back, went home, and to bed.

CHAPTER V.

MARIE'S LODGING.

Marie groped her way up the narrow, uneven staircase of her lodging. In front of her was the man who had opened the door, and she knew that the woman who had stood beside him was behind her. She felt like a captive between these two dirty jailers, who, in the dim light, had looked to her like some of the beggars who came to ask alms at the gate of her convent home. She could not see anything as she went upstairs except a glimpse of the man's dirty neck showing above a greasy brown coat, the dark walls absorbed all the light of the little hand-lamp that he carried. The smell of the oil was intolerable.

"Take care, mademoiselle," a hoarse voice said behind her; "this railing is broken away."

Marie had just reached the landing, and she saw, as the man turned to open a door, that there was nothing to prevent any one from slipping down-stairs from the narrow ledge outside the room into which he had carried his unsavory lamp. She felt so anxious to get rid of this that though she saw a bare, comfortless chamber, she did not notice anything in detail, so intent was she in feeling in the basket she carried for the candle and matches provided by Madame Bobineau. She found them, and hastily struck a light.

"I will not take your lamp, thank you," she said to the man. "Good-night." The door closed on her squalid hosts, and then, as the candle flickered into stronger light, Marie looked round her. The flame led her eyes to a black zigzag line above it—a crack in the wall, which a little way higher yawned into a hole. The wall was so black and loathsome in aspect that it seemed to the girl as if some fever or disease lurked there, and that the discolored blisters she saw upon it were the outbreak of this.

She snatched up the candle, and looked all round. Madame Bobineau had said that she had sent bed-coverings, and Marie saw that these lay in a corner near the dingy bed. There was a rickety table, with a jug and basin, and over it was a little cracked mirror in a tarnished frame, and close to her was a wooden chair. Setting down the candle, she sank into the chair in a sudden burst of tears.

"It is cruel, wicked, to send me to a place like this. Oh, what shall I do ?" Then pulling her skirt angrily away from the dirty floor, she sobbed out her grief and indignation. "What shall I do?—oh, what shall I do ?" For the first time in her life, there was no one to whom Marie could go for comfort.

Since her mother's death she had lived in long whitewashed rooms with bare floors, and certainly the plainest of needful furnishings; she had never known luxury at the convent of St. Esprit in her surroundings; but in spite of the plainness and of the frugal fare, the cleanliness and order of the place had been dainty, and Marie had there enjoyed the greatest of luxuries—love.

The other girls brought up among these kind, simple sisters had homes to go to in holiday time, but Marie Peyrolles had come to the convent a bright orphan child of twelve years old, and had staid there ever since her first arrival.

Her godmother had loved Marie's mother, and had promised her, when she died, to take care of her child; but this benevolent woman was soon taken away from her charge, not, however, before she had bequeathed a sum of money to the con-

vent to provide for her little Marie till she was sixteen years old. Then the girl was either to become a sister or to earn a living by teaching.

But Marie at sixteen was still so very childish, and the sisters loved her so dearly, that they had no desire to give her up. In holiday time she was their pet; her very sauciness gave a charming variety to the quiet, uniform life they led; but she expressed no wish to adopt their life.

At eighteen the girl grew restless and dissatisfied. She did not wish to become a sister, and, indeed, not one of the gentle community sought to point out such a life for her; but when she saw how many claims the convent had to meet, and how in the long snowy winters, poor as the sisters were, they fed and clothed their poorer neighbors, she revolted against her idle life, and one day she begged the Superior to write to her father's old cousin.

"You know, Mother," she said, "I could never gain my living by teaching. Sister Josepha has given me up. She says the children will not mind me; they only laugh. But I am strong, and I can work. I need not be the burden to my cousin that I am to you, though you will not tell me so."

At first the Superior refused to listen to her, and Marie had to withdraw her petition; but she confided her wishes to the sisters, and little by little a feeling grew up in the convent that Marie Peyrolles wanted to leave it.

Perhaps she did. She loved her kind friends as dearly as ever, but something, a vague restlessness that as yet took no shape, began to trouble the young girl's dreams at night and her waking thoughts by day.

When she roused from these she found she had been wondering about Berne, and about the glover's shop in the Spitalgasse, and about the unknown cousin who sent her every New-Year's Day a box of sweetmeats.

And then the next time she asked to go away, the Superior told her that she had written to Madame Bobineau, and was expecting a reply to her letter.

For an instant a chill fell on Marie; but there followed such a thronging in of fluttering hopes and shy expectation that she felt scarcely able to eat or drink, or to fix her attention on anything, till one morning she was summoned to the Superior's room to hear her fate.

This had happened so few days ago that it seemed like a dream. Only out of the excited feelings which made this episode seem so unreal there stood out in her memory the Superior's last words—a little sermon Marie had then called it, tender wisdom she now felt it—and her tears began to flow again as she repeated the words to herself.

"We grieve to lose you, my child, because we love you. I hope you will meet with love in your new home; but, Marie, you must try to love those with whom you have to live; it is not always easy, for love, to be perfect, demands all the powers of the soul." Marie remembered that she had looked up questioningly at this, and the Mother had added, "Yes, my child, love to God does not interfere with, though it purifies and elevates, earthly love, to which it sets a copy. As you shrink from all that would pain those you love, and strive by word, look, and action to give happiness to another, you will be helped to grow careful about your faults from love. You must love something, Marie, and love of those we live with keeps the door of our hearts shut against the love of money and the love of self."

"It sounds beautiful," poor Marie sobbed. "It is just like them all. How could one help loving them? And oh, how can I love Madame Bobineau when she puts me in a place like this?" she said, with an angry shiver of disgust, as she looked at the dirty floor. "I can not love her, and I will not," she went on; "she ought to lodge me in her own house. The Mother could not know that I was going to be lodged in a dirty garret, or she would not have sent me. I have a great mind to go back to Lucerne at once. Ah! if I had not been a monster of ingratitude, I should never have left St. Esprit."

And then she cried again bitterly. It seemed to her that she was justly punished. If she had never asked to leave, the sisters would never have sent her away, and she might have worked harder for them if she had tried. It was her own fault: she had wanted to see what the outside world was like; and she had got her wish. If people were all like Madame Bobineau, then, indeed, the convent was the happiest place.

It had grown dark while she sat crying, and at last, worn out and unhappy, Marie determined to go to bed. Perhaps life would look less gloomy next morning.

When she lay down it seemed impossible to believe that she had only left the convent that morning. She did not go to sleep at once. All her little escapades and follies rose up before her, and in the darkness took exaggerated importance. No wonder, she said to herself, that the sisters were all glad to be rid of such a tiresome, teasing girl! Oh, how could she have so tormented them! Her cheeks grew hot with shame, and it began to be evident to her that only their goodness had tolerated her: in their hearts they must have been glad at her departure.

She could not sleep, her heart felt so heavy. She turned restlessly, and cooled her hot cheek on the pillow. The movement let light in upon her trouble. The sisters had not seemed glad to let her go; they had said they were sorry, and they always spoke the truth. Then she let her thoughts dwell on the leave-taking: the tender kisses, the Mother's pretty gift—a daintily furnished work-basket—the kind, loving looks of all, except perhaps Sister Monique.... And soon the tired child fell asleep.

CHAPTER VI.

A MORNING WALK.

Morning sunshine came streaming into the dirty little room, showing other horrid cracks in the soiled wall, and also showing that the window which admitted this warm brilliance had a sufficient blind of cobwebs.

Soon the brightness travelled across Marie's coverlet, and reached the dark eyelashes which almost touched her flushed cheeks; they clung together, parted into clusters, telling tales of last night's tears.

Sleeping there, one soft cheek resting in her pink palm, Marie looked like a peaceful child: care had left no trace on her fair, soft skin. But the sunshine reached her eyes, and she opened them; a gaze of unrecognizing wonder showed in their gray depths as she looked widely round her.

She started up, and then, with a grimace at the dirty floor, she soon dressed herself. She heard the clock strike five; opening her door, she heard sounds in the house that told her some one was awake. While dressing she had decided to ask the woman of the house to clean her room, and she went down-stairs to find her.

"Come in," a voice called out from a den under the stairs, and then the woman's miserable face showed—a pale patch in the gloom.

Marie thought she looked much dirtier than she had looked last night. It seemed to the girl that cleanliness could not be expected from her hostess. She would not know how to practice it. The girl stood thinking. Presently she said: "Can I have a pail and some water? You will perhaps show me where to go to draw water?"

"Yes." The woman brought her a pail, a cleaner one than Marie expected, and then opening the house door, she showed the girl a small fountain against the high wall opposite. Marie found herself in a paved court with this wall in front of the houses; at one end was a very narrow passage between the walls, at the other the steep flight of steps she had come down last night.

Marie felt amused. The fresh morning air revived her spirits. Some girls in picturesque Bernese costumes were filling their pitchers and chatting merrily by the fountain.

They nodded to her and said good-morning; then, as she went back slowly to the house, with her full pail, they wondered who she was.

Marie was doubtful whether she should be able to clean her floor. "There's nothing like trying," she said, laughing to herself.

At the convent she had been taught to cook and to sew and to embroider, but she had not been allowed to do house-work, even when she grew too old for school lessons. There was no need, the kind sisters had said, and it would spoil her hands for embroidery. She felt like a child with a new toy as she tucked up her skirts and bared her white, well-shaped arms. She had only a bit of flannel to scrub with and a sponge. It was not easy work. She had to go over the floor three times before she could clear away the dirt. Her face was very red and hot, and her loosened hair fell over her eyes, before she had finished.

She had used up the bit of soap bestowed on her by Madame Bobineau, and she had several times emptied and then refilled her pail.

More than once she longed to give up, but she persevered, and at last all was done. Marie felt sick and exhausted, but

at least her floor and her window were clean; so was the table and chair, and everything else that could be washed.

It must be owned that there was a good deal of damp, but there was also a wholesome smell of soap and water; the close mustiness of the atmosphere had been banished, and the warm sun, streaming in through the open window, would, Marie hoped, soon remove the general sloppiness.

Then she looked ruefully at the long black cracks in the walls.

"If I could only get some paper and paste," she said, "I would hide away those gaping cracks. I am afraid I can't clean the walls."

She smoothed her hair, tidied herself, and then went out.

Madame Bobineau had told her to come to the Red Glove at half past seven, and she had still time for a walk. Going up the flight of steps, she found herself on a level with the rest of the town, and she knew that if she went straight on she should reach the big tower which Madame Bobineau had pointed out last night as a landmark. But she need not go yet to Madame Bobineau's.

Marie had never gone out alone till yesterday, and even then an old priest had conveyed her as far as Olten. There was a delicious sense of freedom in this ramble in the freshness of early morning. She turned round, and went along the street built on the top of the high wall which faced her lodging. There were pretty cottages here, with flowers in every window, making a glory of scarlet and orange in the sunshine. At the end of the street she came to a sort of circular terrace, with a tree in its centre; leaning against the parapet of this terrace were some working-men. Marie looked about her to see what they were gazing at.

The platform looked down the high steep bank on to the blue-green river; on each side through the trees were the houses of Berne, and across the river the green banks again rose steeply; but the men were not gazing at the river or the town, and Marie's eyes followed theirs upward to the horizon. She gave a little cry, and an old gray-headed workman turned and nodded at her with an approving smile.

"Aha!" he said; "you have luck; it is not often like this."

Before her in the distance was a long line of glittering light—the peaks of the snow giants glistening in silver brilliance high up in the sky. No threatening clouds dimmed their grandeur; the sky was bright and clear; it seemed as if silver fire burned within the range of mountains.

Marie forgot all about her bedroom and her employer. She was entranced with the scene before her. Once more she felt at home again; for at St. Esprit she had called the snow mountains her friends. These were not the same, but they were more lovely, she thought. They sent a thrill through her. Ah, how she wished they did not look so far off!

"Ahem!"

A discreet cough made her turn to see who stood next her. A hat was being raised in her honor, and a broad bronzed face was beaming with pleasure, till the small eyes in it narrowed. In a minute she recognized the stout gentleman who had spoken to her yesterday in the Spitalgasse, and she smiled in answer to his greeting.

"Good-morning, mademoiselle," said Loigerot. "I need not ask if you have slept well, for you look as fresh as the mountains do. I heard of your safe arrival at the Red Glove from my good friend Madame Bobineau."

"You know her?" said Marie, quickly.

"I have that honor." He bowed again. "Mademoiselle, it is my good fortune to lodge in the house of Madame Bobineau." He held his head very stiffly, and made a pause between each sentence, as if he looked back at it, and made sure that no correction was needed. "Mademoiselle," he went on, finding that Marie's eyes were again fixed on the mountains, "is perhaps on her way to the Red Glove. May I have the honor"—he took off his hat and remained uncovered while he finished his sentence—"of walking so far with Mademoiselle?"

There was a certain military swagger about the captain, spite his humility, and he had taken up so much space in bowing to Marie, with his feet planted widely apart, that the working-men leaning against the parapet turned round to look, and were now smiling at the stout middle-aged man's admiration for the young girl, who seemed so unconscious of it. The captain only saw Marie, but the girl felt annoyed at the attention he had drawn on her.

"You are very kind, monsieur," she

said, "but I am late, and shall have to go much faster than you would care to go; so I will say good-morning. I thank you very much."

She bowed and turned away, while the captain stood with his mouth open, trying to form a new sentence.

"Confound it!" was the next sentence he produced; and he stood, with his stumpy legs wider apart than ever, staring after her. "Well," he said, philosophically, "it doesn't signify. I shall certainly see her again. Berne is not so large as all that, and when I determine to do a thing, usually I do it." Then he paused, and a sudden idea made his eyes twinkle. "I believe I want a pair of gloves," he said to himself. This was evidently such a huge joke that he went rolling along the pavement, laughing, till his face looked like a copper full moon.

At the angle of the street, however, a big yellow dog, that had just been unfastened from a milk cart, flew at him. The captain grasped it by the collar, and shook it as if it had been a puppy. Then he turned to the owner, a stalwart young peasant, who stood bending over his tall flat wooden milk-pails, without an attempt to call off his dog.

"Ah, my friend," said Loigerot, "how is it your dog has slipped his muzzle? or do you forget that we are in August? Attention, my friend."

And then he went smiling along the street. Berne had shaken off its dullness for him. It held within it the possibility of an adventure.

Editor's Easy Chair.

CHARLES LAMB devotes two of the essays of Elia to the new year. They are in very different keys, but both are charming. One is wholly meditative and sober; the other is one of the most delightful freaks of fancy. Lamb's "Rejoicings upon the New Year's Coming of Age" has but one companion-piece in the same vein, and that is Hawthorne's "A Select Party." They are both very characteristic. Hawthorne's has a certain sombre tone, with all its delicacy and grace of touch, while Lamb's trips along with a light and airy gayety. He marshals all the noted days in the year—the holidays, and occasional days, and ecclesiastical days—and with infinite felicity of allusion and suggestion, he whirls them before the mind of the reader in rollicking confusion.

"*April Fool* took upon himself to marshal the guests, and wild work he made of it. *Ash Wednesday* got wedged in (as was concerted) betwixt *Christmas* and *Lord Mayor's days*. Lord, how he laid about him! Nothing but barons of beef and turkeys would go down with him, to the great greasing and detriment of his new sackcloth bib and tucker." The quips and cranks of Elia are endless, and the whole essay crackles and flashes with puns and sly allusions. "All the while *Valentine's Day* kept courting pretty *May*, who sat beside him, slipping amorous billets-doux under the table, till the *Dog Days* (who are naturally of a warm constitution) began to be jealous, and to bark and rage exceedingly." And at last, "Day being ended, the *Days* called for their cloaks and great-coats, and took their leaves. *Lord Mayor's Day* went off in a mist as usual, *Shortest Day* in a deep black fog that wrapped the little gentleman all round like a hedgehog. Two *Vigils*—so watchmen are called in heaven—saw *Christmas Day* safe home—they had been used to the business before.... *Longest Day* set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold; the rest, some in one fashion, some in another. But *Valentine* and pretty *May* took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover's Day could wish to set in."

Nothing could be more delicate than this pretty play of fancy. It was one of the last of the essays of Elia, and appeared in the *London Magazine* for January, 1823. The earlier and graver essay, "New-Year's Eve," was one of the Elia papers which led Southey to deplore in the *Quarterly* the want of a sounder religious feeling in Elia. This essay also incited a poetic remonstrance from an anonymous author, whom Lamb supposed to be James Montgomery. But both Southey and the anonymous poet curiously misconceived the humoristic touch of Lamb. The passing bells of the dying year, he says, affect him painfully. Their sound is the most solemn and touching of all sounds. It is an "awful leave-taking." Then his peculiar genius begins to awaken. He is shy of novelties, he says—new books, new fancies, new years. He delights to revert. He lives over again old joys and griefs. He does not gladly anticipate, and the sweet familiar life of every day, and of so long a succession of days, is pleasanter to his mind than the unimaginable future. As time passes, time is more precious to him. Even as a child the ringing out of the old year filled his mind with pensive emotion. But as he grows older he begins ruefully to count the probability of his duration, and would fain lay his ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. "I am not con-

tent to pass away like a weaver's shuttle. Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality."

He soberly urges the humorous plea. He would set up his tabernacle here. Can a ghost joke and laugh? Can he take with him his folios, his midnight darlings? Can he know the sweet society of friends? In winter he is conscious of an intolerable disinclination to dying. But in summer, in a genial August noon, beneath a sweltering sky, death is almost problematic. "What satisfaction hath a man that he shall lie down with kings and emperors in death, who in his lifetime never greatly coveted the society of such bed-fellows?" The vein is unmistakable. It is a fond assertion of the joy of living among familiar scenes and sounds. It is the humoristic, rather than the humorous or comic, expression of a common feeling.

As the bells ring out the old year, marking and emphasizing another series of days that are no more, the mind falls readily into the mood which Elia expresses with pathetic humor and tender grace. Surely there is no season in which the familiar life seems more attractive and delightful than that of Christmas and the new year—the very time in the twelvemonth which is especially consecrated to home and the domestic affections, and to the celebration by outward signs of gifts and gayety of the happiness of this world. The lean anchorite is not surer of immortality than the healthful-hearted man who finds in the innocent happiness of the life that he knows, assurance of all beyond it that his heart craves and his mind anticipates.

Charles Lamb ends his essay with some Horatian verses by "hearty, cheerful Mr. Coteon." But of higher heartiness and of loftier cheer are the familiar lines of a greater poet, which, so long as the English language lasts, will be the refrain of the new year's bells:

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace;

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

When John Evelyn went to Rome, two centuries ago, he found the Jews in that city living in a quarter by themselves, called the Ghetto. They were confined to the same quarter some years ago when the Easy Chair was in Rome. But the Ghetto is now gone. Two Jews sit in Rome in the Italian Senate, and eight in the House of Deputies. It is five centuries since the Jews were excluded from England, and it was the ancient law of the land that a Christian man or woman who married a Jew should be burned. But the last Prime Minister of England was Benjamin of Israel, or Benjamin the Jew, and a Jew whom the Queen of England raised to a baronetcy has just received honors and gratitude in all countries upon the completion of his hundredth year.

It is a marvellous change in opinion. Isaac of York, in Scott's *Ivanhoe*, was the old Jew. The Rothschilds and Moses Montefiore are the new Jews. Indeed, one of the best signs of the changed opinion and of the self-respect of the race is the fact that the great-grandson of the English Jewish rabbi Moses Cohen, who was the first teacher of the Jewish law in South Carolina, and one of the first in America, does not hesitate in his address in Charleston on the birthday of Sir Moses Montefiore to say that he and his brethren meet as Jews. They are not afraid of the name. Like John Wesley, who caught the epithet of Methodist which was hurled at him and his friends in derision, and made it one of the most honored names in the Christian nomenclature, so Mr. J. Barrett Cohen quietly appropriates the name Jew, and it is he who speaks of Lord Beaconsfield as Benjamin the Jew.

Certainly the birthday of Sir Moses Montefiore was a day upon which his religious fraternity had the highest reason to congratulate themselves, and to recall with pride the glories of their race. Its achievements in every department of affairs and art are prodigious, except in the industrial arts. They have supplied the treasuries of nations; they have directed national affairs; they have enriched human life with philosophy and science and every form of art; they have extended the domain of commerce and of trade; they have lived in all lands and contributed to the prosperous activities of every people, but distinctively industrial they have not been; they have been in nations and among them, but not of them. The Roman Ghetto was symbolic of their separation from the very communities in which they lived.

This exclusiveness and separation Mr. Cohen attributes to the Jewish law of marriage and the Jewish dietetic laws. The general superiority which he claims for Israel he attributes to its long training in the law of Moses. The careful and hereditary discipline of the moral and the physical man has tended to make the Jew pure and good, and strong and healthy. If the generalization will hardly stand—and the claim is somewhat overweening—yet the condition and the position of Israel to-day plead strongly for his view. It is still a race of commanding power in the world, he holds, because it has not yet fulfilled its mission, which he declares to be to teach the absolute unity of God, perfect purity of human life, and perfect charity to all mankind.

If Israel is to remain exclusive and separate until it has accomplished this mission, it will have a long date. In Disraeli's *Tancred* the wise old Jew in Damascus writes upon the wall the mystic word *Time*. And indeed time alone can achieve the work of Israel, as

Mr. Cohen expounds it. If it is not to pass away and be swallowed up in some other people with a mission, as he intimates, until this mission is achieved—a mission which includes the assertion of a theological dogma—the ever-roaming and imperishable Wandering Jew becomes its type and personification. Its work would be more speedily and effectually accomplished not by segregation, but by identification. All that is distinctive in the Jew, his reverence for the moral law of soul and of body, may remain as a humanizing, elevating, and purifying influence without that race solitude in society which is now the phenomenon of Israel.

Indeed, it is that which delays the fulfillment of its mission. Its separation from other races and from all nations does not comport with the perfect charity which it teaches. The perception of the identity of humanity, the truth that God has made all nations of one blood, is indispensable to that charity. On the other hand, Christendom has but tardily shown the Christian spirit toward the Hebrew. The proud and austere separation of Israel may well be explained by the remorseless cruelty with which it has been treated. And the sentiment from which that treatment springs but slowly perishes. Oppressive laws are repealed. Abstract opinion slowly changes. Personal outrage, in more civilized lands at least, is infrequent. But the line of severance does not vanish.

That this is largely maintained by the invincible feeling that however peaceable and loyal the Jews in any country may be, they can not be patriots in the same sense with others, is unquestionable. Yet this feeling seems to involve something of the old fallacy that Roman Catholics can not be good Englishmen. They own, indeed, an ecclesiastical allegiance to a foreign bishop, but they would be among the first to resist any political designs of that foreign bishop upon England. The Jews likewise retain their ecclesiastical unity, but as Mr. Wolf, the recent biographer of Montefiore, remarks, "The Queen of this happy realm has no subject more loyal than the orthodox Jew Moses Montefiore"; and Sir Moses in his letter to the Jews of Morocco reminds them in the strongest manner that they are to be perfectly loyal subjects of the sovereign of the country, and to cultivate the goodwill and esteem of their fellow-countrymen.

It is a fortune without precedent to reach the hundredth year of a "useful and honorable" life, as Queen Victoria's message said upon the completion of its ninety-ninth year, and for the centenarian to receive from all the world the homage of friendly congratulation for goodness of character and ceaseless charities, and to return thanks in a clear voice and with unimpaired faculties to his immediate neighbors and friends.

There was another recent occasion of personal honor and congratulation which was exceedingly interesting and significant. It was the hanging of a portrait of the good Quaker poet Whittier in the hall of the Friends' Boarding-School at Providence. The school is famous within that communion, and beyond it also, for the excellence of its instruction and the benign influence of its serene discipline. Providence, like an older city, is lovely for situation. The hill that rises suddenly from the eastern shore of the little river, the Blackstone or Moochausac, gives the city a singular picturesqueness of aspect. This hill falls toward the south to the head of Narragansett Bay, at the confluence of the Seekonk and Blackstone rivers, and its long eastward slope toward the Seekonk and the rock of What Cheer, where Roger Williams was greeted by the Indians, still retains in part something of its old rural character. It is one of the pleasant suburbs of the city, and in a spacious grove within the city limits stands, and has for many years stood, the Friends' Boarding-School.

The Friends have been always an important element of the population in Rhode Island, and the Newport Yearly Meeting is a kind of annual convocation or general assembly of that silent communion which is very familiar. In the older days, when the narrow streets of the town were filled with the plain garb of the brethren and sisters from all parts of the country, how true seemed the gracious words: "The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil, and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily, and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun conferences, whitening the eastern streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show the troops of the Shining Ones."

If the young Whittier was ever brought to the May meeting in old Newport, he would have thought it a soft diabolic enticement if some fancy had whispered to him that one day he would be held in reverence and honor as a writer of verses, and that his portrait would be cherished among the chief ornaments of a school of his unworldly fraternity. The Muses were but pagan goddesses to the older Quakers. James Naylor and George Fox would have put aside the sweet solicitations of color and of song, as St. Anthony avoided the blandishments of the lovely syren whom he knew to be the Devil. But gently the modern Quakers have been won over. That grim austerity, as of the Puritan, has yielded to kindly sympathies, and the wholesome gayeties and the refining graces of life are not disowned by the quietists. Nay, even in a severer day was there not a certain elegance of taste in Friends' raiment? If the bonnet were rigidly of the Quaker type, was it not of exquisite texture? Was not the fabric of the dress as delicate and soft as if woven in Persian looms? Was a sense of Quaker aristocracy unknown and has no Quaker equipage

been seen which rolled with an air as superior as that of a cardinal's carriage?

But what a delightful character the Quaker tradition imparted to everything that it touched! A certain grave and sweet simplicity, an air of candor and of plain rectitude, a frank and fraternal heartiness—these were all distinctively Quaker. They were imitated to base ends, indeed, and no rogue so roguish as a counterfeited Quaker; no stories of such smug duplicity as those which were told of the smooth knaves in drab. But it was only the homage to virtue. Knaves wore the Quaker garb because the Quaker garb was justly identified with honesty. Those whose early youth was familiar with Friends, as with them and among them, but not of them, still delight in the recollection, and associate with them still a refined superiority.

That the rigid traditions have been relaxed is apparent from the very incident that we have mentioned. The Muses have penetrated the Friends' Boarding-School. There is a piano in the hall. There are busts and portraits of famous Friends. There were eloquence and poetry in commemoration of a Quaker poet. There were universal affection and gratitude for the singer and his song. Bernard Barton was a Quaker poet. But Whittier is the Quaker poet. It was a curious illustration of the happy fusing of differing creeds in a generous human sympathy and admiration that at the Puritan dinner in New York on Forefathers'-day, some years ago, a Roman Catholic, James T. Brady, the famous advocate, said to the Easy Chair, "My poet of poets is Whittier." John Bright has publicly testified his honor and regard. And who does not? That purity and simplicity and native dignity of life blending with the pure and tender and humane song—they are a national possession, they are ennobling and inspiring. That example in the sight of all American youth, that steady fidelity to plain living and high thinking, is inexpressibly valuable. It is not appropriated, and it can not be, by the tranquil religious community to which the poet belongs. It is a common benefit.

Yet as a Hampden or a Milton, a Washington or an Adams, lineally descended from the man who has made the family name illustrious, might cherish his peculiar and personal gratification in the renown of his ancestor, so the Friends may well feel an especial glowing of the heart as Friends that William Penn and Elizabeth Fry, and John Bright and Whittier, and others truly and humanely eminent, were of their own household of faith. The young Quakers are taught the vanity of worldly distinctions. But there is a lofty sense in which *noblesse oblige*, and as the pupils of the Providence school see the forms and faces of the famous Friends, and recall John Woolman and "the early Quakers," they may well feel and say with high resolve, "I too am a Quaker."

Mr. Whittier and Dr. Holmes are now our patriarchs of song. But it is in years only that they are old. The later verses of Whittier have the same unchanged quality of graphic simplicity and deep and catholic feeling, the same penetrating pathos and New England vigor, which have been always his. For half a century he has been a bard arousing patriotic and humane emotion, a minstrel cheering and soothing and charming with tender ballad and romantic lyric. And here is the latest song of Holmes, the *ave* of the beautiful illustrated volume, which happily reminds us how ever fresh and familiar are the strains which it preludes, and which will go on echoing and singing themselves along the coming years.

These are the singers who still happily connect us with the great group of which they are parts. But it is the especial glory of that group, which contains the various genius which first challenged the attention of the world, and satisfied it that at last the Muses had alighted upon this continent, that they are as illustrious as citizens as they are renowned as poets, philosophers, historians, novelists, essayists, masters in science, and scholars. There is perhaps no similar group whose members were of such lofty and blameless life, so free from the common faults of men of letters—of lives so regular, so well-ordered and diligent, so free from every reproach.

The young Quaker need not shake his head as he looks upon the portrait of the Quaker poet, and grieve that this habit must not be mentioned, and that that event is to be regretted. For him in that noble life nothing is to be regretted. The talent has not been wrapped in a napkin. The opportunity has been seized, and the blessing wrung from the beneficent angel. It is not the poet only who regards him from that grave canvas, it is the patriot, the friend of liberty, the modest and temperate citizen, the good man.

The biographies of literary men with their letters and diaries have now become such photographic revelations of every detail of their lives that an author may well say of his possible biographer as the poor Lord Chancellor said of Brougham, that he adds a new terror to death. The old motto for a biography was *nil nisi bonum*. If a man's life were worth writing at all, it seemed to be thought that it must be because he was a model man, and the model was not permitted to suffer in the hands of the artist. Famous men were painted, as it were, in their coronation robes. But the more modern biography treats them, as Thackeray in one of his little vignettes treated Louis the Fourteenth, stripped of his fine plumage of clothes, and shrunken, bald, and puny, a ludicrous figure to behold. Teufelsdröckh's dogma that clothes make the man is half justified by much of our current biography.

The imagination requires that the poet and the hero shall be round and complete, and nothing is more shocking to young enthusiasm than the revelation of something incongruous in the hero. One of the most vivid recollec-

tions of the Easy Chair is that of its grieved incredulity in extreme youth upon hearing it said of the poet to whom it was then ardently devoted that he wore the best-fitting coat of any man in the city. The Easy Chair had not then read *Sartor Resartus*, nor did it apprehend the wisdom of the clothes philosophy. But it has often since reflected that there was a certain spiritual reason that the poet's coat should have been so noted. And what youthful admirer of *Alice* and *Ernest Maltravers* could read the memoirs of Bulwer which have been recently published without imperiling his faith in human nature?

Mr. Froude has now completed his remarkable biography of Carlyle. It is photographic, but, like all photographs, it lacks some of the indispensable points of a true and faithful likeness. Even the reports of a man's own words, his letters, his journals, may, uninterpreted, be signally unjust to him. A certain humoristic extravagance, or any mental or moral idiosyncrasy unexplained, belies the writer or the speaker. Indeed, the sagacity to deal with such things, the just insight, the correct appreciation, the sense of proportion—these are all essential to the true "editing," of the great value of which Carlyle was profoundly conscious. In the continuous and absolutely unrestrained flow of expression in which a literary man indulges there will be a hundred petulances and irritabilities and gibes and expletives which, when printed, utterly distort the true likeness of the man. Oho! then our saint, so smooth and placid in his public aspect, was sour and snappish in the family circle! Our grave philosopher, who exhorts to silence and self-denial, gabbled incessantly and smoked forever the strongest tobacco! Our social mentor, who preaches simplicity and natural freedom, was made up of false calves and teeth, and a wig and corsets. And all dolls are sawdust, and there is no balm in Gilead.

Much recent biography, indeed, emphasizes the truth that there is no more important literary workman than the editor and biographer. For not only does he tell the story of a life, but in telling it he may impair or destroy one of the loftiest influences and moral powers. A supreme discretion is indispensable; the instinctive knowledge of that which, however true in itself, will necessarily convey a false impression, and which should therefore be presented not in the form of a diary or of letters, but of editorial statement; or if presented in the original, should be accompanied with due and clear interpretation. Supreme discretion also involves the instinctive perception of what should not be published at all. What sinning there has recently been in that way! How much we know that we ought not to know! Literature is the gainer by the letters of Mrs. Carlyle. But what a wrong to her! If a sneak-thief should steal Tennyson's love-letters and publish them, what a general interest to see them! What an enormous sale there would be! What an addition to the literature of letters they might well prove to be! But what an unspeakable outrage! what dishonor! what disgrace!

It would be the most terrible penalty of fame to know that every word that you wrote or spoke was sure sooner or later to reverberate through the world, and to be heard of all men. The fatal self-consciousness that would follow would make the life of every victim of fame hollow and artificial. Wendell Phillips's warning against the man who keeps a diary would be heeded, but for quite another reason. The diarist would forbear. The letter would be unwritten. The hapless man of fame would be consumed with the suspicion that his foes were those of his own household. The literary heirs and executors of a renowned author are invested with a moral responsibility which they can not evade. There will be always great interest and large remuneration, for instance, for all that he wrote, however imperfect and fragmentary. But who would tarnish a pure fame for a mess of pottage?

The courteous reader will not suppose that we would have Cromwell's warts smoothed away in the portrait, or the twist taken out of Alexander's neck. But we would not have warts suggested where they are not, nor a symmetrical neck turned awry. If it appear that we have all been deceived, that Wilberforce was, in truth, but a bottle-green patriarch, that Whitefield was really Chadband, and Dr. Johnson an impostor, let the idol be shattered. But let us never forget that Homer is still the epic poet, although he sometimes nodded, and Washington incomparable, despite the oath at Monmouth and the sometimes doubtful spelling.

Nothing favors a gentle optimism more than the reading of history and the involuntary comparison of time with time. Thirty years, almost, ago, when we all went to Dr. Chapin's old church, on Broadway below Prince Street, to hear Thackeray read his lectures upon the Georges, that refined and charming audience listened, incredulous, to the tale of the character and life of the highest social circle in England. The good people compared it at every sentence with the society they knew, and of which they were so characteristic a part, in New York. It had its frivolities, its extravagances, and vulgarities and absurdities; its back was well enough suited to the gentle lash of the genial satirist to whom it listened, but not to the scorpion scourge of Juvenal. Fancy the change from the court of George the First or Second to that of Victoria! For the coarse and ignorant sensualist, the monarch, we have the Queen. For Bolingbroke, and Harley, and Sir Robert Walpole, we have Gladstone, the noble Fawcett, just dead, and his unsullied associates. For Atterbury we have—alas! we had—Dean Stanley. For Swift there was Carlyle. For Marlborough there was lately Wellington.

Follow the contrast—which is again suggested by Mr. Justin McCarthy's newly published *Four Georges*—in his pages of the first George, and in Hervey and Lecky of the succeeding reigns, and what a change of the moral standard! Our own little Vanity Fair, with its profuse ostentation, its substitution of money for cultivation and refinement and social charm, its imitations and amazing reproductions of foreign follies, even its occasional disposition to be very wild and "bad"—what an amusingly innocent little circle of costly pleasure it is, compared with the vigorous vice, the universal falsity and foulness and flaunting debauchery, the ignorance and vulgarity and treachery, of the earlier Georgian era! Thackeray, after saturating his mind with all the memoirs and histories of the time, says that its baseness and degradation are quite indescribable.

If we are somewhat, and not unjustly, dismayed at the mad extravagance of a little clique of society of our own, whose influence is unquestionably bad, there is nothing in it like that authoritative orgy of the Georgian court, which is what we chiefly hear and see in the history of the time. Yet even then one thing is remarkable, and that is the steady progress of political liberty and regularity, and the settlement of the forms and methods of freedom. This implies the existence of a society and sentiment in England, of which, however, it is hard to find any recorded trace, which supplied the moral character and purpose without which the gain could not have been effected. It is to this society that Addison and Steele appealed, and what is it but that "remnant" of which Matthew Arnold spoke a year ago?

This public is that "people" and "country" to which political orators address themselves, as if there were a vast community outside of parties which finally determines the question. Addison's *Free-Holder* does not reason with the Whigs or Tories, but with the patriots, the Englishmen, who are watching events and waiting to be persuaded. The instinct is right. The "remnant" is always there. It gives the victory now to the Whigs, now to the Tories. It was not found in the Georgian court, but in quiet houses in town and country. It is not found in the gilded circle in this or in any land, although it has its adherents there. It is among what Lincoln called the plain people.

It nourishes a gentle but persistent optimism to remark how much higher is the standard of the remnant now than in the Georgian day, and how surely its demands are satisfied.

Editor's Literary Record.

IT requires no violent effort of the imagination to conjure up a vision of happy faces behind the gift-books for the holidays that have accumulated upon the editor's table. Gray hairs and baby locks are there, and youth treading closely in the wake of beauty, and irrepressible boyhood jostling to the front side and side with gentler girlhood. There, too, is radiant matronhood leaning on the arm of vigorous manhood, and bright-faced childhood clinging timidly to mamma's skirts or holding trustfully to papa's hand. The faithful family friend is there, and the fairy godmother, and troops of present-takers of all degrees and ages, whose faces are lit with a more eager but not a more real joy than that which illuminates those of the kindly present-givers. And the poor are there, and far-off sons and daughters with faces homeward bent at merry Christmastide.

As is the wont at the holidays, the larger proportion of these gift-books are copiously illustrated. In some both the illustrations and the text are of a high quality; in others the illustrations are the chief attraction, and the text is of fair but secondary value; in others the illustrations are subordinate to the text, and merely interpretative of it; and in others still the illustrations are either mutually contributory to useful or entertaining knowledge, or to mere passing amusement. The notices that follow are arranged as near as may be in conformity with this general classification.

No other country comprises within so small limits so much that is of paramount historical and artistic interest, or presents so many features of scenery, manners, and customs that are peculiar to it, as Holland. Its old towns, with their quaint or imposing architectural remains, are nestling-places of memories of the mediæval times; in its newer but still comparatively venerable cities the streams of ancient and modern life commingle so as to present a medley of strange or engaging contrasts; and its people, especially those of the provinces and decayed towns and villages, exhibit varieties of character, disposition, costume, and occupation such as are met with nowhere else in Christendom. The flavor of the old-world life that lingers amid the activities and refinements of the new, the intermixture everywhere of the natural and the artificial, the old provincial usages, styles of dress, and buildings, and the social and domestic habits that sturdily resist innovation and refuse to amalgamate with the tastes and fashions of later days—these, and a thousand specialties of landscape, of modes of labor and forms of industry, of climate, and of unrelaxing contest

with the forces of nature which have made Holland unlike any other country, and have stamped its inhabitants with all the marks of a peculiar people, are full of invitations to the student, the archæologist, the historian, and above all to the artist.

The impressions which such a land and people have made upon two distinguished artists, who are also vigilant and observing travellers, are set down with great minuteness and refreshing vivacity in Mr. George H. Boughton's account of his *Sketching Rambles in Holland*[1] in company with his friend and brother artist Mr. Edwin A. Abbey. In the beautiful volume that is the fruit of these rambles both artists have called into play all their rare pictorial powers to place before our eyes the sights and scenes they witnessed, and all the homely or humorous or picturesque phases of life and manners they encountered in this "most quaint and artist-beloved" land.

If Mr. Boughton's crisp and spirited narrative had been unassisted by his own and Mr. Abbey's brilliant illustrations, his book would have been a delightful one. No nook is so secluded or insignificant, and no out-of-the-way corner so remote, as to escape his eye; and his genial pen jots down the impressions they made upon him with the gay enthusiasm of a boy. His buoyancy is contagious. His pages glow with animation, and radiate it as he describes the various aspects of life that greet his eyes on festival days and work days, among all sorts and conditions of Netherlandish men, women, and small folk, in town and country, in church and market-place, in château and homestead, in kitchen and attic, by the road-side and on or beside the prim canals, and by dike and windmill and sea-side. Not less animated are his recollections of the great statesmen, soldiers, patriots, and artists who have made the Low Countries memorable in every land where constancy and fortitude are classed among the virtues, or where genius and learning are venerated. But his inspiriting buoyancy is most conspicuous, perhaps, in his fine contrasts of the "dead and dying cities of the Zuider Zee" with the activity of the busy marts of Haarlem and Antwerp, of Rotterdam and Amsterdam, and in his picturesque descriptions of the "placid, dreamy lowland landscapes" that Cuyp and Ruysdael made famous by their genius.

Delightful, however, as is Mr. Boughton's book, if regard be had only to its literary features, it is trebly so from an artistic point of view. All the features of Holland and its people that he so genially describes in his sparkling narrative are made the subject of more than fourscore illustrations by Mr. Boughton, Mr. Abbey, and Mr. J. E. Rogers — principally by the two former—all of which are felicitous, and the greater number of rare excellence. Indeed, not even the most modest and unpretentious bits of "odds and ends" which we find among them can be scanned without discovering some new and unexpected beauty, or some subtle felicity of treatment or composition which reveals the identity of the artist and the special characteristic of his genius or of his technical methods. Among the more elaborate illustrations are a number of which it is no exaggeration to say that they are genuine masterpieces. We refer more especially to the various portraits of fair maidens of middle or low degree, to the groups of village, country, and fisher folk, and to the exquisitely beautiful landscape and *genre* pieces which are scattered through the volume with profuse liberality. The book is a luxurious octavo, as rich in its dress and typography as it is in its matter.

One of the most perfect, as well as most appropriate and interesting, of our holiday books is Mr. E. P. Roe's captivating combination of romance and reality, *Nature's Serial Story*.[2] This delightful volume is rich in charming pictures of the varied scenery of the Highlands, and transports the reader now to the dark forests and majestic heights, and anon to the deep solitudes, sequestered nooks, peaceful valleys, brawling torrents, singing brooks, and quiet rural homes of that inviting region. It is rich also in its descriptions of the changes of the seasons from spring to summer, and again from lusty autumn to ice-bound and snow-clad winter, with all the diversities of life and sound and color, of enjoyments, occupations, and vicissitudes, and of revelations of beauty, of birth, and of decay, that are peculiar to each. And with all this it embodies, in an absorbing domestic story of rural life and of the stanch affections and loyal loves that are as native to it as its modest wild flower, or its wealth of leaf and burn and crag, a practical purpose which is so deftly disguised and introduced so naturally as to make it seem a part of the romance that beguiles us; so that while the reader is listening to a tale in which the "old, old story" is told with new and bewitching variations, he is insensibly imbibing a store of useful and practical knowledge bearing upon field-culture, horticulture, and natural history, and at the same time deriving an inkling of the sports and pastimes that irradiate, and of the studies and pursuits that may ennoble, a country life. The story glows with color and movement, and it abounds in picturesque descriptions of natural scenery, of farm and home and rural life, of the haunts of birds, beasts, insects, and flowers, and in clever and scarcely less picturesque delineations of American life and character. Seldom has there been a volume

[1] *Sketching Rambles in Holland.* By George H. Boughton, R.A. With Illustrations by the Author and Edwin A. Abbey. Sq. 8vo, pp. 342. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *Nature's Serial Story.* By Edward P. Roe. Illustrated by W. Hamilton Gibson and F. Dielman. Large 8vo, pp. 430. New York: Harper and Brothers.

which appeals as constantly as this to the sensibilities of the artist, or which is as suggestive of themes and subjects that are worthy of his best efforts; and naturally its capabilities for pictorial embellishment have been availed of by our nature-loving artists Gibson and Dielman to adorn its pages with more than one hundred and thirty designs, many of them full-page, illustrative of rural and home life, of plant, beast, flower, and field life, of the varying aspects of the seasons, and of the grand, the weird, and the beautiful scenery of our New York Highlands. The engravings have been executed by a corps of artists who have done full justice to Mr. Gibson's and Mr. Dielman's admirable designs, and constitute a gallery which will be referred to in the future as exemplary of an era in the art of wood-cutting in America. The volume is a sumptuous octavo, bound and printed in the Messrs. Harpers' best style.

A MAGNIFICENT folio is issued from the Riverside Press containing Mr. Edward Fitzgerald's brilliant version and Mr. Elihu Vedder's masterly pictorial interpretations and illustrations of the *Rubáiyát*,[3] a remarkable Oriental poem, written by Omar Khayyám, a gifted Persian poet-astronomer, who flourished in the latter half of the eleventh and the first quarter of the twelfth century of our era, and whose genius has extorted the admiration of English and American poets and scholars. The poem is a production of great power and beauty, and its every stanza is rich in pictorial and poetic suggestions. The poet's imagination revels in symbol and allegory; in dreams of sensual pleasures and delights; in scenes of transporting loveliness overflowing with plenty and with epicurean enjoyment; in visions of fruits and flowers, women and wine, sylvan retreats and paradisiacal gardens; and in lofty speculations and fancies on deity and destiny, being and non-being, life and death, matter and spirit, good and evil, sorrow and joy. And interwoven with these are delicious eclogues of Persian life, and charming pictures of the changing skies and seasons of Central Asia. But the great feature of this magnificent volume is the wealth of fancy and imagination that Mr. Vedder has lavished upon the unique and masterly drawings with which he has illustrated it, and in which the painter often transcends the poet in the boldness and originality as well as in the subtlety and beauty of his conceptions, not seldom converting the most shadowy intimations of the poem into glowing and definite forms, or adding new lines of grace and strength to its concrete pictures and creations. In the difficult matter of treating the mythical and allegorical Mr. Vedder has exercised equal taste and skill, having carefully avoided, on the one hand, the tendency to the extravagant, the grotesque, or the unmitigably weird that is commonly betrayed by artists when dealing with this class of subjects, and on the other their proneness to degrade the ideal and the imaginary to the level of the grossly material or the baldly prosaic. The volume was received at too late an hour to admit of that detailed description of Mr. Vedder's imposing drawings, or that close study and analysis of their internal and technical characteristics, which their importance as works of high imaginative art deserves. Without entering into any minute criticism, we must be content to say that they are remarkable for the dignity of their thought and the loftiness of their aims, the perfection of their delineation of the human form, the vigor and originality of their composition and grouping, and the carefulness with which the great multiplicity of their minute details are treated. Each of its fifty-six drawings occupies a folio page, printed on one side only, of heavy plate paper, twelve inches by fifteen, and includes the stanza or stanzas of the poem which it illustrates.

[3] *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, the Astronomer-Poet of Persia.* Rendered into English Verse by EDWARD FITZGERALD. With an Accompaniment of Drawings by ELIHU VEDDER. Large Folio, pp. 146. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

The Seven Ages of Man, from Shakespeare's "As You Like It,"[4] is the title of an elegant volume in which the well-known monologue of the melancholy and moralizing Jaques has been made the subject of a friendly rivalry for the palm of excellence in their several departments by the artists and publishers who united in its preparation. Richly but tastefully bound, and faultlessly printed on heavy gilt-edged drawing-paper, the publisher has exhausted the resources of the "art preservative of all arts" upon its ample folio pages. In their more difficult task of reproducing Shakespeare's thoughts and imaginings in pictorial form, the artists too who have illustrated the volume have expended all the wealth of their skill and genius, with the result of a series of unique and original drawings that are worthily representative of the present state of American art, and despite the slight tendency to exaggeration that is visible in several of them, are also admirable as versions of the thought that was in Shakespeare's mind when he wrote the lines which have since become treasured household words. The artists who have contributed to the volume are F. S. Church, St. John Harper, Thomas Hovenden, Gilbert Gaul, A. B. Frost, W. T. Smedley, and Walter Shirlaw. The engravings are characteristic specimens of the careful workmanship of E. Heinemann, Henry Wolf, C. H. Reed, Frank French, George P. Williams, and Fred Juengling. The publishers have also printed a popular edition of

[4] *The Seven Ages of Man, from Shakespeare's "As You Like It."* The Artists' Edition. Illustrated with Photogravures from Original Paintings. Folio, pp. 40. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

The Same. Small 4to, pp. 32. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

this acceptable *souvenir*, in which the illustrations and the page are reduced in size without sacrificing the beauty of either.

The *Flower Songs Series*[5] is the general title of four elegant portfolios, each of which is bound in a burnished and richly colored paper cover fringed with silk, and contains four full-page colored drawings of familiar or beautiful flowers either single or in groups, with verses from favorite authors appropriate to each flower printed upon the succeeding pages. The pictures are remarkable not merely for the brilliancy and naturalness of their coloring, but also for the perfection with which they give the delicate forms and nicest peculiarities of these lovely children of nature. The illustrations are by Susie B. Skelding, who has also selected and arranged the verses from the poets appropriate to each flower.

Upon our table are two fine editions of Scott's *Marmion*, and an edition of George Eliot's *Poems*, now just published in this country, embellished with illustrations of conspicuous merit by American artists.

One of these editions[6] is a square octavo, from the press of Messrs. James R. Osgood and Co., Boston, luxurious alike in its binding, paper, and typography, and adorned with nearly four-score drawings, all of which will bear a critical examination, whether regard be had to the fidelity and originality with which they illustrate Sir Walter's text, the fine poetic and imaginative spirit that pervades them, or the skill of their treatment and workmanship. These admirable drawings are by Perkins, Schell, Garrett, Fredericks, Shute, Fenn, Harley, Waud, and Merrill, and the engravings therefrom are by Andrew, Anthony, Tenney, Johnson, Atwood, Russell, and Richardson. A specially attractive feature of the volume is the series of rich ornamental borders and designs with which Mr. L. S. Ispen has surrounded the pages—some sixty in number—on which are printed the poet's dedicatory introductions to the six cantos of the poem.

Less luxurious than the volume just noticed, so far as relates to size of the page, the quality of the paper, and the number of its illustrations, but still very elegant and attractive, is another edition of the same poem[7] from the press of Thomas Y. Crowell and Co., in this city. Several of the drawings, notably those by Mr. E. H. Garrett, the first two by Mr. W. H. Shelton, and the first one by Mr. W. L. Taylor, are fully the peers in poetic and artistic merit of any in the larger and more ornate Boston edition. In one essential this more modest edition is a more desirable one than its superb rival. It contains all of Scott's original notes to the poem, both those which he introduced as foot-notes to the text, and those more extended ones that he grouped in an appendix. These are entirely omitted from the Boston edition, and as they embody a profusion of historical, antiquarian, and legendary gleanings, chronicled in Scott's inimitable style, their absence from it seriously impairs its value.

No less creditable to the taste and imagination of American artists than to their technical skill are the fascinating illustrations in Mr. Crowell's elegant edition of *The Poems of George Eliot*,[8] from designs by W. St. John Harper, F. B. Schell, W. L. Taylor, W. L. Sheppard, E. H. Garrett, Robert Lewis, and W. H. Shelton. Apart from the glamour of its illustrations, this edition of George Eliot's poetical works is one that is in all other respects worthy of her memory. Its text has been carefully collated and corrected; it is prefaced by a genial but discriminating essay, from the pen of a competent critic, on the quality and characteristics of George Eliot's poetry; it is printed in clear type on faultless paper; and it is bound richly but chastely, as beseems its rich and chaste contents.

"At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem
Irrigat, et fotum gremio dea tollit in altos
Idaliæ lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum
Floribus et dulci adspirans complectitur umbrâ."

Who that has fallen in boyhood or in girlhood under the spell of these mellifluous lines of Virgil can ever forget Cyprus, or hear its name without a wondrous longing to know more of the Paphian Isle, and of the people who owed their allegiance to Cyprus-born Aphrodite?[9] If for the reader of general literature this be true, the interest is many times greater to one who has once succumbed to the seductive study of the endless problems of antiquity, and seeks to unravel the threads so many of which tend toward Cyprus and the whole region of the Levant. Our ancient literary sources provoke rather than satisfy the desire for a knowledge of this island, and the little that was actually known of it twenty years ago could be comprised within a very small compass, though volumes might be writ-

[5] *Flower Songs Series.* I. A Bunch of Roses. Designs of Roses, Tulips, White Roses, Heliotropes, Mignonette, and Passion-Flowers. Poems by Prominent Authors. Arranged and illustrated by Susie B. Skelding. 4to, pp. 24. II. Pansies and Orchids. Designs of Pansies, Snow-drops, Heathers, Wild Rose, Orchids, Nasturtiums, and Geraniums. The Same. 4to, pp. 24. III. Roses and Forget-me-nots. Designs of Moss-Roses and Forget-me-nots, Clover Blossoms, Yellow Roses, Heliotrope, Daisies, and Buttercups. The Same. 4to, pp. 24. IV. From Moor and Glen. Designs of Autumn Leaves, Golden Daisies, Flowers-de-luce, Pond-Lilies, and Primroses. The Same. 4to, pp. 24. New York: White, Allen, and Stokes.

[6] *Marmion.* By Sir Walter Scott. Illustrated. Sq. 8vo, pp. 288. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[7] *Marmion.* A Poem in Six Cantos. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. With Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 312. New York: T. Y. Crowell and Co.

[8] *The Poems of George Eliot.* Complete Edition. With Illustrations. Square 8vo, pp. 442. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Co.

[9] *A Descriptive Atlas of the Cesnola Collection of Cypriote Antiquities in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.* By Louis P. Di Cesnola, LL.D., Director of the Museum. With an Introduction by Ernst Curtius, of Berlin. In Three Volumes. Boston: J. R. Osgood and Co. Large Folio (17×14 inches).

ten in vain endeavors to piece out by conjecture the scattered notices of tradition. Little wonder was it, then, that when the accounts of the surprising discoveries of Lang and Cesnola reached Europe the interest which they excited was very great. The archæologist Ceccaldi visited the spot, and wrote article after article to the *Revue Archéologique*, describing the discoveries of Cesnola at Golgoi, and the Russians sent Doell there on purpose to photograph and report upon the objects, while other scholars made pilgrimages to the island in their eagerness to learn the story by heart. The disappointment of European scholars when this collection was purchased for our New York Museum does not require to be dwelt upon, for it was heralded at the time from one end of the land to the other. Yet many that visit the Museum may inquire why this regret was so great abroad. Those who seek for pretty things, and those who look for models of high art that shall match the sculptures of the Parthenon or the Hermes of Praxiteles, are invariably disappointed with the most prominent part of the collection. With the notable exception of the exquisite jewelry, the splendid coloring of the iridescent glass, the lifelike reliefs on the archaic sarcophagus from Golgoi, one of the Egyptianized heads, and several of the Roman period, the collection does not appeal to the lover of high art nor to the lover of pretty things. But its interest and extraordinary value to the history of art and to the archæologist can not be easily overestimated. In its size and in the variety of its objects, as well as in the wide range of their *provenance*, the collection has no compeer in the museums abroad, though the island has yielded such fruitful results to many hands since our explorer left it. Though those museums contain many duplicates of the objects here, and even some remnants of the individual pieces which in our Museum are incomplete, their sum total is no doubt far less comprehensive than ours, as it is far inferior in many ways.

The Greeks believed that Homer was the fountain of universal wisdom, and he sets before us at the present day many a problem that exercises the best powers of many men. One of these is the problem of Phœnician art. Phœnicia stands before us in antiquity like a stately mountain shrouded in mist, which the breeze so rarely wafts aside that one might almost believe that it blew from the land of the lotus-eaters. But when it is lifted we see a gigantic mercantile power whose influence was felt throughout the Mediterranean from very early days. All the finest works of art mentioned in the Homeric poems come from the workshop of the gods or from the workshops of Phœnicia. Vain have been the efforts to learn what this art was till within a very few years. Phœnician art has found a fitting historian in Perrot, but without the Cesnola collection that history could not be written. It supplies so much that tallies with the few objects discovered on purely Phœnician sites that it may be said to furnish materials for the superstructure of an edifice which would otherwise exist only as a fragmentary foundation. No one can justly study the beginnings of art in Greece, the Ægean Sea, or in Asia Minor without thoroughly weighing the testimony of the Cesnola collection in all its branches. No one can justly study the dialects of Greece and afford to overlook the Cypriote phase so interesting to the philologist. No one can justly study the development of written characters without including that curious syllabary which spells out its Greek words in a manner so truly un-Hellenic, and which finds almost two-thirds of its existing memorials on stone and clay in the Cesnola collection. No one can rightly study the religions of the Levant, Asia Minor, or Greece without a knowledge of the Cesnola collection. And so it is with sculpture, pottery, glass, the glyptic art, and many and many another industry of antiquity, all of which have furnished such abundant examples to this collection. Thus it becomes apparent why the scholars of Europe regretted so much to see the collection departing from their hands to a distance where it would be possible for so few to study it. Cesnola's *Cyprus* went into the library of every archæologist, and, to the extent to which such a volume was possible, offered a compensation. But such a volume was necessarily limited in its scope, and could describe or delineate but a few of the most typical objects. Ever since the announcement was made some years ago that the Museum had in contemplation the publication of a descriptive *Atlas* that should supplement very fully the earlier work, much impatience has been felt abroad for its appearance. The editors of the great corpus of Semitic inscriptions even grow querulous in a foot-note over the delay, but will be compelled to wait yet for some time before their Phœnician inscriptions will appear in the third volume of the work, of which the first is now issuing from the press. This work is a fitting companion to the collection itself. As the latter forms the great nucleus of museum study of antiquity in this country, so the *Atlas* will present the material for the study of the collection abroad. Yet not abroad only, for it may be said that till the appearance of this work minute and intelligent study of the collection was not possible here. These volumes will supply the great want. Each object reproduced is accompanied by a letterpress description giving the size, material, place of finding, condition at the time of discovery and at present, repairs made, details of all carving, whether dress, ornament, or otherwise, thus supplying much that the photograph and heliotype may render incompletely or not at all. Each volume will consist of about one hundred and fifty plates, many of which in the second and

third volumes will be colored. To the large statues a whole plate is sometimes devoted, but the smaller objects are grouped together in varying number on the same plate. In this way an opportunity is gained for massing pieces which are similar, but not by any means duplicates, side by side for comparative study, which alone can answer the questions they propound. In the letterpress valuable suggestions as to age and character of the piece in question are often added, and great pains have evidently been taken to be precise and accurate, and at the same time wisely guarded in statement. In rare instances only is there opportunity here for comment. One case must suffice. The collection contains three sepulchral *stelæ*, and the torso of an Egyptianized statue on which a head resembling that of the goddess Athor is carved, with a peculiar wig which seems to form a roll about the face. As it descends to the shoulders, instead of being cut square off, as is usual with the Egyptian wigs, it is curled up at each end in a strongly characteristic manner. Of one of these the *Atlas* says, "The eyes and the peculiarity of the head attire show it to be not older than the sixth century B.C." The assignment of the date may be quite correct, but the head attire may be traced to a far earlier period. It appears in Egypt as early as the XIXth Dynasty as the distinctive feature of some of the Athor heads in the matchless temple constructed by Ramses II. at Abu Simbel, and may possibly have been introduced from Syria when so many of the deities with their attributes were welcomed from that region after Ramses's marriage alliance with the king of the Khitas or Hittites, if not earlier. At all events, it belongs especially to the Syrian type of the goddess, whatever her appellation. The same peculiar curl is to be seen on the sphinxes of Eyuk in Cappadocia, which are believed to belong to a very early period of Hittite sculpture; it has been found by W. S. Ramsay characterizing a goddess near Iconium in Lycaonia, amid sculptures of a similar style, and also upon an archaic vase from Phocæa, on the west coast of Asia Minor.

The present volume of the *Atlas* is mainly devoted to the statues and statuettes, and therefore its interest centres about Golgoi. The identity of this site is fixed by an inscription upon one of the sepulchral *stelæ*, where it is stated that "Zoilus of Golgoi made this"; and as the stone of the memorial is peculiar to the place, there can be no further question of site. Under this name, however, objects from four different spots within a small compass are to be distinguished—those of the cemetery, the town, the temple, and a field about two hundred yards west of the temple, beyond a small mound. Lang insisted that this field was the site of a second temple because of the number of statues discovered in it, but Cesnola has always asserted, and still maintains, that there was no temple, for the reason that, with the exception of a semicircular platform of stones five and a half feet in diameter, no traces of foundations could be brought to light, although the ground was dug twice over to settle the disputed question. Yet we naturally seek some explanation for the presence of the sculptures there. Major A. P. Di Cesnola, during more recent excavations in the island, has met with several accumulations of shattered statues and statuettes, thrown together in such a way and in such localities as to lead to the belief that they were broken up and flung out at the destruction of the temples following the Christianizing edicts of Constantine. But this will scarcely apply to Golgoi, in consequence of the weight of some of the statues and pedestals, and the very complete preservation of some of them. It is possible that walls disappeared from the spot by being removed for building purposes, as has been the fate of so many remains of antiquity elsewhere. In any event the statues are all of the kind called Egyptian by Pausanias, or else archaic Greek, and belong to an early date, probably not later than the beginning of the fifth century B.C. The *Atlas* now assigns them all to their proper locality, and they can be studied accordingly.

Germany, France, and England have each contributed to the *Atlas* by the pens of their foremost archæologists—Curtius, Perrot, and Birch. The general introduction is written by Curtius, and Dr. Birch contributes a survey of the history of the island in its relation to sculpture. When the statues were first brought to light Dr. Birch held with many others that those exhibiting Egyptian characteristics might very likely belong to the period of Egyptian dominance in the Levant, from the sixteenth to the thirteenth century B.C. But he now abandons that position, and assigns them to the sixth century, after the island had been subdued by Amasis. The imitation is rather of the XXVIth Dynasty than of the XVIIIth or XIXth, and the influence of archaic Greek art betrays itself here as in Egypt under Amasis. With this judgment Perrot also agrees in his great work *Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité*, in which he pays the highest tribute to the collection and its founder, and makes the most extensive use of its treasures, devoting a large part of the history of Cypriote art to the description and classification of the objects in the "New York Museum." This will secure to the museum a world-wide fame which it well deserves, and which the sumptuous volumes of the *Atlas* will serve to enhance. A more important work than this *Atlas* in the study of art rarely appears from any press. It is to be classed with those of Layard and of Botta for Assyrian, and those of Champollion, of Lepsius, and of the French Expedition for Egyptian art. Its necessarily high price of one hundred and fifty dollars will scarcely make it a favorite with private purchasers, but it ought to be added to every public library of any importance in this country, as it will be abroad. It is especially the gift of the New World to

the Old, in return for the treasure of which the latter was deprived, and she will appreciate its value as do those here who have acquainted themselves with the exhaustless resources of the collection.

Country Cousins[10] is the piquant and suggestive title of an exceedingly attractive illustrated volume in which Mr. Ernest Ingersoll presents in a nutshell a large fund of curious and entertaining information concerning the natural history of the United States. The scope of the volume is broader than the meaning which is usually associated in the popular mind with the phrase "country cousins," since it embraces accounts not only of the familiar creatures—birds, beasts, insects, reptiles, etc.—that live beside us or in our immediate neighborhood, but also, with a gravity which has a tinge of the ludicrous and the incongruous, it embraces among our country cousins and describes the nature and habits of the various forms of marine life, such as crabs, oysters, star-fish, borers, corals, alligators, devil-fish, and many others that exist in the ocean adjacent to our shores, and in its numerous estuaries. If Mr. Ingersoll's studies are not exhaustive of the animated nature that has its being around us in the air and on land and sea, they are very extensive, and give us close and familiar glimpses of many of its most interesting forms that have a special interest because of their curious habits, instincts, relationships, antagonisms, and associations. His book is replete with entertaining and instructive matter imparted in an engaging and popular style, but with strict regard to scientific accuracy. The text is copiously equipped with excellent engravings illustrative of the forms, habits, haunts, and *habitats* of the various creatures that are described in it.

Among the graver and more useful holiday books that are addressed to the taste and intelligence and are suitable to the needs of well-grown boys and girls is a *History of our American Indians for Young Folks*,[11] by Mr. Francis S. Drake, which comprises a plain and happily told narrative of some of the more striking events in our Indian history from the discovery of America to the present day. After a brief and lucid summary of the conclusions that have been reached with tolerable unanimity by historical and antiquarian scholars relative to the prehistoric Indians, based upon the relics that have been discovered indicating their movements, the measure of their intelligence, and their approaches to civilization, Mr. Drake first traces their distribution over the country in tribes and nations at the time of the discovery, estimates their population, and describes their social, political, personal, and domestic traits and characteristics when they first came in contact with the white man. He then enters upon an account of early European intercourse with the Indians and its effects upon them, and describes the relations of amity or hostility that existed between them and the people of the several original colonies, together with the wars they waged among each other, or in which they were engaged against our ancestors, either on their own account, or as allies of the French and English, down to the close of the Revolutionary war. After this follows an extended outline history of all the Indian wars that have occurred in the United States since we became an independent nation, and of the causes that led to them, the narrative being largely interspersed with thrilling sketches of the fights and personal encounters that took place between the Indians and our early pioneers and settlers, as well as of the larger and more sanguinary engagements and battles. Mr. Drake's narrative is the story of the heroic but hopeless struggle for self-preservation of a weaker against a stronger race, of the deadly perils to which the colonists and early settlers were exposed from the incursions of a savage foe, and of the wars and policies by which the aborigines have been gradually diminished in numbers, shorn of their possessions, despoiled of their manhood, and driven within constantly narrowing limits. Although he has carefully avoided a sensational treatment of the history of the Indians, his narrative is rich in stirring episodes and incidents, in animated descriptions of battles and personal combats, and in thrilling sketches of the ambush, the midnight surprise, the horrors of captivity, and the agonies of torture. Dominating all, however, is an honest purpose to give a fair and just history of our aborigines, and of our dealings with them in peace and war, and a true portraiture of their character as a helpless people struggling against hopeless odds. The work is abundantly illustrated with spirited engravings, and it contains a valuable map of the reservations and abiding-places of the Indians as they now exist.

We have scanned with great interest and constantly increasing pleasure and satisfaction the *Boys' and Girls' Herodotus*,[12] which has been edited by the accomplished head-master of Berkeley School, John S. White, LL.D. It is an admirable version of the great work of the Father of History, such parts only having been discarded from the text as would be indelicate to the modern ear, or that the young reader might find tedious or redundant, or irrelevant to the main story. All the essential

[10] *Country Cousins*. Short Studies in the Natural History of the United States. By Ernest Ingersoll. Illustrated. Square 8vo, pp. 252. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *Indian History for Young Folks*. By Francis S. Drake. With numerous Illustrations. Sq. 8vo, pp. 479. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[12] *The Boys' and Girls' Herodotus*. Being Parts of the History of Herodotus. Edited for Boys and Girls. By John S. White, LL.D. With Fifty Illustrations. Quarto, pp. 328. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

features of the absorbing narrative, however, are preserved in their full integrity. The translation is an excellent one; far more graceful and correct than that of Beloe, by which Herodotus is most popularly known in this country. Dr. White has judiciously avoided all paraphrase, and has allowed Herodotus to tell his own story in his own natural, simple, and direct way, and in his own words as nearly as the English idiom can reproduce the flow and spirit of the Greek. It is needless to say to those who are familiar with Herodotus that his history is rich not only in its marvellous knowledge of ancient times and peoples, but also in all the elements that exert a fascinating influence upon the minds of young and ingenuous readers. The volume is an elegant quarto, and is abundantly and satisfactorily illustrated with engravings of the places, scenes, and objects of interest that are described or alluded to in the text.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. have published a sumptuous edition of Hawthorne's *Wonder Stories for Girls and Boys*,[13] with illustrations by F. S. Church, for which they deserve to be held in grateful remembrance by all youthful readers. The volume is a richly bound and elegantly printed royal octavo, and its illustrations are in the true Hawthornean vein, appealing by turns, as do the captivating stories they accompany, to the imagination and to the sense of the weird, the grotesque, the humorous, the tender, and the beautiful. For the benefit of those who may be unfamiliar with these charming adaptations it may be said that they had their origin in Hawthorne's opinion that many of the old classical myths and fables were capable of being rendered into capital reading for children, and were legitimate subjects for every age to imbue with its own morality, and to clothe with its own garniture of manners and sentiment. The subjects of the stories are taken from the old Grecian mythology. While preserving the general classical outlines of each fable or story, Hawthorne introduces the actors in modern guise and familiar forms, and invests them with modern sentiments and motives, oftentimes with deliciously humorous or spiritualizing effects.

A new book of fairy tales by Édouard Laboulaye is an event that interests universal childhood. Since the death of Andersen and the brothers Grimm there has been no writer who has reached the hearts of children through their quick imaginations as he has reached them. One of the last acts of this ripe scholar and eloquent statesman, who did not think it beneath his dignity to indite tales for children, was the preparation for the press in 1883 of all the fairy tales that he had written since the publication of his well-known *Fairy Book* several years before. It received his final touches only a few days before his death. The volume as now published by the Messrs. Harper is therefore literally the *Last Fairy Tales*[14] that will issue from his pen to gladden the hearts of his young friends throughout the world. The tales in this new collection are twenty-seven in number, and, like those in his former volume, carry the young reader through a delightful maze of apologues, enchantments, and transformations, enlivened by the doings and sayings of wizards, fairies, genii, giants, and hobgoblins; and in which, while his fancy is tickled by their fantastic humor and jocund pleasantries, the seeds of knowledge, virtue, and the kindly affections are implanted in his mind. The stories have been excellently translated by Mary L. Booth, and are lavishly illustrated with nearly three hundred piquant drawings by the brilliant French artists Henri Pillé, Henri Manesse, Yan 'Dargent, and Henri Scott.

The Viking Bodleys[15] is the last of the "Bodley books," and also, as the author tells us, the last appearance of these indefatigable travellers on any stage. The book is constructed on the same general plan as its predecessors, and carries the vagrant Bodley family to Norway and Denmark during the summer of 1882, where they exercise themselves to their hearts' content in exploring the sights and scenes that are peculiar to the homes and haunts of the original Vikings. This volume, like all the others of the series, is full of interesting information, and is richly illustrated.

Two Compton Boys[16] is the title of a rollicking boys' book by Augustus Hoppin, in which the harmless pranks, practical jokes, and fun-provoking haps, mishaps, amusements, and adventures of two mischief-loving lads and their boon companions are told with a gayety that is infectious. The escapades and home surroundings of these young rogues are illustrated with nearly a hundred inimitable bits of character-drawing by the author.

Left Behind, or Ten Days a Newsboy,[17] by James Otis, is a bright story based upon the actualities and possibilities of boy life in New York. A ten-year-old lad from the West, who is about to leave New York on a voyage to Europe with his parents, leaves the ship for some boy purchase, and not knowing her name, and

[13] *A Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. With Illustrations by F. S. Church. Royal 8vo, Gilt, pp. 150. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[14] *Last Fairy Tales.* By Édouard Laboulaye. Authorized Translation by Mary L. Booth. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 382. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[15] *The Viking Bodleys.* An Excursion into Norway and Denmark. By Horace E. Scudder. With Illustrations. Sq. 8vo, pp. 190. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[16] *Two Compton Boys.* By Augustus Hoppin. With Ninety-three Illustrations by the Author. Small 4to, pp. 169. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[17] *Left Behind; or, Ten Days a Newsboy.* By James Otis. 18mo, pp. 205. New York: Harper and Brothers.

losing his reckoning, can not find his way back to her again. Lost and cast adrift in the whirlpool of New York, he is at first stunned by his mishap, but speedily strikes acquaintance with some newsboys and boot-blacks of his own age, and under their patronage sets up in business for himself as a newsboy. The story of his experiences of this rough life with these companions, and of its queer enjoyments, odd associations, and real hardships, for ten days, is told by Mr. Otis with great geniality and *naïveté*, and is doubtless a study from the life in many of its aspects.

Of the many bright and attractive children's books for the holidays that have been published at this cheery season there is none that contains so great a variety of matter that gratifies the eye and diverts the mind, or so much that is of permanent interest as well as of present enjoyment, as *Harper's Young People*[18] for 1884. Its 832 ample quarto pages are embellished with nearly a thousand spirited engravings, illustrating an almost endless round of engaging stories, fables, apologues, and fairy tales; of relishing biographical and historical sketches; of pleasing lessons in natural history, geography, and astronomy; of thrilling accounts of voyages, travels, and adventures; of minute instructions in home and out-door games, sports, amusements, and pursuits, of graphic pictures of holy-days, holidays, and festival days, with the customs, ceremonies, and observances that are peculiar to each; and of musical short poems and songs that sparkle with the lively or tender fancies that are so captivating to the mind and heart of childhood. The volume is a treasury of good things, suited to all times and seasons, and to every taste and mood of the youthful reader—a veritable "lucky bag," into which each child may thrust its hand and draw out for itself something to make the rosy hours of childhood still more rosy.

We have already had an interesting memoir of Sydney Smith from the pen of his accomplished daughter Lady Holland. This was written in 1855, and was accompanied by a volume of selections and extracts from his letters, edited by Mrs. Austen. Delightful as were these volumes, they were necessarily incomplete. Among the materials left by Sydney Smith there was much which it would then have been premature to disclose; and many reliable facts concerning the man and his ministry, many original and eminently characteristic letters, reports of half-forgotten events and controversies, and familiar original sketches, essays, and pungent or humorous sayings, had not come into the hands of Lady Holland or Mrs. Austen. These have now been diligently collected by Mr. Stuart J. Reid, and have been woven by him into a captivating supplementary *Sketch of the Life and Times of the Rev. Sydney Smith.*[19] Where it has seemed desirable, in order to make his portraiture of the man more full and life-like, Mr. Reid has incorporated in his memoir some of the incidents that had been already related by Lady Holland, and extracts from some of the letters that had been published by Mrs. Austen. This, however, is done sparingly and with discretion. The great body of the volume is made up of new and eminently characteristic material, derived from family documents, from hitherto unpublished letters and manuscripts, and from recollections of surviving personal friends.

This edition of Brigham's *Latin Grammar*[20] is substantially a new work, and in fullness and accuracy is a great improvement upon its predecessor. The plan of bringing into practical use, in conversation and composition, each new fact or law as it is learned, is the only one by which beginners can be well grounded in Latin, and experience shows that these exercises can not safely be left to be framed by the teacher. But the difficulty of arranging a grammar on a progressive plan as an exercise book, without sacrificing its scientific character, is great, and has driven most writers of such books to the preparation of introductory volumes, "primers," or "first books," that some practical knowledge of the outlines of accidence and syntax may be acquired before beginning the systematic study of grammar. Mr. McCabe here gives us a work in which this difficulty is largely surmounted, and for all pupils who are not mere children, but understand something of grammar in their own tongue, is sufficiently simple and progressive. It contains everything that is necessary in reading classical Latin, so that the student who does not aim to be a specialist may have the great advantage of retaining the same grammar throughout his course. Mr. McCabe's long experience as a successful teacher of Latin has contributed much to the practical value of the work, especially in the syntax, where many happy statements and explanations are found which will be suggestive to the advanced scholar as well as helpful to the beginner. He has wisely refrained, we think, from illustration by comparative philology, and has centred his efforts in the production of a useful class-book. In this he has achieved a success which deserves high commendation, and while there are details which might be challenged if this were a place for minute criticism, the grammar as a whole is perhaps the best working book we have in its own field.

[18] *Harper's Young People.* 1884. 4to, pp. 832. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[19] *A Sketch of the Life and Times of the Rev. Sydney Smith, Rector of Combe-Florey, and Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's.* Based on Family Documents and the Recollections of Personal Friends. By Stuart J. Reid. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 429. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[20] *A Grammar of the Latin Language, for the Use of Schools and Colleges.* With Exercises and Vocabularies. By William Brigham, A.M. Revised and in great part rewritten by W. Gordon McCabe, A.M. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler and Co.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 20th of November.—The Presidential election was held on Tuesday, November 4. There were six tickets in the field, as follows: Republican—President, James G. Blaine, of Maine; Vice-President, John A. Logan, of Illinois. Democratic—President, Grover Cleveland, of New York; Vice-President, Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana. Prohibition—President, John P. St. John, of Kansas; Vice-President, William Daniel, of Maryland. People's—President, Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts; Vice-President, Amos M. West, of Mississippi. Woman's Rights—President, Belva A. Lockwood, of the District of Columbia; Vice-President, Mrs. Dr. Clemence Lozier, of New York. American Political Alliance—President, W. L. Ellsworth, of Pennsylvania; Vice-President, Charles H. Waterman, of New York. The Democratic ticket was successful, entitling Cleveland and Hendricks to a majority of 37 in the Electoral College. Democratic plurality on the popular vote about 100,000.

The Congressional elections, November 4, made a Republican gain for the new House, which will stand as follows: Democrats, 182; Republicans, 142; Greenbackers, 1.

Of the Governors elected November 4, eight are Republicans and eight Democrats.

Governor McDaniel, of Georgia, was re-elected October 1, almost without opposition.

State elections held October 14 resulted in a Republican plurality of 11,324 in Ohio, and a Democratic majority of 3000 or 4000 in West Virginia.

United States Senator Morrill, of Vermont, was re-elected October 14.

Hon. W. Q. Gresham has been appointed Secretary of the Treasury, and Hon. Frank Hatton Postmaster-General.

The French Senate, November 10, adopted the Senatorial Reform Bill, providing for the election of 225 Senators by the departments and colonies, and 75 by the Senate. The term of service of Senatorships is fixed at nine years instead of for life. The pretenders to the throne are declared ineligible to seats in the Senate.

The Belgian Educational Bill was signed and published September 21.

General Diaz was declared President of Mexico September 25, for four years, beginning December 1, 1884.

General Gordon, after bombarding Berber, recaptured the town.—The whole of Colonel Stewart's party were murdered by the treacherous Arabs near Meraweh.

The Chinese were defeated by the French at Chu, October 11, and 3000 were killed.

The Franchise Bill passed the British House of Commons November 11, and two days later passed to a first reading in the House of Lords.

DISASTERS.

September 11.—Terrific hurricane in Iceland, wrecking many vessels and causing great loss of life.

September 23.—British gun-boat *Wasp* wrecked on northwest coast of Ireland. Fifty-two men drowned, including all the officers.

September 27.—Cloud-burst at Pachuca killed thirty persons.

October 3.—The royal palace at Copenhagen burned. Ten lives were lost.

October 8 *and* 12.—Hurricanes at Catania, Sicily. Many houses destroyed and sixty persons killed.

October 9.—Twenty men killed by a fire-damp explosion in the mines at Ostrau, Moravia.

October 27.—News of wreck of British ship *Littlebeck* on a voyage to Rotterdam. Fourteen lives lost.—Explosion of fire-damp in a mine near Uniontown, Pennsylvania. Fourteen men killed.

November 1.—Panic at the Star Theatre, Glasgow. Sixteen persons killed.

November 9.—Twenty men killed by fire-damp explosion at Wasmes, Belgium.—Fifteen men killed by a colliery explosion, near Tredegar, Wales.

November 14.—Fifteen persons killed by a railroad collision in Hanau, Prussia.—Train on the Houston and Texas Central Railroad wrecked, and twelve persons killed.

OBITUARY.

September 26.—At Deer Park, Maryland, John W. Garrett, aged sixty-four years.

September 27.—In Brooklyn, New York, Commander T. S. Fillebrown, commandant at the Navy Yard, aged sixty years.

October 2.—In Jersey City, New Jersey, Frank S. Chanfrau, aged sixty-two years.

October 3.—In Vienna, Hans Makart, aged forty-four years.—In Berlin, Gustav Reichart, aged eighty-seven years.

October 16.—In Washington, D. C., Brigadier-General Benjamin Alvord, U.S.A., aged seventy-one years.

October 17.—In Paris, Paul Lacroix ("Bibliophile Jacob"), aged seventy-eight years.—In Dublin, Ireland, Alexander M. Sullivan, aged fifty-four years.

October 18.—Wilhelm I., Duke of Brunswick, aged seventy-eight years.

October 27.—In Chicago, Wilbur F. Storey, aged sixty-five years.

October 30.—In New York, Pasquilino Brignoli, aged fifty-seven years.

November 6.—In London, England, Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, Postmaster-General, aged fifty-one years.

November 10.—In Washington, D. C., Rear-Admiral Alexander Murray, aged sixty-six years.

Editor's Drawer.

THE influence of climate on sports is as little understood as that of climate on character. The notion that people in the latitudes of extreme frost have invented vigorous amusements merely to keep warm is a Southern one. If this idea had been the ruling one in our Northern country, would the Pilgrim fathers have been so set against dancing? If exercise is a mere matter of climate, would it be true that "when the sun goes down all Africa dances?" If ever there was a climatic excuse for dancing pretty much all the year round, surely New England and Scotland offer it. And yet we know that the excellent inhabitants of these countries preferred amusements less graceful than dancing, even when they had to be enlivened with rum and usquebaugh. We can only say in a general way that the conquering and successful colonizing races, who are accustomed to an aggressive and defensive warfare against frost, take naturally to rough sports. We never hear of the students of El Azhar, in Cairo, playing at foot-ball, or taking a degree in rowing. Base-ball, foot-ball, cricket, golf, skating, curling, and the like vigorous athletics have never been popular in tropic and semi-tropic countries. Indeed, wife-beating, although occasionally indulged in in mild latitudes, has never been practiced anywhere so successfully as in cold and disagreeable climates. The people at the South are no more warm-hearted and constant than the people of the North, but they are less vigorous in the physical expression of their feelings, and they enjoy themselves in a different way. The Northerner wants a sport that brings out his muscle and taxes all his powers, and makes him hungry and thirsty.

A game peculiarly adapted to do all these is the Scottish national game of Curling, which is a passion with all classes in Scotland, but has never taken root anywhere else, although it has been tried in England and in Canada. The idea that the game was invented to keep Scotchmen from freezing to death is conveyed in a poem written in the last century, beginning:

Auld Daddy Scotland sat ae day
Bare-legged on a snawy brae,
His brawny arms wi' cauld were blae,
The wind was snelly blawing;
As icicles froze at his snout,
He rowed his plaid his head about,
Sine raised to heaven a roupet shout,
Auld Albyn's Jove misca'ing.

Chorus.

O for a cheery, heartsome game,
To send through a' the soul a flame,
Pit birr and smedden in the frame,
And set the bluid a-dinling!

That may have been the reason of its ancient origin—for it is a very old game, played by James IV. before 1531, and by Darnley in 1565—but we infer from a large and very entertaining volume on *Curling*, by James Taylor, D.D. (William Paterson, Edinburgh, 1884), that it has been sustained by hunger as well as by cold. The doughty game of curling, as we read, is nothing unless it is followed by a huge supper of "beef and greens" and whiskey toddy. These are essentials of the game, and the praise of beef and greens and whiskey is dwelt on in this volume with an enthusiasm that is given to nothing else in literature except the Homeric fodder of ambrosia and nectar. We can understand that in order to enjoy beef and greens and whiskey it may be necessary to bring one's self to the famine point by curling, but it passes belief that anywhere else than in the land of Scott and haggis could such viands be an inducement to sport. The game is a passion with the Scotch—a passion for which the minister will shirk his preparations for the pulpit, the judge desert the bench, the lawyer neglect his client, the blacksmith quit his forge, the navvy drop his spade, and the laborer let the cupboard of his wife and children go empty. The game is a passion, but the supper only is worthy of the pæan of the poet: "The table is all alive with hot animal food. A stream of rich distilled perfume reaches the roof, at the lowest measurement of seven feet high. A savory vapor! The feast takes all its name and most of its nature from beef and greens; the one corned, the other crisp; the two combined the glory of Martinmas. The beef consists almost entirely of lean fat rather than of fat lean, and the same may be said of that bacon. See! how the beef cuts longwise with the bone, if it be not, indeed, a sort of sappy gristle. Along the edges of each plate, as it falls over from the knife edge among the gravy-greens, your mouth waters at the fringe of fat, and you look for the mustard. Of such beef and greens there are four trenchers, each like a tea-tray, and yet you hope that there is a *corps de réserve* in the kitchen." And then the whiskey, a bumper for each of the twenty-nine toasts! Oh, St. John! From such a feast even the clergyman curler found it difficult to tear himself away, though it might be late Saturday night. Dr. Wotherspoon, minister of Beith, in the last century, was supping with his fellow-curlers at Shand's Inn one Saturday night as late as eleven o'clock. The innkeeper's wife, a *douce* and pious matron, afraid that the minister's good name might be evil spoken of, patted his shoulder and whispered in his ear a hint about his public duty, the next day being the Lord's day. He replied aloud, "A minister who could not shake a sermon out of his coat sleeve is a silly cuif." The late Dr. Adamson, of Cupar-Fife, colleague to Dr. Campbell, father of the Lord-Chancellor, at a similar late Saturday night supper was about to depart, alleging

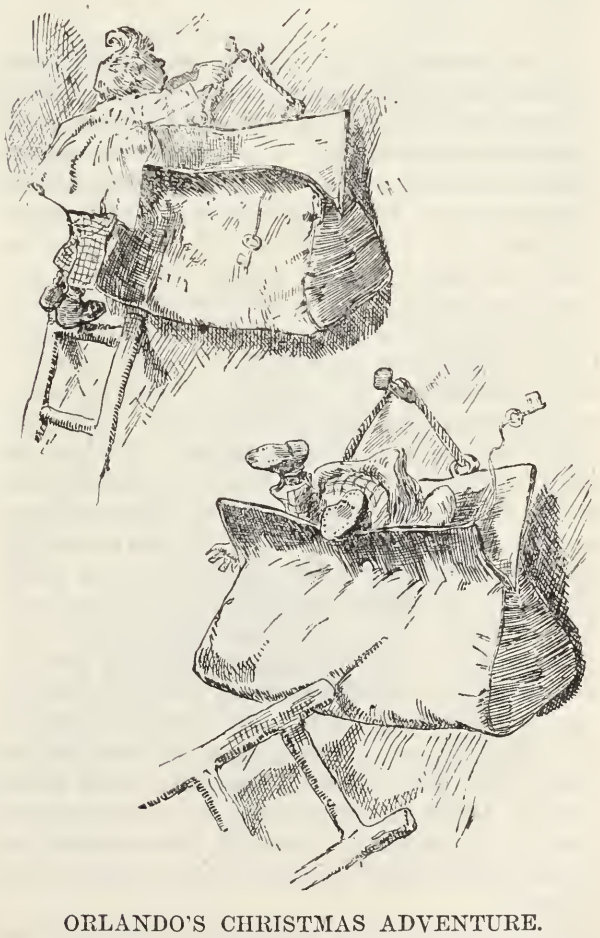
ORLANDO'S CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

1. Orlando heedeth not the parental counsel to retire, but sitteth in the chimney-corner and poreth over the Christmas legend.

that he must prepare for the Sunday service. For two previous Sundays he had been holding forth on Judas Iscariot, and a member of his congregation who sat at the table detained him with, "Sit down, doctor, sit down; there's nae need for ye to gang awa'; just gie Judas another wallop in the tow."

Curling, which the Drawer would commend to its ice-bound readers with an abatement of the intoxicating greens, has been somewhat modified in the course of three centuries, and is now usually played as may be briefly described. Hard, smooth ice is the field. To this the curlers repair, four on a side, each provided with trumpets to steady the person in the act of playing, a broom to sweep the ice, and two curling stones. The stones are granite, spherical in form, finely polished on the under side, and furnished with a handle for throwing on the upper. The weight of each stone is from thirty-three to forty pounds or more. A suitable space on the ice is cleared off. A portion forty-two yards in length by ten yards broad is marked off; at each end, thirty-eight yards apart, are cut marks called tees or witters. This portion of the ice is the rink, and with circles described round each tee as a centre to guide the eye in estimating the positions of the stones when played, with one line drawn across the middle, and one seven yards before each tee, it is complete and ready for playing. The line in the middle of the rink marks the place where sweeping may begin—that is, clearing the way before a sliding stone; the lines before each tee are the hog scores, which must be passed by the running stone; if not, it is removed from the rink as a hog, and held as useless for the round. Four players form a side, headed by a skip, or director of his side. The principle of the game is simple. The stones of either party played from one tee to the other, and found at the conclusion of the round to be nearest the tee, count as shots. The side that first scores twenty-one shots is victorious. A player on one side is followed alternately by a player on the other, until all the eight players have cast their stones. The object is to place a stone near and in front of the tee, and then to guard it by others from being knocked out of its place. And here is where the skill of the game comes in. The excitement attending the game and the exaltation of a triumph in it can be appreciated only by those familiar with it.

In the course of time a great many anecdotes have gathered about the game, and stories are repeated illustrating its fascination, its development of the virtues, and its superior attraction over anything else in life, except beef, greens, and whiskey. It is said that the presence of the minister and gentlemen in the game restrains profanity. A player who could not entirely control his indignation at a stupid comrade, and did not



ORLANDO'S CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

2. Doubting the wisdom of suspending his stocking (on account of its age), Orlando ignoreth the conventional hose, and fixeth to the chimney the grip-sack of his father. The ladder giveth way, and Orlando, in consequence, becoming himself a fixture, dreameth thuswise:

ORLANDO'S CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

3. "Them bells! That's him! Jimminy—he's went by!" Orlando climbeth the chimney with a mind bent on pursuit.

like to inform him before the minister where he was going, exclaimed, "It's a guid thing ye're gaun where *there'll be nae ice.*" An enthusiastic Kilmarnock curler, absorbed in the game from day to day during favorable weather, expressed his earnest hope that his wife, who was ill, "wadna dee till there cam' a thaw, for otherwise he wadna be able to attend her burial." A couple of farm servants saw the minister going to the curling pond. One of them criticised him, and said that instead of curling every day he ought to be making sermons and visiting the folk. But the other defended him, and thought he should take every chance he could get at hurling the stone. "If I were a minister, and there was ony man in the parish wadna tak' at least one day's guid curling every winter, I can tell you what it is, lads, *I wad keep him back at the sacrament.*"

The Rev. Adam Wadderstone, minister in Bathgate, was an excellent man and curler, who died in 1780. Late one Saturday night one of his elders received a challenge from the people of Shotts to the curlers of Bathgate to meet them early Monday morning; and after tossing about half the night at a loss how to convey the pleasing news to the minister, he determined to tell him before he entered the pulpit.

When Mr. Wadderstone came into the session house, the elder said to him in a low tone, "Sir, I've something to tell ye: there's to be a parish play with the Shotts folk the morn, at—"

"Whist, man, whist," was the rejoinder. "Oh, fie shame, John! fie shame! Nae speaking to-day about warldly recreations."

But the ruling passion proved too strong for the worthy clergyman's scruples of conscience, for just as he was about to enter the inner door of the church he suddenly wheeled round and returned to the elder, who was now standing at the plate in the lobby, and whispered in his ear, "But whan's the hour, John? I'll be sure and be there."

Let us all sing,

> That music dear to a curler's ear,
> And enjoyed by him alone—
> The merry clink of the curling rink
> And the boom of the roaring stone.

Our own customs administration is all that can be described, but we think, from what a Yokohama correspondent writes, that our officials might get a wrinkle from Japan:

It used once upon a time to be an acknowledged belief—in the East, at all events—that the imperial Japanese customs service was the most curious and remarkable of all customs services the world over. Now and then some peculiarly would-be sagacious proceeding on the part of the Japanese customs officials found its way into print; but the writer can vouch for the fact that the two subjoined paragraphs have never yet enjoyed the publicity they so richly deserve. In justice to Japan, it is only fair to add that matters have since very much changed for the better.

Some years ago a gentleman residing in

ORLANDO'S CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

4. Orlando gaineth the chimney-top. "Hold up! hold up!" he crieth. In vain. Onward speedeth the sleigh.

ORLANDO'S CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

5. Orlando shinneth down the lightning-rod, and pursueth the fleeting sleigh. Being swift of foot, he overtaketh it, and cutteth on behind. "Can't fool this chicken!"

Shanghai received a large consignment of indigenous Japanese plants. The gentleman in question was a bit of a botanist, and a horticulturist of considerable ability. But, do what he could, he failed to make the Japanese plants thrive in the uncongenial soil and climate of Shanghai. After some consideration he resolved to send to Japan for enough soil to cover all the flower beds in his garden, and wrote to a friend in Yokohama for a sufficient number of bags of earth. The Yokohama correspondent promptly attended to this request, first asking the customs officials whether the soil were dutiable or not. Being answered in the negative, he had some four hundred bags filled with rich Japanese earth, and then sent them to the custom-house, from whence they had to be shipped. But the customs officials evinced great unwillingness to let the bags pass through, and finally flatly refused to do so. The sender, naturally rather indignant, asked the reason of their refusal.

"Why, don't you see," said one of the officers, "we fear that if any one commences exporting Japanese soil, and foreigners find out how good it is, in a few years *we shall not have anything left of Japan!*"

Ridiculous as it may appear, the bags couldn't and didn't get off. After lying on the pier for several days, the authorities requested the sender to remove them, stating that they were very much in the way. But our friend was equal to the occasion, and smilingly remarked that, as it was Japanese soil, perhaps the Japanese government had better see to its being removed. And so they did.

The same Yokohamaite (or should it be Yokohamiote?) had, some time later on, another equally vexatious experience. In those days there was no ice factory in Yokohama, and all the ice consumed during the summer months had to be brought from Hakodate. A cargo—some four hundred tons—of this precious commodity had just been received by our friend, and, like all else, had to pass through the custom-house before being stored away in the godowns. On the day the ice was to be landed, one of our friend's clerks came to him and said that there was some trouble about the ice on foot. He at once repaired to the landing-place, took in the scene at a glance, and then rode to the superintendent's office at a full gallop. One of the Japanese customs officials who had been overseeing the landing of the ice followed on foot as quickly as possible, justly expecting that our friend was about to lodge a complaint with the superintendent. Breathless and perspiring, he managed to reach the head office a few minutes after our friend, but only to meet with a stern frown on his superior's expressive countenance. When commanded to explain his conduct, the official said he knew

ORLANDO'S CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

6. Santa Claus descendeth. Orlando mounteth. "Yes, reckon I'll try 'em. Git!"

ORLANDO'S CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

7. They git.

there was no duty on ice, but in order to make assurance doubly sure, he had been *stamping each block with the customs seal.*

THE following incident is vouched for by parties well acquainted with the "boy," now a young professor in one of our large cities. He was the son of a clergyman, and though only five years old, bright and clear beyond his years. It was at a dinner given by his mother for a few intimate friends. Master W—— was allowed his usual place at table, but becoming unruly, was, by way of punishment, transferred to a side table, whither nurse had removed his little plate, knife, and fork by mamma's order.

No sooner was the little fellow seated in his high chair again than, bowing his head and clasping his hands on his soiled bib, he lisped, with apparent reverence and great gravity, "O Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast prepared a table for me in the presence of mine enemies." It was with difficulty that the "grown-ups" kept their smiles from becoming audible.

SOME of the fifteen millions for general education seems to be needed in Florida, judging from this report of its intellectual condition:

As I was going to town an Irishman in my employ asked me to buy him a bottle of "Jerry's Victoria." The name was new to me, but I put it down in my memorandum-book, knowing it must be some patent medicine the name of which he had misunderstood. Studying over the names of such as I was familiar with, I hit upon "Cherry Pectoral," and buying a bottle, found on delivery I was correct.

A few days since one of my lady neighbors sent her little darky servant to my daughter, who delivered the following message, "Mrs. B—— wants your *'lasses jar.*" This was so singular a request we knew he had got it badly mixed. I studied a few minutes on the sound of names, and told my daughter to send Mrs. B—— the *last Bazar*, which proved to be correct.

"A COUNTRY PARSON" in New York sends the following:

Elder Phillips, who was a jovial soul, settled many years ago near the head-waters of the Susquehanna. He was, in fact, a Presbyterian dominie. He was full of humor and ready with his repartee on all occasions. Jack Rickitt, a quasi parishioner, who was more punctual at the river than at church, presented the elder one Monday morning with a fine string of pickerel.

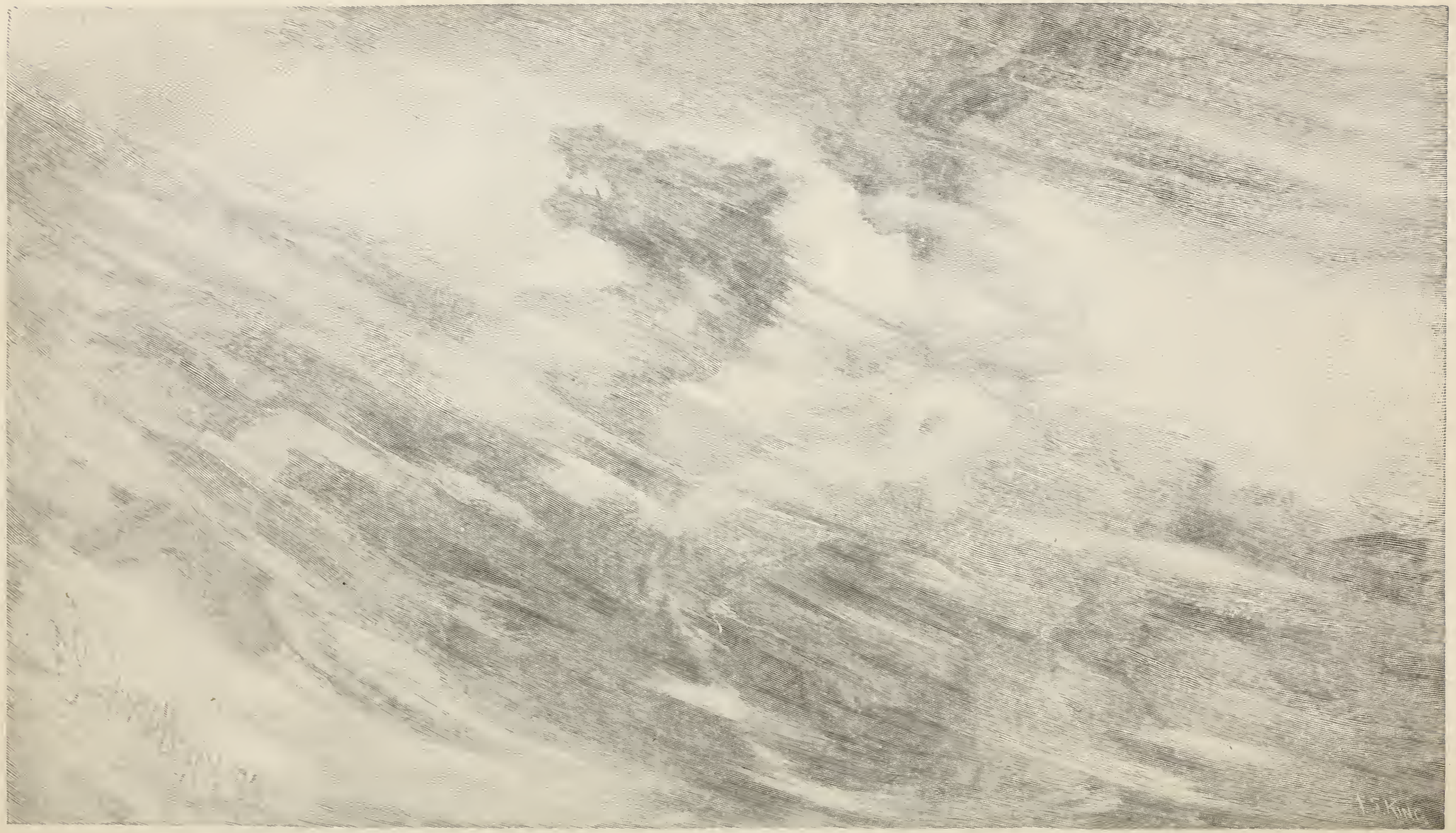
Elder Phillips thanked him graciously for the gift.

"But, elder," suggested Jack, still retaining the fish, "those fish were caught yesterday" (Sunday). "Perhaps yer conscience won't let ye eat 'em."

"Jack," replied the elder, stretching out his hand toward the string, "there's one thing I know: *the pickerel were not to blame.*"

ORLANDO'S CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

8. At this juncture the handle of the paternal grip-sack giveth way. "Jimminy! reckon we struck suthin'!"



THE MERMAID AND THE SEA-WOLF.
From the painting by F. S. Church, owned by William T. Evans, Esq.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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HATFIELD HOUSE AND THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

HATFIELD HOUSE, one of the most famous and most magnificent Jacobean mansions in England, has in striking fashion acknowledged the supremacy of the times. When, in 1611, the building was finished, it faced to the south, and Sir Robert Cecil, younger son of the great Lord Burleigh, standing on his door-step and looking down through the broad avenue of trees, could see "the way to London." The Cecils have from the foundation of their house always had their eye on London as the focus of political and social life. They lived in the country, as became persons of quality, but they liked to have the way to London right under their eyes and convenient to their feet.

The house, of course, still has one side of it set south, and the broad avenue of trees still leads to London; but of late years a quicker and straighter way to the great heart of English life has been found. The railway coming along has skirted another side of the house, and the noble owners of the mansion, quick to profit by this new convenience, have adjusted their gateway accordingly. The principal entrance to Hatfield House is now by the railway station. The traveller can almost step out of the railway carriage into the park. At most he has but to cross the road and claim admission at the lofty iron gates that instantly attract attention. Hatfield makes a strong point of its gates. When, in 1846, Queen Victoria visited the place, one of the first things done was to set up two new and splendid iron gates.

Hatfield House is most closely connected with the time and name of Elizabeth, and it is generally supposed that the mansion now inhabited by the Marquis of Salisbury was the building in which she spent so many years of her life. This illusion is fostered by many circumstances. From the walls of more than one room in the house her portrait looks down. In the park is the oak under which she was seated at her studies when the messenger, hastening down "the way from London" from the death-bed of Queen Mary, dropped on his knees and hailed the young princess Queen of England. In a cabinet in the library is the identical broad-brimmed hat she wore when the news reached her. Not less interesting is the cradle in which she was rocked when brought to Hatfield a puling infant three months old.

Nevertheless, it was not the present house, but the older palace, one wing of which yet remains, that was the habitation of Henry the Eighth's daughter. Hatfield was first made a residence by the bishops of Ely, who in the twelfth century built themselves a sumptuous palace. In 1534 the manor was conveyed to Henry the Eighth in exchange for certain lands in Cambridge, Essex, and Norfolk, which may or may not have been equivalent to the value of the palace and its broad lands. But Henry the Eighth's dealings with the Church, especially in matters of property, were summary, and the Bishop of Ely was doubtless thankful for any small mercy in the way of value received.

Henry the Eighth made the palace one of his country houses, and his son, Prince Edward, often lived there. When the young prince came to the throne he gave Hatfield to his favorite sister, Elizabeth, who, as already mentioned, had been there in earlier days, when a cradle was a necessary part of her belongings. When Edward died and Mary reigned in his stead, Hatfield became a sort of prison-residence for the young princess. She had Roger Ascham for tutor, and made the most of her opportunities. Her keeper was Sir Thomas Pope, who, according to a manuscript letter now in possession of Trinity College, Oxford, "made the Ladie Elizabeth, all at his own costes, a

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HATFIELD HOUSE FROM THE SOUTH.

greate and rich maskinge in the great halle at Hatfield, where the pageauntes were marvellously furnished." This coming to the ears of Queen Mary, Sir Thomas had his knuckles sharply rapped. He was informed that the Queen "misliked these follies," which straightway ceased. Three years the princess dwelt here, principally "employing herself in playing on the lute or virginals, embroidering in gold and silver, reading Greek and translating Latin." It was on the 17th of November, 1558, that Mary died, and within twenty-four hours the messenger from London would be on his knees on the wet sward hailing the new Queen. It must be admitted that unless the seasons have greatly changed, the middle of November would not be a suitable day for a young lady to be sitting out reading under an oak-tree. But there is the oak-tree to this day, girt about with palings to prevent its natural decay being hastened by the enthusiasm of tourists who come hither from all quarters of the world; and there also is the broad-brimmed hat, which seems to settle the matter.

About this oak there is a pretty legend of later date, and perhaps of more assured authenticity. When, nearly forty years ago, Queen Victoria, then a young lady, visited Hatfield, she took away an acorn to plant at Windsor. Since which, the story prettily runs, the oak has shed no more acorns. Having sheltered Queen Elizabeth and shed an acorn for Queen Victoria, it reasonably thinks it has done enough. Now it is settling slowly down upon its gnarled and moss-grown knees, and at most in summertime can put forth a few green leaves. But acorn never more.

THE OLD WING.

The present Hatfield House owes it origin to James the First. It seems to have been the general practice of English sovereigns at this epoch to take a fancy to a house here and there which they might chance

to visit, and obtain it upon terms more or less favorable to the original proprietor. Thus King James, being entertained at Theobalds, the country-seat of Sir Robert Cecil, became much enamored of the place. He behaved handsomely enough in the bargain which he forthwith carried out. He made Sir Robert Lord Cecil, and gave him in exchange for Theobalds his manor and palace at Hatfield. Moreover, the palace not being quite so commodious as it had seemed in the days of the Bishop of Ely, King James undertook to build another mansion, and it is that which stands to this day.

There is some dispute as to who was the architect of Hatfield House, but none as to the magnificence of its proportions. It is built on the plan of a parallelogram, 280 feet long and 70 feet wide. On the south and still principal front, that looks on the way to London, are two wings 80 feet wide, each projecting 100 feet. These form with the centre three sides of a court 140 feet long. The style is perhaps a little mixed, being Italian Renaissance in general character, with a highly enriched Elizabethan central gate tower. The material is brick, with stone pilasters and parapets and tracing. It is curious to find from the accounts which are still preserved among the Cecil papers that the total cost of the building was £7631 11*s.* 3*d.*

Hatfield House has been visited from time to time by several British sovereigns. The first was King James, who, shortly after the house was built, came to view it. His bedroom is preserved to this day. It is a large room, with a stupendous bed, in which all the legitimate issue of the Stuarts might have comfortably slept. Over the broad expanse of bed is a beautiful quilt, embroidered in silk, with colors as fresh as if they had been put on yesterday. There is a grand chimney-piece, twelve feet wide, made of colored marble, the supports being Doric columns of black marble. Over this is a bronze statue of King James, life-size, it is said, though no one would suspect it, looking up at the figure in a room where everything is big. In 1835 a fire broke out at Hatfield, burning not only the whole of the west wing, but the dowager Marchioness of Salisbury, who was in her room and could not be rescued. This part of the mansion has been carefully restored, with attention to the minutest details of architecture. Except that the color of the brick-work is brighter than the rest, no one would guess from an outside view that it was of modern construction. But there were some things that could not be restored, amongst which were the chimney-pieces and bedsteads of King James's time. In other parts of the

KING JAMES'S BED.

house, notably in King James's Room, these remain intact. The old bedsteads are much alike. There is a great square canopy overhead, the head-piece itself being of carved wood, which, instead of being painted or polished, is curiously covered with silk, pasted on as paper is stuck on a wall.

Another fine bedroom is the Queen's, where Victoria slept during her visit to Hatfield. Like King James's Room, this retains the original bedstead and fire-place. One of the glories of Hatfield is its tapestry, which hangs in rich abundance on all the walls. In the Queen's bedroom there is a specimen of Gobelin work which, with the tendency not to make too much of heirlooms that sometimes distinguishes owners of ancient houses, is partly hidden by having a large carved oak wardrobe backed up against it. Adjoining is the

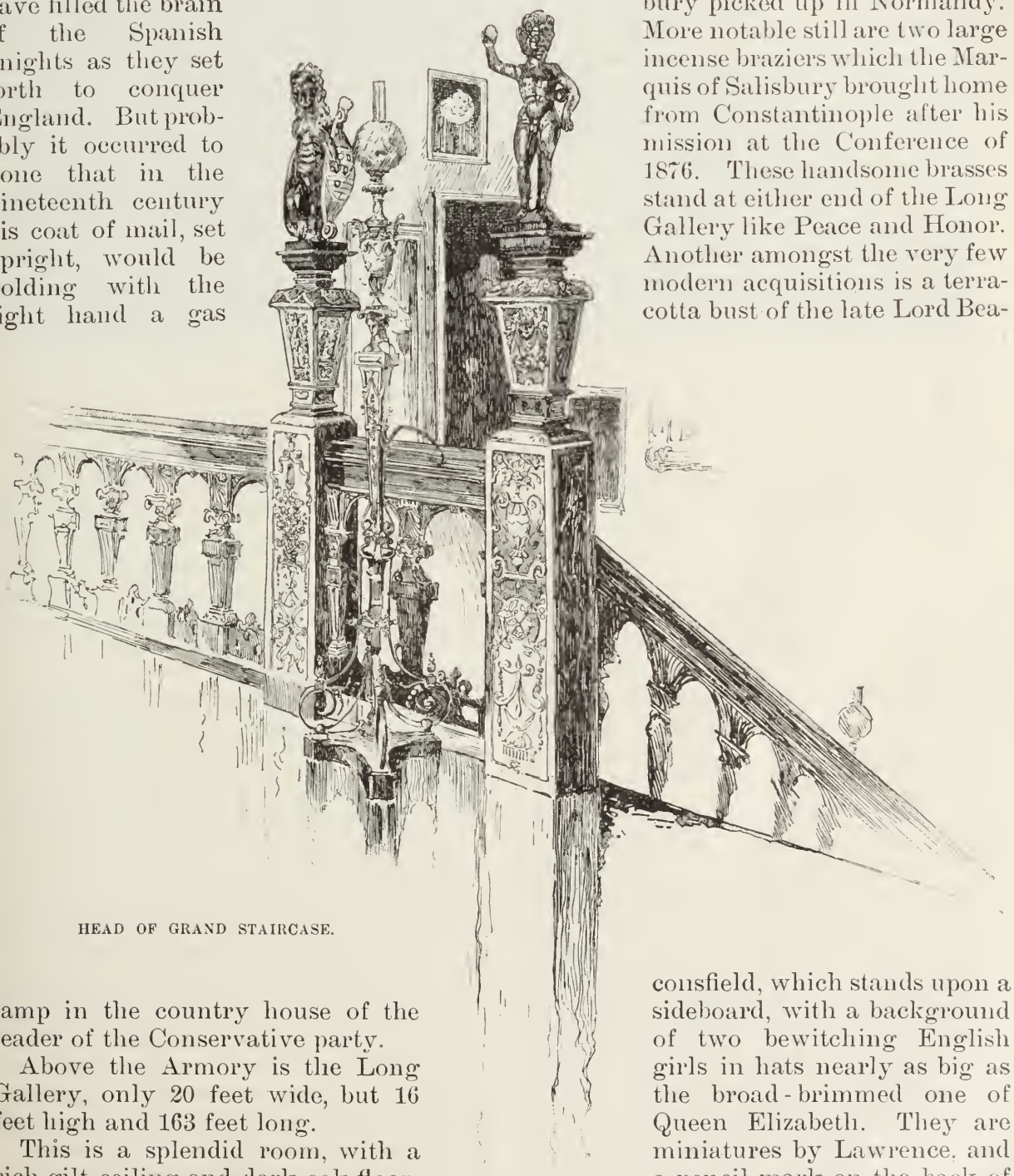
A BIT OF THE ARMORY.

dressing and bath room occupied by Prince Albert on this same visit.

Other state bedrooms are the Cromwell Room, though there is no evidence that the Lord Protector ever visited this Jacobean mansion. In this room is a magnificent wardrobe covered with Spanish leather, one of several scattered about the house. Wellington's Room was more than once, and for considerable periods, occupied by the great Duke, who was an intimate friend of the late Marquis of Salisbury. There are at least two valuable portraits of the Duke, one taken when he was plain Sir Arthur Wellesley. Amongst the heirlooms of Hatfield are four flags taken at Waterloo, and presented by the Duke to the late Marquis. Charles the First spent some portion of his captivity at Hatfield, but does not seem to have bequeathed his name to a bedroom. Nor did George the Third and Queen Charlotte, who in the first year of the present century were entertained at Hatfield House, the King holding a grand review of troops in the park.

One of the most striking apartments at Hatfield is the Armory, a long gallery on the ground-floor. On the outer side, facing the park, is a wall prettily moulded in imitation of lace-work. In those far-off days of the English climate when young ladies sat out under oak-trees in November, this open-work was absolutely unqualified, and whatever weather was without blew in on the Armory. In these days, either of greater degeneracy of weather or greater effeminacy of people, the inconvenience of this was recognized, and the open spaces were filled with glass. Along the inner wall stand complete suits of armor, with swords and shields grouped overhead. One mailed hand of each figure grasps a lance with a lantern stuck on it, which is both strikingly ornamental and useful.

Gas has been brought in, and comes up the tube that seems like the shaft of a lance, and so in at the lantern of crimson glass. Some of these suits of armor were spoil from the wreck of the Great Armada, a present to Lord Burleigh from Queen Elizabeth. Many strange wild thoughts of conquest and permanent settlement on English ground may have filled the brain of the Spanish knights as they set forth to conquer England. But probably it occurred to none that in the nineteenth century his coat of mail, set upright, would be holding with the right hand a gas lamp in the country house of the leader of the Conservative party.



HEAD OF GRAND STAIRCASE.

Above the Armory is the Long Gallery, only 20 feet wide, but 16 feet high and 163 feet long.

This is a splendid room, with a rich gilt ceiling and dark oak floor. Here balls are held. In October, 1882, on the coming of age of Lord Cranbourne, a thousand guests took their turn at the dance in this gallery, whilst for the county ball twelve hundred people accepted invitations.

There is not much modern furniture at Hatfield, and it must be said that in some rooms there might well be less. In the Queen's Room, for example, *tête-à-tête* with the furniture of the Jacobean epoch is a chair and sofa of the Victorian, not to say the Tottenham Court Road, era. In much better taste are some carved dark oak wardrobes which the present Marchioness of Salisbury picked up in Normandy. More notable still are two large incense braziers which the Marquis of Salisbury brought home from Constantinople after his mission at the Conference of 1876. These handsome brasses stand at either end of the Long Gallery like Peace and Honor. Another amongst the very few modern acquisitions is a terra-cotta bust of the late Lord Beaconsfield, which stands upon a sideboard, with a background of two bewitching English girls in hats nearly as big as the broad-brimmed one of Queen Elizabeth. They are miniatures by Lawrence, and a pencil mark on the back of one testifies that the price (whether of one or the pair is not clear) was a trifle under three pounds.

Perhaps the chiefest treasure in this room is the genealogical chart of Queen

Elizabeth, preserved in a carved oak cabinet. This stupendous work of art is twelve or fifteen yards long—proportions not too swelling when it is discovered that the chart carries the genealogy of Queen Elizabeth straight back to Adam and Eve. As far as the nobility and gentry of England have concern in the family tree the coat of arms is in every case given, with full particulars of the name, date of birth and of death. But, going backward, long before Methuselah is reached this labor is necessarily abandoned, and the tree grows apace by branches on which are simply written the names of the more immediate descendants of Adam and Eve. All the coats of arms are hand-painted. It is curious to note that the royal coat of arms, which is the pendant of this long list of personages, is filled up only on one side. The other half is left blank for the quarterings of the arms of the husband whom it was believed the Queen would at some not distant time deign to accept. It is probable that Lord Burleigh, who had a great fancy for tracing genealogies, had this work of art prepared under his own supervision, and presented it to the Queen.

There are two dining-rooms, one for summer and the other for winter use. The latter is the handsomer. It is flanked at one end by a fine music gallery, from which float the Waterloo flags, studded with imperial bees, and bountifully imprinted with the Napoleonic initial. In this room on rent-day a hundred and fifty guests sit down. Here as elsewhere are many portraits either of host or guest at Hatfield. In King James's Room are portraits of all the Marquises of Salisbury from the first to the last. In the Yew Room is a portrait of Queen Elizabeth by Zucchero, which is held to be the gem of the collection. There are two portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, neither showing any trace of that fatal beauty which made existence so lively for herself and others. Queen Elizabeth's cradle, already referred to, stands in the North Gallery. It is a curious heavy construction of oak. Considering its age, it is in remarkable preservation, chipped a bit here and there, and on one of the uprights curiously marked at the top, as if the infant princess (India-rubber rings and other infantile luxuries not then invented) had been practicing upon it during teething. Another curiosity is Queen Anne's coronation chair, which stands in the Chapel, over the Gallery. No one is able to explain how it got there. But there it is, a light blue and gilt construction, uncomfortable to sit in, and not attractive to the eye.

The Library is at the west end of the Long Gallery. There are many houses of less pretension that have a larger and a better-stocked library. But in one respect the collection at Hatfield House is unique. The pillars which divide the book-cases into compartments are hollow, the contents being protected, without being concealed, by a metal trellis-work. Whilst the other books are within reach, and may be taken down at pleasure, the contents of these pillars are jealously kept under lock and key, for they contain the famous Cecil papers, and consist of more than thirteen thousand letters written by more or less illustrious persons in the time of the first Cecils. They have been arranged, classified, and strongly bound in calf, forming a collection of priceless value. To the uninitiated the unfamiliar handwriting and the unaccustomed spelling make it hard reading; but it is plain enough to the practiced eye. Here are letters from Mary Queen of Scots in large, unequal, but not ungraceful handwriting. There are several letters from Edward VI., some in his own handwriting, others only signed in bold letters "EDWARD."

Most interesting of all is the correspondence of Queen Elizabeth, which supplies remarkable evidence of the possibility of deterioration of handwriting. A letter dated from Hatfield 28th January, 1549, written in the young princess's own hand, would take the prize in any exhibition of chirography. The writing is equal to the finest copperplate, done in the stately Italian style taught Elizabeth by her tutor, Roger Ascham. The signature, according to the wholesome custom of those days, is written with exceptional legibility, wherein it directly differs from our epistolary habit. It is curious to note that Elizabeth, having signed her name, put underneath a flourish singularly like that elaborate one adopted by Charles Dickens, and which in later years became an actual part of his signature.

When the young princess had grown into the mighty Queen, burdened with affairs of state, all attempts at the formation of letters is hastily abandoned. The hand

THE LIBRARY.
From photograph by B. Lemere and Co., London.

has rushed over the paper as if it were angry with it, or had been affronted by the pen. Not many years before her death the aged Queen poured forth her soul in verse, nine folios long. But what it is all about no one has yet been able to make out. Probably the Historical Manuscript Commission, who are now engaged upon calendaring the papers, will successfully grapple with this composition, and may give it to the world. In the mean time here it is at Hatfield, on yellow coarse paper, about the size of foolscap, in faded ink, the agonized lines chasing each other down the page as if they were desirous of making as swift an end as possible of this particular moan. Doubtless the poem was written in some period of relapse into sentimental mood after the Queen had made the Earl of Leicester, Secretary Walsingham, or even Lord Treasurer Burleigh, "sit up." Looking upon the faded lines, even without comprehending their drift, one seems to get much nearer Queen Elizabeth than she is to be approached through ordinary books of history.

Leaving the Library, we come upon the Adam and Eve Staircase, so called from the picture of Queen Elizabeth's earliest ancestors which adorns the wall. Much more interesting is a curious-looking picture which at first glance seems to represent a man with two heads. There is a full-length figure standing in the foreground, whilst over his shoulder peeps a head. This picture has its story. When the young Duke of Monmouth was in favor at court, the Marquis of Salisbury of that day was very intimate with him, and had his portrait painted. When the young Duke came to grief at Sedgemoor it was plainly impolitic for any one who hoped for advancement at the King's hands to keep upon his walls a portrait of the rebel. The Duke was accordingly painted out, and the canvas laid aside. A generation later, the Marquis of the day desiring to have his own portrait painted, and being of a frugal mind, thought this framed canvas, of which he knew nothing except that it had been found in a lumber-room, might be utilized. His own portrait, full length, was accordingly painted thereon. Half a century later, the portrait coming into the hands of the cleaner, the rubbing brought to view the face of the long-lost Duke of Monmouth.

Opposite this picture, on the other side of the staircase, hangs the portrait of the fat white horse Queen Elizabeth rode at Tilbury Fort.

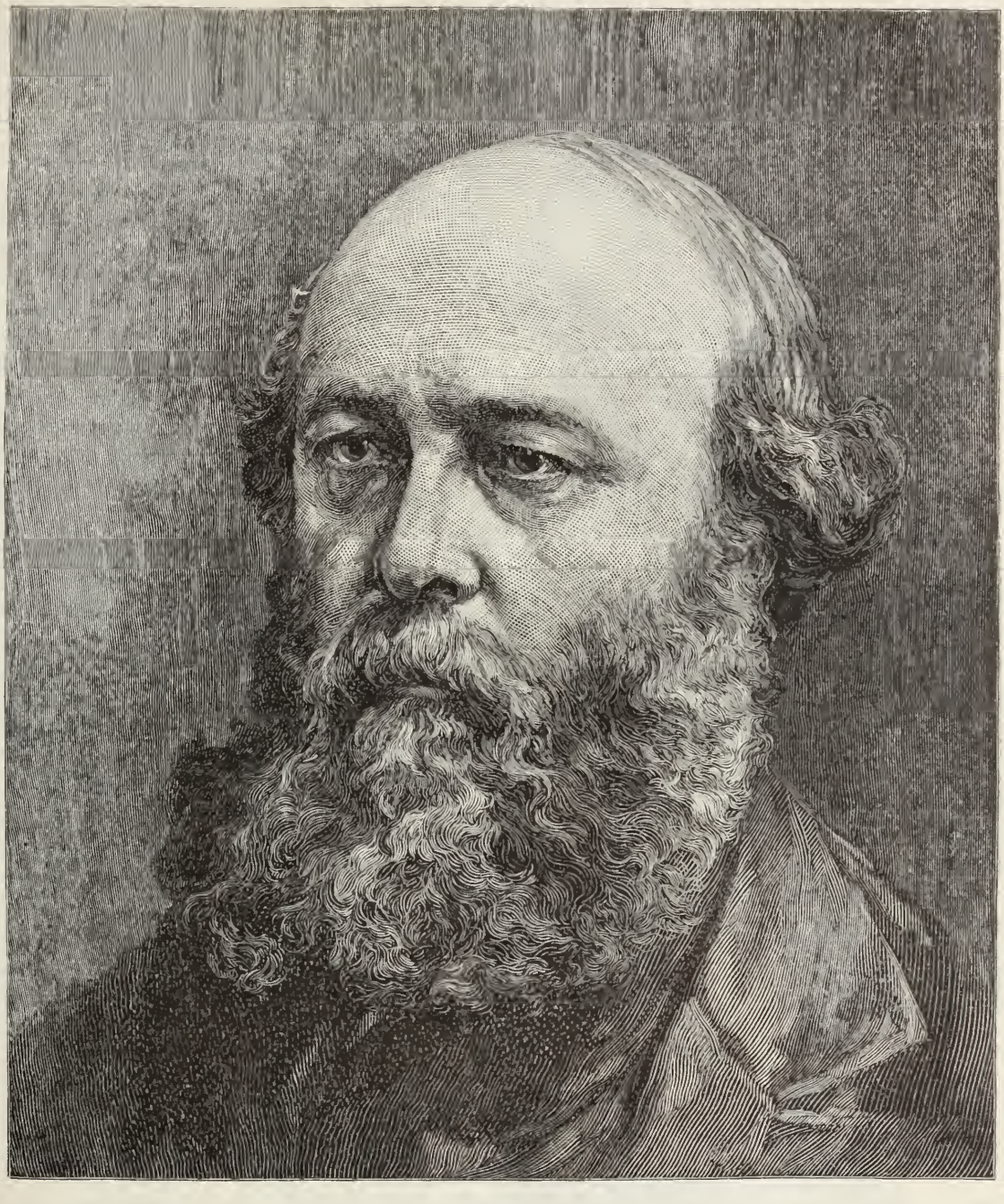
Mementos of historic personages are not confined to the interior of Hatfield House. What is called the Privy Gar-

den, almost the only specimen of the Jacobean pleasure-garden which remains to us, was laid out under the direction of James I. The King planted the four mulberry-trees which still grow at its four corners.

Not far off is the kitchen-garden, and far-reaching on all sides the undulating park, with the river Lea running through it. Sir Robert Cecil, when Hatfield was first built, inclosed two deer parks, which still remain dedicated to their original purpose, and now contain between five and six hundred head of deer. Close by the house is the only remaining wing of the original palace where Queen Elizabeth was cradled. The great hall in which she held her first council is now a stable, and horses munch their hay where Burleigh counselled and Queen Elizabeth first learned to command.

Hatfield, from its convenient contiguity to London, is more frequently visited than falls to the lot of the average country houses of great noblemen. During the Parliamentary session the family frequently run down in summer-time to spend Saturday to Monday in the old house. In two or three months of the winter season they are in continued residence. Lord Salisbury's particular den is a room on the ground-floor, which is used as dressing-room, bath-room, and laboratory. Great statesmen usually have some peculiar bend aside from their ordinary work, and suggestive of how they would have gained their livelihood had their lines fallen in other places. Mr. Disraeli wrote novels, and Mr. Gladstone fells trees. Lord Salisbury dabbles in chemistry. In his room is a large cupboard with glass doors displaying a portentous array of chemicals. His lordship is also a successful amateur in photography. He has put to practical use his scientific talents by planning the lighting of Hatfield House by electricity. This is done in a very thorough and workman-like manner. In the dining-room the lights are so hung from the ceiling that when in full blaze it

THE PRIVY GARDEN.



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

is only the sharpest eyesight that can discern the wires by which they are pendent. To others the lights shine as stars in the lofty domed roof. Lord Salisbury has the electric light fixed in all the reception-rooms, and finds the experiment very satisfactory. He works in peculiarly fortunate circumstances, seeing that the river Lea runs through the park, and is utilized for motive power, thus saving the cost and inconvenience of a steam-engine.

There was a time when it seemed the unlikeliest thing in the world that Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoigne-Cecil should ever come to be the third Marquis of Salisbury. He was born a younger son, and, it is said, with something less than the ordinary portion of the younger son of a great family. However that be, Lord Robert Cecil, as he was then known, attached himself to journalism, and showed that the accident of birth had lost a vigorous writer to the English press. Both as Lord Robert Cecil and as Lord Cranbourne, which courtesy title he assumed on the death of his elder brother unexpectedly making him heir to the marquisate, he ruffled the level flow of the *Quarterly Review* with some exceedingly trenchant writing. Even to this day, when some

THE MARBLE HALL.

disquisition on the political constitution unusually strong appears in the *Quarterly*, the knowing ones always discover the hand of Lord Salisbury. In another line of literature, the circular to the foreign courts on the Treaty of San Stefano, with which Lord Salisbury inaugurated his direction of the Foreign Office in 1872, will remain as a model of clear and vigorous writing.

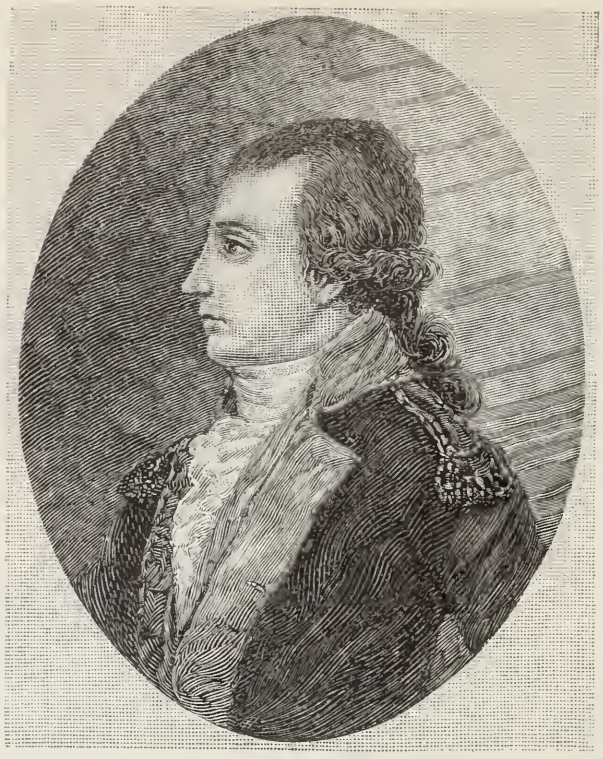
As a Parliamentary orator the Marquis of Salisbury is unquestionably the chiefest figure in the House of Lords. He possesses almost in equal degree with the late Lord Beaconsfield the quality of being personally interesting, of which he is now the only remaining example in either House of Parliament. Perhaps an exception should be made in favor of Lord Randolph Churchill, the inclusion of whose name assists in giving an insight into the bearing of this peculiar quality. Mr. Gladstone does not possess it, nor does Mr. Bright, except in the faintest degree. Every one knows, when Mr. Gladstone rises, that his speech will lie within certain well-ordered limits. It will be more or less eloquent, and more or less convincing. But the orator is not likely to surprise and delight the House by some quip, or crank, or flash of personal audacity. The certainty the other way was one of the attractions of Lord Beaconsfield's Parliamentary speech-making. The audience were always on the *qui vive* for some smart personal thrust at some mutual acquaintance, and they were rarely disappointed. This is why the House of Com-

mons fills up to hear the disjointed talk of Lord Randolph Churchill. The noble lord is not an orator in any sense of the word. He scarcely as yet pretends to be a serious debater. But with reckless audacity he hits out right and left, and the representative of a nation which once delighted in bear-baiting, still thinks regretfully of Sayers and Heenan, and furtively attends mains of cock-fighting, likes to see somebody hit.

No one can gratify this aspiration with greater fullness than Lord Salisbury. His very manner in the House of Lords makes the exercise the more charming. Half leaning on the table, and speaking in a level, conversational tone, as if his helpless victims were not of sufficient importance to inspire either gesture or declamation, he lets fall some of the most rasping sentences which it is possible to combine in the English language. Mr. Disraeli once admitted the directness of Lord Salisbury's thrusts, but complained that they "wanted finish." That was a criticism offered at a period when Mr. Disraeli's mind was not quite free from prejudice. There was a time when all the infinite scorn of Lord Salisbury's soul was poured upon Mr. Disraeli —a personal attitude much easier of comprehension than that of later years, when the two statesmen sat shoulder to shoulder on the ministerial bench, and could hardly speak of each other without tears in their eyes. Lord Salisbury's earlier literary training would of itself be sufficient to free him from the imputation of lack of finish.

It is not my purpose here to speak of Lord Salisbury as a political force. It will suffice to say that his position, power, and personal relations toward his own order, the House of Commons, and the drift of English politics are very remarkable, and their future course forms one of the most interesting problems of the day. Regarded personally, Lord Salisbury is the most striking figure in the peerage, the nearest realization modern conditions permit of the capable, headstrong, and imperious English Baron of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. Had he been born four hundred years ago, he would have filled a much larger place in history than is made possible for such as he by the trammels of the English constitution of the nineteenth century.

THE CLOISTERS.



GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

AMONG that small band of military leaders who shared the perils of our early struggle for independence, the name and fame of Richard Montgomery should be held especially dear by the people of New York. He has been dead more than a hundred years, and although his memory is revered by the American people, little is generally known of his personal history.

Sparks's *American Biography* contains a memoir of Montgomery. This was written by his brother-in-law John Armstrong, who was Secretary of War in the cabinet of President Madison, and was known as a man of distinguished talents, well qualified as a military critic. This biography, however, is wanting in such personal details as the flight of time and the circumstances of Montgomery's character, no less than his untimely fate, have rendered of uncommon interest to the reader of American history. Another sketch of Montgomery, by Brevet Major-General Cullum, U.S.A., appeared in 1876. While this is no doubt very valuable, owing to the military reputation of the author, and the professional view which he takes of the services of Montgomery, it is largely indebted to the first memoir already noticed. It also is wanting in particulars of his private life.

It is not my province to discuss the professional merits of General Montgomery, or even to attempt any consecutive narration of his campaign in Canada. My purpose is to string together the accounts that have been furnished by the letters and manuscripts preserved at Montgomery Place, and to bring my readers into closer acquaintance with the hero of Quebec.

General Montgomery was born on the 2d of December, 1736. He was by birth an Irishman. In his youth he served in the British army during the French and Indian war. On his return to England, after the close of the Seven Years' conflict, he is said to have formed friendships with Fox, Burke, and Barré, becoming deeply imbued with their views of the rights of the colonies. Superseded and disappointed in the purchase of a majority, he left England forever.

While still a captain in the British army, Montgomery had met Janet Livingston, the daughter of Robert R. Livingston, one of the Judges of the King's Bench. He was on his way to a distant post, and had come on shore with all the

officers of his company at Clermont, Judge Livingston's country place on the Hudson. Subsequently when he returned to settle in America, he renewed his acquaintance with her, and with the approbation of her parents married her in July, 1773. Among the papers before me are the letter of Montgomery to Judge Livingston, asking for the hand of his daughter, and Judge Livingston's reply.

"KINGSBRIDGE, *May* 20, 1773.

"SIR,—Though I am extremely anxious to solicit your approbation, together with Mrs. Livingston's, in an affair which nearly concerns my happiness and no less affects your daughter, I have nevertheless been hitherto deterred from this indispensable attention by reflecting that from so short an acquaintance as I had the honor to make with you I could not flatter myself with your sanction in a matter so very important as to influence the future welfare of a child. I therefore wished for some good-natured friend to undertake the kind office of giving a favorable impression; but finding you have already had intimation of my desire to be honored with your daughter's hand, and apprehensive lest my silence should bear an unfavorable construction, I have ventured at last to request, sir, that you will consent to a union which to me has the most promising appearance of happiness, from the lady's uncommon merit and amiable worth. Nor will it be an inconsiderable addition to be favored by such respectable characters with the title of son, should I be so fortunate as to deserve it. And if to contribute to the happiness of a beloved daughter can claim any share with tender parents, I hope hereafter to have some title to your esteem.

"I am, sir, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

"RICHARD MONTGOMERY."

"CLAREMONT, 21*st June*, 1773.

"SIR,—I received your polite letter by the hands of Mr. Lawrence at Poughkeepsie, from whence I returned last night.

"I was then so engaged in the business of Court, both night and day, that I had no time to answer it, and tho' I would have stolen an hour for that purpose, it required a previous consultation with Mrs. Livingston.

"Since we heard of your intentions, solicitous for our daughter's happiness, we have made such enquiries as have given a great deal of satisfaction. We both approve of your proposal, and heartily wish your union may yield you all the happiness you seem to expect, to which we shall always be ready to contribute all in our power. Whenever it suits your convenience, we hope to have the pleasure of seeing you here, and in the mean time I remain, with due respect,

"Your most humble servant,

"ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON."

Mrs. Montgomery wrote a series of notes to be used for a memoir of her husband. The limits of this article permit only a few gleanings from this quaint and interesting manuscript:

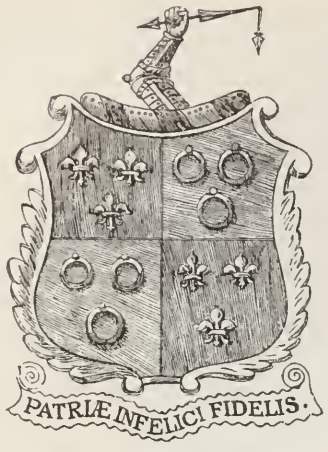
"General Montgomery was born in Dublin, and was educated in the College of Dublin. His father, Thomas Montgomery, of Convoy House, Donegal, had three sons, Alexander, John, and Richard, and one daughter, married to Viscount Ranelagh. The eldest son, Alexander, was an officer under Wolfe in the conquest of Canada, and for forty years member of Parliament for the County of Donegal. John died at Lisbon, a noted merchant. Richard was the third son. Their mother was an English lady of fortune whose estate was settled on her younger sons, the eldest son having inherited the estate of his uncle. Richard

ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON.

was placed in the British army in the Seventeenth Regiment by the advice of his brother Alexander, his senior by many years. Richard was at the taking of Cape Breton with Amherst. Alexander marched to re-enforce Wolfe.

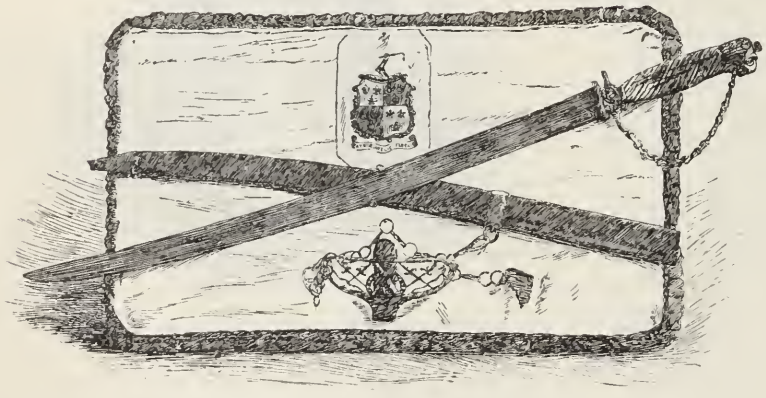
"The duty of the Seventeenth Regiment was in America. For this reason, when the Stamp Act was to be enforced, an order was given to employ that regiment, then in England, which Montgomery receiving with several others declared publicly that they would throw up their commissions if the order were persisted in. In 1772–3 he came to New York, purchased a farm at Kingsbridge, and in July, 1773, was married. He then removed to Rhinebeck, where he built a mill and laid the foundation of a house.

"Unknown as his modesty led him to suppose himself to be, he was chosen, early in 1775, one of the Council of Fifty, to New York from Dutchess County. While thus engaged Congress determined to raise troops in defense



MONTGOMERY ARMS.

of our rights. Philip Schuyler was appointed the Major-General, and the appointment of Brigadier-General was tendered to Montgomery. Before accepting it he came into his wife's room, and asked her to make up for him the ribbon cockade which was to be placed in his hat. He saw her emotion, and marked the starting tear. With persuasive gentleness he said to her: 'Our country is in danger.



SWORD OF GENERAL MONTGOMERY.

Unsolicited, in two instances I have been distinguished by two honorable appointments. As a politician I could not serve them. As a soldier I think I can. Shall I, then, accept the one and shrink from the other in dread of danger? My honor is engaged.' Mrs. Montgomery took the ribbon, and he continued: 'I am satisfied. Trust me. You shall never blush for your Montgomery.'

"He had hardly received this appointment when it was announced that General Washington was to pass through New York, on his way to Boston. On the morning of his expected arrival the whole town was in a state of commotion. All the militia was paraded, bells ringing, drums beating, and in that moment the British Governor Tryon arrived. As he landed he looked with delight at the general excitement that prevailed, and said: 'Is all this for me?' when two of his counsellors took him mournfully by the hand, and led him to a house where he saw the great Washington pass, attended by a crowd of patriots. At a window next to the City Hotel, I was happily so placed that I could see him. Here General Schuyler and General Montgomery received their commissions and instructions. The next day, when Montgomery opened his commission, he found all the commissions of his brigade left in blank. Such was the trust reposed in him."

Two years of quiet and domestic happiness were broken in upon by Montgomery's being sent as a delegate to the First Provincial Convention, held in New York in April, 1775. He never thought himself fit for civil service, and with reluctance took the place assigned him. But his heart was in the movement. With such feelings of ardent devotion did he give himself up to the cause of American liberty, that when called upon by Congress to quit the retirement of his farm in order to become one of the first eight brigadier-generals, he wrote to a friend "that the honor, though entirely unexpected and undeserved, he felt to be the will of an oppressed people, which must be obeyed"; and he accordingly went immediately into active service.

Mrs. Montgomery accompanied him on his way as far as Saratoga. In after-years their parting was described as follows by his brother-in-law Edward Livingston, who was at the time a boy of eleven: "It was just before General Montgomery left for Canada. We were only three in the room—he, my sister, and myself. He was sitting in a musing attitude between his wife, who, sad and silent, seemed to be reading the future, and myself, whose childish admiration was divided between the glittering uniform and the martial bearing of him who wore it. Suddenly the silence was broken by Montgomery's deep voice, repeating the line, 'Tis a mad world, my masters.' 'I once thought so,' he continued; 'now I know it.' The tone, the words, the circumstances, overawed me, and I noiselessly retired. I have since reflected upon the bearing of this quotation, forcing itself upon the young soldier at that moment. Perhaps

he might have been contrasting the sweet quiet of the life he held in his grasp with the tumults and perils of the camp which he had resolved to seek without one regretful glance at what he was leaving behind. These were the last words I heard from his lips, and I never saw him more."

I turn next to the letters written by General Montgomery to his wife during his last brilliant and memorable campaign. The correspondence was not voluminous: at that time communication between Canada and New York was slow and difficult. In the most favorable weather the sloops which plied the Hudson required a week to go from Albany to New York. On comparison of dates, some of the letters prove to have been two months on the way from Montreal or other parts of Canada to Rhinebeck, where Mrs. Montgomery lived.

These letters show him to have been blunt and straightforward, yet affectionate, and on occasion fond of a joke at home.

"If you find you can be spared" (he wrote, June, 1775), "and wish to make a trip to New York, *and will not stay too long*, I shall be very glad to see you. I dare say Peggy and Kitty [his wife's sisters] will not dislike the jaunt."

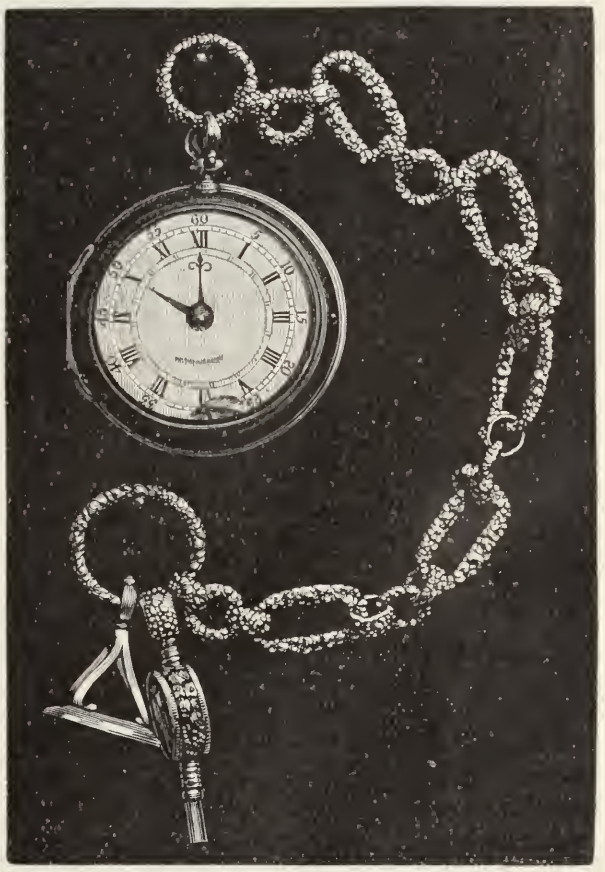
"From Ticonderoga, *August* 24, 1775.

"I have received yours from Albany and the cask of rusk. Ticonderoga agrees very well with me. I have a great deal of exercise both of body and sword. The New Englanders and I jog on very well together, and I go to *prayers* every evening with them after exercise is over. The General is gone to the Indian Congress, so that for a few days I am in command, though without the difficulties he had to struggle with, as he had before put matters in proper train.

"As for house or home (except yourself), I have hardly time to lend a thought. Be assured of my warmest affection, my dearest girl, and accept my warmest wishes for your happiness."

A letter dated from Camp St. John's in September, 1775, betrayed a soldier's impatience at his wife's complaints at the prolonged separation from him: "I must entreat the favor of you," he wrote to her, "to write no more of those whining letters. I declare if I receive another in that style, I will lock up the rest without reading them. I don't want anything to lower my spirits; I have abundant use for them all, and at the best of times I have not too much."

The following letter gives evidence of his keen sense of duty in the distribution of office, which no tie of consanguinity could affect in any manner whatsoever: "This very evening (October 9, 1775, near Camp St. John's), I received my dear Janet's letters to the 23d of September, which bring me the agreeable news of your recovery. I hope to have the same account of your good father and mother, whose health and happiness I think myself deeply interested in. You are right. I most certainly might have advanced



WATCH AND SEAL OF MONTGOMERY.

Harry to a majority. Disinterested and generous motives will forever, I hope, prevent me from serving myself or family at the expense of the public. Though a spirited fellow, he has not experience for such an important post. I grant there are others as bad and worse—this is not my doing, nor will I ever have such a weight on my conscience."

The uncommon sympathy that existed between his wife's family and himself is a striking feature of this short correspondence. There are constant messages of re-

THE MONTGOMERY PLACE AT BARRYTOWN.

membrance for them, all interwoven with the news from the camp, and in the midst of the most harassing events and circumstances.

"I have no time to write to your father," he wrote from Montreal on the eve of his departure for Quebec. "My most affectionate respects attend the old gentleman and lady. My love to the girls. Do they go to town? No husbands this winter? Alas! I live in hopes to see you in six weeks."

The last letter of the collection bears the date of the 5th of December, 1775. It was written just a fortnight before his death, and is as follows:

"Holland House, near Quebec, *December* 5.

"My dear Janet,—This day I had the pleasure of yours of the 13th of October. I think your letters are a long time on the road. I believe I have now the right to complain, as I am sure you don't write as often as I do.

"I suppose long ere this we have furnished the folks of the united colonies with subject-matter of conversation. I should like to see the long faces of my Tory friends. I fancy they look a little cast down, and that the Whig ladies triumph most unmercifully.

"The weather continues so gentle that we have been able, at this late season, to get down by water with our artillery, etc. They are a good deal alarmed in town, and with some reason. The garrison is little to be depended upon, and very weak in proportion to the works. I wish it were well over, with all my heart, and sigh for home like a New-Englander.

"I sha'n't forget your beaver blanket if I get safe out of this affair, nor your mother's martin-skins. Present my affectionate duty to her, and make her easy respecting Harry. He has by no means given any offense, though some uneasiness, by some little imprudence. I am glad to hear your house is in such forwardness. May I have the pleasure of seeing you in it soon! Till then, adieu!"

General Schuyler's health did not permit him to conduct this campaign, as had been intended. He relinquished the command of the forces to General Montgomery at Isle aux Noix. There was insubordination among the troops. Montgomery's energy and dauntless will were more than equal to the emergency. He had great trouble with the New-Englanders. All seemed thoroughly demoralized, the New-Yorkers as well as the others. "O fortunate husbandmen!" wrote Montgomery, "would I were at my plough again!" He was thoroughly disgusted with them all. However, his course through Canada was a triumphant one, and notwithstanding all his difficulties, success

followed in his footsteps. "I have courted fortune," he wrote in another letter, "and found her kind. I have one more favor to solicit, and then I have done; till Quebec is taken, Canada is unconquered." Chief Justice Marshall states that Montgomery "had determined to withdraw from the army, and had signified, before marching from Montreal, his resolution to resign the commission which had been conferred upon him." Marshall adds, as a probable incentive to the storming of Quebec, that he had "the desire of closing his military career with a degree of brilliancy suited to the elevation of his mind by the conquest of Canada to the United States." "Fortune," he said, "favors the brave." Little had he then contemplated failure, or his own approaching end! In a conversation which he had with one of his aides-de-camp shortly before the storming of Quebec, he had indulged in meditations on his own life, and spoke of his loss of ambition, a sense of duty being alone left as his spring of action. He longed to return to the retirement of his country life, though he said he "would always be ready to contribute to the public safety, should the scene change and his services be again required." He was convinced that there was, as he said, "a fair prospect of success," and notwithstanding the perils of his situation his hopes ran high and his soul was undaunted. It has been said that he knew the fortifications well, because he had been with Wolfe at the taking of Quebec. This is a mistake. He was in the British army in Canada at the time, but not with Wolfe, having been ordered to follow Amherst with his regiment. This error probably originated from the fact that Alexander Montgomery, the General's eldest brother, was with Wolfe at Quebec.

It was at four o'clock in the morning of December 31, 1775, during a violent snow-storm, that the attack on Quebec was made. The little American army had undergone inexpressible hardships during the campaign, and the soldiers were half starved and half naked. It took all the magnetic power of Montgomery to stir them into renewed action. "Men of New York," he exclaimed, "you will not fear to follow where your General leads; march on!" Then placing himself in the front, he almost immediately received the mortal wound which suddenly closed his career.

Thus fell Richard Montgomery, at the early age of thirty-seven. Three weeks before his death he was promoted to the rank of Major-General. Young, gifted, and brave, he was mourned throughout the country, at whose altar he had offered up his life—apparently in vain; for his fate decided the battle in favor of the British.

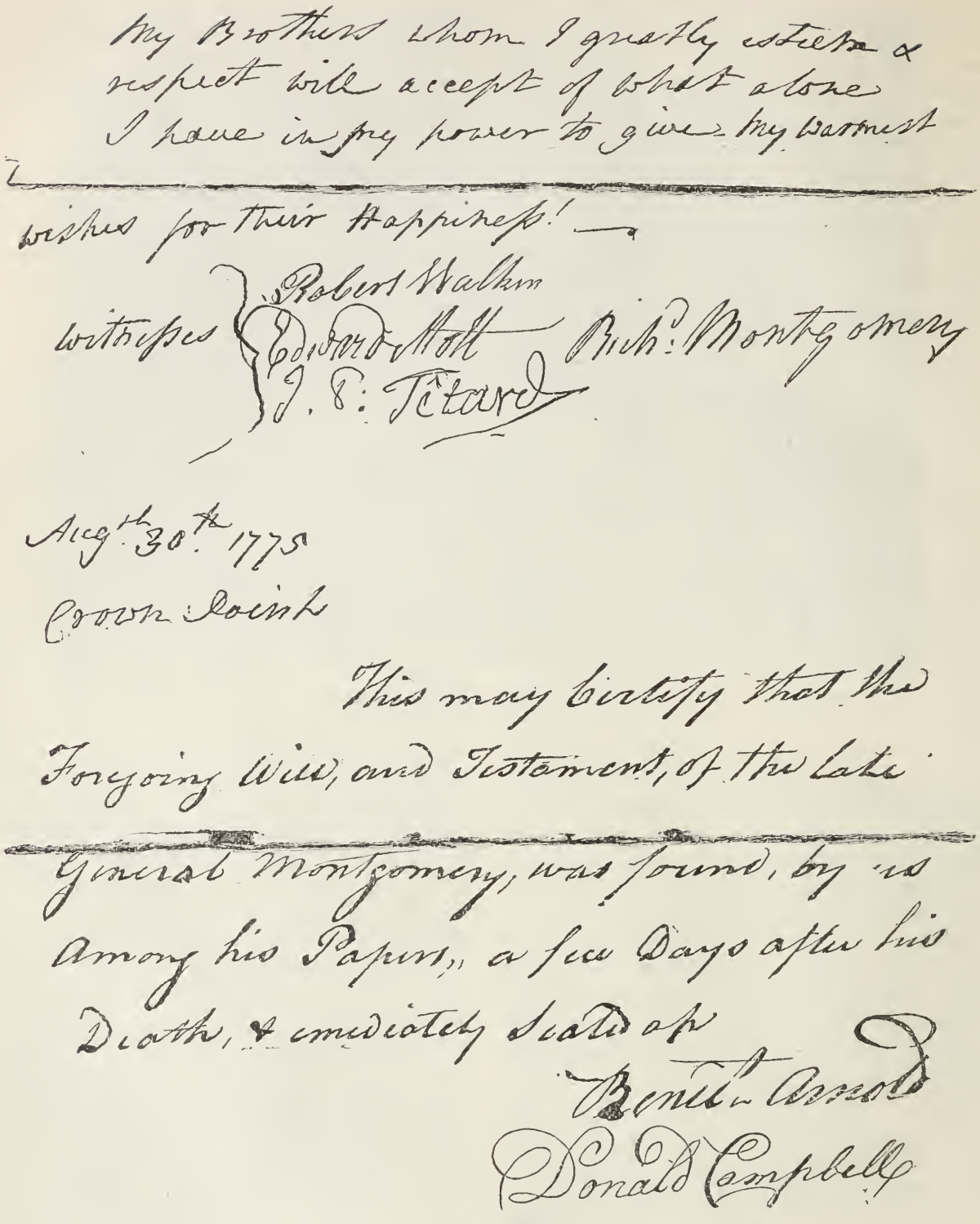
The story that he was borne from the field of battle by Aaron Burr, under the continued fire of the enemy, has always been received with doubt. It may now, upon the highest authority, be pronounced to be without foundation.

It was rumored, but not ascertained by the British for some hours, that the American General had been killed. Anxious to ascertain, General Carleton sent an aide-de-camp to the seminary, where the American prisoners were, to inquire if any of them would identify the body. A field-officer of Arnold's division, who had been made prisoner near Sault au Matelot barrier, accompanied the aide-de-camp to the Près de Ville guard, and pointed it out among the other bodies, at the same time pronouncing in accents of grief a glowing eulogium on Montgomery's bravery and worth. Besides that of the General, the bodies of his two aides-de-camp were recognized among the slain. All were frozen stiff. General Montgomery was shot through the thigh and through the head. When his body was taken up his features were not in the least distorted, his countenance appeared serene and placid, like the soul that had animated it. His sword, the symbol of his martial honor, lay close beside him on the snow. It was picked up by a drummer-boy, but immediately afterward was given up to James Thompson, Overseer of Public Works and Assistant Engineer during the siege, who had been intrusted by General Carleton with the interment of the body. Through the courtesy of the British General, Montgomery was buried within the walls of Quebec, with the honors of war.

General Montgomery's will had been made at Crown Point on the 30th of August, soon after the commencement of his last campaign. The authenticity of this document is attested by the signature of Benedict Arnold. It is still in existence, and reads as follows:

The last Will and Testament of Richard Montgomery.

I give to my sister Lady Ranelagh, of the kingdom of Ireland, all my personal fortune for her sole use, to be disposed of as she pleases,



FAC-SIMILE OF SIGNATURES TO THE WILL OF RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

except such legacies as shall be hereafter mentioned. All my just debts must first be paid. Also I give my said sister my estate at Kingsbridge, near New York, for her sole use, to be disposed of as she thinks fit. To my dear wife, Janet Montgomery, I give my furniture, farm utensils, carriages of all sorts, horses, cattle, shares, books (to this watch, mathematical and philosophical instruments and apparatus).

I also leave to my said wife the farm I purchased from Shares at Rhynbeck, with horses and everything upon it.

The ample fortune which my wife will succeed to makes it unnecessary to provide for her in a manner suitable to her situation in life and adequate to the warm affection I bear her.

My dear sister's large family want all I can spare. I could wish to recommend one or two of her younger children to my Janet's protection.

I must request the Honorable Robert Livingston, my much-esteemed father-in-law, and my brother-in-law, Robert, his son (whose good

sense and integrity I have all confidence in), to see this my last Will and Testament executed. Tho' the hurry of public business and want of knowledge in the law may have rendered this instrument incorrect, yet I believe my intention is plain. I therefore hope no advantage will be taken of any inaccuracy.

My brothers, whom I greatly esteem and respect, will accept of what alone I have in my power to give—my warmest wishes for their happiness.

(Signed) RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

Witnesses { ROBERT WALKIN. EDWARD MOTT. J. P. TÉTARD.

Aug. 30, 1775, CROWN POINT.

This may certify that the foregoing Will and Testament of the late General Montgomery was found by us among his papers a few days after his death, and immediately sealed up.

BENEDICT ARNOLD.
DONALD CAMPBELL.

This certification is in the handwriting of Arnold.

General Montgomery left no descendants. By his will it appears that he bequeathed the greater part of his fortune to his relatives in Ireland. The farm at Kingsbridge would now be of enormous value from its proximity to New York.

A curious inventory of his effects was taken and forwarded to New York. The greater part of his wardrobe was purchased by General Arnold. An account was also sent to Mrs. Montgomery of the manner in which his effects had been disposed of, and a list of the articles marked on the inventory as sold to General Arnold. Governor Carleton sent General Montgomery's gold watch and seal to General Wooster, at Montreal, who sent them to Mrs. Montgomery.

The body of General Montgomery remained in Quebec for forty-three years. It was then brought to New York, in compliance with a special act of the Legislature.

At Mrs. Montgomery's request, Governor Clinton commissioned her nephew, Lewis Livingston, to superintend the removal of the remains to New York. From a minute report which he wrote to his father, Edward Livingston, then in Louisiana, we gather many details of interest hitherto unknown to the public. On account of the great lapse of time since the death of General Montgomery, apprehensions were entertained that there would be difficulty in ascertaining the exact spot where he was interred. Such apprehensions were, however, groundless. Mrs. Montgomery had been some time previously informed by Mr. William Smith (the son of the Chief Justice, then deceased) that the person who had buried her husband was still living, and had in his possession the sword the General wore when he was so unfortunately slain. Shortly after the arrival of Colonel Livingston in Quebec, James Thompson, then eighty-nine years of age, was pointed out to him as the very person who had been intrusted with the superintendence of the General's burial, and who had served in the British army during the siege. He was ordered to explore the place of interment and dig up the remains. This he accordingly did, in the presence of one of his Excellency Governor Sherbrooke's aides-de-camp, Captain Freer. As Thompson still possessed all his faculties, Colonel Livingston obtained from him full information. Owing to the alteration that had taken place in the appearance of the ground, he could not indicate exactly where the body lay. It was found, however, within a few feet of the place he fixed upon; and there was so much circumstantial evidence to corroborate all he said, that not a doubt could be entertained of his veracity. He mentioned a number of details respecting the interment, and gave a particular description of the coffin in which the body was placed, which corresponded perfectly with the appearance of the one taken up. The coffin was kept exactly in the state in which it was found, and placed in a strong wooden case.

Sir John Sherbrooke pursued a very liberal course of action. He did not hesitate one instant to deliver up the remains; he only expressed a desire that the affair should be considered a private rather than a public transaction. Mr. William Smith was extremely useful in furthering the views of Colonel Livingston; he was intimate with the Governor, and used his influence to obtain a compliance with the request of which he was the bearer.

Governor Clinton had directed the Adjutant-General, with Colonel Van Rensselaer and a detachment of cavalry, to accompany the remains to New York. They left Whitehall on the 2d of July, arriving at Albany on the 4th. Great preparations had been made to receive the remains with all possible splendor and *éclat*. The procession moved through all the principal

streets of Albany, escorted by the military under arms, joined by an immense concourse of citizens. The remains were laid in state in the Capitol. In every village on the route similar honors had been paid to the memory of the gallant Montgomery. The skeleton had been placed in a magnificent coffin, which had been sent by the Governor. On the 6th of July, at nine o'clock in the morning, a procession, perhaps still larger than the first, accompanied the coffin to the steamer *Richmond*, on board of which it was put with a large military escort. The boat floated down for several miles under the discharge of minute-guns from both shores. It was astonishing to observe the strong sympathies which were everywhere evoked by the arrival of these sacred remains. The degree of enthusiasm that prevailed and the patriotic feeling that evinced itself reflected credit upon the State of New York, and not a voice was heard in disapproval of the tributes of respect thus paid to the memory of this hero of the Revolution.

Governor Clinton had informed Mrs. Montgomery that the body of the General would pass down the Hudson; by the aid of a glass she could see the boat pass Montgomery Place, her estate near Barrytown. I give her own quaint and touching terms as she describes the mournful pageant in a letter to her niece. "At length," she wrote, "they came by, with all that remained of a beloved husband, who left me in the bloom of manhood, a perfect being. Alas! how did he return! However gratifying to my heart, yet to my feelings every pang I felt was renewed. The pomp with which it was conducted added to my woe; when the steamboat passed with slow and solemn movement, stopping before my house, the troops under arms, the Dead March from the muffled drum, the mournful music, the splendid coffin canopied with crape and crowned by plumes, you may conceive my anguish; I can not describe it."

At Mrs. Montgomery's own request she was left alone upon the porch when the *Richmond* went by. Forty-three years had elapsed since she parted with her husband at Saratoga. Emotions too agitating for her advanced years overcame her at this trying moment. She fainted, and was found in an insensible condition after the boat had passed on its way. Yet the first wish of her heart was realized, after years of deferred hope, and she wrote to her brother in New Orleans, "I am satisfied. What more could I wish than the high honor that has been conferred on the ashes of my poor soldier?"

The remains were finally interred in New York on the 8th of July, 1818, beneath the monument in front of St. Paul's Church. This monument was designed and executed in France, ordered by Benjamin Franklin.

The Quebec *Morning Chronicle* of December 30, 1876, contains a very interesting account of the Centennial Fête which the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec held in their rooms on the evening of the 29th:

"The lecture-room of Morrin College was hung with the flags of many nations. Addresses were delivered by several persons of mark in the Dominion, some of whom were lineal descendants of those who had participated a hundred years before in the defense of Quebec.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Strange, Commandant of the Quebec garrison, and Dominion Inspector of Artillery, exhaustively treated that portion of the events of the 31st of December, 1775, which referred to the attack and defense at Près de Ville. Many incidents of the siege, utterly unknown to ordinary readers of history, were brought to light, and many things that have been considered doubtful were explained. The story of the finding of the frozen bodies of the American General and his aide-de-camp was told with much pathos, as were the details of his burial.

"At the conclusion of Colonel Strange's narrative, J. M. Le Moine, the Quebec historian, made an address on Arnold's assault on Sault au Matelots barriers. Remarks were also made by the vice-president and others, after which the audience was invited to visit the library. Here flags draped and covered the bookshelves. A splendid stand of arms reached from floor to ceiling. Behind it fell in long festoons the Dominion standard. In the centre of a diamond-shaped figure, made up of sabres pointing upward, was a large glittering star of bayonets. In chronological order were tablets containing each one of the names of the Lieutenant-Governors of Canada, commencing with Carleton in 1775. On the opposite side of the room, under a similar star of bayonets, was hung, suspended with crape, the sword of General Montgomery. The company were invited to view it, the band played the funeral march of Montgomery, and music continued until the company dispersed."

This celebration was followed by a similar demonstration at the Institut Canadien on the 30th, and by a ball at the Cit-

adel on the 31st, given by the Commander, Colonel Strange, R. A., and Mrs. Strange, who entertained a large number of guests in the costume of 1775. Some of the identical uniforms worn at the time of the siege now re-appeared in the old fortress. The staircase was draped with royal standards, intermingled with the white and golden lilies of France, the Dominion ensign, and the American flag. On either side of the steps were stands of arms and warlike implements. There, too, was the trophy. Huge banners fell in graceful folds about the stacks of musketry piled on the right and left above the drums and trumpets. Immediately underneath was the escutcheon of the United States, on which, heavily craped, was hung the sword with which Montgomery had beckoned on his men to action. Underneath this kindly tribute were the words "Requiescat in pace."

At the foot of the trophy were piled sets of old flint muskets and accoutrements, and in the centre a brass cannon captured from the Americans in 1775, which bears the arms of the State of Massachusetts. On either side of this historical tableau gigantic figures from the ranks were stationed as sentries. Dancing commenced. Dance succeeded dance till midnight. All of a sudden sounded the clear clarion notes of a trumpet. A panel in the wainscoting at the lower dancing-room opened as if by magic, and out jumped a jaunty little trumpeter, with the slashed and decorated jacket and busby of a hussar. The blast he blew rang far and wide. A second later weird piping and drumming were heard in a remote part of the barracks. Nearer and nearer every moment came the sharp shrill notes of the fifes and the quick detonation of the drum-stick taps. Silence came upon the gay company who clustered in picturesque groups around the stairs, where was placed the steel blade whose hilt was warmed one century before by the hand of a hero.

"The Phantom Guard," led by the intrepid Sergeant Hugh McQuarters, passed through the assemblage, looking neither to the right nor left; on through saloon and passage, past ball-room and conversation parlor, they glided past with measured steps, and halted in front of the Montgomery trophy, and paid to it military honors. The bombardier who impersonated the dead sergeant actually wore the sword and belt of a man who was killed in the action of 1775.

The old house in St. Louis Street, in which the body of General Montgomery was laid out on the 1st of January, 1776, was decorated with the American flag, and brilliantly illuminated that night.

The British chargé d'affaires *ad interim* to the United States, Victor Drummond, Esq., having recently obtained General Montgomery's sword, presented it to me on the 3d of September, 1881, at Montgomery Place, where it has been added to the other relics of the General. When it was unpacked a piece of crape lay in the case, a token of the still fresh and pathetic honors of the Quebec centennial.

There are but few relics of General Montgomery in existence besides the sword, the papers I have alluded to, his letters preserved at Washington, and his letters to General Schuyler. His watch and seal, removed from his person on the field of battle, and forwarded to Mrs. Montgomery, are carefully preserved. The trunk which he used when in the British Army, as a captain in the Seventeenth Regiment foot, is at Montgomery Place, and has his name on it. The only original portrait of him is also at Montgomery Place. It was sent to Mrs. Montgomery by Lady Ranelagh, after the death of the General, and represents him as a young man of about twenty-five years, the age at which he first left Ireland. The countenance is frank, gallant, and handsome, and indicates a generous and amiable disposition.

THE BUST OF NEPTUNE.

(*In the Vatican Museum.*)

A HEAD that ruled the mysteries of the main—
Tumultuous anger or impassioned pain—
Unfathomed eyes, with chest and shoulders bare,
And the salt sea-wind ambushed in his hair.

AUNT CAROLINE'S PRESENT.

I.—NOW WE SHALL KNOW.

YES. We were really married.

The minister had said we were one, and he had given us his blessing. He had taken my hand, and the tears were in his eyes as he wished me all happiness. He kissed Eleanor, whom he had christened twenty years before, and he blessed her again. "God bless you, my child!" he said. Then we turned round, so that the other people in the room could see us, and the procession of sympathizing friends came up and wished us well.

The sixth person in the procession was Aunt Caroline. She is Eleanor's aunt, but I like her quite as much as Eleanor does: the kindest, sweetest, most loving aunt that ever came in when she was wanted, and staid away when she was not wanted; that ever sent ice-cream across to your house on a summer's evening, or called to take your Southern cousins to ride when she knew they bored you to death. Aunt Caroline was sixth in the procession of welcome.

"Dear Felix," she said at once, "dear Eleanor, my present—well, it is too big to be carried about much, and so—well, I have told the man to carry it to your new house, and when you come it will be there before you to welcome you. I do hope you will like it."

"Like it!—of course we shall like it, Aunt Caroline. We should like it if it were only a lump of coal." And in her tenderness Eleanor kissed her aunt again and again.

Fifty times on the wedding journey did we go back to the present, and wonder what it was which was so large. I was sure it was a cast of the Laocoon. Eleanor was quite sure it was a library book-case. Sometimes I thought it was the *Cyclopœdia Britannica* up to Marplot, which was as far as that *Cyclopœdia* had then gone. Sometimes I hoped it was La Rousse, which would be better still. At last, after such a fortnight of October and red maples, and purple tupelos and glorious sunsets, and cozy reading of Browning by the firesides of comfortable inns—after fourteen days of exquisite life and happy love, we drove up to the pretty little house which was to be our happy home, and I lifted Eleanor from the buggy, and I said, "Welcome home, sweetheart and darling."

And she kissed me, and she ran before me into the house, and she said, "Now we shall know."

II.—WHAT WE FOUND.

Alas! we did know, only too soon.

Bridget had lighted up the new parlor for our reception with the effulgence of her own enthusiasm. There was a large carcel burning on the centre table. This lamp was a present from Uncle Tristram. On the mantel were two bronze branches in which she had placed four red wax candles, and she had lighted them all. These branches were a present from my cousin Jotham. On the other side of the room, on the piano-forte, were two student-lamps of different patterns. These were presents from Ernest Gabler and Submit Shattuck, and Bridget had lighted both of them.

All this light and sweetness were to do fit honor to Aunt Caroline's present, which was at the other end of the room as we entered, and obtruded itself from the very first instant. Indeed, it was impossible to escape it at any moment while you were in that room. It was a thoroughly horrible picture from the parable of the Prodigal Son. It had escaped, by misfortune from some "chamber of horrors." I do not know its real history, though I have, alas! had time enough to study it since those days. But I can not think calmly on its history; it even makes me sick; and excepting that the name "Melgrum" appears rather prominently under the feet of one of the swine, I have no clew to its origin. I can only suppose, as I do, that "Melgrum" was some overgrown oaf in some high school, who made himself disgusting by caricaturing the boys and the masters. I think the masters, in the hope to be rid of him, reported that he was a genius, and persuaded some kind brewer to give him money enough to go to Munich to "study art." Arrived there, I think he had just learned what are the crudest, the most fiery and piercing pigments concocted, when he painted this picture, before his studies in anatomy, composition, or perspective had begun. I think the Bavarian government forbade its public exhibition, and that it was then surreptitiously sent to this country for sale. I think dear Aunt Caroline was entrapped or lured into the warehouse where

it was exhibited just when the thousand dollars was burning in her pocket-book which she meant to spend for Eleanor's present. I think she told her companion, Mrs. Jabez Flynn, how much she meant to spend, that Mrs. Flynn privately told this to the perjured villain who is the master of the picture shop, and that he, with an awful audacity, bade the attendant bring this picture forward and place it under the lights for exhibition. I think he mentioned twelve hundred dollars as the price, but consented to be forced down to one thousand. And then and thus I think our fate was sealed.

The size of the picture was eight feet by six. The frame was enormous, and very costly. The conception is absurd. In the middle of the picture you saw a large group intended to represent a company of people feasting, who were the Prodigal Son, his father and mother, and other guests called in on the occasion of his return. A gallery above them in the background was filled with people singing, and under the gallery, but beyond the guests, you could dimly discern other people dancing, with tambourines over their heads. All this transpired under certain columns and arches, but all in the open air. On the right hand, in what would be the distance had Melgrum known how to represent distance, stood a man in his shirt sleeves feeding hogs with Indian corn. On the other side, of the same size and character, was a butcher cutting the throat of a calf. From something Aunt Caroline dropped, I believe it was the happy union of three subjects on one canvas which determined her to buy the picture. As she said, with real enthusiasm, "It does not represent a part of the parable; the whole parable is there."

III.—HOW PEOPLE LIKED IT.

Here was the picture, occupying practically the whole of one wall of our parlor, which was to have been so pretty, the room in which, as our plans were made, dear Eleanor was to spend the greater part of her life. We looked at it a little, we received silently Bridget's enthusiastic admiration of it, but we passed as quickly as we could to see how the dining-room was arranged, and how my workshop looked. And it ended in my putting Eleanor into my own easy-chair there, going back into her parlor for one of the reading lamps, and bidding Bridget extinguish the others and the candles. Eleanor spent the evening with me in my den, and I read Coventry Patmore's *Betrothal* to her.

But we could not do that all the time. She could not be in my room when I had men there on business. She had a feeling of pride, indeed, which for a long time made her keep up a gallant struggle for the parlor, which was her own room, she said. "Why should I go upstairs and sit in a bed-chamber, when I have such a pretty room of my own?" She would say this. She would say, "I am sure dear Aunt Caroline did not mean to make me to be a vagrant in my own house, with no place from the hair of my head to the sole of my feet." Queer, that sense of pride. I have known men who had it. I have known men who really thought that when they had done a gallant eight hours' work down-town, they had a right at home to the things home was made for. Philanthropists and politicians and tramps, map peddlers and others, would follow them to their homes, and these men would actually refuse to grind their axes for them there. So poor Eleanor said she would stand for her rights in her pretty parlor. She would not be driven out from it by that hateful butcher; she would not have those dirty pigs trampling over her carpet, she said; she would not hear those tambourine women clinking their old parchment things.

But she overestimated her own abilities. I have noticed that most men do who think they can keep bores out of their houses. I have a large circle of friends in and near Netherstone, and so has Eleanor. They were making their wedding calls, and they always found the Prodigals—as Eleanor called all the people in the picture, quadrupeds and bipeds—had stepped in before them. Eleanor had not simply to keep the odious creatures out of her own mind and heart; she had to keep them out of her visitors'.

"I could bear it," she said, "if I were alone. I can turn my back to it. See, I have my work-table and my things here, and here is my writing-desk. I look exactly the other way. But it is the callers. Everybody looks at the Prodigals first and last; and in spite of all my skill it is the central and chief subject of conversation."

In truth, visitors might be divided into three classes as regarded the picture. These were, first, the frank, unpretending people, who did not value their own

opinions highly, but still had opinions. These people said—how could they do otherwise?—that they disliked the picture very much. Some of them asked Eleanor how she could have such an absurd thing there. Most of them, it is true, thought this was not kind. But even of this set there were but few who had sense enough and self-control enough to say nothing. Had it been an ugly figure on the paper-hanging, I do not think they would have spoken of it. Had the room been inconveniently low, I do not think many of these people would have said, "How low this ceiling is!" But a mistaken etiquette has come in, and people think they must speak of pictures as you must speak of the weather, of the election, of health, and of the opera. So was it that even judicious people asked if it were painted in Munich, or they were reminded by it of a picture they had seen in Antwerp, or they said the subject had not been often treated, or said it had. The most carefully trained of this class said it was "very instructive." Other some said that it must have taken a great deal of pains and study. And my poor wife—as the various nice people of the town and the nighborhood called upon her—came to know all the possible changes of these judicious remarks, as you know the changes on the nearest chime of bells. She said she could tell what they were going to say before they opened their mouths.

The second class was larger. It was the body of people, quite uninstructed in fine art, who wanted to be instructed, wanted to think right, and wanted to say right, if they could only find out what right was. Well, I have a right to say that there was nobody in Netherstone whose opinion on such matters was regarded more highly than mine. I had shown my photographs at the "Lend a Hand Club" one winter. I was president of the Reading Club, and we had read Mrs. Jameson, and all the people who could had brought pictures. So long as there were art unions, the book-store men always sent the art union agents first of all to me. Indeed, if anybody in that neighborhood knew what was good in art, I did. Class number two consisted of people who, of themselves, would have detested the picture, but, seeing it in my house, knew they ought to like it. They made horrible attempts to like it. "How very natural that pig's tail is!" "How red the sunset is!" "See how angry his face is!" "It is so interesting to see the costume! I never understood before about the coat of many colors;" and so on. They would keep my poor wife standing before the abomination all through the wedding call. When I came home from the office she would be dead with fatigue, and when I soothed her, and asked the reason, she would sigh out, "Oh, it was the Prodigals again."

Smallest of all, yet I ought to say most disagreeable of all, the three classes of visitors were those who abused it up and down. Smallest because, as I have hinted, it required courage in my house to say that one of my pictures was hopelessly bad, and had no redeeming point in it. But this the thoroughly disagreeable people of our acquaintance, the people we least liked, sometimes had courage enough to say, or what Mr. Ward calls "cussedness" enough. These people, therefore, were the only people of all who made wedding calls on us in the month after our return who said what we ourselves said to each other. Yet such is the perversity of human nature that we were not pleased when they did say it; for they seemed to say it because they thought it would displease us. When we assented moderately, they were not satisfied with such assent. They required stronger language or none. But who would, who could, gratify such cynical and hateful wretches? Were we to give up dear, kind Aunt Caroline to their gossip and brutal jeers? No, indeed! The unfriendly criticism was as bad as the friendly.

"It is all horrid, perfectly horrid!" This was my wife's exclamation to me almost every day.

Yet Aunt Caroline looked in on us herself so often and so kindly that it was impossible to carry the dreadful thing to the attic, to the cellar, or to the furnace. And when she came—without saying much about her own present—she still brooded over it with an eye so loving and tender, her whole great heart went out to it with such delight, that for the moment my poor Eleanor would be rewarded for the struggle she had made. Now she was glad she had not dashed at that little pig with her scissors to cut out his "natural tail"; now she was glad she had not brought "Morning Sun Stove Polish" from the kitchen to rub it over the face of the butcher who killed the fatted calf. So much occasional reward had she for a

moment as the recompense for days of wretchedness.

After the various wedding calls on us were over, and after we had returned them, there came a certain lull. In the midst of it Eleanor made a little visit of forty-eight hours to Miss Stearns, her dear old school-mistress. I improved the occasion, and sent for Copperhead, the village upholsterer, and with his aid I moved the Prodigals into the dining-room. The first time Aunt Caroline called she looked for it in its usual place, and her face fell. But I told her boldly that the light was better in the dining-room, and that I thought the festivity which was suggested by the picture was appropriate to that altar of the appetites. Dear Aunt Caroline! she also had perfect confidence in my good taste in fine art, and she abjectly and modestly assented. So that when my dear wife came home she could receive a morning visit without terror.

But when one saves at the spigot, one may lose at the bung. Your skirmishers are successful, but just in their flush of victory your centre is forced, and the battle is lost. While we triumphed in the serenity of morning calls it happened that I had to give a little dinner party to Sir William Hartley, the distinguished botanist, who had brought me letters from Professor Sabbati. I had sent to Cincinnati for the L'Estranges to come up and meet him, Armstrong had been very good and had ridden over from the college, Eleanor's pretty sister Grace was staying with us, and we had the two Carter girls, Felix Carter's twin daughters.

I do not say that Eleanor and I had forgotten. That is impossible. But I always sat with my back to it, and she with her right side to it, and we had fallen into the habit of leaving the room without looking at it. In summer we had a light gauze hung over it, to keep off the flies.

But it was just before Christmas that Sir William came with the letter of introduction. No flies then. The most agreeable of travellers was he. And all the others came, as nice as they could be. He took Eleanor in to dinner, I took in Sarah Carter, and the others were arranged just as they liked. He was telling a very merry story about the Ameer of Cabool as he ate his soup, and he had just come to the point when Bridget took his plate away, and as he looked up he saw the pigs and the forlorn Prodigal.

Well-bred as he was, he lost command of himself. He faltered, and for a moment said nothing. Then he turned to Eleanor with an agonized smile, and said, "I beg your pardon, I was saying—oh yes, it was the *officinalis*, not the *maritima*, but the two resemble each other closely."

All the other people stared. Of course every one on his side looked up at the wall to see what had dashed him so.

Eleanor declared, as she cried about it afterward, that from that moment he talked to her as if she were an idiot. And when he went away from Netherstone without so much as calling on her, she said: "I should not think he would. I should not think he would want to see anybody that had such abominations on her walls."

So, when Eleanor went to her mother's at Christmas, I had Copperhead again. This time we moved the hateful thing into my study. I packed up some hundred and fifty books, took down one set of shelves, moved all the encyclopædias into the closet, and old Copperhead and I hung the Prodigals on the vacant wall I thus gained. There was an awful cross light, but this was so much the better. I turned my own desk so that my back should see it as I wrote. As for the visitors, I hoped their good angels would be with them.

Aunt Caroline came in to see Eleanor on her return. It was New-Year's Day. She went in to lunch with us. It was so lately that I had told her how good the light was in the dining-room that my heart sank with my mortification when, as she sat at Eleanor's right, just where Sir William Hartley had sat, I saw her look up at the wall, where we had hung Vernet's "Gideon," in place of the Prodigals.

The surprise on her face was very distinct, but the good woman said nothing.

"We have moved the picture—your picture—the 'Prodigal,' into my study," I said. And then, with the audacity of despair, I added, by a sudden impulse, "I am going to have my Bible class there to see it."

Aunt Caroline said nothing, but I hoped she was not displeased.

Before I slept I atoned for that awful lie. I wrote a note to each of the Bible class, and asked them to take tea with us Thursday evening, and they came.

I received them in the parlor. I am

always afraid of them on Sunday, when I have prepared the lesson. How much more afraid was I now! But I asked after their fathers and their mothers. Mr. Clarkson, the superintendent, was most cordial and affable. Eleanor, dear soul, showed photographs, and at last the welcome announcement of supper took us all to the table. Meat and drink warm all hearts. I loitered at the meal as long as I dared. But when the last boy had eaten the last bonbon a warning look across the table from my wife compelled me to act.

"Would you not like to come into my work-room, and—and see my great picture of the 'Prodigal Son'?" Thus far I had not lied.

"Oh yes, sir." "Oh yes, sir." "Mrs. Ames told me all about it." "Mrs. Wenceslaus was speaking of it."

I knew that these two people represented two classes of critics. Woe is me!

We filed through the hall into my library. The picture was well lighted. The young people arranged themselves. Mr. Clarkson happened to be at one end of the platoon, and I was at the other. I think two girls giggled, but I shall never know.

I cleared my throat. "The picture is partly what is called realistic and partly allegorical. In the middle you see the great columns divide what may be called the picture of the present from the other pictures, which may be called the pictures of the past. In the right-hand picture of the past you see the poor young prodigal, pale to show he is hungry, looking eagerly at the husks. You see how the swine are eating them, just as the Bible says. Then in the background, in the picture of the present, you see the dancers; those persons in the gallery are the band of music."

I thought I should die as I went through with this galimatias. Mr. Clarkson with a rod pointed out the different figures as I alluded to them.

No boy spoke, and no girl.

> "There was silence deep as death
> As I drifted on my path,
> And the boldest held his breath
> For a time."

It became oppressive. Even the boys and girls felt that something must be said, and Jabez Proctor, invariably silent in the Sabbath-school when any subject of ethics or of faith was discussed, with one great effort asked: "Be them hogs Berkshires or natives? The tails is too tight twisted for natives, and the legs is long for Berkshires."

Mr. Clarkson, with a bold invention, of which I was not guilty, said, "These are the hogs of the breed of Edom," but he was hardly heard. A loud guffaw burst through all the ranks, and but little that was edifying came from the study of Aunt Caroline's picture that evening.

The slow world turned still on its axis, At last nine o'clock came, and the children went away.

IV.—WHAT THEY DID THEN.

This is only one instance in a hundred of the annoyance given me, and more often given Eleanor, by a present meant most kindly. It is provoking to have such a presence in the house asserting itself almost every hour of every day. You may say one should be philosophical and forget it. I only wish you would try. Fortunately for Eleanor and me, March was a very warm month, and I really saw, on the 10th, two large flies on my window-pane. Any other year I should have killed them. But not now. I ran to the linen closet. With my own hands I brought out the lace with which we protected the "Prodigal." In a few minutes it was screened from all danger, and for a little a weight was lifted from me. Aunt Caroline called the next day, and came into my work-room. I said, with a sense of guilt, "Have you noticed how early the flies come, and how annoying they are?" Aunt Caroline said nothing.

It would be absurd to say we did not enjoy life in that house. We did enjoy it, though not long. At the end of the winter we enjoyed it much more than at the beginning. We understood life more, and of course we enjoyed it more. Eleanor knew me better, I knew her better, and we both knew better what mutual life or double life is—call it what you will, so you know that it is real life. But I do say there was not a forenoon, nor an afternoon, nor an evening, when the Prodigal Son, or his father, or his elder brother, or the butcher, or some dancer, or perhaps one of the pigs, did not walk out of that horrid picture and interfere with our enjoyment or profit in the day.

I will not say that this was the reason why in the end of the spring we gave up housekeeping for a little. It was my reason, but it may not have been Eleanor's.

We dismissed Bridget and Delia. I boxed up a few books, and we took lodgings for the summer on Tower Hill, that most charming and cool of hill-tops, which overlooks Narragansett Pier so prettily. Here we spent a pleasant summer. Eleanor sewed and sketched and read to her hearts' content. I earned my daily bread with my good-natured old brain and my diligent pen. I took my bath in the surf every morning, and we sat in the shade to see the others bathe. And in the afternoon I read aloud the best novels of the day. So pleasantly the summer ran by, without husks or swine, without penitent Prodigals or jealous brothers, till September closed in, when one morning I was a little late at breakfast. Eleanor was sitting after breakfast on the hotel piazza with Mrs. Partelow, and I was talking grand politics with Julius Tucker, when Vanderdyke, one of those disagreeable fellows who like to tell bad news, came up to me and said,

"Are not you Mr. Throop?"

I said I was.

"From Netherstone?"

I said yes, I was from Netherstone.

"Then I suppose that means you," he said, and with a certain satisfaction he thrust a morning paper into my hand, pointing out to me a short telegraphic paragraph, under the head,

"FIRE IN NETHERSTONE, OHIO.

"A fire in Netherstone, Ohio, yesterday, destroyed the houses of Mr. Felix Throop and Mrs. William Jackson. Loss $15,000."

I called my poor little wife, and told her the disastrous news. We escaped our sympathetic friends at once, and rushed home to the cottage to pack for our return. In less than an hour came a dispatch from John Bradford confirming the story. "So late that we saved hardly anything."

Eleanor had borne the news most bravely up till now. But when this dispatch came she fairly laughed with joy. She crossed from her trunk and sat on my knee, and said, "I can bear anything, now I know that; I am sure we shall be happy, wherever we begin."

By the afternoon of the next day we were at Netherstone. As we came to the last stop, Eleanor, who had been resting her head on my shoulder, looked up and smiled.

"Felix, there is one comfort," said she.

"Indeed there is," said I.

"We shall never see those horrid pigs again."

"Never," said I. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

I had telegraphed Bradford to meet us, and he and many of my friends were at the station.

"It was so late," said Bradford, "and so sudden. The wind was hard from the northwest."

"But," said Mr. Clarkson, "there is one thing, Mrs. Throop, which will delight you."

"Yes?" said Eleanor, cheerfully; "what is that?"

"It was the courage and pluck of young Proctor, of the Bible class, you know. When things were at the worst he got three or four of his mates together, they dashed in the blinds and windows of the library, and entered it by ladders. With his own knife he cut the great picture from the frame, and that is saved!"

REMINDED.

ALL heedless of the world, in its own ill
Absorbed and dumb, the heart lies, while the day
And dark seem but alike, no single ray
Of hopeful light breaks through, its grief to still.
It lies alone and helpless; every thrill
Of bitter pain which holds in it such sway
Seems a sweet sign that death will not delay;
But life holds strong, and with unconscious skill
The mind takes note of all. Keenly the ear
Hears every slightest noise, the half-closed eye
Sees every pattern on the wall, each line
Is cut upon the brain in figures fine.
Long years elapse, one thinks the grief laid by,
A sight, a sound, the old hard pain is here.

PROFESSOR SARCOPHAGUS.

WHILE striving to unravel the mystery which clung to the Doctor's house I came across many old legends and traditions of the former inhabitants of our little village, none of which interested me more than the story of a singular man who made his appearance in the community during the first half of the present century.

"There's a power of queer people," said Aunt Debby, "who have been nursed back to health and who have died in that house, first and last. I don't suppose any of 'em, or all of 'em together, was as queer as Professor Sarcophagus."

"Sarcophagus! what a name! Who was he, Aunt Debby?"

"His right name was Coffin, but he used such big words, principally Greek and Latin, that the scholars at the academy gave him the nickname, and it suited him so well that it stuck. He heard it one day, and instead of being mad, I really believe he was tickled. He was monstrous fond of anything high-sounding and classical. I remember the autumn he came to teach at the academy. The principal had more'n his hands full, and Dr. Pillsbury he came to see him, and said that he had a patient boarding with him, a Mr. Coffin, a young minister, and that it would do him good to have some occupation part of the time. Our principal was only too glad of the chance, and engaged him to take the classes in Greek and Latin. The classes were arranged to recite on alternate days in rather a queer way: one week the recitations would come Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and the next week they would be on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning; but he was a clever teacher, and if we only recited every other day, he gave us enough to study for a week with ten days in it. We liked him, though, for he was as gentle and soft-spoken as he was queer. We used to wonder what he did on his off days; he was never seen then on the street, and by talking the matter over amongst ourselves at noonings we managed to make quite a mystery of it. I remember that Lutitia Flavilla Babcock took on specially about it. Lutitia Flavilla was a favorite with Professor Sarcophagus. Her name attracted him the very first time he put it down on his class roll. He said that Flavilla was a Latin word, and that it was in somebody's diary."

"*Dies iræ*, you mean, Aunt Debby."

"Well, mebby so. Her father was a master-hand at giving his children names. Lutitia Flavilla was my particular friend; she was as pretty a creetur as you ever see, with fady blue eyes, and hair that was so light it was near about white. Well, she was appointed a committee of investigation to find out what the Professor was doing on the odd days.

"'I'll go to-morrow,' says Flavilla, quiet like, but with her eyes shining sharp, like two steel carving-knives—'I'll go to-morrow, and ask him to help me with my Latin lesson.'

"'Dr. Pillsbury won't let you in,' says Experience Barnes. 'He don't encourage the towns-people calling on his patients.'

"'I'll wait,' says Flavilla, 'till I see the Doctor rolling off in his chaise to visit his country patients. Mrs. Pillsbury won't hinder me.'

"Mrs. Pillsbury was stone-deaf, but she could make out a little of what was said by watching the motion of your lips; the mischief of it was she most generally made it out wrong.

"When Flavilla said she was going to call on the Professor, I made up my mind that I would go with her, but I was doubtful enough of what kind of a reception we would get from Mrs. Pillsbury. She came to the door, however, as smiling as a basket of chips. Flavilla mustered up courage, and says she, 'We have come to see Professor Sarcophagus.' You see, she was that flustered that she never thought this was a nickname, and she'd ought to have asked for Professor Coffin. Mrs. Pillsbury she studied a spell, and then there came a look across her face as if she understood.

"'Oh,' says she, 'you want to see that German lady that has the liver-complaint. She's up in the south chamber, but the poor thing isn't able to make hair flowers now. It will do her good, though, to see company. Go right upstairs.'

"We went up the broad staircase as she insisted, but when we reached the first landing we stopped, and Flavilla says, 'What *shall* we do?'

"'Go right ahead,' says I. 'We'll find him, never fear.'

"Well, we went knocking around at all the doors, and finally we came to that lit-

tle entry, and Flavilla pushed me ahead. I rapped, and the Professor called out, 'Open the wicket.' I opened the little window in the door, and there we saw him sitting at a little table, writing away like mad, but with a heavy chain fastened to a leather belt which strapped his arms to his body, and made his movements sort of awkward. As quick as he saw me he sent his inkstand flying right at my face with one hand, and his sandbox with the other. I tumbled right over Flavilla, who was behind me, down the stairs, out of the garden, and down the lane pretty lively, I can tell you."

Aunt Debby chuckled away to herself at the retrospect of her own fugacious figure, and it was a long time before I could bring her back to the thread of the story. It seemed that Flavilla had been more courageous, had approached the door, and asked the Professor's help with her Latin lesson. "Read the sentence," was the reply; and Flavilla read. It was that part of Virgil's Æneid which describes Priam sending away his son Polydorus.

"'Polydorus went across the gulf,'" read Flavilla, "'*pondere auri.*' What does that mean?"

"By the equilibrium of his ears," replied the Professor, promptly.

"I do not exactly understand," stammered Flavilla, who knew perfectly well that the words meant "with a weight of gold."

"Why, you see," replied the Professor, blandly, "Polydorus was blessed with ears of extraordinary dimensions. By gently vibrating them, as birds do their wings, he was enabled to mount into the air and to fly across the Ægean."

Flavilla turned away, blinding tears falling upon her Virgil: her Professor had lost his wits. As she left the house she met Dr. Pillsbury, who had just returned. He led the weeping girl into his office, and she told him her errand and its result.

"You have discovered the Professor's secret," replied the Doctor, kindly. "Mr. Coffin is afflicted with intermittent insanity. On alternate days he is perfectly well, but the next twenty-four hours he is as you see him."

"Can he not be cured?" Flavilla asked, eagerly.

"It is very doubtful. Even should the malady leave him for a time, it would be liable to return again. He is generally harmless, spending his time in writing out translations of Greek and Latin authors, but he carries no thread of consciousness from one day to the other. If I could make him pursue the same train of thought on successive days, I would have hope of his recovery. As it is, he leads two distinct and separate existences. He can not remember as a translator that he has ever taught; as your professor he does not concern himself in the least about translating the ancient authors. Do not reveal his condition to the other pupils, but come again if you care to do so. If he can be brought to recognize you as one of his scholars there will be a point gained."

Flavilla pondered the matter over as she joined her friend. "We must never lisp a word of this to the others," she said.

"No," replied Debby; "we'll pretend he helped us with our translation, and that we didn't see anything queer about him."

At the recitation the next morning it might have been observed that Debby took the seat nearest the door, ready to beat a hasty retreat in case of any manifestation of insanity. Flavilla, however, placed herself in the front row directly before the Professor. She had shrewdly guessed what part of the lesson would come to the one occupying that chair, and had chosen it for that reason. Her lines were the ones referring to Polydorus. "He came across the gulf," she read, in clear, confident tones, "by the equilibrium of his ears."

The class screamed with laughter. The Professor looked at her in mild bewilderment.

"What idea do you get from such an absurd rendering as that?" he asked.

"I thought," replied Flavilla, using his own explanation, "that Polydorus had such large ears that he flapped them, and so flew across."

Debby stared until her eyes nearly started from their sockets. What could Flavilla mean? Was she too going crazy? The troubled look in the Professor's face deepened.

"Manifestly incorrect," he said at last, and then he gave the true translation.

Flavilla remained after the other scholars had left, and Debby heard her ask the Professor if she might sometimes come to him for assistance with her lessons. "Certainly," he replied, smiling upon her benignly. If Flavilla had intended this as an experiment to ascertain whether any memory of the occurrences of the previous

day could be evoked, it was an utter failure.

This was Friday; the next Sabbath the Professor appeared at church. Their regular Bible-class teacher was absent, and Flavilla whispered to Debby, "I am going to ask him to teach our class."

He complied graciously, and taking a small Greek Testament from his pocket, gave them his own version of the lesson, complaining bitterly of the obscurities and inelegancies of King James's translation. "In a word," he said—and when the Professor prefaced his remarks in this way the girls knew that an unusually verbose sentence would follow—"*in a word*, by its interpolations, omissions, mistranslations, factious perversions, pernicious obscurities, terms of technical cant and mummery, and numerous other fallacies of various descriptions, this accepted version has become in the aggregate one of the most infamously successful examples of theological legerdemain ever practiced for so long a period upon such an enlightened and extensive portion of mankind."

The girls looked at one another aghast, some of them at the Professor's boldness in assailing the Scriptures, and others, who trusted his words, struck with sudden fear lest the Bread of Life had indeed been poisoned in the breaking.

"Why," suggested Flavilla, with that audacity of which only very timid people are capable in a nervous reaction produced by intense excitement—"why, if the present translation is so unworthy, do you not prepare a version of your own which shall correct these errors?"

"There is no demand for such a book," he replied; "and yet"—and as he spoke an expression akin to that of inspiration illumined his countenance—"it would be a life task worthy of the greatest mind."

That night the Professor and Flavilla wandered down to the old burying-ground. It was the favorite walk on Sabbath evenings.

He opened his Greek Testament again, and began to discuss the feasibility of translating the Gospel in an improved form. He gave examples of the antiquated expressions of the accepted version, and showed how he would have improved upon it. Some of these changes would not have been accepted as improvements by most of us. They consisted chiefly in the substitution of grandiloquent terms and involved sentences for the simplicity of the Scripture. "What could be more uncouth," asked the Professor, "than the phraseology of the following verses? 'For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness. . . .And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins.' I should render it: 'Now this is he who was thus alluded to by the prophet Isaiah, A voice of one exclaiming in solitary regions. . . . And this John was clad in a vestment of camel's hair, and wore a girdle of leather encircling his waist.'"

To Flavilla this had the ring of real eloquence. She saw, too, that he was deeply interested. If only the scheme of translating the Testament could take such a hold upon his mind as to form the lacking bridge over the fearful chasm which separated his days of sanity! Suddenly she took a hazardous resolution.

"If I could help you, Professor, as amanuensis in this great work, I would be so happy!" and she looked up at him with a tender pleading which the Professor had it not in his heart to resist.

"You can help me," he replied, "by simply writing down as I dictate. Shall we begin to-night?"

"Yes," replied Flavilla; "come home with me, and we will set right to work."

The village clock struck eleven as they entered the house. Mr. and Mrs. Babcock had retired an hour before; three of the daughters had also gone to their rooms. Only Philinda Evelina still lingered at the front gate with a rustic adorer. Flavilla lit the great whale-oil lamp in the best room, brought goose-quills, blue foolscap, and ink, and sat down patiently to her task. The Professor ran his fingers through his hair, and walked the floor, dictating to her from time to time.

"A register of the lineage of Jesus Christ, the descendant of Abraham and of David."

Flavilla wrote on. For a time the consciousness of the presence of the burly young farmer at the gate was a consolation, but after a little while Philinda Evelina tiptoed into the house, and casting one curious glance at the two so busily engaged in the keeping-room, passed on up the staircase. Flavilla heard her moving about above her head for a few moments; then the clock struck the half-hour, and all was still. She was alone with a man who in half an hour would be trans-

formed to a maniac. Would it not be best to suggest now that they defer their work for another time? But no: her courageous little soul rejected the temptation. She must tide over the midnight hour, and see that he entered upon his day of darkness with the same controlling impulse governing his mind. She had put her hand to the plough, and she would not turn back. As the minutes crept near to twelve the childish face assumed the ashy color of her hair, and she listened with painful intensity for the first stroke of the clock. It came, and her heart stood still; her eyes were fixed upon the Professor with absolute terror—not alarm for her personal safety, but solicitude for him. There was no change; he went on with his translation. The wording was, perhaps, more bombastic and incoherent, but the bridge held, and the chasm was passed. She wrote on and on, not daring to stop, a glad triumph making her oblivious of weariness, until at last she heard the rumble of wheels that stopped in front of the house.

The moment after, Dr. Pillsbury opened the door, immediately after ringing, and stood before them, regarding both the Professor and Flavilla with intense anxiety.

The Professor had chosen to disregard the regular order, and was now dictating from Luke's Gospel. He looked up pleasantly at the Doctor and went on with his translation.

"And the inhabitants went out to see what had transpired, and found the man from whom the demons had gone reclining at the feet of Jesus, clad and composed, and they were in dismay. Then those who saw it informed them how the demoniac was restored. Moreover, the man from whom the fiends had been expelled besought Jesus that he might accompany him. But Jesus dismissed him, saying, Return to your house, and relate how much God has done for you."

"Amen!" said the Doctor, softly. "Gloria tibi, Domine."

Flavilla explained their occupation, and the Doctor listened, approving. "But you hardly realize, Professor Coffin, how late we are keeping this young lady up. Perhaps she will come to my house to-morrow morning, and you can then proceed with your important scheme."

The Professor suffered himself to be led away with perfect docility; but scarcely had they left the room when Flavilla's overstrung courage gave way, and she sank upon her knees in a nervous paroxysm.

The Doctor welcomed Flavilla the next morning with almost paternal tenderness. "You have cured my patient, child," he said, gravely. "Professor Coffin woke this morning to all appearances sane, and animated by a desire to push forward the work in which you have interested him. I will call him down, and you can write here in my office."

As the days went by, the improvement in the Professor's mental condition became settled and perfected. He was enabled to give daily lessons at the academy, the suspicions which had been excited at one time gradually disappeared, and he took an honored and trusted place in the community. For a year Flavilla went every afternoon to the Doctor's house to write upon the new translation.

No one was surprised when the Professor married the gentle girl, and took her to live in a tiny white cottage beside the academy.

"They had a poor setting out," my aunt Debby said, "for the Professor wa'n't noways forehanded."

Their front room was his study. One side of the room was covered with bookshelves, which held the Professor's library and a choice collection of novels, the gift of Flavilla's father. They would have had little else with which to begin their housekeeping had it not been for the kindness of Dr. Pillsbury and his good wife.

"And did they live ever afterward in peace and happiness, Aunt Debby?"

"Yes, as long as they could rightly be said to live at all. People used to say they set more store by one another than any other couple that had lived in town since Dr. Pillsbury's father and mother. But you see Flavilla wa'n't of the strongest. All of those Babcock girls reminded me of taller candles—just about that shade of complexion, and they'd hold out just as long under a briling sun. Flavilla she had her own work to do, and I've seen her chopping kindling and drawing water.

"I used to say to her, 'Why don't the Professor do the chores?'

"And she'd answer back, 'He would if I was to ask him; but as soon as he gets through hearing his classes at the academy he is so eager to get to his translation that I couldn't bear to hinder him, so I hurry as fast as I can to get everything

done, and be ready to write for him as soon as we are through dinner.'

"Says I, 'Flavilla, you are killing yourself, and the Professor won't consider that a kindness.'

"But she just smiled patient like, and didn't do noways different. They finished translating the Testament, and then the misery of it was to get it printed. There wouldn't no publisher take hold of it. The worldly said there wa'n't any call for anything so pious, when Testaments could be bought anywhere for a shilling, let alone the lot that people were always too glad to give away. The godly said that it was flat blasphemy, a touching of the ark of the Lord as Uzzah did at Nachon's threshing floor; and they looked for a Providence to happen to the Professor.

"He began to get low-sperrited, and it used to make my heart ache to see the way Flavilla looked. She had a little hack of a cough, and her cheeks were hollow; but her eyes grew bigger and bigger, and there came two straight wrinkles in her forehead between. Dr. Pillsbury said to me one day, when I asked him if he hadn't better give her some medicine: 'I'm afraid no physic of mine would do her any good. That is the way Ophelia looked when Hamlet began to treat her unkindly. It is the coming of a trouble which will prove greater than she can bear.'

"'The land's sakes, Doctor,' says I, 'you don't mean that Flavilla's going crazy, or that the Professor treats her unkindly?'

"'No,' says he, 'I don't mean one nor t'other; she's bothered about the Professor, that's all.'

"'It's all on account of that pesky Testament,' says I. 'Can't nothing be done?'

"'I am going to try,' says he. 'The *Plain Dealer* advertises a font of worn type for sale. I shall buy it and present it to the Professor. Printing his own book will keep his mind occupied.'

"The Doctor was as good as his word, and the Professor he puttered away with the type, making himself a press that was really ingenious, and getting along better'n you'd 'a thought. Flavilla she went without proper clothes and took in sewing to buy the paper; and last of all she served an apprenticeship at the book-bindery to learn how to sew and bind the books. This was in the winter and spring; and she just took her death sloppin' to and from the bindery.

"When summer came she was down sick. But the book was printed. When I went to see her, there they were piled up in the front room in stacks, hundreds of them, and the Professor he was bustling about as chipper and happy as could be. 'Walk right in and see Flavilla,' says he. 'She's not very well this morning. It's a pity, for it puts back the binding.' I went into Flavilla's room, and there she was propped up in bed, with a wooden frame before her, sewing away at the books. 'Vacation begins at the academy next week,' says she, 'and the Professor wants a couple of dozen of the books to take with him. He is going to be his own agent, and will make a pedestrian tour around the country selling them. I shall try to sell some too when I get better. He charges three dollars a copy for them. If we sell them all we shall make quite a fortune.'

"'Yes,' says the Professor, coming in just then; 'I shall take Flavilla off for a sea-voyage. We are going to the Mediterranean, to follow Paul's voyages, and help me write an account of the missionary tours of the great apostle.'

"Flavilla looked up at him as sweetly and gratefully as if she believed it all, but I could have eat him."

Rebellious tears stood in Aunt Debby's eyes. "Yes, my dear, she died; she'd took on herself a harder task than she was equal to. Dr. Pillsbury was with her; he said she was only anxious about the Professor. 'You mustn't mind about me, dear,' she said; 'but just go on selling the Testaments until you have enough money to go abroad.'

"Mrs. Pillsbury laid her out. She was as pretty a corpse as I ever see—all the worry gone out of the face, and her hands clasping one of the Testaments to her breast. The Professor he put it there, and he worked all Sunday to bind it in crape. After she died it seemed as if he tried to do as she told him. He set out tramping round with the books, but most gen'rally people banged the door in his face before he had time to explain what he'd got.

"Dr. Pillsbury found him one morning sitting on her grave. He'd been there all night, and he was jabbering Greek out of his Testament. He thought she was there, and that they had just decided to begin the translation. He was as crazy as a loon, and he never recovered."

To a Snow-drop

LONE Flower, hemmed in with snows, and white
as they,
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by day
Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops, waylay
The rising sun, and on the plains descend,
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend
Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-eyed
May
Shall soon behold this border thickly set
With bright jonquils, their odors lavishing
On the soft West Wind and his frolic peers;
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste Snow-drop, venturous harbinger of
Spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years!

HENEQUEN PLANT.

THE peninsula of Yucatan forms part of the Mexican confederation. For many years it has been a point of attraction for students of American archæology, as hundreds of ruined cities and villages are scattered throughout the dense forests that cover the greater portion of the land. Notwithstanding the interest manifested concerning the crumbling palaces and temples of races long gone by, few have visited them, yet they are of comparatively easy access.

After a pleasant sea-voyage along the shores of North America, with land most of the time in sight, we remain at anchor twenty-four hours in the beautiful bay of Havana, under the shadow of the old Moro Castle, and early in the morning on the eighth day from New York we are at Progreso, the sea-port of Yucatan.

Seen from the steamer's deck, Yucatan appears a level plain, covered with verdure and low trees, above which here and there shoot up in clusters the graceful heads of the palm and cocoa-nut trees. Not a hill, not a hillock even, to break the monotony of the view, the land rising only a few feet above the sea.

The road to Merida, the capital, is almost lined on either side by henequen plantations. Henequen is the principal article of growth and export in Yucatan, and the exportation is steadily increasing. In the year ending June 30, 1881, it amounted to $2,240,000, the succeeding year to nearly a million more. It is the Sisal-hemp (*Agave sisalensis*), an overgrown succulent plant, indigenous in Yucatan. It requires little care, grows well in stony places, and needs no water. That part of Yucatan inhabited by white people is very stony, and there is not a river in the peninsula. The planters depend on rain to irrigate their fields.

The agave is propagated from shoots. Three years after it is planted, the first leaves are cut; the same plant produces for twelve or fifteen years. Young plants sprout from the roots of the old, and are transplanted at the end of one year. A full-sized leaf is four or five feet long.

The new railway terminus at Merida is in the Plaza de la Mejorada, in the northeastern part of the city. The engine puffs and whistles just under the windows of the old convent that now serves as the hospital for the sick and insane.

Various vehicles are at the station waiting for a fare; first and foremost the *calesa*. This is an old-fashioned chaise that seats two, the driver riding the horse. The *calesa*, being gorgeously painted and gilded, has always a white linen cover to protect it from sun, rain, and dust; this cover is only removed two or three times a year, on the occasion of some great festival.

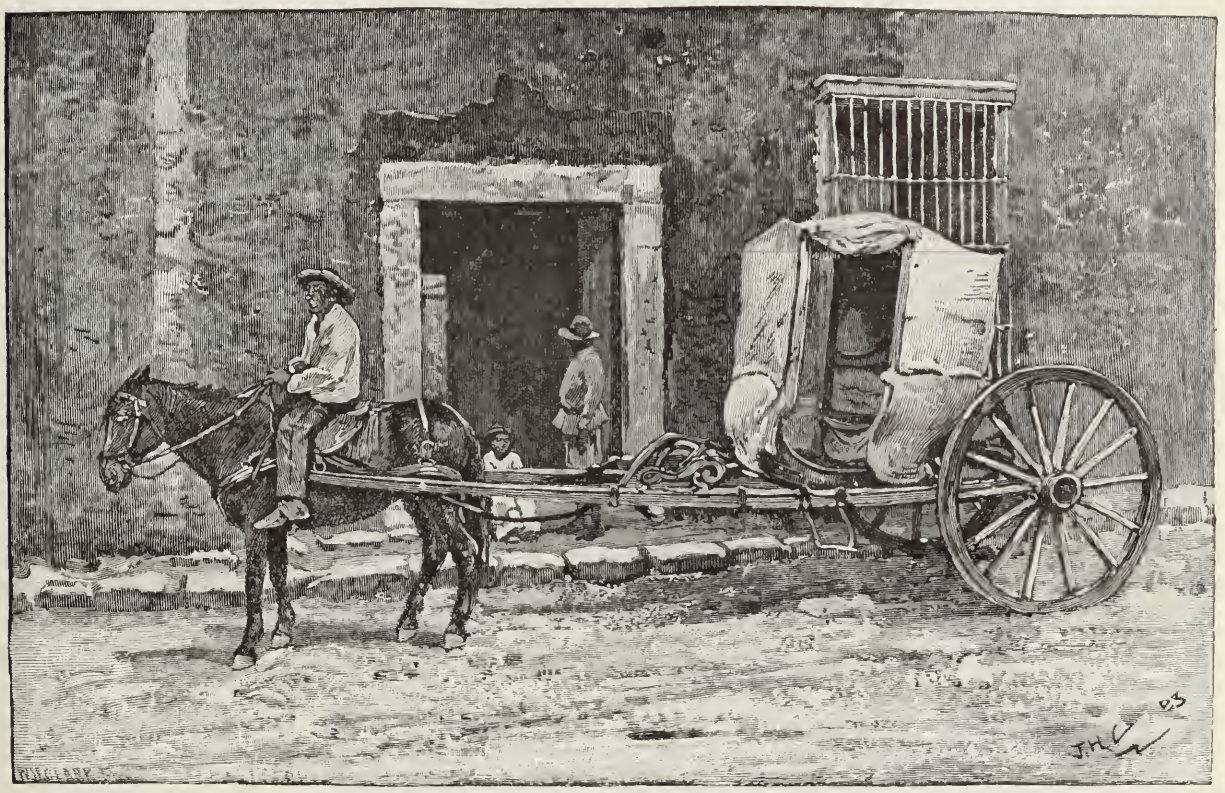
There is no hotel in Merida, and travellers would find no place of refuge but for some generous friend who opens his doors. Happily the people of Merida, and all Yucatan, with very few exceptions, are extremely hospitable, and a letter of introduction is never neglected.

Merida was founded on the site of the ancient city of Tihoó in 1542, by D. Francisco de Montejo, Lieutenant-Governor and Captain-General, son of the Adelantado (Governor) and Chief Justice of the provinces of Yucatan and Cozumel, D. Francisco de Montejo. The Spaniards destroyed artificial mounds that were on the spot, to build the city. The first house erected by Montejo is on the south side of the Plaza de la Independencia (Independence Square), also called Plaza Mayor. The

façade is covered with sculptures, among which are Spaniards stamping on decapitated heads of Indians, from whose eyes tears flow (sad symbol of the social condition of these free Mexican citizens even to-day). The building is a curious combination of Spanish and Indian art. The invaders designed, the conquered did, the work.

The market-place of Merida, especially on Sundays, is an interesting study for an artist, owing to the very picturesque costumes worn by the natives. Except meat, all articles are sold on the ground, spread on clean cloths, plantain leaves, or in baskets. The venders squat, sometimes sit on very low stools. To go marketing one must understand the mysteries of *medios*, *cuartillos*, *chicas*, and *veintes*. Twenty lead veintes make a medio ($6\frac{1}{4}$ cents). Even cacao nibs are current coin, as with the primitive inhabitants. In one part of the market only cooked food is sold. A stick driven into the ground, with two more that cross each other on the top, support a matting. Beneath this those who wish to take a medio meal squat round the vender, and are served their share in *jicaras* (half shell of a large round fruit that grows on a tree; the fruit is not eatable). This institution is called the medio restaurant. Those who eat there dispense with forks, and the *tortillas* (corn pancakes) are deftly doubled up so as to serve for spoons, and afterward eaten as bread.

There are several two-storied residences in Merida, but more generally all the rooms are on the ground-floor. These houses are built in the old Moorish style, with the apartments opening into a large court-yard, generally adorned with trees and flowers. Some are now building a few houses that they seem to believe are after the modern fashion, when in fact they are nothing but the old slightly modified.



THE CALESA—ENTRANCE OF A MERIDA HOUSE.

There is but one theatre; it holds about fifteen hundred people conveniently. Strolling troupes occasionally give a series of performances, even Shakespeare's plays and first-class operas.

The society of Merida is very agreeable, good manners prevail even among the poorest and least educated. The ladies are particularly kind and amiable, and some are admirable musicians. Others make sweetmeats in the form of flowers, fruits, and vegetables, so perfect that only the taste will convince one that they are

not real; they are as delicious as they are pretty.

The mestiza women are renowned for their beauty, with good reason. They yet retain their national costume, that recalls to mind the "white linen garment" described by Herodotus, "that required no fastening," used by the Ionian women. This is likewise of white linen, the under part a full skirt, called *pic*, that just escapes the ground; the upper, called *uipil*, falls over it to the knees. It is made of a single piece, "requires no fastening," and is cut square at the neck. Nothing can be prettier than a mestiza in holiday attire, her *pic* and *uipil* edged with colored embroidery and Yucatecan lace, her feet incased in satin slippers, while around her neck is a gold rosary, from which depend coins of the same metal and ribbons of various hues. Her bearing is haughty, though modest, and her charms are enhanced if she carries a basket of flowers gracefully poised on her finger-tips, the hand raised to her head that the basket may serve as a sunshade. They often wear a white lace veil, replaced, when they dance, by a hat with flowers and ribbons. Their hair is fastened in a knot, called *thuch*, at the back of the neck. They are fond of baubles, and they wear large ear ornaments and many finger rings.

Merida is specially merry at Carnival time. Three days in the latter part of February are completely given up to fun, and work is abandoned. Cards are sent a few days in advance to invite all respectable people who consider themselves white (though a large majority have more or less Indian blood) to attend balls given by the Merida clubs. Poverty is not considered a reason to leave people uninvited —among those asked some are hard pressed to obtain a dress for the occasion; but respectability is a *sine qua non*, even for maskers.

There is a strange custom common to all Spanish countries. Ladies have chairs brought from their homes, and sit in the street looking into the room that they have been invited to enter. Some of the family are dancing in the ball-room, whilst others are peeping through the windows to catch a glimpse of the dancers. Even the wealthy do this.

Almost every one who visits Yucatan inquires for the ruined cities; that of Uxmal being the most spoken of, and of easiest access—fifty-two miles from Merida—is, unhappily, the most visited. I say unhappily, because it seems as if each visitor believes it a duty to carry away some memorial from the old city, thus often destroying some precious link in the history of its ancient inhabitants.

Although several railways are projected and some being constructed, people wishing to go to Uxmal must hire a *volan coche*. This is a conveyance peculiar to the country, a kind of palanquin, supported on leather straps; the covering is like that of emigrants' carts. A mattress is spread in the bottom to sit or lie on. It accommodates six persons squatting, or two at full length, which is the way generally preferred by the inhabitants. The *volan* is very suitable for the roads of Yucatan, that, with few exceptions, are like a stormy sea petrified. Three mules and a driver make this conveyance go at good speed.

Leaving Merida at daybreak affords good opportunity for seeing picturesque groups of Indians on their way to market. All are loaded with eatables, sacks of charcoal, water jars, etc. When the load is light, they suspend it from their chest by a strap; when heavy, the strap is put across the forehead. Some look like walking bushes, as they go half buried under a load of ramon. (The ramon-tree serves as fodder for horses.) These and the charcoal-carriers have often walked a long way and are tired before dawn, yet may perhaps tread the streets till dusk without finding a purchaser for their goods. Even children of six or seven years old carry burdens. Only when their load prevents them from raising the head do they fail to salute the white man who passes them.

Abala, a village on the way to Uxmal, is twenty-four miles from the capital. It has five hundred inhabitants, nearly all poor field laborers. The central square is overgrown with weeds, and everything has a neglected appearance, but it is just the place for a study of the Indians as they are at home.

The huts are oblong, and rounded at the corners. Some are divided in two by a partition. More generally the whole family crowd together in the single apartment. The wall is formed by putting sticks upright in the ground and filling the interstices with mud, or else with a mixture that is afterward smoothed and whitewashed. The roofs are slanting and thatched, the thatch being allowed to

HOUSE OF THE ADELANTADO, MERIDA.

fall to within two or three feet of the ground, to keep off wind and rain. The surface of the earth serves as flooring, since the inmates can seldom afford to have it cemented. The furniture consists of a few hammocks hung across the room—they serve as seats by day and beds by night—some low chairs, called *butaca* (similar in shape to some of the seats used by the Assyrians and Egyptians of old), a wooden bench on which are the grinding-stones, and an image of a saint in some corner of the room. The fire-place—three stones placed in triangle on the floor—is there too. Chickens, dogs, pigs, and babies all frolic together in these poor homes, and appear to be tolerably happy, if not very well fed.

While every corner of the hut is crammed with rubbish, its mistress sometimes sits in the hammock swinging, as untidy as her house, making artificial flowers to adorn some wooden image of the Virgin.

Deer abound in the neighborhood of Abala. In hunting them several men place themselves so as to form an extended circle, within shooting distance of each other. A few go within the circle and make as many discordant sounds as they can summon to their lips, so as to frighten all living things under the brush. Startled, the game seeks safety in flight. Then the men near whom the game happens to

pass shoot, sometimes wounding dangerously or killing a companion, particularly when, as on some occasions, the circle closes in to bring all the game to one spot. Owing to the danger incurred in the hunt, it has been prohibited, but the Indians are very loath to give up the customs of their ancestors, and in the villages no one interferes with them. Ten, twelve, and even more deer are caught at once; then the hunters cook them; otherwise the meat would not keep fresh until sold. The cooking is done in the following manner: A hole two or three feet deep is made in the ground, and large stones placed in the bottom; on them a fire is built. When the stones are very hot, some are taken out. Plantain leaves are spread over those that remain, and the animal, having been stripped of its skin, is laid thereon. Other plantain leaves are put over it, then the hot stones that have been taken out, and over all, earth. In two or three hours the deer is thoroughly cooked, and is very tender and juicy. The deer-skin when tanned is worth three or four dollars. It is used for making boots, large numbers being exported to the United States.

There is a public *noria* in the square of Muna, our next stopping-place. A noria is a deep opening in the earth, reaching to water. The aperture is generally a few feet square. Above it is rigged a wooden contrivance composed of a vertical shaft sustaining a horizontal cog-wheel, whose primitive cogs, formed merely of pegs, meet other similar cogs on a vertical cylinder. Over this cylinder a couple of cables, made of henequen or withes, are thrown. The ends of each are joined, so as to form an endless line. Attached to them are tin cups or bark bags that come up full of water, which is discharged into a wooden trough, and from there taken or carried away in small canals; generally to another large stone trough wherefrom the cattle drink. The motive power that moves this ponderous machinery is a worn-out horse or mule, or else a poor ill-conditioned ox.

The water of the noria at Muna, as in many other places, is taxed. Every one who takes of it is bound to deposit for each jar a handful of maize for the maintenance of the horse.

The women who go thither in their picturesque unique costume, completed by a long white linen scarf thrown over their head, with their red earthen jars, carried on the hip, and sustained by the arm encircling the neck, would not fail to excite the enthusiasm of any artist. These jugs resemble those used by the women of the Plain of Shinar, and also those now in use in the Grecian Archipelago, Cyprus, and other isles of the Levant, to store oils.

As at Progreso and in other parts of Yucatan, so at Muna, gigantic skulls have been disinterred, and also very large cups.

The hacienda of Uxmal is fifteen miles from Muna. Those who go in a *volan* are obliged to take a roundabout road to avoid a too steep ascent. But there is a short-cut over the hills for those who go on horseback. This road was opened expressly for the ex-Empress Carlotta, who was carried over it in a palanquin to see the ruins.

Uxmal hacienda is a sugar plantation. The principal house—the residence of the proprietor—stands within a large inclosure, where the numerous cattle belonging to the estate congregate to drink from stone troughs at the base of the house. There also is a small store where various necessities of life are sold to the people that work on the plantation. These number about five hundred. They are freemen by law, but enslave themselves by borrowing money from people, who thus have a right to their services. This custom of borrowing money exists all over the country, owing to the exceedingly small wages given, insufficient for the most ordinary comforts. The poor laborers are consequently obliged to borrow, and they live and die in abject misery.

The famous ruined palaces of Uxmal, about a mile from the house of the hacienda, are on the estate. From afar is seen the "Dwarf's House," on the summit of an artificial mound one hundred feet high. The ascent is on the east side, by a hundred narrow stone steps, so perpendicular that some of those who go up, when they have to descend wonder how they could have been so rash, and repent having made the attempt, as Father Cogolludo did, according to his own writings. The ascent is more tiresome than dangerous: when visitors think they must surely be near the top, they look up to find that they are only half-way.

Except where recently cut down, brush covers the sides of the mound. The building on the top consists of three rooms, very interesting, for they contain symbols pertaining to Masonic rites. To the west

AN INDIAN HUT.

of these rooms some steps once existed that led down to a sanctuary of two very small though lofty rooms. The outer part of the sanctuary is magnificently ornamented with carved stones, and inscriptions that have puzzled the heads of more than one wise man, but now have a fair chance of being deciphered, thanks to the perseverance of Dr. Le Plongeon.

The portal of the sanctuary is the largest among all the ruins. The ornament above it is an immense mastodon head. Between this and the lintel of the doorway is a cornice that extends all round the sanctuary. On it are Masonic symbols, and on the under part of it rings are cut in the stone. A curtain was formerly suspended from them to inclose the house completely, and veil from public gaze the mysteries and ceremonies therein performed. The tradition of the Dwarf's House is as follows:

During the reign of a certain Maya king there lived a woman who was both feared and respected, for she was a wonderful sorceress. A son was born to her, and he became a great favorite, for he was good and clever, though very small—in fact, a dwarf. Finally he became so popular—probably the people fawned on him, to please the formidable witch—that the king grew jealous, and sought his destruction by giving him difficult tasks, so that, failing, he might be accused of disobedience. But, thanks to his mother, the boy always succeeded. One day the king, out of patience, ordered the dwarf to build in one night a high mound and a house on the top. The youth was at his wits' end, but went as usual to seek maternal aid. "Oh, mother, mother, I shall surely die, for the king has ordered me to do more than I can possibly accomplish;" and he told her his trouble. "Never mind, my child; don't be alarmed. In the morning the house will be there."

It was, and from that day to this has been called the Dwarf's House. The king was enraged. He sent for the dwarf. "I am greatly pleased with the house. Now I want to break six cocoyoles" (small and *very* hard cocoa-nuts, about the size of a walnut) "on your head, and then I will give you my daughter in marriage."

The dwarf declined to accept the honor upon those conditions. The monarch insisted. "I want you to marry my daughter, and you must accept my conditions."

Again the poor dwarf sought his mother in despair. "There is no hope for me now."

"Oh yes, there is," replied the clever witch. "You go back to his Majesty and tell him that you accede to his request, provided he afterward allows you to break six cocoyoles on his own head."

And to this the king publicly agreed, because he was determined to kill the dwarf with the first cocoyol.

Then the sorceress rubbed her son's head with something that made it so hard nothing could possibly hurt it.

The king arrived, and the dwarf, in presence of all the people, laid his head on a stone. With another the king broke the cocoyol on the head of his intended victim—broke all six of them—but the dwarf arose unhurt.

Then it was the turn of the monarch to lay his proud head down, and as his scalp was not prepared, the dwarf broke his skull, and thus got rid of his enemy. The agreement had been faithfully carried out, so the public had nothing to say. The dwarf then married the princess, and became king.

West of the Dwarf's House is the extensive and grand monument known as Las Monjas. It was at one time a family residence, and later, perhaps, became the dwelling-place of priests. It forms a quadrangle, and stands on the uppermost of three terraces that, together, are six meters high. The lowest covers a space of 140 meters by 32 meters 50 centimeters. The space within the four wings of the building is 58 meters by 44 meters. There are more than one hundred rooms in all, some very large. The entrance to the centre court-yard is on the north through a lofty triangular archway. Except here and there the stucco has fallen, and on the walls are several red imprints of hands, two very distinct; some appear to be hands of women. These imprints were made to remind the divinity of certain things asked by the worshippers; the same custom exists to-day in Hindostan.

Where the stucco remains there are traces of red, blue, green, and yellow paint. It is probable that the whole arch was at one time brilliant with colors.

The large square yard was evidently at one time laid out as a garden, for there are yet traces of what might be taken for flower beds. Now it is scattered with many sculptured stones, the patient labor of people long since passed away. There is an immense stone covered with signs written in squares, made altogether illegible by long exposure to fire and water, for sometimes the court is completely buried in brush, and at others people of the hacienda set fire to it to prepare the ground for planting there. Thus it is that the monuments of ancient American history are destroyed.

The east and west wings of the edifice are raised on terraces so as to be higher than the south wing, and the north is higher yet. The general appearance from a distance is grand and imposing. There are no fewer than 122 apartments in the building, arranged in pairs. Each door leads to a front and an inner room that communicate with no other. The floors were cemented and polished, and the walls thickly stuccoed. All the roofs throughout the ruins are triangular arches, very lofty. There is absolutely nothing about the doorways to lead us to suppose that doors may once have existed there, but probably heavy curtains were used, for on either side of the upper part of the doorways there are stone rings about twenty centimeters in diameter. There are no interior ornaments, except some small pillars in one room, but all the exteriors are loaded with massive and showy sculptures, comprising mastodon heads, figures of men, women, and animals, all full of meaning.

On the west wing are two large feathered serpents that extend from one end of the façade to the other, along the upper and lower edge of the ornaments. At regular intervals they entwine each other and cross the ornamentation, thus forming with their entwined bodies panels upon the wall. At each end of the façade was a serpent's head, the tail of the other hanging over it. They have seven rattles, and just above them is an ornament that looks like a peculiar-shaped urn, with a long plume dependent from it. One head is gone; that which remains is adorned with a crown. The mouth is open, and contains the face of a bat, also with mouth open, inside of which is a woman's face.

Not many yards south of the Monjas is what remains of the tennis-court, where games were played before the public. The walls are 36 meters 80 centimeters long, 9 meters 20 centimeters thick, and 21 meters apart. Portions of two large stone

AT A NORIA.

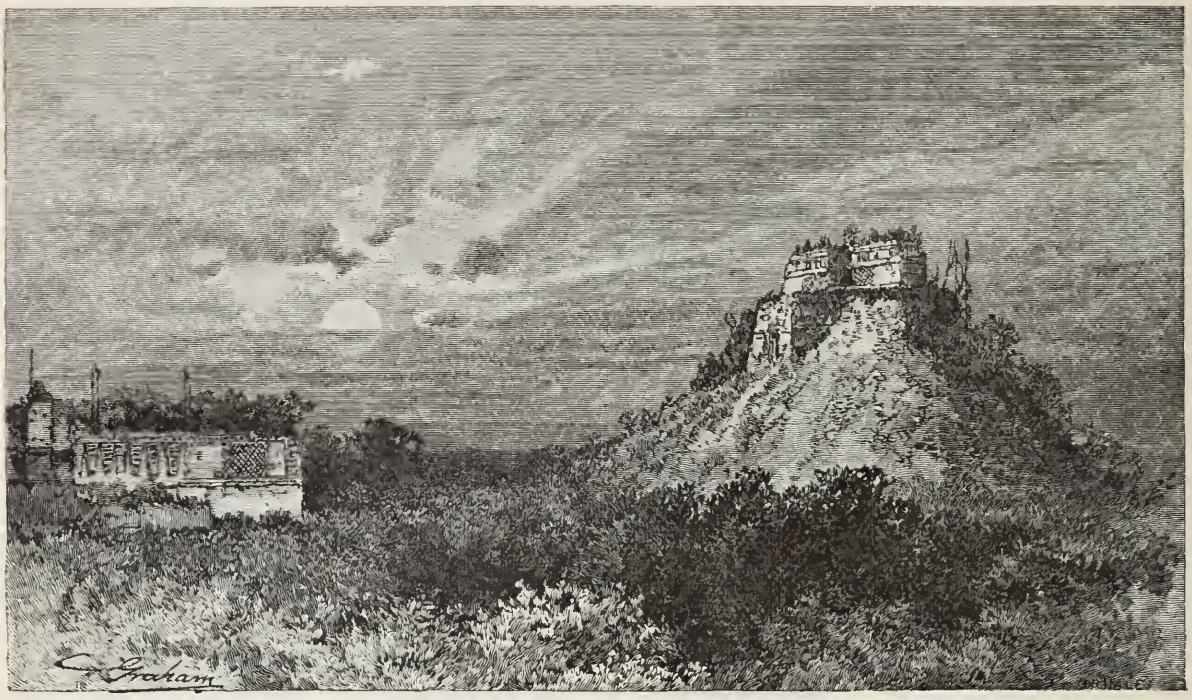
rings are on the ground, having fallen from the upper part of the walls. One of the historians tells us of a game in which the player had to receive a ball on his hip, and from there, by a peculiar movement of the same hip, throw it upward. He who succeeded in throwing it through either of the rings—a difficult thing to do, the walls being twenty feet high—was allowed to seize the cloaks of as many of those present as he could catch. There was a general scamper on such occasions, none being willing to forfeit his cloak.

Fifty to seventy meters further south is a terrace two hundred and fifty-five meters long. It is the first of a series of terraces, on which stands the "Governor's House."

A rustic wooden ladder now serves as the mode of ascending to the second terrace, the steps on the west side being destroyed. On the northwest corner of the second terrace is the "Turtle's House" (*Aac-ná*). *Aac* also means dwarf, and the man who lived there was small, and also called Turtle; so the house is doubly well named. Along the upper cornice is a row of stone turtles cut in the round, and beneath them a row of pillars, one meter high, like a paling of trunks of trees, placed all around the house. Many pillars and stone turtles are lying on the ground broken. This second terrace was at one time a garden with variously shaped flower beds, vases, and altars, traces of which yet exist, though it is hard work to examine them, owing to the almost impenetrable thicket, generally alive with gorgeously plumed tropical birds.

The platform is not solid; but there, as in all the ruined buildings of Uxmal, are a number of well-built, bell-shaped rooms, heavily stuccoed and water-tight, that served as reservoirs, and also for storing grain. Their entrance is a little below the surface of the terrace. As these jar-shaped rooms are fully four meters deep, it is much easier to get into them than out of them, for the circular mouth is only fifty centimeters in diameter.

In the middle of the terrace is a large round monolith, embraced and sustained in its half-fallen position by a gnarled and twisted tree trunk. It was a symbol of divinity, as the Phœnicians represented Baal under the form of a conical stone. The upper platform is eight meters high; the ascent to it is by a staircase thirty-nine meters wide. It faces the east. The building that crowns this immense artificial pile of stones, most likely the arduous



EAST WING OF MONJAS AND DWARF'S HOUSE.

work of thousands of slaves, is 89 meters long, 11 meters 75 centimeters wide, and 8 meters high. It is divided into as many apartments as the civic year of the Mayas had months. All the rooms are habitable, provided the débris be cleared out; the floors are covered with three or four inches of it. There is no opening on the west side of the building, and the wall is two meters and a half thick.

The rooms are like those at the Monjas, though larger: one is eighteen meters long. The façade is very elaborately ornamented, though more chaste than the other edifices, there being no symbols of the Nauate worship.

Over the central doorway is a mutilated statue of the governor, Aac, who so long ago ruled over that city. The remains of the statue are surrounded by magnificent carved hieroglyphics that tell his own story. His monogram is a prominent feature in the façade, of which nothing can give a faithful idea except a photograph. This "Governor's House," the "Monjas," and "Dwarf's House" are the three principal and best-preserved edifices at Uxmal.

If ever there were human sacrifices at Uxmal, they were not made on the mound of the "Dwarf's House," as many have supposed, but on another lofty mound, where even yet a large stone—perhaps used for sacrificial purposes—is seen at the head of the stairs. This edifice seems to have been a temple dedicated to the god of death. In the court, at the base of the mound, are small platforms—very likely the tombs of sacrificed victims whose bodies were not eaten; they are surrounded by sculptured stones on which are represented skulls and cross-bones, with a line of inscriptions, well preserved in those parts that have been protected from fire and the inclemency of the atmosphere.

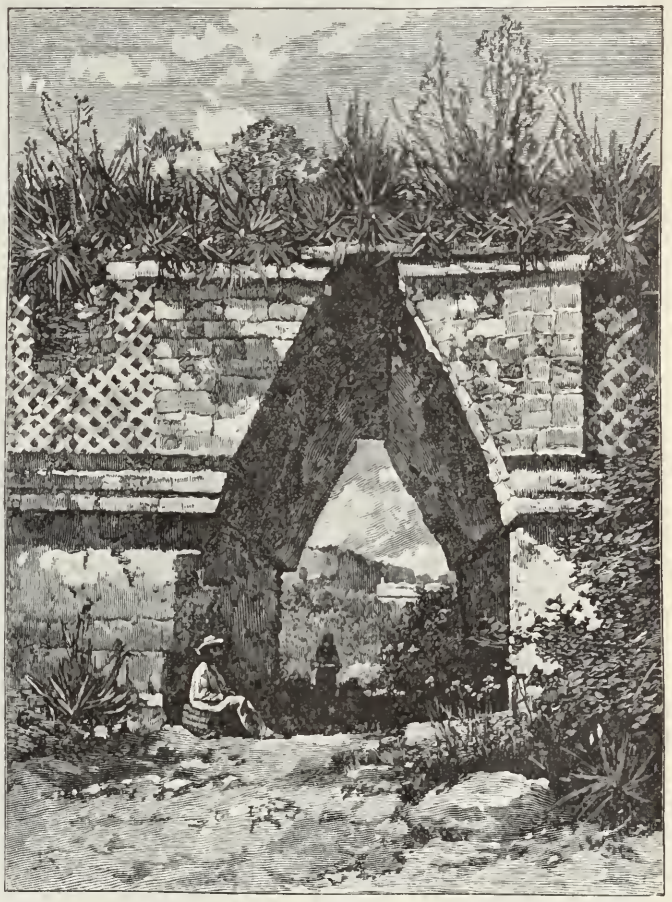
At the foot of the stairs on either side is a row of statues representing cynocephalous monkeys in a sitting posture, having in their midst another, of a skeleton on his knees—a representation of death. These monkeys call to mind the cynocephalus of the Egyptians representing the god Thoth in his office of secretary to Osiris, as judge of the Amenti, or lower regions.

Far from the haunts of man, the ruins of Uxmal are by no means lonely. Wasps build their nests there; visitors soon become acquainted with them, much against their wish. The place swarms with life. During the months that no rain falls every creature seems mad with thirst. There are millions of bees, quite harmless, yet very troublesome, for they swarm about one's face, get into the hair, and make themselves most annoying. Wherever water is to be found, there they go, throw

themselves into it, and part with life for a drop. When they feel the dark waves closing over them they doubtless repent of the rash deed, so, having taken a drink and a bath, are very grateful if any one will ladle them out. Then they crawl away like turtles, to repeat after a while the suicidal attempt. The hives of these harmless bees are most ingeniously built of clay, held together and made extremely hard by a secretion proper to the insect. Iguanas, some very large, also live in the walls of the old edifices; they and many other creatures, inhabitants of these palaces, have it all their own way, for the Indians do not kill them, though iguana-skin is sold for a fair price in Merida, where it is used to make shoes. The Indians respect them because they believe that the animals living in those ancient walls may be animated by the souls of those who formerly dwelt in these buildings.

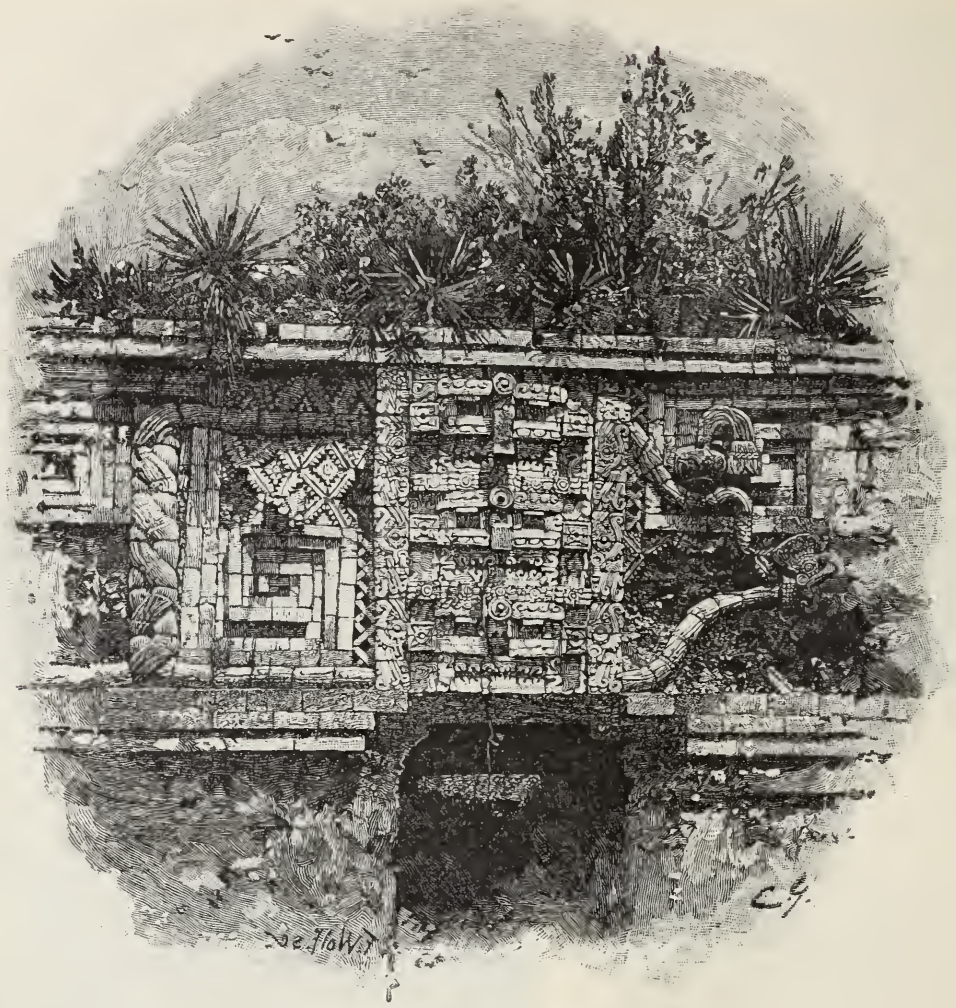
Yucatan is so strewn with ancient ruins that there is hardly a town or village where something of the kind is not discovered in the neighborhood. Sometimes these vestiges of grandeur are remarkable for their size. This is notably the case at Izamal, a city forty-eight miles from Merida. Before the Spaniard ever thought of searching for gold in America (indeed, from time immemorial), Izamal was a place where people from all the countries round—called now Guatemala, Chiapas, Tabasco—went in pilgrimage to worship at its temples. Four of the largest mounds, on which temples formerly stood, yet surround the central square of the city. The largest is a hundred and fifty feet high. The temple on its summit was dedicated to *Kin-ich-kak-moo* (fiery macaw with eyes like the sun). It was said that always at mid-day the macaw descended from heaven and burned the sacrifice offered on her altar. It is not at all improbable that the priests set fire to it from a distance by means of reflecting mirrors with which they could concentrate the rays of the sun thereon. The other mounds were also dedicated to deities. The mound on the south side of the square was occupied by the palaces of the priests. Bishop Landa took upon himself to destroy them, building in their place a church and convent of Franciscan monks. The convent is now in a ruinous condition; it serves as barracks, occasionally as penitentiary.

Within the precincts of the church is a shrine containing an image of the Virgin Mary which is said to perform miraculous cures. Landa destroyed the images of the natives, then went to Guatemala to have a Mary made for them. The images destroyed were said to perform miracles; so did the new one put in their place. Father Cogolludo, in his *History of Yucatan*, says that when the statue was on its way from Guatemala to Yucatan it rained heavily, but not a drop fell on the box wherein the Holy Virgin lay, nor on the men who carried it. It was not as proof against fire, for it got burned, and another wooden image of the same lady, equally revered, occupies its place.



ARCHWAY OF LAS MONJAS.

On the 8th of December the festival of Our Lady of Izamal is celebrated with great pomp. A large fair is also held in



FAÇADE OF WEST WING OF LAS MONJAS.

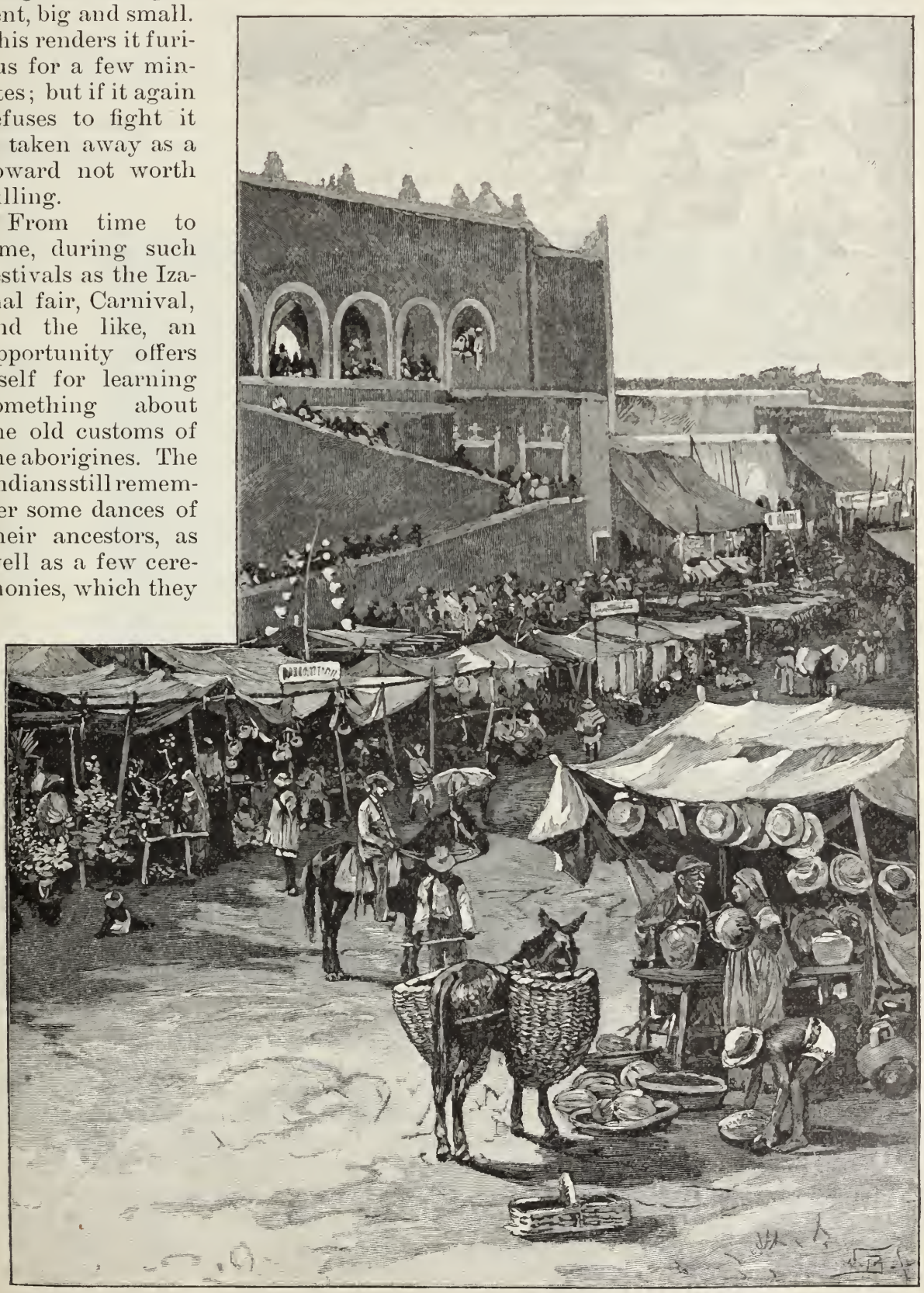
the city during those days in her honor. Even merchants from neighboring States flock there, if not to kneel at the shrine of the Virgin, to worship at the altar of Mercury. Devotees on those occasions crowd the private apartment of the doll, which is also carried in solemn procession, decked in gorgeous array, and followed by a long train of worshippers.

After church service is over, all leave in a hurry and rush to the bull-fight. Many of the Indians, who know absolutely nothing about *tauromachy*, enter the ring to fight the bull, exposing themselves to be injured for life, or die a painful death. In this we see an ancient custom yet prevalent. The ancients sacrificed their lives to deities for any benefit received. To-day an Indian begs a favor of his patron saint, and as a proof of his deep gratitude promises to fight a bull, keep drunk a certain number of days, or do some other rash thing.

Bull-fighting in Yucatan is not like bull-fighting in Spain. The ring is a double palisade sustaining sheds covered with palm leaves, that are divided into boxes. Every one provides his own seat. The best and the worst, big and small, all attend the bull-fight. Those who, on foot, merely play with the bull, only have a henequen sack to serve as shield. Others, also on foot, are provided with poles about three feet long, having a sharp iron head, like that of an arrow, called *rejon*. When the people are tired of seeing the bull played with, they call for the *rejoneros*. Those with the spears described then come forward. Their business is to strike the bull in the nape and kill it, but it is seldom done at once. The beast is chased by two or three men, blow after blow is dealt, the blood gushing afresh each time. The first pain makes the animal furious, but the loss of blood soon weakens it, and it becomes almost harmless. Then the horsemen are called on to lasso it and drag it away. While another bull is being fetched, rockets are fired, the people applaud, the band plays, a clown meanwhile

doing his best to amuse the spectators. If a bull is disinclined to fight, they gird his body with ropes in every possible way, fastening fire-crackers about his head and tail. Aggravated and tortured, the poor beast jumps about, and the crackers explode, to the great delight of all present, big and small. This renders it furious for a few minutes; but if it again refuses to fight it is taken away as a coward not worth killing.

From time to time, during such festivals as the Izamal fair, Carnival, and the like, an opportunity offers itself for learning something about the old customs of the aborigines. The Indians still remember some dances of their ancestors, as well as a few ceremonies, which they perform on the sly, because formerly the Spaniards punished them for what they called idolatrous and superstitious rites. These people are Roman Catholics only in name, having been compelled to attend mass, and even whipped into it.



THE FAIR OF IZAMAL.

One of their dances, called *Ixtol*, is especially interesting, being a vestige of sun-worship. Men and women take part in the dance; provided the number of each is equal, it matters not how many. All have on masks, anciently well made, to-day mere square pieces of deer-skin with three holes cut for eyes and mouth. Often these holes are so much awry as to produce a most ludicrous appearance, and none can guess what the features beneath may be like. All wear sandals. The women have necklaces, principally of large red beads, and ear-rings, formerly nose rings too, but since the conquest these have been prohibited. The chief, or *master*, as they call him, wears a circular cap, stuck all round with peacocks' feathers, making a lofty waving head-dress. In front of him, from his waist, hangs a representation of the sun. In its centre is an eye, inclosed by a triangle, from which depends a large tongue. All these things are symbols of a most ancient freemasonry. One carries a white flag with a sun painted on it and a man and woman worshipping it. Another has a *sacatan*, a kind of drum, used also in Africa; another a flute; another a *sistrum*, a sacred instrument among the ancient Egyptians. With the sistrum he beats time for the dancers. In the other hand he has a small three-tailed whip, calling to mind the Egyptian *flagellum* of Osiris. This is to chastise the dancers if they step badly. A necklace of large sea-shells hangs half-way to his waist.

Each dancer has in the left hand a fan made of turkey feathers, with the bird's claw for handle. In the right hand each has a sistrum, not quite like those used by the Egyptians, but exactly like those of Central Africa, as described by Du Chaillu. Those in Yucatan are made of small calabashes, ornamentally painted, and secured to the handle by pieces of bamboo: they have pebbles inside to rattle. The flag is held upright by the bearer or planted in the ground. Beneath it sits the drummer, cross-legged, his drum on the ground before him. Close to the flag-staff stands the master, the conductor, and the flute-player. With the flag for centre, the dancers go round three times, bodies bent forward, and eyes on the ground, as if groping in the dark; the drum meanwhile beats a peculiar quickstep. Then the flag is unfurled—the sun appears! All draw themselves up to their fullest height, and raise eyes and hands with a shout of joy. Then the dance commences, round and round the flag with various steps and motions, at the same time energetic and solemn, imitating the course and movements of our planet, among other things. Meanwhile the chief sings, and the people answer in chorus, over and over again the same thing, in Maya tongue.

CHIEF. "Take care how you step."
DANCERS. "We step well, O master."

The melody is both mournful and stirring. The rattling of the sistrum is very effective, now imitating the scattering of grain, now, by a sudden movement of every arm, giving forth one mighty rattle as of a sudden rain-fall and clap of thunder, together with a shout raised by the dancers after each chorus is sung. The fans are kept in motion as symbolical of the wind.

There is a *pig's-head* festival, now much fallen into disuse. At a certain season of the year the head is cooked, decorated with many-colored ribbons and flowers, and, with an orange between its jaws, placed upon an altar prepared for the occasion by a man who dances meanwhile. In this manner it is borne by a procession of people to some chosen individual. Various other presents are also given, such as fowls, cigars, sweet-bread, and so forth. The more numerous the gifts, the worse it is for the recipient, because on the following year he is expected to give just twice the amount received.

An instrument called *tunkul* is used for all sacred ceremonies. It is a piece of the trunk of a tree about a yard long, and one-third in diameter. On one side it has a long mouth, nearly from one extreme to the other, through which the trunk is hollowed out. On the opposite side are two oblong tongues, that start from the extremes and almost meet in the middle, being only separated by the thickness of a carpenter's saw. To play on it they put the mouth on the ground, and the tongues, like two long keys, are struck with sticks whose points are covered with India rubber that makes them rebound, so that the sound may not be veiled or confused. It is like a great rumbling in the earth, and when the wind is favorable can be heard five or six miles off. "The word *tunkul* means 'to be worshipping.' This instrument was also used by the Aztecs and other people of these regions,"* and reminds

* Crecencio Carillo Ancona, Canon.

us of the war drum used in Africa to call the tribes together, mentioned both by Du Chaillu and Stanley. There are some very beautiful tunkuls in the Museum of Antiquities at Mexico.

The natives of Yucatan always carry infants, their own and those of the whites also, astride their hip, as the people of Hindostan also do. In Yucatan there is a ceremony for first placing the child thus, called *heetzmek*. A godmother is chosen when the child is about four months old, and the baby is placed astride her hip. Thus holding it, she walks round the house five times. Five eggs are buried in hot ashes that they may there break, and the little one have its five senses awakened. If the eggs do not break readily, it is a sure sign that the child will not be very intelligent. If they do, the child will be extra bright. They put in their hands such tools as they are expected to use when adults. The mother and her offspring both have a profound respect for the *heetzmek naylan* (heetzmek godmother), the child being taught to kiss her hand.

The people of Yucatan in general are very superstitious. When the Indians, and many mestizos, suffer from a disease that they don't understand, they straightway imagine themselves bewitched, and that a *hmen* (wise man) can cure them.

This "wise man" professes to know all about medicinal herbs, and since he understands sorcery, his people have profound faith in him, and he is called to the aid of the bewitched. The rogue, uttering cabalistic words, searches under the hammock or bed, and produces a small clay or wax figure that he had brought with him concealed. With great pretensions he shows this image to the standers-by, asserting it to be the cause of the mischief. Then he receives a fee, and departs amid the thanks of his wondering dupes.

MAKING TORTILLAS.

By mural paintings found in the ruined

cities we learn that anciently they practiced what is to-day called mesmerism, and induced clairvoyance, and were able to prophesy future events, as we see by the prophecies of the priests Napuctun, Ah-kuilchel, Nahau-pech, Chilam-balam, and others, transcribed in the works of Fathers Lizana and Cogolludo. By the same mural paintings we know that they also consulted the magic mirror, called by them *zaztun*, and that practice has even reached our days, for they yet use the crystal to see hidden things. But all the scientific knowledge of their ancestors has, by slavery and oppression, been reduced to gross superstition and ignorance. When it is feared that one will die, the other members of the family hang round the outside of the hut food and drink as an offering to *Yumcimil* (lord of death), believing thus to ransom the life of the patient. They call this *kex*, which means exchange, as they offer food and drink in exchange for the life.

They also suspend from the bee-hives *jicaras* filled with a drink called *zaca*, so that the bees may not abandon them, may constantly bring honey, and their owners keep in good health.

Balam (tiger) is their god of agriculture, to whom they never fail to pay worshipful tribute, believing that in such case their crops would bring them no good. This tribute is offered when the crops are ripe. The first ears of maize are scattered to the winds for Balam. They will never allow one to be used till that is done. *Balché* (a fermented liquor made from the bark of a tree called balché, put with water to ferment, used by the Mayas in all sacred rites) is also sprinkled at the four corners of the field, and they put corn-crust pies, called *tamales*, in the field for the god to enjoy at his leisure.

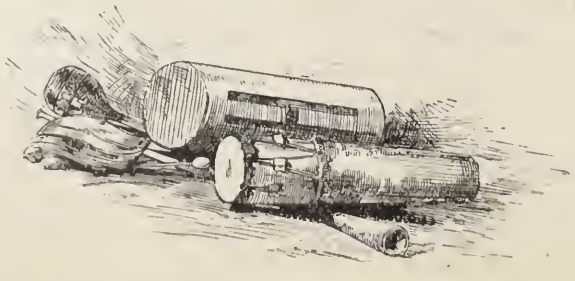
They are careful to make offerings to their ancestors. Since Christianity was introduced in the country the offering is made on All-saints' Day. They place candles on the tombs, and suspend from the trees near by what they call *hanal pixan* (food for the souls). It is very substantial. A chicken *tamal* (corn pie) cooked under-ground (*pibil*). Pig meat is often mixed with the chicken; often, too, the chicken is left out altogether. When they feed their dead they also regale themselves with sponge-cake, chocolate, and as much rum as they can get.

When able to do so, they abandon a house after one has died in it. Formerly this had its reason, for they buried the corpse in or at the back of the house.

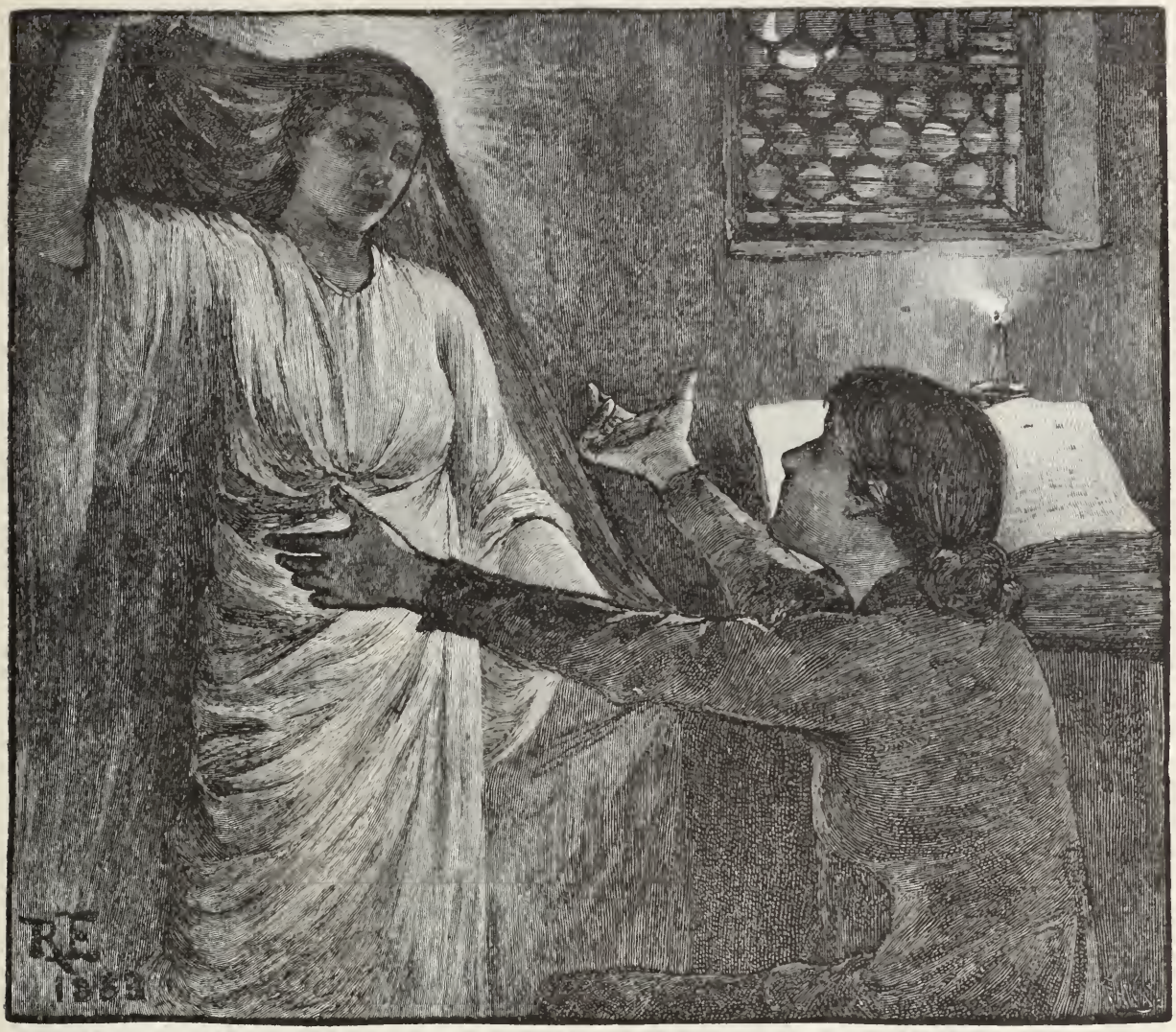
Corn is the chief article of diet in Yucatan. It is prepared in various ways. The principal is *tortilla*. The grains of corn are soaked in lime-water, then washed in pure water to free them from the husks. Afterward they are ground between two stones, one about eighteen inches wide and twenty-five long; it forms an inclined plane by means of its two front legs being shorter than the back one. The other stone is a rolling-pin, and is used as such to break the corn to a coarse powder on the square stone. The work appears easy, but requires both practice and strength. Well ground, and of the consistency of dough, the corn is by hand formed into perfectly round flat cakes on plantain leaves, then baked on a *comal*—a dish made of clay or iron.

Besides tortillas these poor Indians eat large quantities of *chile* (red pepper), sometimes black beans, and meat about once a week, many not even that. At times they work hard all day and have nothing to eat but *posoli*, which is like cooked hominy, kept moist, and generally made up in round balls. They mix it in water with their hands, being very careful to wash them first. This substantial drink is cool and nutritious.

To describe fully these strange people, their customs and language, much remains to be said that can not be included within the scope of a short article.



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.



A TRANSFIGURED GUEST.

DARK Sorrow came and stood beside my hearth
With veilèd face and sable-shrouded form;
At her approach gay Health and buoyant Mirth
Fled trembling, and my household embers warm
Grew ashy white and chill; without, a storm
Began to blow, and clouds across the sky
Swept heavily; the sunlight seemed to die.

In silence sat the veiled intruder down,
And gazed upon me; I could feel her gaze!
Through the dark folds I thought I saw a frown
Upon her brow. As through the gathering haze
The storm-worn mariner sees, with dread amaze,
The cliffs rise dark and threatening in his way,
So did I look at Sorrow's face that day.

And yet, "Draw not thy veil away!" I cried;
"I can not bear to meet thine awful eyes!
If henceforth at my hearth thou must abide,
And in the lore of suffering make me wise,
At least be merciful: keep thy disguise!
So dread the pangs thy hidden features give,
I can not see thy face unveiled, and live."

Day waned, and slowly waned the dreary night,
And still I sat beside my shrouded guest.
Her gaze resistless held my shrinking sight;
Her voiceless lips woke terror in my breast.
A trembling seized me, and my heart, oppressed,
Broke the dread silence with a shuddering cry,
"Oh, let me see thine awful face, and die!"

Then Sorrow rose; her sable garment fell
About her feet, and slowly, fold on fold,
She put away her veil: I could not quell
The fear that made my very heart grow cold.
At length, unveiled, she faced me, and behold!
No grisly phantom was my silent guest,
No shape of terror, but an angel blest.

The light of peace was in her steadfast eyes;
Celestial love and pity made a blaze
Of glory all about her. Rapt surprise
Possessed my soul, and strength for feeble days
Was in me born beneath her tender gaze.
I cried, "Henceforth we will not dwell apart!"
And clasped the Angel Sorrow to my heart.

ÉDOUARD FRÈRE'S STUDIO.

AN ART STUDENT IN ECOUEN.

THE pretty little village of Ecouen, lying on the Northern Railway, from Paris to Brussels, is familiar to lovers of art as the home of Édouard Frère, and the centre of a school of painting of which he is the honored head. It is interesting also from many historical associations. The family of the famous Constable Anne de Montmorency have for centuries inhabited the fine old château which crowns the summit of the mountain. It was here that the German Emperor Otho II., marching on Paris at the head of sixty thousand men, was defeated and driven back by the gallant Montmorencys. During the siege of Paris, in the late war, the Prussians occupied the town for months, but the soldiers were under such good control that many artists remained undisturbed in their studios, and amid the din of arms went quietly on painting the charming *genre* pictures characteristic of Ecouen. The cannon boomed all day long, but Frère painted the peasant child eating its plate of soup, or bringing its bundle of fagots from the wood, as if soldiers had never invaded this Arcadia.

Ecouen is some forty minutes' ride from Paris, and is easily reached, trains running frequently through the day and night, bringing the visitor to the station of Ecouen, about a mile from the village itself.

The parish church, the earlier portion of which dates back some two hundred years, was, as M. Frère informed us one day, much more interesting forty years ago, when he first came to Ecouen. It was then very picturesque; additions of modern Gothic a few years ago have made it more convenient, but have spoiled its peculiar character. It stands under the shadow of the grand old chestnut—old when the famous Montmorency tied his horse to its noble branches—which stretches out its great arms as proudly as three centuries ago. Above, on the crown of the hill, towers the magnificent château. It has stood there, according to ancient chronicles, since Merovingian times. In 487 A.D. it was inhabited by the noble family of the Bouchards. The hero Tolbiac, who received the title of First Christian Baron from his sovereign, Clovis I., together with the fief of Montmorency, was the founder of the family. Ever since, the château of Ecouen has been the manor-house of this illustrious race.

The château was rebuilt in 1545, during the temporary disgrace of the Constable Anne de Montmorency. Court intrigue and jealousy of the great power and trust

that he enjoyed succeeded in poisoning the mind of his sovereign. His services to the state were forgotten; he was forced to retire from court, and, humiliated and disappointed, secluded himself in his ancestral home in Ecouen.

He then determined to rebuild the castle in accordance with the spirit of the times, the epoch of the Renaissance. The most celebrated artists of the day were employed in this work, the architect and sculptor being the great Jean Bullant, pupil of Pierre Lescot. More than ten years were occupied in the labor of restoration. The château so built is the noble monument which now dominates the town. Nothing could be more admirably chosen than the site of the castle. Near at hand, strange to say, it appears small, but at a distance it assumes its true proportions, occupying an enormous space in the landscape, while the village lying just beneath sinks into insignificance. The view from this high point is very fine: on the southern side a beautiful stretch of country; in the distance the spires and cupolas of Paris; on the west the lovely valley of Saint-Brice.

After the death of Francis I., in 1547, the Constable was recalled to royal favor. Loyal and devoted by nature, he again actively employed his great powers in the service of his King, signalizing his devotion in many a hard-fought field. When more than seventy years old he led the royal troops at the battle of Saint-Denis. Dismounted, and bleeding from eight wounds, the brave old man still refused to yield, but a pistol-shot at the hands of Robert Stuart ended his glorious career.

Of late years the château has been used as a convent school for the daughters and nieces of members of the Legion of Honor. The school was founded by Napoleon in 1807, and with some changes and vicissitudes, owing to the fortunes of war and changes in state policy, has ever since been in operation. Never was there a more delightful school-house. The château grounds are charmingly laid out with terraces, fine avenues of trees, flower beds, and walks. Within the great space inclosed by the outer wall is the fine old park, which is now open to visitors. Until the establishment of the present government the park gates were only open to the public once a year, the pupils being kept in the strictest seclusion.

At the great fête of Corpus Christi religious services are held in the court-yard of the château. The castle gates are opened to admit the religious procession bearing the sacred emblems. Any one who likes can enter with the priests into the hallowed precints. We were so fortunate as to be here the last time they were celebrated, and to witness the imposing ceremonies.

The crowd advanced through the pretty wood surrounding the castle and along the great avenue, and waited for the procession to appear. Presently the sound of chanting was heard, and far in the distance were seen the banners, now dancing in the sunlight, now passing into the shadow of the trees. Every one knelt as the procession advanced; the great gates swung back, and the priests entered, chanting solemnly, the acolytes swinging their censers. We ran quickly in as the procession swept on. Unhappy he who lingers a moment; he finds the ponderous doors closed. Not a glimpse can he obtain of the gorgeous spectacle within.

The court-yard was a sea of brilliant, harmonious color; silken banners, heavily embroidered, waved in the breeze, and magnificent draperies of silk and velvet hung from the windows of the château. The priests in their rich robes, one holding on high a great silver cross, the pretty acolytes in scarlet and white swinging their censers, the group of young girls who had this year made their first communion, in their white wreaths and veils, formed a pretty picture, with the gray old walls for a background.

Presently the music below was answered from above. Far up from a high balcony came the sound of sweet young voices chanting the grand, solemn music of the Catholic Church. The singing came from a choir of young girls. They were dressed in white, with white veils, the blue sash of some order worn about the shoulders. The choir was led by a beautiful young girl. She stood quite by herself in the centre of the balcony, a sheet of music in her hand, beating the time in a graceful, simple manner. The breeze filled her draperies, and they floated in the wind as she sang, giving her an exceedingly light and airy look, like an angel singing. She might have been St. Cecilia come down again to earth.

When the service was ended, a collection for the poor was taken up by two young girls, who went about with bags to gather the offerings of the devout.

The procession, followed by all the pupils and teachers of the school, then retraced its steps, passing through the door of the court-yard into the grounds. They made the circuit, chanting as they went. It was a beautiful sight as they passed slowly around. At last, the ceremonies being all finished, they retired down the long avenue leading from the château. We lingered for some time to admire the tasteful manner in which the grounds are laid out. The bright parterres and the handsome vases filled with flowers gave a cheerful modern look to the gray castle, while the ancient moat, now all overgrown with grass, but still distinctly visible, carried the mind back to feudal times.

In the summer all the men, women, and children work in the fields. They rise between three and four in the morning and go out a long way into the country, where they find their work, returning at eleven o'clock to get their mid-day meal; then off again to their labor as soon as it is finished. The very small children are left alone, sleeping in their beds till the parents come home for dinner. The doors and windows are shut and locked, the heavy wooden shutters being all closed tight. One would infer that the neighbors and towns-people are all thieves, that it is safe to trust no one, and no doubt they are right. I have often gone out in a great hurry to find a little model, and discovered the house with this forbidding aspect. It is no use to bang at the doors nor wear your patience out trying to wake the little sleeper.

The laborers return from the fields quite late in the evening. Then they eat their supper, and afterward sit on the door-steps and gossip with their neighbors, or make visits about the village. The children roll round in the dirt, unmindful of damp or of fleas: there is no lack of either in Ecouen. They receive about three francs (sixty cents) for this long day's work. I have often seen them in the fields till nine o'clock in the evening. What would an eight-hour American laborer think of that?

PLOUGHING.

Living is very cheap in Ecouen, or rather was till strangers came and made everything dear, taking the bread from the poor people's mouths, as an old crone said to me one day. The idea that strangers can bring *money* into the town and spend it there, making them richer, does not occur to them. Perhaps they are right, for the money finds its way into other hands than theirs. They feel only the grip of poverty. As a rule, however, they are very comfortably off, for rents are low, and a French man or woman, not to mention the children, knows better how to turn an honest penny, and to keep it, than any one else. Every child has its *caisse d'épargne* (savings box),

where it deposits its pennies. The hand is always out for the *pourboire* in France, and it is seldom that it fails to get it. Respectably dressed children do not hesitate to beg from every one at Christmas time. They besiege the houses of the well-to-do, every child expecting sous, and the grown boys and girls much more. We did not know this at first, and when the pretty children, neatly dressed, came to call on us, showing us little trifles in the most engaging way, we only thought they were charming—"the French have such pretty manners!"—never suspecting the deep design behind the attention paid us. Even the priests, educated men, will take a *pourboire*, not at all pretending that it is for the poor. It is difficult at first for an American to understand this; his own just pride and self-respect prevent. It hurts him to think that one who might be a gentleman can condescend to such meannesses; besides, he hesitates, fearing to give offense. There is no offense, except in the withholding.

THE CHÂTEAU.

A characteristic feature of Ecouen is the number of artists one meets sketching out-of-doors, regardless of the weather. Their contrivances to keep warm are exceedingly ingenious. M. Frère has a little low cart with a high back and top. It can be easily drawn by one man. In this he sits, well wrapped up, and draws and paints, perfectly protected from the wind. If it is a warm day, he covers himself with rugs and sheep-skins, and sits where he chooses. But the winters here are much milder than in New York. Violets blossom in the open air, and early in February the buds begin to swell.

Sabots are "an institution" here. No one is so rash as to neglect slipping his feet into a pair if he wishes to walk in the garden when it is at all damp. Rows of sabots are ranged along the veranda of a well-regulated country house, madame's coquettish little wooden shoes in amusing contrast with the gigantic specimens in which the lords of creation delight to install themselves. Sabots are excellent to stand in when one is painting out-of-doors in wet weather, for the water can not penetrate the soles, and felt slippers worn inside keep the feet warm. Among the lower classes there is a prejudice against wooden shoes. No peasant will acknowledge that he owns a pair, even if he is at the moment standing in the fatal felt slippers which betray him beyond a doubt. Probably it is because the wooden shoe was so long the mark of inferiority and subjection.

The quantities of clothing worn by the peasantry is wonderful. Thick quilted petticoats are seen in all European peasant costumes, but only French women understand the art of wearing these clumsy garments with jaunty grace.

When Édouard Frère first came to Ecou-

GLEANING.

en, a poor struggling young artist, he made no attempt to disguise his poverty, but worked bravely on, his gentle, sympathetic nature endearing him to the common people, whose homes and simple manners he loved to depict. He has founded a school in art, if school it can be called where none have succeeded in seizing the peculiar sentiment and feeling of the master. His style can be copied, the technical details mastered, but the *spirit* is his alone.

Frère has now painted for over forty years, but he is still an indefatigable worker. By eight o'clock in the morning he is at his painting. Before the dew is off the ground he may be seen hurrying along, picture in one hand and paint-box in the other, to the spot which he has chosen for his day's labor. A good old peasant one day remonstrated with him for toiling so hard at his time of life. "No, no, Père Bisseville," cried the artist; "if they should take away my work from me, they would take my life." He works in the kitchens and living-rooms of the peasants, always painting his pictures with their peculiar surroundings, thus catching the true spirit and feeling of the scene. "Studio pictures" he detests. No two of his pictures are alike, and only in this way could he secure their wonderful variety in subject and treatment.

He seems never to get tired. After a long day's work one may see him at evening hastening along, picture under his arm, and a train of small models following after, each with camp-stool, paint-box, rugs, or wraps, for it matters not whether the weather be hot or cold, whether it snow or rain, so that the light is what he requires. He plants his camp-stool in the street, and quickly seats himself, arranges his wraps, and is instantly at work, never looking at the passers-by unless some acquaintance accosts him; then his greeting is very cordial. For half an hour, perhaps, he can work in the fading light. When it is quite gone he hurries home with his picture; everything else is left in a peasant house, which he has rented. It is old and dingy. Here he sometimes works, seldom or never in his splendid studio. His evenings Frère spends in drawing from the antique, as carefully as if his artist life had just begun. No picture is ever sent away before he has made a pencil sketch of it for Madame Frère's

album. She has volumes of these, and it is delightful to turn them over. In every sketch there is charming life and freshness.

M. Frère is slight and delicate in form, with a refined, artistic face, and an exceedingly gentle, courteous manner. He is a charming host. Madame Frère receives several evenings in the week in a simple, hospitable style. She looks very handsome in a pretty cap and silk gown, and entertains very agreeably. She speaks English, having learned it when a young girl in England.

One of our party had just arrived in France, and having unfortunately neglected Mr. Hood's friendly counsel—

> "Never go to France unless you know the lingo;
> If you do, like me, you'll repent, by jingo"—

she found that this accomplishment of Madame Frère's added very much to her comfort. In the course of the evening she was very much startled, however, when the cakes and wine appeared, to hear her hostess from the opposite side of the room ask, in very distinct tones, "My dear mees, may I give you a leetle *grog*?" The grog was a not disagreeable mixture of lemons, hot water, and some kind of spirit. The weather had suddenly become chilly, and we Americans, accustomed to a warmer atmosphere, were not at all disinclined to accept the steaming glass. We soon discovered that we alone of the company had so indulged. Our French friends think, no doubt, that American ladies are accustomed to imbibe ardent spirits at their evening entertainments.

After a while M. Frère read aloud a modern French play, with a pleasant voice, and in a *naïve*, gentle manner, that were very agreeable. This is always his custom on one evening in the week. Any one who likes can come. These friendly hospitalities give a stranger a very homelike feeling. Occasionally in the course of the evening, if conversation flagged, or there was no reading, Madame Frère would sing some verses to herself in a gentle, soft voice for a few minutes, then return from the clouds and devote herself again to her guests.

On the last night of the old year all their friends and acquaintances pay their respects to the distinguished artist and his wife, and watch the old year out with them. On this evening they have dancing and music and a great deal of gayety. M. Frère dances all the time as enthusiastically as he does everything else.

Their only son is also an artist. He is married, and lives in a pretty, artistic fashion quite near his parents. He was a pupil of his father and of the famous Couture, who now resides at Villiers-le-Bel.

Madame Frère has told us many interesting facts about their early life here. Thirty-five years ago they came to Ecouen, Frère a young, unknown artist, very poor, but full of enthusiasm and love of work. They lived at that time in a very modest cottage—a little thatched peasant house with an earthen floor and a big fire-place. In summer, when the weather was fine, they carried the table out to the pretty grass-plot, and ate their meals in the open air. "Very *coquette*," she told us, was the little house. She made it pretty in a simple way, and they were very happy. The town was much more picturesque in those early days. The fine old forests had not been swept away; many interesting old buildings have since disappeared. A restaurant then stood on the site of the present hotel. It was a queer place. On entering, the guests stumbled down three or four rickety steps to reach the principal room. But once there, an artist's soul would have rejoiced, it was so Rembrandtish in its effects of light and shade. Fortunately, M. Frère has many studies of this fine interior.

In those happy days there was no wall about the pretty grass-plot under the great chestnut-tree before the church, and the villagers on summer evenings danced under its shade. It was here that M. Frère, dancing gayly with a village maid, once missed his footing, and rolled over and over with his pretty partner till they reached the foot of the slope.

Édouard Frère is the king of Ecouen. While he lives, no other artist may usurp his throne. But he is so amiable a sovereign, albeit modestly conscious of his own merits, that no one envies him his preeminence. There are other artists, however, younger men of the new generation. Indeed, Ecouen is a perfect nest of artists. Few places surpass it in convenience for a *genre* painter. M. Frère has made it easy for the younger artists. The peasants are so accustomed to his running in and out of their kitchens, sitting down with them and painting their family life, that they take it quite as a matter of course

STREET IN ECOUEN.

when an artist walks in with his camp-stool and paint-box.

The social atmosphere of Ecouen is very different from that of Paris, where the artists see but little of each other, and rivalries are apt to be strong and bitter. Here almost every one has a reception evening once or twice a week. Friends and acquaintances come in for an hour or so, there is a simple entertainment of cakes and wine, and lively chat is kept up without ceasing. Some of the artists are well known in America. Our old friend M. Paul Seignac lives in a pretty house in the midst of a fine garden, through which one must pass to reach his atelier. His pictures of peasant cottage life are familiar to Americans. A pleasant vein of sentiment runs through them all. M. Duverger's pleasant house and garden, with its prettily arranged walks and terraces, its flower beds and handsome vases filled with brilliant flowers, is a charming place for a morning stroll. One night I remember, when the air was full of the rich perfume of the June roses, our kindly host led us through the winding paths to M. Dayola's fine studio at the end of the garden. It was like a fairy scene. The moonlight fell on the walks and shrubbery, lighting up everything with its soft splendor. M. Duverger's own atelier is in his house, and is fitted up with all the appliances for a *genre* painter. His pictures are too well known in America to need description here.

Among the younger artists who have formed a school of their own in Ecouen none stands higher than M. Luigi Chialiva, a young Italian. His compositions are exceedingly fresh and vigorous. His subjects are generally landscape with figures, *not* figures with landscape, as was the old manner. Neither is subordinate to the other. He has a fine studio connected with his house, and from this opens a great conservatory. It has no plants, however. Here he works in cold weather, and can thus get the out-of-door effects that his subjects require. It is a lively, pleasant scene when the artist works, as he loves to do, in his garden. There he sits under his big umbrella, life always around him, his models—turkeys, geese, sheep, children—grouped about. Every little while his cheerful voice rings out, "*Voyous, voyous, restez tranquille,*" to the restless sitters.

Just before leaving Ecouen I saw on his easel a fine picture, nearly completed, of a young girl standing on the shore of a river surrounded by sheep. She is looking at a boat in the distance, and stands with folded hands in a charming, simple

attitude. Soft sunlight bathes the whole landscape with a tender atmosphere. The sheep are grazing or drinking in the river, and are drawn and grouped with the wonderful skill for which this artist is celebrated.

Several Americans have been studying with M. Chialiva for several years.

George Todd, a friend and pupil of M. Chialiva, has one of the most artistic homes in Ecouen. Entering the gate, after having rung a warning peal at the big bell, and received a vociferous greeting from the fierce dog, which happily is chained, the visitor passes on to the studio, where the genial artist awaits him. The studio is very attractive, with a large conservatory attached, where the artist works in bad weather. It is filled with splendid flowers in full bloom. The studio proper is decorated with fine old tapestries, antique brasses, and ancient carved furniture. On the easels stand pictures, finished and unfinished, in water-color and oil, very beautiful and varied in design and finish. This artist, the chosen friend of many brilliant men, is himself a man of remarkable character.

The animal painter Schenck has a studio in the town, two enormous rooms, so large one can hardly see to the end of them. He is fond of painting his figures and animals in blinding snow-storms. Every autumn he goes to the mountains of Auvergne to make sketches. It is a desolate region, and in October already covered with snow.

At his house he has a fine collection of animals—mountain ponies shaggy and picturesque, shepherd dogs, and sheep of every variety of breed. Pretty little goats skip about, climb into the pony-carriage, and rest on the handsome cushions. When chased ignominiously away, they presently skip back again with an innocent air, as much at home as on their native rocks.

Nowhere in France has an art student better opportunities for study than in Ecouen. His mind is not diverted from work by the thousand distractions of the gay metropolis, and yet a half-hour's ride brings all its advantages within his reach, and here he has some that in Paris could be obtained only with great expenditure of time and of money, and many that the city can not give. Though so near the great metropolis, the little town has not lost its simplicity. Material is ready to the artist's hand. He can not step out-of-doors without seeing a picture in every group he meets. The peasants still wear their becoming costumes and retain their rustic ways, and this is invaluable to a *genre* painter. There are still many old cottages whose fine interiors are the joy of an artist's heart. But, alas! these are destined soon to pass away before the vandal hand of (so-called) improvement. Many have already been torn down; the others will soon follow.

At the hotel one can get a comfortable room for twenty francs a month; for two francs a day a good dinner. If three or four choose to club together, they can get a very pretty little house for four hundred francs a year. A servant can be engaged to come in by the day. She attends to the rooms, cooks the dinner, clears everything away, and departs till next morning. Housekeeping can thus be carried on very comfortably and cheaply. The (wrongly termed) mistress of an American family would envy its simplicity. Early in the morning the butcher's boy comes, puts his hand through the open kitchen window, where a piece of paper is pinned containing the order for the day. In the afternoon he returns with the *côtelette de veau* or *biftek*, which he places in the same convenient depository. Next comes the grocer's boy to take his order. Vegetables are brought to the door every morning in heavy carts. Of course one must keep a sharp watch to see that he is not cheated. In that respect Ecouen tradesmen differ little from those of New York.

No great outlay is needed for furniture. Dressing-tables, wash-stands, and ottomans can easily be improvised out of boxes covered with chintz or muslin, and an artist must have been very neglectful of his opportunities if he has not picked up some bits of bric-à-brac. A Dutch clock, a few pieces of old china, a cast or two, with his own sketches disposed upon the walls, give a cheerful look to the rooms at very little expense.

It is important to keep one's eyes open for every opportunity to enlarge one's stock of bric-à-brac. Many picturesque old "bits" can be picked up in country places. The trouble in dealing with these peasants is that as soon as you begin to bargain with them they fancy that their wretched old furniture is worth mines of gold. At Mère Josephine's the other day I found an old chair, excellent to paint, but short in one leg. That defect is easily

remedied, as the others can be cut off to match. There was also a rusty iron pot, valueless to her, to me a real acquisition. The cost of the two articles was sixteen sous. But there was also a very ancient pine armoire, with doors and a deep drawer, that took my fancy. This the old woman would not part with unless her son gave his consent. He was not at home, so I agreed to come again that evening.

It was a lovely moonlight night, and the street lamps were all extinguished. The square was brilliantly illuminated by the moonbeams, but as soon as we left the principal streets we plunged into darkness. The dim, crooked little alley where Mère Josephine has her abode looked forbidding enough. Far in the distance there was a faint gleam, the glimmer of a solitary candle held out as a beacon-light by the good dame, who was awaiting my visit. With the yellow turban on her head, and her bent figure leaning out of the door, Mère Josephine looked uncommonly like an Eastern sorceress beguiling wayfarers into her unhallowed den. But we knew the good soul, and without fear entered the queer little room, smoky and dark with time and dirt. She called in her worthless, drunken son, to whom the armoire belonged, and an antiquarian, with whom such contests add a zest to the purchase, would have enjoyed the scene that ensued. The son was as anxious to sell as I was to buy, but the battered old furniture had risen immensely in the family esteem since an artist sought to purchase it. If it had been of carved ebony and had graced the dressing-room of Madame De Pompadour, he could not have set a higher value on the old pine armoire. It was in vain that I offered a fair price, and appealed to his common-sense to accept it. No, indeed! he was not to be caught by such chaff. Why should an artist seek to purchase a rickety old wardrobe unless it possessed some mysterious value hitherto unknown to its owner, and which in time would be sure to make his fortune? Mère Josephine stood by, candle in hand, turning first to one and then to the other, with a placid smile on her withered features, supporting every assertion of her precious son. Very ungrateful this was, considering the valuable articles which I had purchased of her that morning, not to speak of the ten sous additional generously bestowed on her for bringing them to my studio. An hour's sharp bargaining brought no result, and we parted with mutual dissatisfaction.

"One half the world does not know how the other half lives," says the proverb. It is not true of the Ecouen artists. They live in the midst of the life which they paint. Nor are they content with sketching a picture, and then finishing it at their leisure in the studio. It is painted from beginning to end in the midst of the scene represented. It is pleasant enough on a bright, warm day to work in the open fields or by the wood-side, but the dark, dirty cottages, in spite of "fine interiors" and "exquisite effects," offer no such attractions. It is pure love of art that constrains one to paint in the stifling atmosphere, the light struggling through the dingy panes, and in winter the cold benumbing one's fingers. Many a day I have sat with all my warm things wrapped about me—cloth sacque, woollen jacket, water-proof, and leggings; on my head a warm hood, over that a broad-brimmed hat to shade the eyes. In spite of all, I shivered with the cold, and should have been quite benumbed had not the kind-hearted peasant woman presented me morning and evening with a brazier of live coals.

It is more difficult to obtain models now that children are compelled to attend school. The law, which came in force about two years ago, is very strict, parents being liable to a fine of ten francs if a child over five years old is kept from school in order to pose. Even M. Frère finds himself very often embarrassed, although he is allowed more grace than any one else, while there is no consideration whatever shown to the requirements of the minor artists.

Models are much cheaper than in Paris. For a child one franc is paid for the day's work. A grown person receives from two to five francs for the same time. Many of these models afford curious studies of character.

Mère Cocotte has been a model here these forty years or more. She posed for Édouard Frère when he first came to Ecouen, a poor young artist struggling for his daily bread. She poses for him still, and will, no doubt, to the end of her days. On her next birthday she will be eighty, and is very tough and lively for her years, as gnarly as a scrub oak. She has bright black eyes that flash still in joy or rage, a handsome nose, but most of

STUDIO OF LUIGI CHIALIVA.

her teeth are gone, except two powerful grinders, wide apart, on either side of her strong jaws. When she was young she must have been a beauty, and certainly was a coquette and much admired, for a well-timed compliment now will put her into a charming humor.

She is an excellent type of the true French woman, vivacious, energetic, thrifty, and as persistent, unfaltering, and ready a liar as can be found even here. Nevertheless, her heart is good; under this rough exterior lies a soft spot, prompting acts of kindness for her neighbors and the little children of the court. Her energy and endurance are most wonderful. She was never known to miss a fête, funeral, or wedding. It is all grist that comes to her mill. She travels off to Sarcelles, Villiers-le-Bel, Gonesse, any place within a radius of six or seven miles, always stays to the ball, and arrives at home in the small hours, pretty well worn out, it must be confessed. Next morning her temper is something to be dreaded. She is generally found sweeping out her rooms with grim determination, at intervals slinging behind her pieces of bone, old vegetables, etc., into the room, where perhaps some poor artist sits meekly at work, patiently seeking to transfer some fine "bit" to canvas. Her temper is worst after some great religious festival in which she has joined with deep fervor. Dressed in her pious clothes, she follows the long procession through the dusty streets and under the hot sun till her nervous system is quite unstrung.

Mère Cocotte, dressed for a funeral, is a sight to behold. Not even a wedding gives her such unmixed delight as a real fine funeral, and she attires herself for it in the spirit of a true artist. One morning she informed me that there was to be,

MÈRE COCOTTE.

oh! such a beautiful burial that day: one of her lady patronesses had died, and was to be interred in great state. *She* was going to the ceremony. This was announced defiantly, as she had promised to sit for me that same morning. Then Mère Cocotte disappeared into the recesses of her inner room, where her multifarious wardrobe hangs under the protecting shade of an old curtain which often serves me for drapery. After having been gone a long time, she finally re-appeared in full costume, giving a little complacent, half-embarrassed laugh as she entered, smoothing down her black robes, and asking if she did not look *très bien*. To see her then, one would never imagine that under this pious, decent exterior reposed so fiery a spirit. She walked slowly down the stairs, her demeanor in perfect harmony with the sad occasion and her good clothes. I heard her bid the neighbors a quiet good-morning, and her slow footsteps resounded through the court, and died away in the distance.

Suddenly there was a sound of skurrying steps, of loud, impatient exclamations. Mère Cocotte had evidently forgotten something. Up the narrow stairway she rushed in desperate haste. "*Sacré paroissien!*" She had left her prayer-book; she would be too late for the funeral; her spectacles had disappeared in the recesses of her pocket. "*Sacrées lunettes! mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*" Piety and decorum were forgotten in dire dismay at the prospect of losing the beautiful spectacle. At length prayer-book and lunettes were recovered, and the old lady dashed off at great speed, the neighbors looking on sympathizingly. At a late hour Mère Cocotte returned, the ceremonies having been long, but she was in high spirits at the grandeur of everything. "The church was all hung in black, filled with flowers, and crowded to suffocation; it was fearfully hot, one could not breathe; and there was such weeping, such emotion!" The old lady was well repaid for all her anxiety and fatigue.

Notwithstanding her extreme age, she is still the life of the little court where she lives. All day long she is singing, talking, or reading the paper aloud for the benefit of the others, or else she will tell a story in the dramatic French style, which is intensely amusing.

The other day she began a song about a lovely damsel who ran away with a scamp and came to grief. Mère Cocotte had got well into the ballad, and was rendering it in her best manner, when an umbrella man came into the court to dispose of his wares. Regardless of his feelings, she kept on, and every one listened to her, for the tale was exciting. A lively scene began

between the peddler and the old lady, he asserting that she was interfering with his rights by engrossing public attention, she going on with her story, stolidly indifferent to the fate of the umbrella trade. Suddenly it flashed upon her mind that a chance for a bargain was on hand, and she began haggling with the peddler in a way that fully turned in his favor all the attention she had hitherto diverted from him. Alas for the poor dealer! After an hour's sharp bargaining he left in Mère Cocotte's hands an excellent second-hand silk umbrella, bearing away in exchange half a dozen dilapidated umbrella frames, with fifteen sous to boot. Small profit did he win that day.

Every day Mère Cocotte goes to the château to get soup for herself and another old woman who lives with her, and who is so feeble that she can not go out. The château was formerly a convent school, and the ladies in charge, of course, strict Catholics. Mère Cocotte often imitates their querulous greeting when she appeared in the morning. "Have you been to mass, Mère Cocotte—have you been to mass?" Very sharp and angry were they when our poor old model had neglected her morning devotions. But they were kind souls, after all, and the soup always came after the scolding. The soup is still given to the poor, although the Sisters are no longer in power. They were put out some two or three years ago, when all the Catholic schools and convents were broken up, and lay teachers took the place of the old *régime*.

The little town is fast losing its old characteristics. Gas has now taken the place of the smoky but picturesque oil lamps suspended in their lanterns at convenient distances through the village. They only served to make darkness visible, it is true, and stumbling over the cobble-stones of the crooked streets, one should be thankful for a better light. The shops are brilliantly lighted. But it is hard to see the primitive simplicity of this little artistic corner of France passing away forever.

THE LICK OBSERVATORY OF CALIFORNIA.

AFTER ten years of preliminary work, including not only the discussion of plans, but the settlement of the legal complications growing out of the disposition of Mr. Lick's estate, the great Lick Observatory of California now seems fairly on the road to success. With the interest which naturally attaches to this new institution must be combined a curiosity to know something of the character, motives, and object of the founder. Mr. Lick's whole life was that of a modest and retiring man of business, as far removed from all contact with the intellectual world as a member of a civilized community well could be. His career, though checkered, had little to specially distinguish it from that of the typical Californian. He was born in Pennsylvania, in 1796, of a German family. His first occupation, after growing up, was that of a piano-maker. From early manhood until the age of fifty he lived mostly in South America, slowly gaining a competence by successful trade. He removed to California, and became a resident of San Francisco, shortly before the gold discoveries of 1848. He had the sagacity to see that that city was destined to be the great *entrepôt* of our Pacific coast, and therefore invested all the money he could gain in real estate. His general policy was to purchase for cash, rarely selling or speculating. For several years he was known only as a shrewd and safe investor, holding his money with a grasp not usual among California adventurers.

In 1854 he surprised his fellow-citizens by a venture entirely out of keeping with his previous character. This was the erection of the largest flouring mill that had yet been built in the State, and its completion in a style which for extravagance of expenditure had nothing to approach it. The interior was finished in solid mahogany, and the structure was marked in every part by the elegance of a palace. A quarter of a million of dollars was said to have been expended on the building alone, and as much more on the grounds and accessories, while the owner himself occupied a building in the neighborhood little better than a hovel. It is said in his behalf that this extravagance was not merely the play of an eccentric humor, but was intended as a protest against the cheap and flimsy style of building which then prevailed in California. He wished to show that there was at least one Californian who

REAR VIEW OF THE OBSERVATORY.

could erect a building regardless of expense. But the enterprise told against his good judgment yet more strongly than against his reputation as a hoarder of wealth. The ground occupied by the mill was subject to inundation almost every year, and he finally had to abandon the place. He now went on yet another tack, which he had been least of all expected to take, by presenting the mill and grounds to the Paine Memorial Society of Boston, which sold the entire property for $18,000 in cash. This sale was effected without the knowledge of Mr. Lick, who was extremely dissatisfied with the proceedings, as he would willingly have given $50,000 himself for the property.

It would seem that, with all his eccentricities and his penuriousness of character, Mr. Lick was a man of real public spirit, whose apparent narrowness of view arose from the life which he had led, and from his personal experience of human nature as exhibited in California at that time. Being a man of sterling integrity, who had made his fortune by hard work and business enterprise, he could not tolerate the spirit of men who sought to command more for their labor than it was legitimately worth. He was particularly averse to paying what seemed to him extravagant prices for personal services of any kind, and could never be made to understand that there were some kinds of work which he could not get in any other way. Shortly after the completion of his mill he erected the Lick House, one of the most substantial buildings which had then been seen in the State. The peculiarities of the founder were well shown in its noted dining-room. In magnitude and architectural effect it surpassed anything which had before been known in the West. He showed his appreciation of what was appropriate in art by having its walls decorated with paintings of California scenery. But the artistic qualities of the work may be judged from what we have already said of his views of personal services. Better specimens of art were the carved rose-wood frames of the mirrors, which were in part the work of Mr. Lick's own hands.

Up to the year 1873 Mr. Lick was known publicly only as a wealthy and eccentric Californian, the proprietor of the Lick House and of the mahogany mill, a supporter of the California Academy of Sciences, and one of the founders of the Society of California Pioneers. In that year he made his name widely known to the world by an expressed intention of giving

his entire fortune to a board of trustees, the interest to be expended for scientific and public objects. Among the latter was a monument to Francis S. Key, author of the "Star-spangled Banner." It is also said that he would have erected a monument to Thomas Paine, of whose works he was a great admirer, but that he was dissuaded by the assurance of his friends that it would not do to outrage public opinion in this way, and that such a monument would not be allowed to stand. Other beneficiaries of his trust were to be the societies already mentioned. But the object to which he devoted the largest sum, $700,000, and which was nearest of all to his heart, was the construction of a telescope "larger and more powerful than any ever before made," together with an observatory which should be connected with it. But he evidently regarded the observatory as an appendage of the telescope.

One question which will naturally arise in the mind of a visitor will be, Why did the eccentric founder take such interest in the foundation of a scientific institution, the work of which should be so far removed from everything with which he was concerned during his life? It is highly probable that Mr. James Lick never saw a large telescope, and certain that he knew nothing more of astronomical instruments or their uses than the average California gold-digger. We search in vain through the record of his life to find any traces of astronomical knowledge, or any unusual taste for that science. But astronomy is a science which seems to have the strongest hold on minds which are not intimately acquainted with its work. The view taken by such minds is not distracted by the technical details which trouble the investigator, and its great outlines are seen through an atmosphere of sentiment, which softens out the algebraic formulæ with which the astronomer is concerned into those magnificent conceptions of creation which are the delight of all minds, trained or untrained.

It is worthy of note that Mr. Lick's movement followed close upon the construction of the great Washington telescope, and upon a discussion in some papers devoted to diffusing scientific knowledge of the possibility of constructing a "million-dollar telescope." It is said that one of the parties who had taken some interest in the latter enterprise went so far as to visit the shop of Messrs. Alvan Clark and Sons with a view of learning whether it was really possible to make a million-dollar telescope.

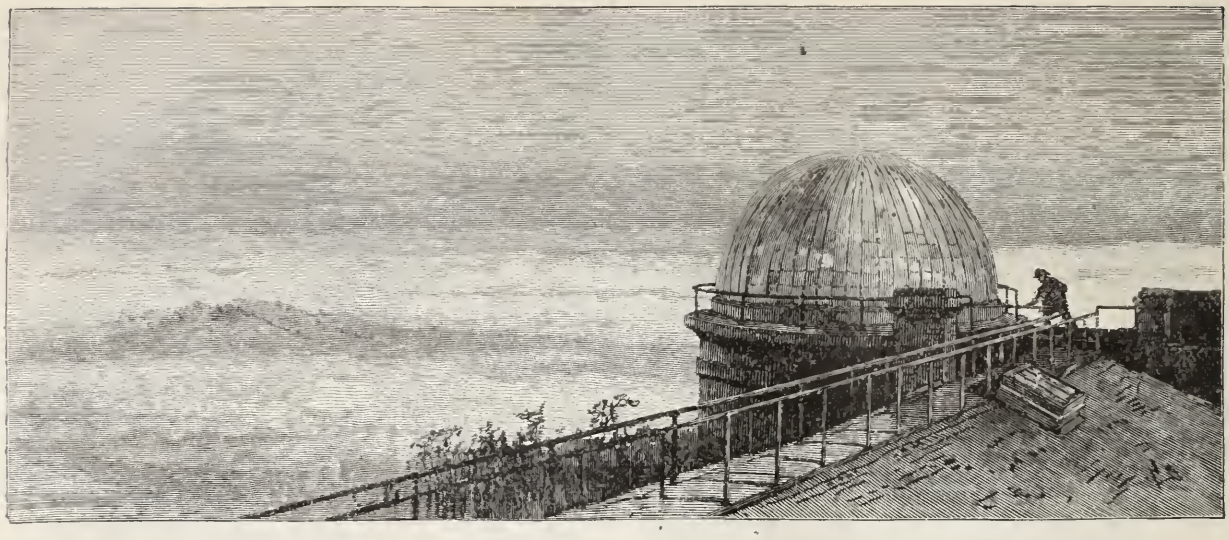
"Suppose we make 'em a telescope—charge 'em a million dollars for it—then they'd have a million-dollar telescope," was the sententious but conclusive reply.

The subject was not again heard of in the East, but it is not impossible that it reached Mr. Lick in the newspapers. Whatever may have been the source of Mr. Lick's interest, it is certain that he did not begin by mastering the conditions of the problem. All that he said and wrote on the details of the observatory was, from a scientific point of view, of the crudest kind, and showed that he had no idea of the practical difficulties involved in the task which he was about to undertake. To his mind the problem of making a telescope of any required power was purely one of enterprise and money, like that of building a hotel of any required size, and, once pointed at the sky, he evidently thought that discoveries would be made by merely the looking. One can not but suspect that if he had but known a little more of practical astronomy he would never have given money to found an observatory.

His first public act was the appointment of a board of seven trustees, comprising some of the leading business men of San Francisco, to whom he executed a deed of gift of his entire fortune, making no reservation for himself except an annual sum for his own support during his life. The first thing he desired was the construction of the telescope, and he probably hoped to see its completion himself. The smallest aperture which he could be induced to think of for his telescope was forty inches, which would admit more than double the light of the Washington telescope; but he constantly strove for a much larger size —four feet or upward.

A spot of great natural beauty was chosen near Lake Tahoe as the future site of the observatory, on the recommendation of a consulting engineer, Mr. Von Schmidt. But, as the location was afterward changed, no interest now attaches to this site.

None of the trustees had before been connected with so great a scientific enterprise, and they naturally felt some embarrassment respecting their proper course. The business of investigating what arrangements should be made was placed in the hands of one of their number, Mr. D.



VIEW FROM THE OBSERVATORY.

O. Mills, the well-known financier, who was about making a visit to the East. He consulted with the leading astronomers as to how the rough glass could be obtained, and what opticians could make the telescope. It was desired to have the instrument made by the most competent person, regardless of what part of the world he lived in, and the necessity of a complete investigation of the subject was increased by the fact that Mr. Lick had suddenly taken an antipathy to the only American firm who could undertake so great an instrument. As Mr. Mills found it impossible to get the detailed information required without personal intercourse with European mechanicians, a special agent was sent abroad to gather information on the subject. In Germany the most renowned firm was that of Merz, in Munich, but neither he nor any other German mechanician who could give satisfactory guarantees was willing to undertake the work. It would have been not merely to do more than they had themselves undertaken, but more than the English or Americans, who had made far larger telescopes than those of the Germans, had undertaken. Although the French had not actually succeeded in completing a telescope of the largest size, they had been working in that direction for a number of years, and Paris was next visited. The firm of Eichens were then at work on the mounting of the great four-foot reflector for the Paris Observatory, and were ready to accept Mr. Lick's commission. But when their written proposals were received it was quite clear that the prospect of lightening the burden of a successful gatherer of California gold, anxious to get rid of a large surplus accumulation, was higher in their minds than the scientific glory they might acquire by constructing the largest telescope ever made. The agent assured them that it was absolutely useless to submit their proposition to the trustees. Although they then made a considerable reduction in their price, it was still above a reasonable limit. The general result of the inquiry was that the European with whom it was best worth while to negotiate was Mr. Howard Grubb, of Dublin. The latter was favorably known as co-laborer with his father in the construction of the great reflector mounted at Melbourne, Australia, and had made several objectives for the English astronomers, which had given great satisfaction. He was then negotiating for the construction of the great Vienna telescope, which has recently been completed and put into operation, and was quite ready to undertake the Lick telescope in addition on reasonable business terms.

But before the telescope could be even commenced, the glass disks from which the objective must be made had to be obtained. The difficulties in the way of getting the rough glass were about equal to those of constructing the telescope. The largest disks of proper quality which had ever been successfully completed were those of the Washington telescope, and they had required more than a year in the manufacture. It was very doubtful whether the minimum size satisfactory to Mr. Lick—forty inches—could be practi-

cally reached. Only two firms could undertake the work—Chance and Co., of Birmingham, and Feil, of Paris. The former had the advantage of the capital and responsibility of a great firm; the latter, of especial skill and enthusiasm. It was difficult to choose between them.

Before the trustees had time to reach a conclusion on the report of their agent, Mr. Lick suddenly took a course which threatened destruction to the whole project. He became distrustful of his board of trustees, and especially of the president, whose resignation he finally demanded. The board was not composed of men who were willing to be trifled with in this way, and the resignation was refused. Mr. Lick thereupon revoked his gift, thus throwing the whole project into utter confusion from the doubt cast upon the title to his own landed estate. Whether the board of trustees abandoned the case or fought him, the result might have been equally disastrous. They therefore adopted the dignified and public-spirited course of filing a bill in equity, in which they asked the court to accept their resignation, and appoint a new board to perform their duties. This gave the court the opportunity to transfer all the rights, duties, and responsibilities of the old board upon the new one which had been selected by Mr. Lick, and thus to legalize the changed course which things had taken.

Mr. Lick died before his affairs could be settled up, and his death was followed by a course of litigation between the different beneficiaries and his son and heir, which was not finally settled until 1880. The new president of the board was Captain Richard S. Floyd, of San Francisco, who, from the time of his entering upon the active administration of the trust in 1876, devoted great attention to the subject both at home and abroad. Being a graduate of the United States Naval Academy, he had a basis of practical experience in the use of astronomical instruments which served him a good purpose in his work. The question of greatest difficulty was whether the telescope should be a reflector or a refractor. Theoretically there was no limit to the size of the former, and, as a matter of fact, great reflectors like that of the Earl of Rosse far exceeded in size any refracting telescope which it was possible to construct. But the practical difficulties in the way of their successful use were such that not even the largest of them had exceeded the largest refractors in performance. The problem for the solution of which the trustees were waiting was whether success could be obtained with a great reflector. Up to the time when a decision had to be reached no satisfactory evidence was developed that the requirements could be fulfilled by any form except that of a refracting telescope. It was therefore finally adopted.

Before Mr. Lick changed his board of trustees he grew distrustful of the site which had been selected on the border of Lake Tahoe, and chose another on what is now known as Mount Hamilton. The latter is a prominence in the Coast Range of California, forty-four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and some fourteen miles in a straight line east of San José.

The view from the summit is one of the most commanding in the United States. Through a ravine toward the west the spectator sees the city of San José, its buildings dotting with white the beautiful plain in which it is situated. The view of the Pacific Ocean beyond is cut off by a range of mountains. Toward the north the eye takes in a vast region, covered with innumerable hills, half mountain and half field. In very clear weather the peak of Mount Shasta may be seen at a distance of more than two hundred and fifty miles. On the east, above the neighboring hills, a fine view of the outlines of the Sierra Nevada range, one hundred and thirty miles distant, may be obtained at sunrise. On the south the view is bounded by another peak about the same height as Mount Hamilton. Between the two mountains lies a ravine more than a thousand feet deep. Snow and glaciers are wanting, so that the views do not compare in magnificence with those obtained in the Alps, but the clearness of the atmosphere partially compensates for this by the extent and variety of the field which the eye takes in.

The astronomer is not concerned with the earth, but with the heavens; and an elevated station is of no use to him unless it brings some advantage in looking upward. Other circumstances come into play to such an extent that the mere gain of going above a mile of the atmosphere is comparatively slight, and, as a matter of fact, many of the finest observations have been made at the sea-level. Notwith-

standing the clearness of the air, doubt was thrown upon the suitability of the site for astronomical observations. Observers had reported a current of warm air rising up the side of the mountain during the night sufficiently strong to carry a sheet of tissue-paper out of sight. Such a current would be fatal to astronomical observations, and it became important, before commencing the building, to have a thorough trial of the atmospheric conditions made by a competent observer.

The astronomers who were consulted united in commending S. W. Burnham, of Chicago, as the best available judge in the case. This gentleman, although an amateur in the science, had gained a world-wide reputation by the discovery, with an eight-inch telescope, of a great number of double stars which had escaped the scrutiny of the Herschels and the Struves. Long practice at Chicago in all sorts of atmospheric conditions fitted him to recognize good conditions more quickly and certainly than one who had devoted himself to more widely extended branches of the science.

In the summer of 1879 Mr. Burnham accepted a proposal to proceed to California with his telescope, and spend several weeks in surveying the heavens from the top of Mount Hamilton. The month of August found him installed in a little observatory which had been designed and erected by Captain Floyd. The results of his examination exceeded all expectations, and an astronomer has seldom had occasion to make so enthusiastic a report as that of Mr. Burnham. Not only were the atmospheric conditions of the finest kind, but night after night the astronomer enjoyed such views of the heavenly bodies as Chicago offered him only a few nights in the year. The general experience of observers is that the very finest nights for seeing are few in number; the man who can secure a dozen in a year would be considered extremely fortunate. Even one of these favorable nights might not remain so for an hour. But at Mount Hamilton that steadiness of view which is so rarely to be found at less favored spots generally continued through the whole night. Whether the future astronomer who shall scan the heavens from this unsurpassed spot with an unrivalled telescope will enjoy during the whole year such weather as occurs during summer and autumn can not be foreseen; but even if he does not, he will be more than satisfied with the year's work which he can perform during the favorable season.

As bearing on this subject we may cite the observations and photographs of the transit of Venus taken at the Lick Observatory in 1882 by Professor D. P. Todd. These proved to be the finest photographs of the transit ever taken. The skill of the astronomer was indeed a very essential requisite to the work; but this would have availed nothing had the condition of the atmosphere been unfavorable. Altogether, we may assume that, so far as mere looking is concerned, no existing observatory is so favorably situated as that now being erected by the Lick trustees.

With the legal complications all adjusted and the site assured, the trustees were prepared to commence the actual negotiations for making the telescope and erecting the necessary buildings. The first was really the most tedious and difficult work. In 1880 a contract was made with Messrs. Alvan Clark and Sons to furnish an objective of thirty-six inches clear aperture. This was six inches greater than the glass they had just arranged to make for the Russian government, and thus the telescope would fulfill the condition of being the largest and most powerful ever made. The result has proved the old rule, that the larger the glass, the more difficult it is to make it. In this connection there is a curious contrast between our present experience and that of the opticians in the early part of the century. At that time the making of the crown-glass for the double lens offered comparatively little difficulty; it was the flint-glass with which the trouble was found. The latter contained lead, a substance of great specific gravity, which persisted in settling toward the bottom of the pot in which the glass was melted, and thus producing a difference between the two sides of the glass which was fatal to its performance. But this difficulty has been so completely overcome that all the trouble now arises with the crown-glass. The method of making the best flint was long supposed to be a secret in the hands of a Swiss named Guinand and his family; but it is now believed that the supposed secret involved nothing more than the very simple device of continuously and vigorously stirring the molten glass until it became too cool

and stiff to permit the heavier material to settle. However this might be, Feil, of Paris, who has been most successful in making large disks, supplied a satisfactory flint in a reasonable time. But so much delay was met with in casting the crown-glass that it has not yet reached the hands of the optician. The cause of his failure is one so simple that one can not but wonder that it should offer any trouble after being once detected. We call to mind that when the founder has succeeded in casting his lump of glass, weighing several hundred pounds, the clay pot in which it is contained is broken away. The outside portions of the glass itself, being impregnated with the clay and other impurities, have to be cut away. This is a most tedious process. If any ordinary cutting tool were used, the glass would be apt to fly to pieces. It has to be sawed by a wire working in sand and water. The process of cutting away the outside is one, therefore, involving weeks, if not months, of labor. When it is done, the mass must be pressed into the shape of a disk, like a very thin grindstone, and in order to do this the lump must first be heated nearly to the melting-point, so as to become plastic. But when Feil began to heat his large mass it flew to pieces. In successive attempts he took more and more time for the heating, but broke a dozen or more pieces before he at last succeeded. In February, 1884, he reported that a glass was actually moulded without having been broken, and would soon be ready for shipment. But it has not been shipped up to the time of sending these pages to press, and no one this side of the Atlantic knows what the state of things in the Paris foundry really is.

All this refers only to the great object-glass of the telescope, which, though the one vital organ of the instrument, is really a very small portion of the whole. The construction of the delicate yet powerful machinery by which the tube sixty feet long is to be pointed toward any region of the heavens, and kept in motion by clock-work, has not yet been commenced. In fact, the question who shall construct this "mounting," as it is called, is a difficult one to decide. In size and weight it is a piece of very heavy machinery, and would naturally be made in some great shop devoted to the construction of steam and other engines of the largest size. But the great masses of metal which form the axes and supports of the instrument have to be moved by a system of mechanism some parts of which are as delicate as those of a watch. The micrometer alone will, if made in the most approved way, be a piece of mechanism far more intricate than an ordinary astronomical instrument. In all this an astronomical instrument maker is required. Finally, what is more important, a multitude of provisions must be made for the handling and pointing of the instrument, for illuminating the different portions, and for enabling the observer to read off the fine lines by which he knows at each moment exactly at what star his instrument may be pointed. The difficulty of this last problem is one that is very slightly appreciated by those not accustomed to the use of telescopes. When using a power of one thousand, the whole field of view of the telescope is only a little spot of the heavens not one-hundredth of the apparent surface of the sun or moon. Within this little spot is contained all that the observer sees when he looks into the telescope. Yet by being magnified a thousand times it seems to fill a fourth of the sky. Since the observer can not see anything outside of this little spot, he has no knowledge which way to turn his telescope by mere sight of the heavens. He must therefore have a delicate arrangement of circles by which he finds out where he is looking, not by what he sees, but by looking into microscopes attached to various parts of the instrument itself. All this requires the combined skill of the astronomer, the astronomical mechanician, and the engineer.

After a decision is reached, it will probably require two years to complete the instrument. The trustees are apparently delaying the decision in order to be free to choose the best course when the completion of the object-glass is assured. Meanwhile the erection of the buildings and the construction of the other instruments are being pushed forward. The astronomers with whom the trustees consulted were unanimous in counselling them against any unnecessary expenditure upon buildings. The really important part of the observatory is its instruments; the buildings serve no purpose except to protect the instruments from the weather, and to furnish the necessary office rooms for the astronomers and their books. It was also urged upon them that

no piece of pretentious architecture should be attempted, but that each instrument should, so far as possible, have its own little building. The observatory has been constructed on these ideas. At one end is the dome which is to contain the great telescope, at the other end is a smaller dome with a much smaller telescope, to be hereafter described. Between these two domes extends the observatory proper, which consists mainly of a corridor with a row of rooms opening out on each side. On the front is a piazza, commanding, as we have already described, one of the most imposing terrestrial views in the world. In the back is a level plain hardly a hundred yards in extent, formed by blasting off the peak of the mountain. Here is mounted the great meridian circle made by the Repsolds, a transit instrument by Facctt, of Washington, and a photoheliograph, which, as its name implies, is an instrument for obtaining photographs of the sun. With this instrument was taken the photographs of the transit of Venus already alluded to.

In the small dome is a twelve-inch telescope which has a curious history. Some eight years ago Messrs. Alvan Clark and Sons made a contract with the Portuguese government for a photographic telescope. When the telescope was done, the Portuguese were duly informed of the fact, but although an advanced payment had been made, no directions respecting the disposition of the instrument could be obtained. Repeated applications having failed to elicit any reply, or to secure the completion of the payment, the constructors were at liberty to dispose of the instrument. The objective was, however, one made not for the best sight of celestial objects, but to take the best photographs. It was therefore unfit for ordinary observations. It happened, however, that Professor Henry Draper, the lamented astronomer, of New York, had a visual objective of nearly the same size, which he wished to replace by a photographic one. Accordingly a change of glasses was made. Dr. Draper's objective was fitted to the mounting of the Portuguese telescope, and the latter sold to the Lick trustees. It was mounted in 1881, under the direction of Professor E. S. Holden, who went out to Mount Hamilton in company with Mr. Burnham to inspect the observatory, and make observations on the transit of Mercury in November of that year.

It will be seen that although the Lick Observatory is still in an unfinished state, it is in a position to do excellent work. Unfortunately, however, the terms of Mr. Lick's donation are such as to prevent the trustees from inaugurating a course of observations. They have authority only to erect the observatory and mount the instruments. Until this is done they can not relieve themselves of the charge. When finished, the institution is to be turned over to the Regents of the University of California, who are to appoint an astronomer, and put the institution into operation. The trustees having no authority to appoint an astronomer, the work which has been done there has been incidental to the completion of the building. One bad effect of this is that the trustees are unable to make arrangements with a view to any special line of research. The astronomer who is to take charge finally must make the best use he can of the appliances furnished him, and depend for their improvement upon the current income of the establishment.

It will be seen that the prospects for contributions to astronomy of an important and interesting kind are good. If we could get the frank opinion of the ablest astronomers of to-day, it would no doubt be that the making of great telescopes had already been pushed beyond the requirements of science, and that current solid work must mostly be done with smaller instruments. Yet no one would object to the completion of a single instrument to surpass all others, provided it was placed in a position corresponding to its superior power. This being, as is hoped, the case with the Lick telescope, its completion will be welcomed everywhere.

Yet it is not to be denied that the efficiency of an institution like that we are considering is liable to be impaired by a multitude of causes. Few people are alive either to the difficulty or importance of getting the proper man as astronomer of the institution. From the popular point of view, that the principal business of the astronomer is to make good use of his eyes, the difficulty can not be seen at all. The plain fact is that upon him more than upon the instruments the reputation of the observatory must depend.

THE FEDERAL UNION.

THE great history of Thukydides, which after twenty-three centuries still ranks (in spite of Mr. Cobden) among our chief text-books of political wisdom, has often seemed to me one of the most mournful books in the world. At no other spot on the earth's surface, and at no other time in the career of mankind, has the human intellect flowed with such luxuriance as at Athens during the eighty-five years which intervened between the victory of Marathon and the defeat of Aigospotamos. In no other like interval of time, and in no other community of like dimensions, has so much work been accomplished of which we can say with truth it is a κτῆμα εἰς ἀεί, an eternal possession. It is impossible to conceive of a day so distant or an era of culture so exalted that the lessons taught by Athens shall cease to be of value, or that the writings of her great thinkers shall cease to be read with fresh profit and delight. We understand these things far better to-day than did those monsters of erudition in the sixteenth century, who studied the classics for philological purposes mainly. Indeed, the older the world grows, the more varied our experience of practical politics, the more comprehensive our survey of universal history, the stronger our grasp upon the comparative method of inquiry, the more brilliant is the light thrown upon that brief day of Athenian greatness, and the more wonderful and admirable does it all seem. To see this glorious community overthrown, shorn of half its virtue (to use the Homeric phrase), and thrust down into an inferior position in the world, is a mournful spectacle indeed. And the book which sets before us so impartially yet so eloquently the innumerable petty misunderstandings and contemptible jealousies which brought about this direful result is one of the most mournful of books.

We may console ourselves, however, for the premature overthrow of the power of Athens by the reflection that that power rested upon political conditions which could not in any case have been permanent, or even long-enduring. The entire political system of ancient Greece, based as it was upon the idea of the sovereign independence of each single city, was one which could not fail sooner or later to exhaust itself through chronic anarchy. The only remedy lay either in some kind of permanent federation, combined with representative government, or else in what we might call "incorporation and assimilation," after the Roman fashion. But the incorporation of one town with another, though effected with brilliant results in the early history of Attica, involved such a disturbance of all the associations which in the Greek mind clustered about the conception of a city that it was quite impracticable on any large or general scale. Schemes of federal union were put into operation, though too late to be of avail against the assaults of Macedonia and Rome. But as for the principle of representation, that seems to have been an invention of the Teutonic mind; no statesman of antiquity, either in Greece or at Rome, seems to have conceived the idea of a city sending delegates armed with plenary powers to represent its interests in a general legislative assembly. To the Greek statesman, no doubt, this too would have seemed derogatory to the dignity of the sovereign city.

This feeling with which the ancient Greek statesmen, and to some extent the Romans also, regarded the city has become almost incomprehensible to the modern mind, so far removed are we from the political circumstances which made such a feeling possible. Teutonic civilization, indeed, has never passed through a stage in which the foremost position has been held by civic communities. Teutonic civilization passed directly from the stage of tribal into that of national organization, before any Teutonic city had acquired sufficient importance to have claimed autonomy for itself; and at the time when Teutonic nationalities were forming, moreover, all the cities in Europe had so long been accustomed to recognize a master outside of them, in the person of the Roman emperor, that the very tradition of civic autonomy, as it existed in ancient Greece, had become extinct. This difference between the political basis of Teutonic and of Græco-Roman civilization is one of which it would be difficult to exaggerate the importance; and when thoroughly understood it goes farther, perhaps, than anything else toward accounting for the successive failures of the Greek and Roman political systems, and toward inspiring us with confidence in the future stability of the political system which has

been wrought out by the genius of the English race.

The most primitive form of political association known to have existed is that of the *clan*, or group of families held together by ties of descent from a common ancestor. The change from a nomadic to a stationary mode of life, attendant upon the adoption of agricultural pursuits, converted the clan into a *mark* or village community, something like those which exist to-day in Russia. The political progress of primitive society seems to have consisted largely in the coalescence of these small groups into larger groups. The first series of compound groups resulting from the coalescence of adjacent marks is that which was known in nearly all Teutonic lands as the *hundred*, in Athens as the φρατρία or *brotherhood*, in Rome as the *curia*. Yet alongside of the Roman group called the *curia* there is a group whose name, the *century*, exactly translates the name of the Teutonic group; and, as Mr. Freeman says, it is difficult to believe that the Roman *century* did not at the outset in some way correspond to the Teutonic *hundred* as a stage in political organization. But both these terms, as we know them in history, are survivals from some prehistoric state of things; and whether they were originally applied to a hundred of houses, or of families, or of warriors, we do not know. M. Geffroy, in his interesting essay on the *Germania* of Tacitus, suggests that the term *canton* may have a similar origin. The outlines of these primitive groups are, however, more obscure than those of the more primitive *mark*, because in most cases they have been either crossed and effaced, or at any rate diminished in importance, by the more highly compounded groups which came next in order of formation. Next above the hundred in order of composition comes the group known in ancient Italy as the *pagus*, in Attica perhaps as the *deme*, in Germany, and at first in England, as the *gau* or *ga*, at a later date in England as the *shire*. Whatever its name, this group answers to the *tribe* regarded as settled upon a certain determinate territory. Just as in the earlier nomadic life the aggregation of clans makes ultimately the tribe, so in the more advanced agricultural life of our Aryan ancestors the aggregation of marks or village communities makes ultimately the *gau* or *shire*. Properly speaking, the name *shire* is descriptive of division and not of aggregation; but this term came into use in England after the historic order of formation had been forgotten, and when the *shire* was looked upon as a *piece* of some larger whole, such as the kingdom of Mercia or Wessex. Historically, however, the *shire* was not made, like the *departments* of modern France, by the division of the kingdom for administrative purposes, but the kingdom was made by the union of shires that were previously autonomous. In the primitive process of aggregation the *shire* or *gau*, governed by its *witenagemote* or "meeting of wise men," and by its chief magistrate, who was called ealdorman in time of peace, and *heretoga*, "army leader," *dux*, or *duke*, in time of war—the *shire*, I say, in this form, is the largest and most complex political body we find previous to the formation of kingdoms and nations. But in saying this we have already passed beyond the point at which we can include in the same general formula the process of political development in Teutonic countries on the one hand, and in Greece and Rome on the other. Up as far as the formation of the tribe, territorially regarded, the parallelism is preserved; but at this point there begins an all-important divergence. In the looser and more diffused society of the rural Teutons the tribe is spread over a shire, and the aggregation of shires makes a kingdom, embracing cities, towns, and rural districts held together by similar bonds of relationship to the central governing power. But in the society of the old Greeks and Italians the aggregation of tribes, crowded together on fortified hill-tops, made the *ancient city*—a very different thing indeed from the modern city. Let us consider for a moment the difference.

Sir Henry Maine tells us that in Hindostan nearly all the great towns and cities have arisen either from the simple expansion or from the expansion and coalescence of primitive village communities; and such as have not arisen in this way, including some of the greatest of Indian cities, have grown up about the intrenched camps of the Mogul emperors.* The case has been just the same in modern Europe. Some famous cities of England and Germany, such as Chester and Lincoln, Strasburg and Mayence, grew up about the camps of the Roman legions.

* Maine, *Village Communities*, 118.

But in general the Teutonic city has been formed by the expansion and coalescence of thickly peopled townships and hundreds. In the United States nearly all cities have come from the growth and expansion of villages, with such occasional cases of coalescence as that of Boston with Roxbury and Charlestown. Now and then a city has been laid out as a city *ab initio*, with full consciousness of its purpose, as a man would build a house, and this was the case not merely with Martin Chuzzlewit's Eden, but with the city of Washington, the seat of our federal government. But to go back to the early ages of England, the country which best exhibits the normal development of Teutonic institutions, the point which I wish specially to emphasize is this: *in no case does the city appear as equivalent to the dwelling-place of a tribe or of a confederation of tribes.* In no case does citizenship or burghership appear to rest upon the basis of a real or assumed community of descent from a single real or mythical progenitor. In the primitive mark, as we have seen, the bond which kept the community together and constituted it a political unit was the bond of blood relationship, real or assumed; but this was not the case with the city or borough. The city did not correspond with the tribe as the mark corresponded with the clan. The aggregation of clans into tribes corresponded with the aggregation of marks, not into *cities*, but into *shires*. The multitude of compound political units, by the further compounding of which a nation was to be formed, did not consist of cities, but of shires. The city was simply a point in the shire distinguished by greater density of population. The relations sustained by the thinly populated rural townships and hundreds to the general government of the shire were co-ordinate with the relations sustained to the same government by those thickly peopled townships and hundreds which upon their coalescence were known as cities or boroughs. Of course I am speaking now in a broad and general way, and without reference to such special privileges or immunities as cities and boroughs frequently obtained by royal charter in feudal times. Such special privileges—as, for instance, the exemption of boroughs from the ordinary sessions of the county court, under Henry I.*—were in their nature grants from an external source, and were in no wise inherent in the position or mode of origin of the Teutonic city. And they were, moreover, posterior in date to that embryonic period of national growth of which I am now speaking. They do not affect in any way the correctness of my general statement, which is sufficiently illustrated by the fact that the oldest shire-motes, or county assemblies, were attended by representatives from all the townships and hundreds in the shire, whether such townships and hundreds formed parts of boroughs or not.

* Stubbs, *Const. Hist.*, i., 625.

Very different from this was the embryonic growth of political society in ancient Greece and Italy. There the aggregation of clans into tribes and confederations of tribes resulted directly, as we have seen, in the city. There burghership, with its political and social rights and duties, had its theoretical basis and descent from a common ancestor, or from a small group of closely related common ancestors. The group of fellow-citizens was associated through its related group of ancestral household deities, and through religious rites performed in common, to which it would have been sacrilege to have admitted a stranger. Thus the ancient city was a religious as well as a political body, and in either character it was complete in itself, and it was sovereign. Thus in ancient Greece and Italy the primitive clan-assembly or township meeting did not grow by aggregation into the assembly of the shire, but into the *comitia* or *ecclesia* of the city. The chief magistrate was not the ealdorman of early English history, but the *rex* or *basileus*, who combined in himself the functions of king, general, and priest. Thus, too, there was a severance politically between city and country such as the Teutonic world has never known. The rural districts surrounding a city might be subject to it, but could neither share its franchise nor claim a co-ordinate franchise with it. Athens, indeed, at an early period went so far as to incorporate with itself Eleusis and Marathon and the other rural towns of Attika. In this one respect Athens transgressed the bounds of ancient civic organization, and no doubt it gained greatly in power thereby. But generally in the Hellenic world the rural population in the neighborhood of a great city were mere *περίοικοι*, or "dwellers in the vicinity"; the inhabitants of a city who had moved thith-

er from some other city, both they and their descendants, were mere μέτοικοι, or "dwellers in the place"; and neither the one class nor the other could acquire the rights and privileges of citizenship. A revolution, indeed, went on at Athens, from the time of Solon to the time of Kleisthenes, which essentially modified the old tribal divisions, and admitted to the franchise all such families resident from time immemorial as did not belong to the tribes of eupatrids by whom the city was founded. But this change once accomplished, the civic exclusiveness of Athens remained very much what it was before. The popular assembly was enlarged, and public harmony was secured, but Athenian burghership still remained a privilege which could not be acquired by the native of any other city. Similar revolutions, with a similarly limited purpose and result, occurred at Sparta, Elis, and other Greek cities. At Rome, by a like revolution, the plebeians of the Capitoline and Aventine acquired parallel rights of citizenship with the patricians of the original city on the Palatine; but this revolution, as we shall presently see, had different results, leading ultimately to the overthrow of the city system throughout the ancient world.

The deep-seated difference between the Teutonic political system based on the shire and the Græco-Roman system based on the city is now, I think, sufficiently apparent. Now from this fundamental difference have come two consequences of enormous importance, consequences of which it is hardly too much to say that, taken together, they furnish the key to the whole history of European civilization as regarded purely from a political point of view.

The first of these consequences had no doubt a very humble origin in the mere difference between the shire and the city in territorial extent and in density of population. When people live near together it is easy for them to attend a town-meeting, and the assembly by which public business is transacted is likely to remain a *primary assembly* in the true sense of the term. But when people are dispersed over a wide tract of country the primary assembly inevitably shrinks up into an assembly of such persons as can best afford the time and trouble of attending it, or who have the strongest interest in going, or are most likely to be listened to after they get there. Distance and difficulty, and in early times danger too, perhaps, keep many people away. And though a shire is not a wide tract of country for most purposes, and according to modern ideas, it was nevertheless quite wide enough in former times to bring about the result I have mentioned. In the times before the Norman conquest, if not before the completed union of England under Edgar, the shire-mote or county assembly, though in theory still a folk-mote or primary assembly, had shrunk into what was virtually a witenagemote, or assembly of the most important persons in the county. But the several townships, not wishing, as we may well believe, to lose their voice entirely in the discussion of county affairs, sent to the meetings each its representative in the person of the town-reeve and four "discreet men." I believe it has not been determined at what precise time this step was taken, but it no doubt long antedates the Norman conquest. It is mentioned by Professor Stubbs as being already, in the reign of Henry III., a custom of immemorial antiquity.* In these four discreet men we have the forerunners of the two burghers from each town who were summoned by Earl Simon to the famous Parliament of 1265, as well as of the two knights from each shire whom the king had summoned eleven years before. In these four discreet men sent to speak for their township in the old county assembly we have the germ of institutions that have ripened into the House of Commons, and into the legislatures of modern kingdoms and republics. In the system of representation thus inaugurated lay the future possibility of such gigantic political aggregates as the United States of America.

In the ancient city, on the other hand, the extreme compactness of the political structure made representation unnecessary, and prevented it from being thought of in circumstances where it might have proved of immense value. In an aristocratic Greek city like Sparta all the members of the ruling class met together and voted in the assembly; in a democratic city like Athens all the free citizens met and voted; in each case the assembly was primary and not representative. The only exception in all Greek antiquity is one which emphatically proves the rule. The Amphiktyonic Council, an institution of

* Stubbs, *Select Charters*, 401.

prehistoric origin, concerned mainly with religious affairs pertaining to the worship of the Delphic Apollo, furnished a precedent for a representative—and indeed for a federal—assembly. Delegates from various Greek tribes and cities attended it. The fact that with such a precedent before their eyes the Greeks never once hit upon the device of representation, even in their attempts at forming federal unions, shows how thoroughly their whole political training had operated to exclude such a conception from their minds.

The second great consequence of the Græco-Roman city system was linked in many ways with this absence of the representative principle. In Greece the formation of political aggregates higher and more extensive than the city was until a late date rendered impossible. The good and bad sides of this peculiar phase of civilization have been often enough commented on by historians. On the one hand, the democratic assembly of such an imperial city as Athens furnished a school of political training superior to anything else that the world has ever seen. It was something like what the New England town-meeting would be if it were continually required to adjust complicated questions of international polity, if it were carried on in the very centre or point of confluence of all contemporary streams of culture, and if it were in the habit every few days of listening to statesmen and orators like Hamilton or Webster, jurists like Marshall, generals like Sherman, poets like Lowell, historians like Parkman. Nothing in all history has approached the high-wrought intensity and brilliancy of the political life of Athens. On the other hand, the smallness of the independent city as a political aggregate made it of little or no use in diminishing the liability to perpetual warfare which is the curse of all primitive communities. In a group of independent cities such as made up the Hellenic world the tendency to warfare is almost as strong and the occasions for warfare are almost as frequent as in a congeries of mutually hostile tribes of barbarians. There is something almost lurid in the sharpness of contrast with which the wonderful height of humanity attained by Hellas is set off against the fierce barbarism which characterized the relations of its cities to one another. It may be laid down as a general rule that in the early state of society, where the political aggregations are small, warfare is universal and cruel. From the intensity of the jealousies and rivalries between adjacent self-governing groups of men nothing short of chronic warfare can result, until some principle of union is evolved by which disputes can be settled in accordance with general principles admitted by all. Among peoples that have never risen above the tribal stage of aggregation, such as the American Indians, war is the normal condition of things, and there is nothing fit to be called *peace*—there are only truces of brief and uncertain duration. Were it not for this there would be somewhat less to be said in favor of great states and kingdoms. As modern life grows more and more complicated and interdependent the great state subserves innumerable useful purposes, but in the history of civilization its first service both in order of time and in order of importance consists in the diminution of the quantity of warfare and in the narrowing of its sphere. For within the territorial limits of any great and permanent state the tendency is for warfare to become the exception, and peace the rule. In this direction the political careers of the Greek cities assisted the progress of civilization but little.

Under the conditions of Græco-Roman civic life there were but two practicable methods of forming a great state and diminishing the quantity of warfare. The one method was *conquest with incorporation*, the other method was *federation*. Either one city might conquer all the others and endow their citizens with its own franchise, or all the cities might give up part of their sovereignty to a federal body which should have power to keep the peace, and should represent the civilized world of the time in its relations with outlying barbaric peoples. Of these two methods obviously the latter is much the higher one, and presupposes for its successful adoption a higher general state of civilization than the former. Neither method was adopted by the Greeks in their day of greatness. The Spartan method of extending its power was conquest without incorporation: when Sparta conquered another Greek city she sent a *harmost* to govern it like a tyrant; in other words, she virtually enslaved the subject city. The efforts of Athens tended more in the direction of a peaceful federalism. In the great Delian confederacy,

which developed into the maritime empire of Athens, the Ægean cities were treated as allies rather than subjects. As regards their local affairs they were in no way interfered with, and could they have been represented in some kind of a federal council at Athens, the course of Grecian history might have been wonderfully altered. As it was, they were all deprived of one essential element of sovereignty—the power of controlling their own military forces. Some of them, as Chios and Mitylene, furnished troops at the demand of Athens; others maintained no troops, but paid a fixed tribute to Athens in return for her protection. In either case they felt shorn of part of their dignity, though otherwise they had nothing to complain of; and during the Peloponnesian war Athens had to reckon with their tendency to revolt as well as with her Dorian enemies. Such a confederation was naturally doomed to speedy overthrow.

In the century following the death of Alexander, in the closing age of Hellenic independence, the federal idea appears in a much more advanced stage of elaboration, though in a part of Greece which had been held of little account in the great days of Athens and Sparta. Between the Achaian federation, framed in 274 B.C., and the United States of America, there are some interesting points of resemblance, which have been elaborately discussed by Mr. Freeman in his *History of Federal Government.* About the same time the Ætolian League came into prominence in the north. Both of these leagues were instances of true federal government, and were not mere confederations; that is, the central government acted directly upon all the citizens, and not merely upon the local governments. Each of these leagues had for its chief executive officer a General elected for one year, with powers similar to those of an American President. In each the supreme assembly was a primary assembly, at which every citizen from every city of the league had a right to be present, to speak, and to vote; but as a natural consequence these assemblies shrank into comparatively aristocratic bodies. In Ætolia, which was a group of mountain cantons similar to Switzerland, the federal union was more complete than in Achaia, which was a group of cities. In Achaia cases occurred in which a single city was allowed to deal separately with foreign powers. Here, as in earlier Greek history, the instinct of autonomy was too powerful to admit of complete federation. Yet the career of the Achaian League was not an inglorious one. For nearly a century and a half it gave the Peloponnesus a larger measure of orderly government than the country had ever known before, without infringing upon local liberties. It defied successfully the threats and assaults of Macedonia, and yielded at last only to the all-conquering might of Rome.

Thus, in so far as Greece contributed anything toward the formation of great and pacific political aggregates, she did it through attempts at *federation.* But in so low a state of political development as that which prevailed throughout the Mediterranean world in pre-Christian times the more barbarous method of *conquest with incorporation* was more likely to be successful on a great scale. This was well illustrated in the history of Rome—a civic community of the same generic type with Sparta and Athens, but presenting specific differences of the highest importance. The beginnings of Rome unfortunately are prehistoric. I have often thought that if some beneficent fairy could grant us the power of somewhere raising the veil of oblivion which enshrouds the earliest ages of Aryan dominion in Europe, there is no place from which the historian should be more glad to see it lifted than from Rome in the centuries which saw the formation of the city, and which preceded the expulsion of the kings. Even the legends which were uncritically accepted from the days of Livy to those of our grandfathers are provokingly silent upon the very points as to which we would fain get at least a hint. This much is plain, however, that in the embryonic stage of the Roman commonwealth some obscure processes of fusion or commingling went on. The tribal population of Rome was more heterogeneous than that of the great cities of Greece, and its earliest municipal religion seems to have been an assemblage of various tribal religions that had points of contact with other tribal religions throughout large portions of the Græco-Italic world. As M. De Coulanges observes,* Rome was almost the only city of antiquity which was not kept apart

* *La Cité Antique*, 441.

from other cities by its religion. There was hardly a people in Greece or Italy which it was restrained from admitting to participation in its municipal rites.

However this may have been, it is certain that Rome early succeeded in freeing itself from that insuperable prejudice which elsewhere prevented the ancient city from admitting aliens to a share in its franchise. And in this victory over primeval political ideas lay the whole secret of Rome's mighty career. The victory was not, indeed, completed until after the terrible social war of B.C. 90, but it was begun at least four centuries earlier with the admission of the plebeians. At the consummation of the conquest of Italy in B.C. 270 Roman burghership already extended, in varying degrees of completeness, through the greater part of Etruria and Campania, from the coast to the mountains, while all the rest of Italy was admitted to privileges for which ancient history had elsewhere furnished no precedent. Hence the invasion of Hannibal, half a century later, with its stupendous victories of Thrasymene and Cannæ, effected nothing toward detaching the Italian subjects from their allegiance to Rome: and herein we have a most instructive contrast to the conduct of the communities subject to Athens at several critical moments of the Peloponnesian war. With this consolidation of Italy, thus triumphantly demonstrated, the whole problem of the conquering career of Rome was solved. All that came afterward was simply a corollary from this. The concentration of all the fighting power of the peninsula into the hands of the ruling city formed a stronger political aggregate than anything the world had as yet seen. It was not only proof against the efforts of the greatest military genius of antiquity, but whenever it was brought into conflict with the looser organizations of Greece, Africa, and Asia, or with the semi-barbarous tribes of Spain and Gaul, the result of the struggle was virtually predetermined. The universal dominion of Rome was inevitable so soon as the political union of Italy had been accomplished. Among the Romans themselves there were those who thoroughly understood this point, as we may see from the interesting speech of the Emperor Claudius in favor of admitting Gauls to the Senate.

The benefits conferred upon the world by the universal dominion of Rome were of quite inestimable value. First of these benefits, and, as it were, the material basis of the others, was the prolonged peace that was enforced throughout large portions of the world where chronic warfare had hitherto prevailed. The *pax romana* has no doubt been sometimes depicted in exaggerated colors; it was doubtless nowhere so complete as the *pax americana* or the *pax britannica* of the present century; but, as compared with all that had preceded, it deserved the encomiums it has received. The second benefit was the mingling and mutual destruction of the primitive tribal and municipal religions, thus clearing the way for Christianity—a step which, regarded from a purely political point of view, was of immense importance for the further consolidation of society in Europe. The third benefit was the development of the Roman law into a great body of legal precepts and principles, leavened throughout with ethical principles of universal applicability, and the gradual substitution of this Roman law for the innumerable local usages of ancient communities. Thus arose the idea of a common Christendom, of a brotherhood of peoples associated both by common beliefs regarding the unseen world and by common principles of action in the daily affairs of life. The common ethical and traditional basis thus established for the future development of the great nationalities of Europe is the most fundamental characteristic distinguishing modern from ancient history.

While, however, it secured these benefits for mankind for all time to come, the Roman political system in itself was one which could not possibly endure. That extension of the franchise which made Rome's conquests possible was, after all, the extension of a franchise which could only be practically enjoyed within the walls of the imperial city itself. From first to last the device of representation was never thought of, and from first to last the Roman *comitia* remained a primary assembly. The result was that, as the burgherhood enlarged, the assembly became a huge mob, unfitted for the transaction of public business. The functions which in Athens were performed by the assembly were accordingly in Rome performed largely by the aristocratic senate, and for the conflicts consequently arising between the senatorial and the popular parties it was difficult to find any adequate constitution-

al check. Outside of Italy, moreover, in the absence of a representative system, the Roman government was a despotism which might be more or less oppressive, but in the nature of things could be nothing else than a despotism. But nothing is more dangerous for a free people than the attempt to govern a dependent people despotically. The bad government kills out the good government almost as surely as slave labor destroys free labor, or as a debased currency drives out a sound currency. The existence of proconsuls in the provinces, with great armies at their beck and call, brought about such results as might have been predicted, as soon as the growing anarchy at home furnished a valid excuse for armed interference. In the case of the Roman world, however, the result is not to be deplored, for it simply substituted a government that was practicable under the circumstances for one that had become demonstrably impracticable.

As regards the provinces, the change from senatorial to imperial government at Rome was a great gain, as it substituted an orderly and responsible administration for irregular and irresponsible extortion. For a long time, too, it was no part of the imperial policy to interfere with local customs and privileges. But in the absence of a representative system the centralizing tendency inseparable from the position of the government proved to be irresistible. And the strength of this centralizing tendency was further enhanced by the military character of the government, which was necessitated by perpetual frontier warfare against the barbarians. As year after year went by, the provincial towns and cities were governed less and less by their local magistrates, more and more by prefects responsible to the emperor only. There were other co-operating causes, economical and social, for the decline of the empire; but this change alone, which was consummated by the time of Diocletian, was quite enough to burn out the candle of Roman strength at both ends. With the decrease in the power of the local governments came an increase in the burdens of taxation and conscription that were laid upon them.* And as "the dislocation of commerce and industry caused by the barbarian inroads, and the increasing demands of the central administration for the payment of its countless officials and the maintenance of its troops, all went together," the load at last became greater "than human nature could endure." By the time of the great invasions of the fifth century local political life had gone far toward extinction throughout Roman Europe, and the tribal organization of the Teutons prevailed in the struggle simply because it had come to be politically stronger than any organization that was left to oppose it.

We have now seen how the two great political systems that were founded upon the ancient city both ended in failure, though both achieved enormous and lasting results. And we have seen how largely both these political failures were due to the absence of the principle of representation from the public life of Greece and Rome. The chief problem of civilization, from the political point of view, has always been how to secure concerted action among men on a great scale without sacrificing local independence. The ancient history of Europe seems to prove that it is not possible to solve this problem without the aid of the principle of representation. Greece, until overcome by external force, sacredly maintained local self-government, but in securing permanent concert of action it was conspicuously unsuccessful. Rome secured concert of action on a gigantic scale, and transformed the thousand unconnected tribes and cities it conquered into an organized European world, but in doing this it went far toward extinguishing local self-government. The advent of the Teutons upon the scene seems therefore to have been necessary, if only to supply the indispensable element without which the dilemma of civilization could not be surmounted. The turbulence of Europe during the Teutonic migrations was so great and so long continued that on a superficial view one might be excused for regarding the good of Rome as largely undone. And in the feudal isolation of effort and apparent incapacity for combined action which characterized the different parts of Europe after the downfall of the Carlovingian Empire, it might well have seemed that political society had reverted toward a primitive type of structure. In truth, however, the retrogradation was much slighter than appeared on the surface. Feudalism itself, with its curious net-work of fealties and obligations running through the fabric of

* Arnold, *Roman Provincial Administration*, 237.

society in all directions, was by no means purely disintegrative in its tendencies. The mutual relations of rival baronies were by no means like those of rival clans or tribes in pre-Roman days. The central power of Rome, though no longer exerted politically through curators and prefects, was no less effective in the potent hands of the clergy, and in the traditions of the imperial jurisprudence by which the legal ideas of mediæval society were so strongly colored. So powerful, indeed, was this twofold influence of Rome that in the later Middle Ages, when the modern nationalities had fairly taken shape, it was the capacity for local self-government—in spite of all the Teutonic re-enforcement it had had—that had suffered much more than the capacity for national consolidation. Among the great modern nations it was only England, which in its political development had remained more independent of the Roman law and the Roman Church than even the Teutonic father-land itself—it was only England that came out of the mediæval crucible with its Teutonic self-government substantially intact. On the mainland only two little spots at the two extremities of the old Teutonic world had fared equally well. At the mouth of the Rhine the little Dutch communities were prepared to lead the attack in the terrible battle for freedom with which the drama of modern history was ushered in. In the impregnable mountain fastnesses of upper Germany the Swiss cantons had bidden defiance alike to Austrian tyrant and to Burgundian invader, and had preserved in its purest form the rustic democracy of their Aryan forefathers. By a curious coincidence both these free peoples, in their efforts toward national unity, were led to frame federal unions, and one of these political achievements is, from the standpoint of universal history, of very great significance. The old League of High Germany, which earned immortal renown at Morgarten and Sempach, consisted of German-speaking cantons only. But in the fifteenth century the league won by force of arms a small bit of Italian territory about Lake Lugano, and in the sixteenth the powerful city of Berne annexed the Burgundian bishopric of Lausanne, and rescued the free city of Geneva from the clutches of the Duke of Savoy. Other Burgundian possessions of Savoy were seized by the canton of Freiburg, and after a while all these subjects and allies were admitted on equal terms into the confederation. The result is that modern Switzerland is made up of what might seem to be most discordant and unmanageable elements. Four languages—German, French, Italian, and Rhætian—are spoken within the limits of the confederacy, and in point of religion the cantons are sharply divided as Catholic and Protestant. Yet, in spite of all this, Switzerland is as thoroughly united in feeling as any nation in Europe. To the German-speaking Catholic of Altdorf the German Catholics of Bavaria are foreigners, while the French-speaking Protestants of Geneva are fellow-countrymen. Deeper down even than these deep-seated differences of speech and creed lies the feeling that comes from the common possession of a political freedom that is greater than that possessed by surrounding peoples. Such has been the happy outcome of the first attempt at federal union made by men of Teutonic descent. Complete independence in local affairs, when combined with adequate representation in the federal council, has effected such an intense cohesion of interests throughout the nation as no centralized government, however cunningly devised, could ever have secured.

Previously to the nineteenth century, however, the federal form of government had given no clear indication of its capacity for holding together great bodies of men, spread over vast territorial areas, in orderly and peaceful relations with one another. The empire of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius still remained the greatest known example of political aggregation, and men who argued from simple historic precedent, without that power of analyzing precedents which the comparative method has supplied, came not unnaturally to the conclusions that great political aggregates have an inherent tendency toward breaking up, and that great political aggregates can not be maintained except by a strongly centralized administration, and at the sacrifice of local self-government. A century ago the very idea of a stable federation of forty powerful states, covering a territory nearly equal in area to the whole of Europe, carried on by a republican government elected by universal suffrage, and guaranteeing to every tiniest village its full meed of local independence—the very idea of all this would have been scouted as a thoroughly impracticable utopian dream. And such a

skepticism would have been quite justifiable, for European history did not seem to afford any precedents upon which such a forecast of the future could be logically based. Between the various nations of Europe there has certainly always existed an element of political community, bequeathed by the Roman Empire, manifested during the Middle Ages in a common relationship to the Church, and in modern times in a common adherence to certain uncodified rules of international law, more or less imperfectly defined and enforced. Between England and Spain, for example, or between France and Austria, there has never been such utter political severance as existed normally between Greece and Persia, or Rome and Carthage. But this community of political inheritance in Europe, it is needless to say, falls very far short of the degree of community implied in a federal union; and so great is the diversity of language and of creed, and of local historic development, with the deep-seated prejudices attendant thereupon, that the formation of a European federation could hardly be looked for except as the result of mighty though quiet and subtle influences operating for a long time from without. From what direction and in what manner such an irresistible though perfectly pacific pressure is likely to be exerted in the future I shall endeavor to show in my next paper. At present we have to observe that the experiment of federal union on a grand scale required as its conditions, *first*, a vast extent of unoccupied country which could be settled by men of the same race and speech, and *secondly*, on the part of the settlers, a rich inheritance of political training such as is afforded by long ages of self-government. The Atlantic coast of North America, easily accessible to Europe, yet remote enough to be freed from the political complications of the Old World, furnished the first of these conditions; the history of the English people through fifty generations furnished the second. It was through English self-government, as I argued in my first paper, that England alone among the great nations of Europe was able to found durable and self-supporting colonies. I have now to add that it was only England among all the great nations of Europe that could send forth colonists capable of dealing successfully with the difficult problem of forming such a political aggregate as the United States have become. For obviously the preservation of local self-government is essential to the very idea of a federal union. Without the town-meeting, or its equivalent in some form or other, the federal union would become *ipso facto* converted into a centralizing imperial government. Should anything of this sort ever happen—should American towns ever come to be ruled by prefects appointed at Washington, and should American States ever become like the administrative departments of France, or even like the counties of England—then the time will have come when men may safely predict the break-up of the American political system by reason of its overgrown dimensions and the diversity of interests between its parts. States so unlike one another as Maine and Louisiana and California can not be held together by the stiff bonds of a centralizing government. The durableness of the federal union lies in its flexibility, and it is this flexibility which makes it the only kind of government, according to modern ideas, that is permanently applicable to a whole continent. If the United States were today a consolidated republic like France, recent events in California might have disturbed the peace of the country. But in the federal union, if California, as a State sovereign within its own sphere, adopts a grotesque constitution that aims at infringing on the rights of capitalists, the other States are not directly affected. They may disapprove, but they have neither the right nor the desire to interfere. Meanwhile the laws of nature quietly operate to repair the blunder. Capital flows away from California, and the business of the State is damaged, until presently the ignorant demagogues lose favor, the silly constitution becomes a dead letter, and its formal repeal begins to be talked of. Not the smallest ripple of excitement disturbs the profound peace of the country at large. It is in this complete independence that is preserved by every State in all matters save those in which the federal principle itself is concerned that we find the surest guarantee of the permanence of the American political system. Obviously no race of men save the race to which habits of self-government and the skillful use of political representation had come to be as second nature could ever have succeeded in founding such a system.

Yet even by men of English race, working without let or hinderance from any

foreign source, and with the better part of a continent at their disposal for a field to work in, so great a political problem as that of the American Union has not been solved without much toil and trouble. The great problem of civilization—how to secure permanent concert of action without sacrificing independence of action—is a problem which has taxed the ingenuity of Americans as well as of older Aryan peoples. In the year 1788, when our federal union was completed, the problem had already occupied the minds of American statesmen for a century and a half—that is to say, ever since the English settlement of Massachusetts. In 1643 a New England confederation was formed between Massachusetts and Connecticut, together with Plymouth, since merged in Massachusetts, and New Haven, since merged in Connecticut. The confederation was formed for defense against the French in Canada, the Dutch on the Hudson River, and the Indians. But owing simply to the inequality in the sizes of these colonies—Massachusetts more than outweighing the other three combined—the practical working of this confederacy was never very successful. In 1754, just before the outbreak of the great war which drove the French from America, a general Congress of the colonies was held at Albany, and a comprehensive scheme of union was proposed by Benjamin Franklin, but nothing came of the project at that time. The commercial rivalry between the colonies and their disputes over boundary lines were then quite like the similar phenomena with which Europe had so long been familiar. In 1756 Georgia and South Carolina actually came to blows over the navigation of the Savannah River.* The idea that the thirteen colonies could ever overcome their mutual jealousies so far as to unite in a single political body was received at that time in England with a derision like that which a proposal for a permanent federation of European states might excite in some minds to-day. It was confidently predicted that if the common allegiance to the British crown were once withdrawn, the colonies would forthwith proceed to destroy themselves with internecine war. In fact, however, it was the shaking off of allegiance to the British crown, and the common trials and sufferings of the war of independence, that at last welded the colonies together, and made a federal union possible. As it was, the union was consummated only by degrees. By the Articles of Confederation, agreed on by Congress in 1777, just after the victory at Saratoga, the federal government acted only upon the several State governments, and not directly upon individuals; there was no federal judiciary for the decision of constitutional questions arising out of the relations between the States; and the Congress was not provided with any efficient means of raising a revenue or of enforcing its legislative decrees. Under such a government the difficulty of insuring concerted action was so great that but for the transcendent personal qualities of Washington, the half-heartedness of the British generals opposed to him, and the aid of the French fleet, the war of independence would most likely have ended in failure. After the independence of the colonies was acknowledged, the formation of a more perfect union was seen to be the only method of securing peace and making a nation which should be respected by foreign powers; and so in 1788, after much discussion, the present Constitution of the United States was adopted—a constitution which satisfied but few people at the time, and which was from beginning to end a series of compromises, yet which has proved in its working a masterpiece of political wisdom. The first great compromise answered to the initial difficulty of securing approximate equality of weight in the federal councils between States of unequal size. The simple device by which this difficulty was at last surmounted has proved effectual, although the inequalities between the States have greatly increased. To-day the State of Rhode Island is smaller than Montenegro, while the State of Texas is larger than the Austrian Empire with Bavaria and Würtemberg thrown in. The population of New York is more than fifty times that of Nevada. Yet New York and Nevada, Rhode Island and Texas, each sends two Senators to Washington, while, on the other hand, in the Lower House, each State has a number of Representatives proportioned to its population. The Upper House of Congress is therefore a federal, while the Lower House is a national, body, and the government is brought into direct contact with the people without endangering the equal rights of the several States.

The second great compromise of the

* Frothingham, *Rise of the Republic*, p. 151.

American Constitution consists in the group of arrangements by which sovereignty is divided between the States and the general government. In all domestic legislation and jurisdiction, civil and criminal, in all matters relating to tenure of property, marriage and divorce, the fulfillment of contracts, and the punishment of malefactors, each separate State is as completely a sovereign state as France or Great Britain. The attributes of sovereignty with which the several States have parted are the coining of money, the carrying of mails, the imposition of tariff dues, the granting of patents and copyrights, the maintenance of armed ships and troops, and the declaration of war. To insure the stability of the federal union thus formed, the Constitution created a federal judiciary, or "system of United States courts, extending throughout the States, empowered to define the boundaries of federal authority, and to enforce its decisions by federal power."*

This omnipresent federal judiciary was undoubtedly the most important creation of the statesmen who framed the Constitution. The closely knit relations which it established between the States contributed powerfully to the growth of a feeling of national solidarity throughout the whole country. The United States to-day cling together with a coherency far greater than the coherency of an ordinary federation or league. Yet the primary aspect of the federal Constitution was that of a permanent league, in which each State, while retaining its domestic sovereignty intact, renounced forever its right to make war upon its neighbors, and relegated its international interests to the care of a central council in which all the States were alike represented, and a central tribunal endowed with purely judicial functions of interpretation. It was the first attempt in the history of the world to apply on a grand scale to the relations between states the same legal methods of procedure which, as long applied in all civilized countries to the relations between individuals, have rendered private warfare obsolete. And it was so far successful that during a period of seventy-two years, in which the United States increased fourfold in extent, tenfold in population, and more than tenfold in wealth and power, the federal union maintained a state of peace more profound than the *pax romana*.

Twenty years ago this unexampled state of peace was suddenly interrupted by a tremendous war, which in its results, however, has served only to bring out with fresh emphasis the pacific implications of federalism. With the eleven revolted States at first completely conquered, and then re-instated with full rights and privileges in the federal union, with their people accepting in good faith the results of the contest, with their leaders not executed as traitors, but admitted again to seats in Congress and in the cabinet, and with all this accomplished without any violent constitutional changes—I think we may fairly claim that the strength of the pacific implications of federalism has been more strikingly demonstrated than if there had been no war at all. Certainly the world never beheld such a spectacle before.

In my next and concluding paper I shall return to this point, while summing up the argument and illustrating the part played by the English race in the general history of civilization.

* Johnston, *American Politics*, p. 12.

IN WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

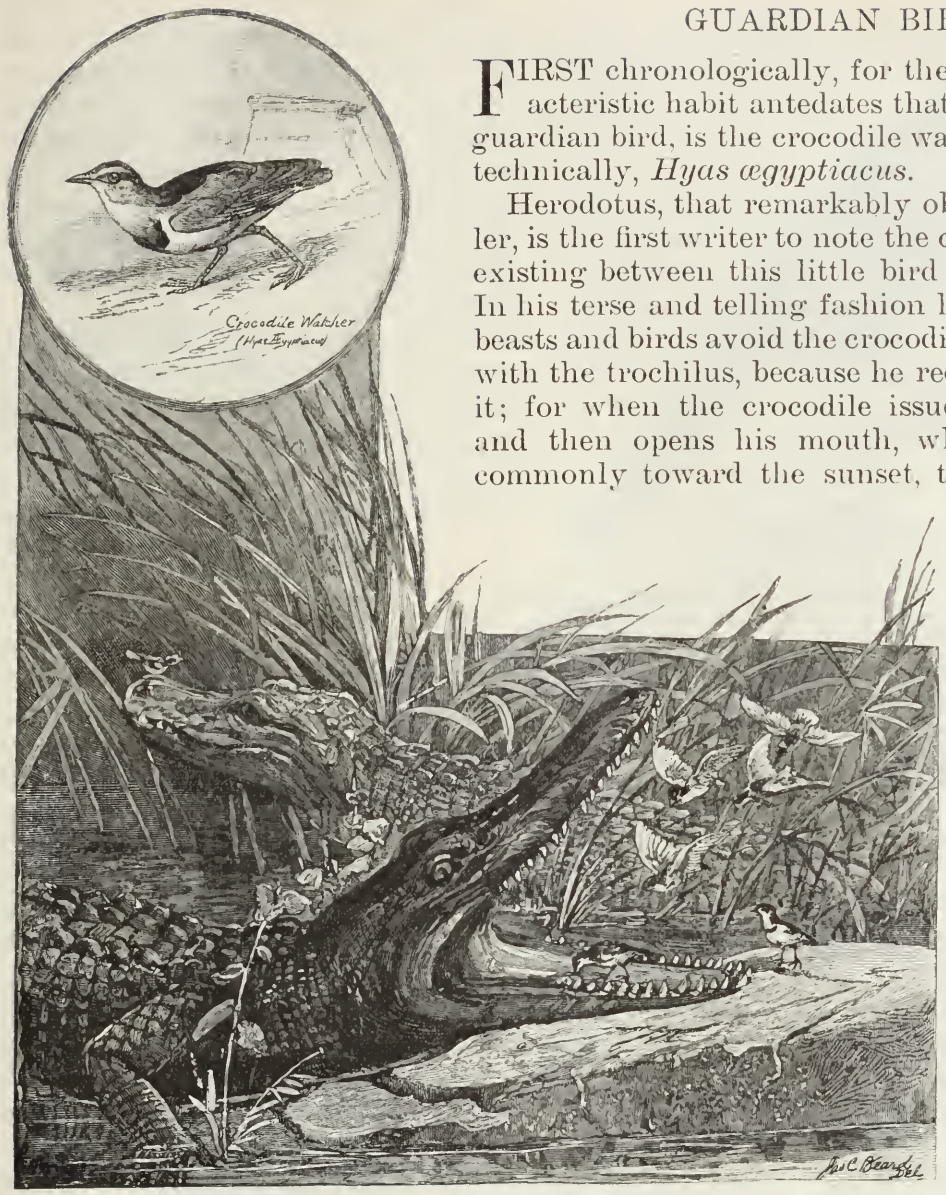
BENEATH the midnight moon of May,
Through dusk on either hand,
One sheet of silver spreads the bay,
One crescent jet the land:
The dark ships, mirrored in the stream,
Their ghostly tresses shake—
When will the dead world cease to dream?
When will the morning break?

Beneath a night no longer May,
Where only cold stars shine,
One glimmering ocean spreads away
This haunted life of mine;
And, shattered on the frozen shore,
My harp can never wake—
When will the dream of death be o'er?
When will the morning break?

GUARDIAN BIRDS.

FIRST chronologically, for the record of its characteristic habit antedates that given of any other guardian bird, is the crocodile watcher, trochilus, or, technically, *Hyas ægyptiacus.*

Herodotus, that remarkably observing old traveller, is the first writer to note the curious relationship existing between this little bird and the crocodile. In his terse and telling fashion he says: "All other beasts and birds avoid the crocodile, but he is at peace with the trochilus, because he receives benefits from it; for when the crocodile issues from the water, and then opens his mouth, which he does most commonly toward the sunset, the trochilus enters his mouth and swallows the leeches which cling to his teeth. The huge beast is so pleased that he never injures the little bird."



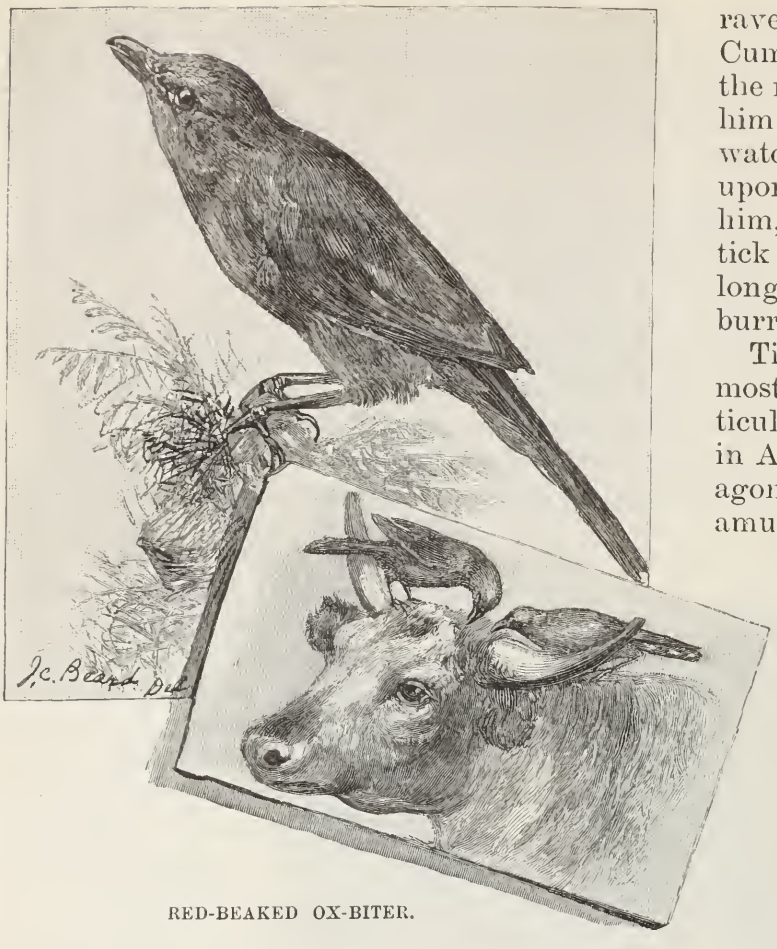
GUARDIANS OF THE CROCODILE.

Subsequent writers, with the sufficient wisdom that comes of much closet study, denied the story of the old Greek on the ground of improbability. On the other hand, the natives find the account too bald, and improve upon it by adding that the zic-zac, as they call the bird, in likeness to its cry, frequently becomes so intent upon his business of picking the crocodile's teeth that he forgets the lapse of time, and continues his operations so long—in this respect strikingly like our human trochilus, the dentist—that the monster in sheer weariness must close his mouth. This ungrateful action the trochilus indignantly resents, and at once, with beak and spurs, proceeds to scarify the crocodile's interior, with the result of causing the tired jaws to open once more.

Modern writers who have been to Egypt confirm the substance of the story of Herodotus, but are skeptical as to the native addition. They affirm, indeed, that the trochilus is the crocodile's friend in its despite rather than with its consent, and that the occasions when the bird finds itself caught between its ugly protégé's jaws, though infrequent, are final. This is very likely to be true, for the crocodile is certainly rapacious and blood-thirsty to the extreme of sullen brutality.

If it be the case, it is fortunate for the trochilus that it is gifted with unusual agility. It belongs to the family of long-legged birds, which includes a great many species, ranging from the spry little snipe to the languid herons and cranes. Its beak is short, but its legs are long and muscular, as they need be to enable it to move with the rapidity for which it is remarkable.

When not on duty it remains rather quiet, and seems to wait for the appearance of the ungrateful object of its solicitude with great patience; but when the monster is at



RED-BEAKED OX-BITER.

last moved to bask upon a sand bank, the trochilus is full of activity. It runs busily hither and thither, plucking off and swallowing the leeches that always are to be found adhering to the soft parts of the crocodile's body.

The lazy saurian, in the mean time, like those happy mortals who fall asleep under the barber's ministrations, closes his mean little eyes and forgets his cares. Busy as it may be in helping itself to the toothsome leeches, the trochilus has set a sharp eye out for intruders, and above all for man. Should any such approach too near, the sharp cry of the faithful guardian rouses the slumberer, which at once glides away into the water and safety.

Turning from this pitiful case of unrequited affection, it will be necessary to take but a few steps into the African jungle to come upon an almost equally ungainly and savage brute guarded with as much care and jealousy by an even more attractive bird than the trochilus. These are the rhinoceros and his faithful attendants the red-beaked ox-biters (*Buphaga erythrorhynca*), more popularly known as rhinoceros-birds.

These birds, which belong to the great raven family, are, to use Gordon Cumming's words, "the best friends the rhinoceros has." They cling to him through good and evil report; watch over him by day, and perch upon him by night; never leaving him, in fact, as long as he has a tick to his hide—in other words, as long as he has a hide for a tick to burrow in.

Ticks, which infest the forests of most parts of the earth, and are particularly plentiful and enterprising in Africa, cause the most exquisite agony to the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and elephant, notwithstanding the seeming protection of their very thick skin. It is quite probable, indeed, that the seeming protection is only a source of greater suffering, because of the greater difficulty of dislodging the tormentor.

To the bird, however, these ticks are as so many nuggets of gold to the prospecting man. Its beak is so constructed as to render the extraction of a deeply imbedded tick only a pleasantly difficult task. What an art this is that man alone can know who has attempted to dislodge a tick from his own skin, and only succeeded in leaving there a safely buried and poisonous head. The ungainly recipient of the bird's attentions is duly grateful, and never, even when suffering great pain from the probing beak, offers any remonstrance, but rather shows, by the liberties it permits, the implicit confidence it reposes in its attendants.

In those hot and marshy parts of the world a slight wound soon becomes a serious sore, and in consequence of the attraction it is to flies and other unpleasant little creatures, would soon become the cause of the afflicted animal's death, did not the feathered guardians zealously watch the affected spot, and treat it as skillfully and effectually as any physician could. In Abyssinia the natives dislike the bird, because they ignorantly fancy that the probing of the wounds on their cattle prevents healing.

It may be understood from what has been said that the rhinoceros-bird is no careless guardian practicing benevolence

from purely selfish motives. He is not content to extract the parasites from the easy and conspicuous spots, but hops with great care all over his huge charge, now thrusting his inquisitive beak into this ear, now hopping over the head and inspecting the other, now examining the corners of the mouth, and next wisely seeing that the region of the eyes is safe.

The guardian duty is not usurped by one bird, but, as if impressed with the importance of the task, as many as a half-dozen will devote themselves to one rhinoceros. Nor do they limit their duties to parasite inspection. Like the trochilus, they watch over his slumbers, and warn him by vociferous crying of the approach of an enemy, and when noise fails to arouse him they fly at his face and flap it with their wings. Gordon Cumming, who writes pleasantly, but not scientifically, says that more than once his careful stalking was rendered naught by the watchful presence of these birds.

"Chukuroo," he says, "perfectly understands their warning, and springing to his feet, he generally first looks about him in every direction, after which he invariably makes off. I have often hunted a rhinoceros on horseback which led me a chase of many miles, and required a number of shots before he fell, during which chase several of these birds remained by the rhinoceros to the last. They reminded me of mariners on the deck of some bark sailing on the ocean, for they perched along his back and sides, and as each of my bullets told on the shoulder of the rhinoceros they ascended about six feet into the air, uttering their harsh cry of alarm, and then resumed their position. It sometimes happened that the lower branches of trees under which the rhinoceros passed swept them from their living deck, but they always recovered their former station. I have often shot these animals at midnight when drinking at the fountains, and the birds, imagining they were asleep,

RHINOCEROS-BIRDS AND WHITE RHINOCEROS.

remained with them till morning; and on my approaching, before taking flight, they exerted themselves to their utmost to awaken Chukuroo from his deep sleep."

The good looks of this little guardian contrast oddly with the exaggerated uncouthness of its protégé. As its name implies, it has a red beak. Its back and feet are of a grayish-brown, the under parts of the body are pale yellow, and the eyes and eyelids are of a golden color. It is about nine inches long, and spreads its wings thirteen inches.

Although called the rhinoceros-bird, it does not confine its beneficent attentions to that animal, though in the care of no other creature does it exhibit the same life-long devotedness. The hippopotamus, the elephant, the camel, the buffalo, and such other quadrupeds as are tick-ridden, all come in for a share of the ox-biter's ministrations, and all gratefully submit to the necessary pain of probing.

This bird is found only in Central Africa; but there is in South Africa a near relative, known as the African ox-biter (*Buphaga africana*), which performs very much the same office in its territory.

Just here may be noticed another bird, whose only claim to an introduction among guardian birds is the fact that it has no right to be with them. This is the white-beaked honey-guide (*Indicator albirostris*). So far is this little fellow from being a guardian that he can only be described as a very Judas among birds. And as if to carry out the similitude to his great human prototype, his treachery is frequently of benefit to others, while disaster falls to his lot alone.

The white hunter, while eagerly pursuing the fresh spoor of one of the great pachyderms, in company with native hunters, will frequently find himself of a sudden deserted by his black attendants, and will discover, to his intense disgust, that it is owing to the importunate invitation of this little Judas.

The bird has discovered a nest of wild bees, and desires to feast upon the sweet spoils stored there. The easiest way to accomplish this is to call in the aid of man. Accordingly the little fellow seeks a native, and, by flying close beside him and excitedly twittering and chattering, attracts his attention. This done, he flies away a short distance, and then stops and looks back to see if he be followed. In this way he leads his accomplice until the nest is reached, when he distinctly indicates it by hovering over it with his bill fixedly pointing at it.

He then takes up his position on a branch near by, and anxiously awaits the result of stupefying the bees and rifling the nest; for the natives always reward his villainy by giving him a small share of the plunder. Should the little fellow know of more than one nest, he will in turn lead to them all.

The retribution that occasionally overtakes the bird is due to the just rage of the bees, which seem to understand the part played by it, and have, curiously, learned to punish it, in spite of its apparent invulnerability to their weapons. They might vainly exhaust the battery of their stings on its feather-covered body, and have learned not to waste their ammunition in that way. The moment they see their betrayer hovering over their nest, they rush out upon it, and like the tiny Blefuscans, launch their poisoned arrows at its eyes.

Usually the bird escapes, but often it pays the penalty of its treachery, and falls helplessly to the ground to die within reach of the sweets for sake of which it played the traitor.

The honey-guide is a sober-looking bird, about six inches long. It wears a gray-brown mantle, with its short sleeves, or wings, edged with white, black throat-covering, brown shoes, and yellowish-white waistcoat. It is apparently entirely devoid of conscience, which will not be so much wondered at, perhaps, when it is known that it belongs to the cuckoos.

The lazy creature, entirely given over to vicious courses, does not trouble to build a nest, but having laid her egg upon the bare ground, carries it to the nest of some more thrifty bird, and after incontinently tossing out one of the eggs belonging there, deposits her own in its place. The European cuckoo, after thus making some other bird adopt its young, has at least the grace to permit the new mother to bring it up as nearly in her own way as the unruly nature of the young changeling will admit; but the honey-guide, as if afraid that its offspring might learn some good habits, steals it from its home as soon as possible after it is hatched, and inculcates, no doubt, its own evil ways.

Having given the cuckoo such a bad character, it is no more than right to turn at once to one member of the family that

RATTLESNAKE ENTRAPPED BY CALIFORNIA ROAD-RUNNER.

not only has none of the bad habits laid to the charge of the cuckoo generally, but is even entitled to a good place among the guardian birds.

To find this member of the family, it will be necessary to leave Africa for the west coast of North America. This bird is called scientifically the *Geococcyx californianus*, but is popularly known under several other names, such as road-runner, chaparral cock, and paisano. As is usually the case where modesty and great worth are combined, the paisano is but little known. Man is its protégé, and one of his most dangerous and deadly enemies—the rattlesnake—is the object doomed to destruction.

The paisano is an odd bird in many respects. The body is not more than ten inches long, while the straight tail measures fully thirteen inches. And a very uneasy member is this long tail, for it is almost constantly kept moving in a bobbing, jerky sort of fashion. The general color of the upper part of the body is olive green, the beak is long and sharply curved at the end, on the head is a crest which may be erected at will, the legs are long and powerful, and the four toes of the feet are disposed in pairs backward and forward.

It is able and willing to kill the rattlesnake in fair combat; but, according to Cassin, it has a much more poetical plan of causing the venomous creature's death when circumstances favor. Should it perchance find the snake asleep near a growth of that small cactus which General Fremont found so formidable a barrier in Southern California, it will quietly but vigorously apply itself to building a wall of the spiny vegetable about the unconscious snake.

When the work is satisfactorily completed it will suddenly arouse the victim by a sharp stroke with its powerful beak. To coil for a spring is the reptile's first movement; to seek to retreat its next. It strives in vain to find a passage out. Teased by the bird, doubly angry at the barrier that opposes itself to his escape, the snake savagely strikes at the cactus.

A mouthful of spines is no more welcome even to a rattlesnake than to any other creature. He becomes furious. What shall he strike? Where deposit his overflowing venom? At the cactus again. More injury to himself! Rage—impotent rage. Again and again he madly strikes. Blinded at last by fury, he turns upon himself, and with choking hiss plunges his fangs with increasing madness into his own flesh. Repeatedly he hurls himself against the cactus—at last dies, his own torturing executioner. Is not that poetical justice?

For the unceasing and effective warfare which it wages against this foe to humanity, the paisano certainly deserves only kindness from man. And from man generally he receives it; but from the species sportsman he receives it not. And is not the reason for this sufficient? Paisano, though gifted with good wings, is

more abundantly supplied with legs. With these it can outstrip hound or hare. What better sport, then, for mounted hunters than by chasing it with fleet hounds to see how near they can come to overtaking it!

TWO-HORNED HORNBILL FEEDING ITS MATE.

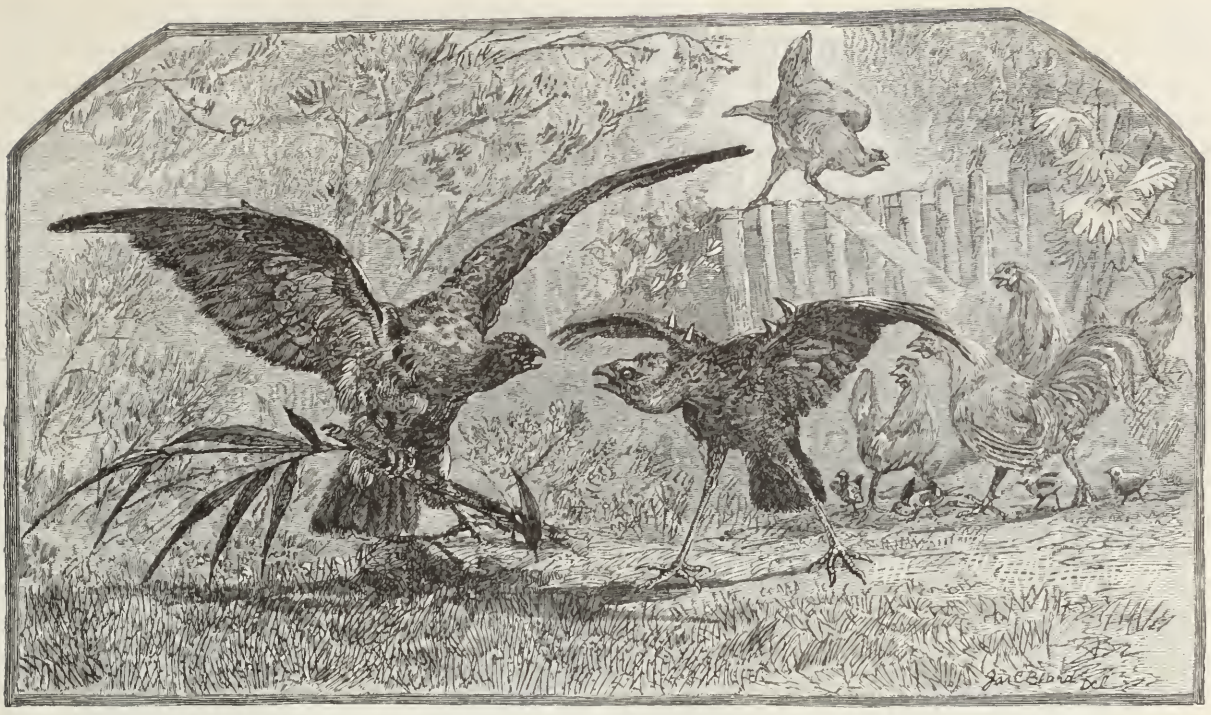
Having thus placed one large good mark to the credit of the cuckoos, we will leave them and America at a bound, and return to Africa, where lives a guardian bird of vastly different size and style, but which lends itself to the service of man in much the same way as the paisano. This is the secretary-bird, so called from an odd tuft of feathers forming its crest and quaintly resembling quill pens thrust behind the ear.

The secretary-bird (*Serpentarius secretarius*), or crane-vulture, as it is also called, in the effort to describe the two orders to which it seems to belong, is a strange creation. It has the long legs of the cranes, making it nearly four feet high, but the facial appearance of the vultures. In its habits it is a true bird of prey, for, according to Levaillant, it is never happier than when a prairie fire, by driving all sorts of game out of covert, enables it to follow the advance line of the flames, and strike down and greedily devour the unfortunate fugitives.

Snakes of the venomous kind are, however, its favorite articles of food, and these it kills with an address equal to its courage. Whether or not it is proof against snake poison is not known; but it has never been known to die from the effects of an encounter, and it is therefore surmised that either it is so proof or that it is careful not to be bitten in a fleshy part.

It makes no hesitation about attacking the most poisonous snake, and invariably comes off victor. If the snake give battle, the secretary lowers one of its large wings so as to serve as a shield, and then hops about with great agility until it sees a favorable opportunity for tossing the reptile in the air. Every attempt made by the snake to bite is foiled by the skillfully interposed wing, upon whose feathered surface the poison seems to fall harmless. When the snake finally becomes exhausted, it is quickly killed by an adroit bite through the nape of the neck. It is then swallowed whole, if small enough, or, if not, in as large pieces as possible.

Although indigenous to Africa, the good offices of this bird have not been confined to that country. Nearly half a century ago it was introduced into the French West Indies for the express purpose of waging war upon the rattlesnake. The object was attained, for the bird throve, and performed the duties of its office with great credit to itself, and to the satisfaction of its human protégés.



SPUR-WINGED CHAUNA DEFENDING CHICKENS.

Although a very dignified bird, the secretary is willing, if well treated, to lend itself to the service of man in a more menial capacity than that of snake-killer. It readily becomes domesticated, and looks after the poultry-yard with great care, governing mildly but firmly, and driving away or swallowing all intruders. The predatory rat or harmless garden snake enters the poultry-yard only to find a grave. Nor may the fowls indulge in unseemly altercation. The first intimation of a quarrel brings the secretary upon the scene, and the brawlers are at once separated.

It should be remarked that the secretary-bird is no trifler. He feels that the laborer is worthy of his hire. His hire is the gratification of a large appetite. Pay him or he pays himself. He will abstain from chickens in your interest, but will not hesitate to take them in his own.

It might be well now to turn from the snake-eaters were it not that there still remains a bird of this kind in which the guardianship idea is so dominant that he carries its operation to an unwarrantable limit. This is the hornbill, a native of northern Africa and southern Asia. All of the species do not practice snake-killing, but a few of them do, and even go so far as to seek out the female snake as she lies coiled about her eggs, and first killing her, devour her eggs.

We say, "charity begins at home." The hornbill, with a stronger emphasis, says, "guardianship begins at home." He provides a hole in a tree, and then practically says to his wife, "Go in there; make your nest as best you can; lay your eggs; keep them warm; hatch your little ones; I will feed you." The good wife obeys, and the husband at once gathers mud and plasters up the hole, leaving only an aperture large enough to admit the imprisoned lady's beak.

The hornbill is worthy of a description if ever a bird were, and while the mud is being laid about the nest there will be time to describe the grotesque creature. The body is rather slender, the neck moderately long, the head short, the legs short, and the wings short. In most of the species the coloring is mixed sombre and gray, making a striking contrast. They vary in size, sometimes, as in the case of the rhinoceros hornbill, being as many as four and a half feet long, and upward of two feet in spread of the comparatively short wings. The voice, like that of the jackass, is, when first heard, or suddenly heard at any time, startling and awesome. In sound it is not unlike that of the patient quadruped, combined with the noise of escaping steam from a locomotive.

The beak, usually of a deep red color, is an extraordinary feature of this generally odd bird. In some species it is a foot

long, with a superstructure of more than half that length. It has the appearance of great weight and strength. The latter quality it possesses, but the former it fortunately lacks. Its lightness is due to the honeycomb construction of the interior.

Returning now to Mrs. Hornbill, it will be found that she is apparently contented with her lot. The agreement seems to be that in consideration of submitting to seclusion and assiduously minding her own business, her husband shall feed her the choicest morsels whenever she thrusts her phenomenal beak out of the aperture left for that purpose. Her beak is out all the time. That tells the whole pitiful story.

The result only serves to once more point the familiar moral—never set your wits against a woman's, and let her make the last condition of a bargain.

His word is given. The faithful if jealous husband never attempts to evade his contract. Vainly he labors to fill the reservoir to which the gaping beak leads. Nor rest by day nor sleep by night, save in furtive winks, does he know. The consequence may be foreseen. He grows weak and wan, his head droops, his enfeebled wings can scarce carry even his emaciated body. A cold rain comes, and morning dawns to see him stretched lifeless on the ground, deaf even to the awful voice of his irate widow.

Perchance retribution follows, not in the guise of a second husband, but in the person of man. Idleness and generous living have transformed the recluse into a mass of juicy fat and tender, even aromatic, flesh; for she has fed largely on spicy fruits. Ruthless man, led by the marvellous discord of her voice, or attracted by the sight of her head, breaks away the barrier of mud, squeezes the widow's neck, and, lo! the end of the domestic drama—a veritable tragedy.

Closed up in her cell, the mother bird can find no other material for her nest than her own feathers. She is a tender mother, if not a considerate wife, and therefore makes no hesitation about plucking herself. Man may honor and admire her for this beautiful trait, but it is needless to say the contemplation of its results causes him no pangs.

By way of contrast to this tale of domestic woe, let us wander again to the New World, where we shall find another horned bird, with a voice hardly less disagreeable than that of the hornbill, but which has, combined with shy and retiring manners, a tender heart and benevolent spirit. This is the chauna (*Chauna chavaria*) of South and Central America.

The harsh, discordant voice of this bird has earned for it the name of screamer; but we all know that the voice of a benefactor, as long at least as we need his aid, is always sweet. The chauna is about the size of a common goose, but has longer legs, and consequently a more graceful carriage and more active movements. Its prevailing color is brown mixed with gray.

Modest and peace-loving as is the chauna, it is nevertheless full of spirit, and will gladly defend the weak from the tyranny of the strong. It is fortunately enabled to accomplish this by means of an armament of horns or spurs, placed one on top of its head and two on each wing. With these it defends its young from the attacks of all enemies, whether birds or reptiles.

Domesticated, the chauna becomes the champion of the poultry-yard, and successfully pits itself against the numerous winged robbers that infest the parts of the world which it inhabits. Its action in this matter, unlike that of the other guardian birds as yet mentioned, can not be ascribed to selfish motives, for its food consists entirely of seeds, grapes, and the leaves of aquatic plants, and not in any case of the enemies of the defenseless creatures which it delights in protecting.

It was said, in speaking of the honey-guide, that its evil ways would not be wondered at when it was known that it belonged to the cuckoos. It is gratifying now to bear witness to the good character of another family of birds in saying that the kindly spirit of the chauna will seem quite in keeping when it is known that it belongs to the same order as the cranes and storks.

A cynical Frenchman has said that friendship is only another form of selfishness. Untrue, of course. But not the less real is the foundation on which the saying was built. Pure disinterestedness is very seldom seen. "The motive?" demands the old lawyer in *David Copperfield*. Guardianship in birds! The motive? Alas! the answer must usually be, ticks, bats, flies, snakes—a good meal, in short.

But pure disinterestedness is sometimes seen. Yes, and if the crane do not plainly exhibit it, we shall vainly search for it.

The crane does, indeed, perform one of the purest and most beautiful acts of benevolence recorded in natural history. To Dr. Van Lennep is due the honor of the discovery of this trait in the crane.

There are a great many small birds, such as the ortolans, darnagas, tree-figs, wrens, titmice, smaller thrushes, finches, and others, which are obliged to leave Europe for their cheery twittering and merry songs. On the return voyage the cranes do not trouble themselves to fly low, but, as if knowing that going down is easy work even for a small bird, they fly high, and let their little passengers drop off at their own convenience.

It may be that future investigation will prove that the conduct of the crane is the

THE CARRIER.

a warmer climate as soon as cold weather sets in. They are incapable of a long-sustained flight, and in the attempt to cross the Mediterranean would surely perish in its waters. Even the trip through Asia Minor, Syria, and Palestine would be too much for their feeble powers, and to stay in those countries would mean death, for, except in a few spots, the winter is too rigorous for them. How, then, do they contrive to find their way to Africa?

Most of the cranes are migratory too, and usually are to be seen making their way south at the first approach of autumn coolness. They fly low, uttering an odd cry as of alarm. At once the would-be little travellers below mount upward, and, incredible as it may seem, take up their quarters on the backs of their long-legged, big-hearted friends. There they comfortably sit, and repay their benefactors by result of some less noble impulse than that of doing good for good's sake; but in the absence of the necessary proof to that effect it will do no harm to accept it as it appears to be. It is true, however, that nature will sometimes cause her creatures to do that instinctively which, by resulting in specific benefit, may seem to have been done for the most apparent object thereby achieved.

A case in point is a very curious demonstration of this fact. The sea-gull, as may be understood from its name, is a dweller by the sea. It often ventures far out on the water, some species, as the albatross, seeming to almost live in mid-ocean; but it is very seldom seen far inland. An exception to this rule, however, seems to be made in favor of the Great Salt Lake of Utah.

The number of these birds frequenting

the region of the great inland sea varies very much, sometimes being counted in hundreds, and sometimes in thousands. According to an account in the *Salt Lake Herald*, the pioneer farmer was first made acquainted with the gull in a way that left in his heart such a strong feeling of gratitude that he at once took steps to have the bird protected by law. The law was not needed, however, for the visits of the bird, after the event about to be narrated, showed it to be so useful that the farmers, in the absence of a specific law, would no doubt have fixed and administered adequate punishment in the case of any person injuring a gull.

Utah, upon the arrival there of the first band of Mormons, was not a particularly inviting spot, and it required much hard work to bring the soil into a good condition for bearing. The first year (1847) was a very discouraging one, but the year following gave such promise as compensated the struggling pioneer for the trials and hard work of the preceding year. The grain arrived safely at that stage when the harvest seems beyond the need of a care.

Suddenly the farmer was roused from his dream of contentment, and brought face to face with impending ruin. Down the mountain-sides poured a broad torrent of huge black crickets. Resistless as burning lava, and no less destructive, they spread themselves over the fast-ripening fields of corn, and slowly but surely laid them waste. Vainly the farmers strove to check the black flood. Their efforts were unavailing.

Despairing at last, they had given up the hopeless struggle, when a straggling line of birds appeared in the sky, and then settled down upon the devouring hordes. This was only the van-guard. By hundreds and by thousands the strange birds came, and, as if it were their only object in coming, made systematic war upon the crickets. Ordinary methods would have proved inadequate to the conquest; but for some reason the gulls resorted to extraordinary methods.

To have eaten and digested the millions of invaders would have required the labors of many times the number of gulls present. The birds, therefore, with singular rapidity, alternately devoured and disgorged their prey until all had been disabled. When this happy result had been attained, and the crops, in consequence, were saved, the gulls all took flight again, and returned, no doubt, to their sea-side homes.

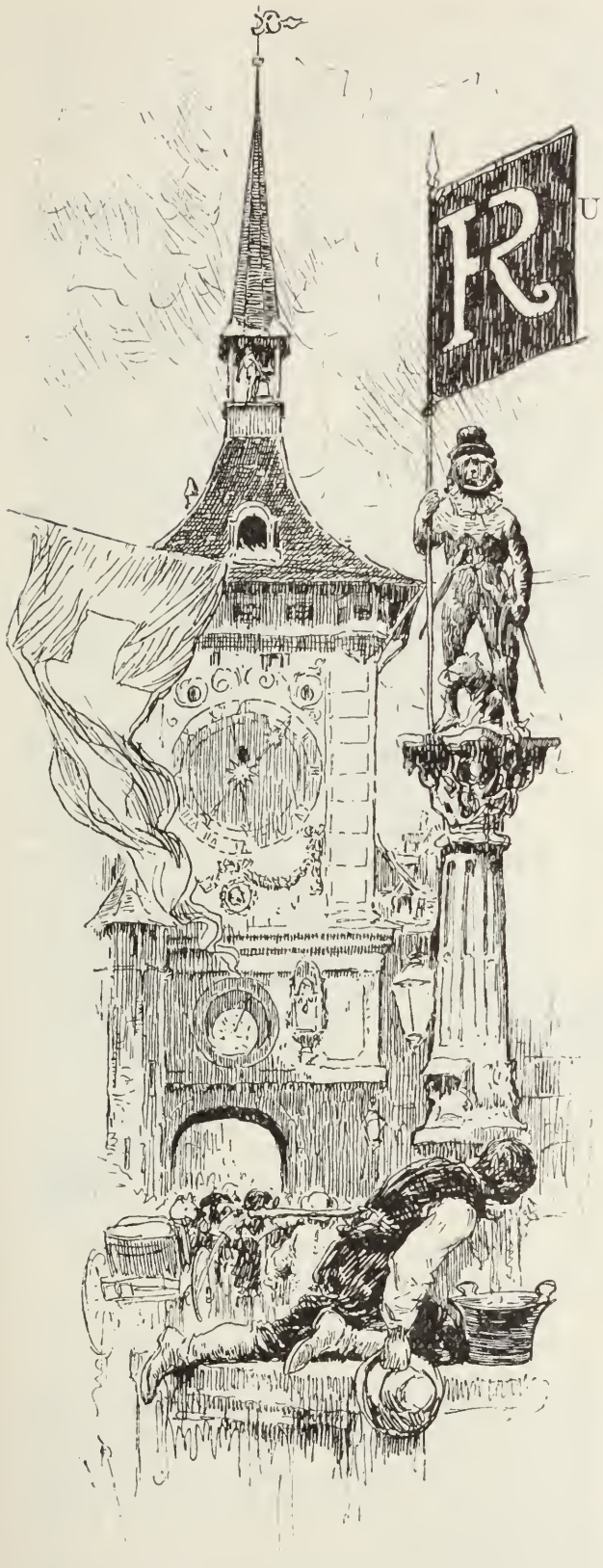
Every year there are some of these birds make their appearance in that region, and as they seem to understand that they are safe from harm, are quite tame, and closely follow the farmer as he ploughs up the soil, swallowing greedily the insects, beetles, and worms turned up by the plough.

This seems to be the only case of real guardianship in the gull family, though superstition is busy among the ignorant sailors ascribing various attributes to different members of the family, which if true would entitle some of them to rank among guardian birds, while others would have to take a place with the workers of evil. The character given a bird by the superstitious fancies of ignorance is not sufficient title, however, to a place with the real guardians.

The raven family is well represented among the guardian birds by the ox-biters; but they are not the only members of the family worthy to be mentioned, though it would hardly be possible to give every member due credit, for probably no other family furnishes so many instances of this peculiarity. On the other hand, the same family counts some of the most destructive and mischievous of birds among its members.

The crow, the best known of this family, though a noisy fellow, yet has many good traits which should make him liked, but unfortunately he also has some bad traits, and for these, though comparatively trifling, he is generally execrated. He destroys vast numbers of insects, grubs, caterpillars, and other pests to the farmer; and combined with two or three of his fellows makes life miserable to the chicken-hawks. But he will also help himself to corn, and will occasionally himself make a raid on the poultry-yard.

The magpies, though usually pests to man, are frequently of great service to other animals. In England and Scotland they do a great kindness to the sheep by ridding them of many parasites which would otherwise cause the poor creatures, with their long wool, great discomfort. In Asia, particularly in India and China, it performs the same kind office for the unwieldy water-buffalo. Among the starlings, which, like the magpies, belong with the ravens, there are many species that perform guardian duty.



AT THE RED GLOVE.

CHAPTER VII.

AT BREAKFAST.

RUDOLF ENGEMANN was breakfasting at the Hôtel Beauregard. The dining-room opened from the spacious landing at the top of the first flight of stairs: the breakfast-room was on the ground-floor, on the left of the stair foot, and it faced the green inner hall where madame's palms and ferns, lighted by the lantern at the top of the well staircase, made such a pleasant screen to her parlor, which, as has been said, was glass-fronted at the end facing the staircase. Madame Carouge could see, if she chose, every one who came down the broad well staircase without being seen; but there was no window in her room on the side which faced the double doors of the breakfast-room.

Captain Loigerot came briskly into the hotel this morning, with the intention of seeing Madame Carouge; but just as he reached the corner leading to her sanctum the folding-doors on his left were flung open by Moritz. Monsieur Loigerot had time, while the waiter answered some one over his shoulder, to see into the breakfast-room, and to recognize his acquaintance Rudolf Engemann busily engaged in eating at one of the small tables placed about the room.

This sight changed the ex-captain's intentions; the chance of a gossip was not one to be given up easily, and although he never made his own breakfast till much nearer noon, he rolled into the room, and nodding to one or two dinner-table acquaintances, he seated himself at Rudolf's little table.

"Good-morning, my friend," he said. "I have something to tell you."

"Eh!" the young man said, gayly. "Are you going to change your habits, my friend, and breakfast with the rest of us?"

Loigerot shook his head, and laid his hand on the front of his tightly buttoned coat. "Not if I know it." He leaned back and laughed in the deliberate manner that seemed to give him so much enjoyment. "I respect my digestion, and—my figure. Aha! you laugh, my young friend; wait till you are forty or thereabouts, and then see what will be the result of these cups of boiling *café au lait* that you so freely indulge in in the early morning. If I so indulged my appetites, *mon Dieu!* I should soon resemble the glass ball in the garden at the Schänzli, and should be able to roll along the streets of Berne without making use of my legs."

He leaned back at this and laughed so heartily that the men at the other tables joined in chorus; even the girl who gave out the coffee, who happened to be crossing

the room, stopped to enjoy the captain's merriment.

Rudolf grew a little impatient of it; he wanted to get a few words with the charming widow before he went to his office; but he felt obliged to wait for the captain's communication. At last Loigerot stopped and pulled out a big red pocket-handkerchief and wiped his eyes.

"Ta, ta," he said. "Well, Monsieur Engemann, most haste is not always best speed. If you had staid behind last night and kept me company, you would have heard something."

Monsieur Loigerot had by nature a loud voice, and his effort to lower its tone as he made this communication only served to make the other breakfasters listen for what was to come.

"I was right"—the captain leaned forward and looked important; Engemann did not answer; and he went on: "I found out I was right. The—the young person I had seen in the morning *was* the cousin expected by Madame Bobineau. Aha! what say you now, my boy?" He patted Rudolf's shoulder. "It was she you saw, and pretended that you saw she was not pretty."

Rudolf felt amused. Glancing across the room, he saw that two of his fellow-clerks, who were also *pensionnaires* at the hotel, were stifling their laughter, and were evidently listening to the captain's story. Engemann looked at his moon-faced, rotund companion, and decided that his taste in beauty would not be refined or hard to satisfy.

"I forget where you saw her," he said, "or what she was like—tall and stout, I fancy, a fine figure, eh?" His mocking smile was, however, lost on the captain.

"Tall—yes, she is tall, and upright as a pole; but she is slim, graceful too, everything that a young woman should be. She—"

He stopped abruptly; he was about to relate his morning adventure, when he became aware that Moritz, the head waiter, was standing not far off, and probably overhearing what he said.

"I congratulate you, captain," said Engemann. "You will no longer complain of the dullness of Berne, if this charming creature stay in it."

Loigerot flushed up to his little eyes. He went on in a lower voice: "Did I not tell you? She has come here expressly to help our friend Madame Bobineau to sell her gloves. She is not to lodge in the house; madame says there is no room. But"—here the captain put his finger to his nose and looked knowing—"but I agree with our hostess—lodgings are better; besides, the going to and fro gives opportunities."

He became so very red, and looked so suddenly discomfited, that Engemann could not help laughing, and the two fellow-clerks joined in chorus.

Loigerot got up from his seat, and stuffed his hands into his pockets as he walked to the window.

"I beg your pardon, captain." Rudolf laid down his napkin and followed him. "But you don't seem to have lost time, if she only arrived yesterday, and you talk of opportunities already."

"I did not say *I* had lost time," said Loigerot, gravely. "I only said you had done so. I have told you all I had to tell you, young man."

He turned his back and looked out of the window. He was vexed with himself; he did not mean to have said so much; and yet he must have told some one, and Engemann was so evidently infatuated with Madame Carouge that he was the best confidant he could have chosen. The other men had laughed, but they had not understood him—no, he felt sure they had not. Monsieur Loigerot had no idea that he spoke so loud; still, he did not want to surround this young girl with a crowd of foolish admirers, and he thought the safe plan would be to let Engemann leave the breakfast-room before he himself did, so that he might have no temptation to repeat what he had been listening to, to these young fellows.

Loigerot stood still, therefore, at the window; there was always something going on in the street just below it, and today he was charmed by the sight of three peasant girls who stood gazing at the showy mock-silver chains, medals, and brooches in a glass case in front of a shop across the way.

"Pretty, unwise creatures," the captain thought: "they wish to have these trinkets because they shine. Bah! they shine now, but in a few weeks they will be tarnished and dull, if indeed they do not show they are but brass, or worse. It is the way with the young; the outside look, that is all they care for, whether it be in a husband or a bodice chain."

He sighed, and then seeing that Engemann had departed, he too went out to say

"THE CAPTAIN LEANED FORWARD AND LOOKED IMPORTANT."

a few words to Madame Carouge. The door of her room stood open, and Loigerot heard her voice. She was speaking so very earnestly that he did not like to go forward. He knew that she could see him if she looked that way, so he stood watching the trickle of the fountain, many-colored as the light fell on it, and the moving reflected light on the palm fronds near it.

"Ah, monsieur," the rich full voice went on within the room, "you are too kind in your thanks; it is I, on the contrary, who have to thank you for the pleasant talks which brighten my monotonous life."

Loigerot was too discreet to turn his head; he could not, therefore, see the sweet expression that filled the widow's dark eyes as she raised them to look at Rudolf Engemann. The look thrilled through the young fellow, and seemed to draw his heart out of him. He felt perplexed and agitated as his eyes met that deep, liquid glance, at once so tender and so beseeching. He had heard people say that Madame Carouge had flashing eyes, but now the fire was quenched by a subdued sweetness, in harmony with the careless grace of her attitude as she leaned back on her little sofa. One hand lay in her lap, and Rudolf found himself looking at her wed-

ding ring, and wondering whether she had been happy with her husband.

"Is your life monotonous, then?" he said.

Loigerot could not help sniggering at the change in the young man's voice. "*Mon Dieu!* he would do for a stage lover," he thought, over the palm leaves; but he did not like his position, and as it was evident he had escaped notice in the preoccupation of the two within the parlor, he went softly back to the corner, and then down to the entrance door, where he saw Moritz talking to some new arrivals.

Rudolf's question was not answered at once; madame sat thinking. She put up one hand and let her soft rounded chin nestle between an outspread thumb and finger, thereby showing exquisite curves from the round supple wrist to the pointed little finger, and the rosy hollowed palm. Rudolf thought how nectarine-like her cheek glowed against her dark lashes as she sat thinking, her head bent a little forward.

"You are right," she said at last. "Men who think can always put the right word. I meant to convey the feeling which my life gives me. Ah yes, you are right, monsieur. There is plenty of variety in it, and I ought not to complain. Complaint is always useless, and disagreeable to others."

She spoke very sadly.

"I do not see how one can get on without complaining sometimes," he said, simply, and with a consciousness that somehow he had reproved her. "I think people are foolish who keep all their grievances to themselves."

She looked up with a bright smile.

"And yet," she said, "you never speak of yours, and in this life no one can hope to escape them."

A cough and then a loud scraping of the throat disturbed her, and checked Rudolf's answer. Madame Carouge rose up from the sofa and came forward to the door. Captain Loigerot stood outside, beaming with satisfaction; he bowed as low as his figure would permit of.

"I had the honor of receiving a message from you last night, madame," he said, "conveyed to me by Moritz, that you wished to see me to-day."

Madame Carouge bowed. "Monsieur is too kind," she said, gravely; "I had not thought of disturbing him so early as this. I told Moritz that if you could spare me five minutes before dinner I should be very glad to ask Madame Bobineau to call in to-morrow as she goes home from mass, if you will have the great kindness to convey her my request."

Loigerot put his hand on his heart. "I am always at your service, madame," he said, effusively. "Morning or night, I am only too happy to execute your commands whenever you honor me with them."

His brow, as he spoke, was something to see. Involuntarily Madame Carouge took a step back as his bald crown bent itself into view.

"Ah, monsieur, I do not know how to answer you," she said, softly, "unless I say, See what it is to be a soldier!"

Rudolf Engemann had been impatiently awaiting an opportunity of taking his leave; Madame Carouge looked back at him with a smile.

"I must say good-day, madame," he said. "I did not know it was so late."

"Aha!" As Rudolf passed him, Loigerot looked up and winked his right eye. "Time passes quickly when we are pleasantly engaged."

Then he rubbed his hands and chuckled so loudly that the sound followed Engemann to the entrance door, and made him hurry up the street at a much quicker pace than usual. Madame Carouge remained silent, and Loigerot remembered with confusion that she had perhaps enjoyed her *tête-à-tête* as much as Engemann had.

He became grave in an instant. "Then madame wishes me to say to Madame Bobineau that she is to have the pleasure of calling here to-morrow."

"I thank you, monsieur." She courtesied, and drew back into her room, as if to say that the interview was over. She was surprised when Loigerot followed her in. Coming up close beside her, he said, in a low voice,

"Have you heard about Madame Bobineau's cousin, madame?"

The widow's heavy eyebrows drew nearer to one another; Monsieur Loigerot had seldom ventured across her threshold. Monsieur Engemann was the only male guest who came further than the doorway as a right, unless, indeed, it was Riesen the clockmaker; but then he was a neighbor, and he regulated all the clocks of the hotel.

"No, monsieur," she said, stiffly; "I rarely see Madame Bobineau."

Loigerot was too much bent on telling his news to care for the stiff tone in which she spoke, though at another time it might have caught his ear.

"Ah!"—he lowered his voice still more; "then you have something to see. A young girl arrived"—he stopped suddenly; the widow's lower lip was full of scorn: indeed, even the captain, who was rather obtuse in perception, could not fail to see that Madame Carouge felt no interest whatever in the young girl he had been about to describe.

"Indeed!" she said. "Then I may count on your delivering my message. Thank you again, monsieur, for your condescension."

She was too polite to seat herself at her desk, but the captain felt that he was expected to go away.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FAINT HEART.

RUDOLF ENGEMANN had walked on very quickly till he reached the bank. As he approached the clockmaker's shop he saw that Monsieur Riesen was standing in his doorway, ready to exchange a morning greeting; but Rudolf was preoccupied; he did not want to speak to any one.

His thoughts were full of Madame Carouge. He had been joked about her by Loigerot and some of the other regular *pensionnaires* of the hotel, and these jokes had ruffled his simple loyal nature.

Rudolf was a fine, tall young fellow, and he was twenty-three years old; but he had lived very quietly at Fribourg with his old father and mother, and since he had lost them last winter he had not felt much inclination to seek out friends. As yet no woman's coquetry toward him had tarnished the reverence he felt for women. He was grateful to Madame Carouge for her friendliness; it had seemed to him an impertinence that these common-minded talkers should thus freely discuss his relations with so perfect a woman.

She was to him all that a woman should be, and he felt an indescribable pleasure in looking at her and listening to her full mellow voice. But to-day he felt troubled by the change in her manner toward him.

She had been wonderfully kind; he knew very well that she rarely admitted Loigerot into her sanctum; he and Rudolf's fellow-clerks did all their business with Moritz at the bureau on the right of the entrance; unless, indeed, as had happened to Loigerot this morning, Madame Carouge had sent a special message to request his presence.

"Loigerot does far more for the Beauregard than I do," he thought. "He drinks plenty of wine, which I can not afford to do; her friendship for me is simple kindness."

He had often gone through this formula during the last two months, but to-day, and indeed once or twice before, it had not satisfied him; her manner had changed; something beyond her kindness puzzled him now. Madame Carouge had become so grave; she was kinder than ever, but more restrained. Really, when he recalled her sweet downcast confusion, and then the melting glance he had met with in those beautiful eyes of hers just now, an odd sensation that was chiefly pleasure, but which had yet a thread of perplexity interwoven with it, kept him absorbed, even after he had reached the bank and was seated before his desk. As he went in he had met one of his fellow-clerks who dined daily at the Hôtel Beauregard.

"I congratulate you, Engemann," he said. "Have you got the widow to fix a day for the wedding?"

Rudolf merely raised his shoulders and passed in, but the words went with him. When he began to write, it seemed as if he saw on the paper the dark, glowing face of Madame Carouge.

All at once the puzzle went away; a warm feeling of pleasure filled his veins; life seemed to open before him a broad, smooth path, golden with sunshine. Rudolf asked himself why he should not grasp this pleasant portion which almost, he believed, might be his for the asking. It seemed unmanly to hesitate. The doubt and self-rebuke which had so often checked him kept silence now while he asked himself whether the change he had noted in Madame Carouge was not meant to encourage his hopes.

Rudolf was too simple to believe in the extent of the widow's love. He told himself that his admiration had not displeased her, and that she had attributed his slowness and coldness to the real cause—his want of means. In her generosity she had tried to take away this barrier in his

"MADAME BOBINEAU KEPT THE SOFT GOLDEN-BROWN HAND IN HER LEAN GRASP."—[SEE PAGE 437.]

path. Still, he did not like the disparity between them. She was some years older, but her beauty would make up for that; his independent nature revolted entirely from the notion of a wife so much richer than he was. When the jokers had begun their raillery, he had shrunk from the idea of marrying a widow. Living with his old parents, who had in their youth married for love, he had grown up with old-fashioned ideas, one of which was a fancy that he would like to be the sole possessor of his wife's affections, supposing that he ever took a wife. He had lived so much alone that he had had more time for reflection than most young fellows have, and as he was by nature silent and reticent, he often dreamed about the future, while his companions enjoyed the present.

His dream to-day was too distracting, and as idleness was not one of his characteristics, he roused himself from it and compelled his attention to fix on the business of the day. When this was over, he lingered at his desk till the other clerks

departed, and then he started for a walk. Usually he went down to the platform in front of the cathedral to look at the grand view of the blue-green Aar foaming over its weir, with the far-off background of snow mountains ; but on this platform on Saturday afternoon there was a certain risk of meeting acquaintances; among them the stout ex-captain was sure to be found chatting with the nurse-maids who brought their charges to play on the grass, and Rudolf wanted to keep clear of the captain till dinner-time. He therefore found his way to the river-side, some way from the münster platform, and then walked out toward the country southward.

He was impatient to see Madame Carouge, and yet he shrank from their next meeting. His old visions of a love marriage with a young girl came back, and he asked himself whether he was sure that this beautiful, fascinating woman was really the life-long companion he coveted.

He knew so little about her—just as they began to talk on something more interesting than usual, Moritz was sure to bring an interruption; it seemed as though they were perpetually checked on the verge of becoming intimate. And the young fellow felt that this would go on, and with his old-fashioned ideas he shrank from venturing such an important question as marriage on mere liking. He felt, too, that his present position could not continue. Sooner or later one of these jokes so freely circulated would reach the ears of Madame Carouge, and she would feel herself compromised.

A sudden light came to him as he walked disconsolately along the dull road. The promised day at Thun would at least be free from interruptions; he could then judge for himself. His manliness cried out that he was unworthy to win a woman if he could consider her in this cold-blooded fashion, while more worldly promptings whispered him not to be unwise, not to allow a romantic scruple to stand in the way of the prosperous future that lay before him as the husband of Madame Carouge.

When he thought of her position he winced a little: he should not like his wife to sit where any strange idler might, if he chose to take the trouble, gaze through the window at her, even speak to her; and then he smiled and told himself not to be premature. One of his perplexities had left him; without owning his conquest to himself in any boastful manner, he seemed at times to have lost doubt and fear about Madame Carouge's feelings for him.

"We will leave it all till that Sunday comes;" and turning back by a cross-road he soon came in sight of the gate flanked with the stone bears, that seem to defy intruders to enter Berne.

He looked at his watch. He was surprised to find how late it was; he had scarcely time to go to his lodgings before proceeding to the *table d'hôte*.

He went rapidly along under the arcades. Just as he reached the Red Glove his two fellow-clerks who frequented the Beauregard came laughing out of the shop. They saw Engemann, and blocked up the way.

"Go into the shop and look at the girl," one of them said. "The old captain has not such bad taste, after all."

"She is too pale for Engemann," the other said. "Bless you! he will see no beauty in her; he likes something more full-blown."

The last speaker was a mere lad, and Rudolf looked sternly at him.

"Look here, Wengern," he said, "a joke is well enough within limits, but a joke carried too far is very bad and offensive. I wish you good-evening."

He looked calm and determined; the clerks walked away, sniggering, when they got to a safe distance, about the airs the young giant gave himself.

Till this meeting, Rudolf had forgotten the captain's adventure. Now he looked in through the glass door of the shop, and caught a glimpse of Marie. She stood behind the counter with her handkerchief to her eyes. He heard Madame Bobineau's voice, and glancing toward the desk, he saw that his civil-spoken landlady's small eyes gleamed with anger. Rudolf gave another backward glance at Marie.

"It's a shame," he thought, "that she should be made to cry. I dare say she laughed when those fellows talked to her, and the old woman is a prude. Well, she should not have a young girl in her shop in a town like Berne."

This was evidently not an opportune moment in which to make acquaintance with Madame Bobineau's cousin; there was plenty of time for that, he thought, as he opened the house door. Before he reached the staircase his landlady's shrill voice made itself distinct.

"I tell you it must be done: a customer

is a customer, and his gloves must be duly measured. Do you suppose, you vain little hussy, that a gentleman thinks who it is that measures him? He thinks of his gloves, that's all."

Rudolf hurried upstairs, and so lost the end of the scolding.

The bell had rung for *table d'hôte* before he reached the hotel; he found every one busy eating their soup, except a few late arrivals, who sat tucking the corners of their table napkins into their waistcoats. The two clerks soon began to tease Loigerot about his pretty shop-girl.

"Did you see her, Engemann?" said one of them.

The captain looked sharply at Rudolf as he answered.

"I was hurried. I only got a glimpse through the window."

"Did I not tell you?" the young one began; but a nudge from his companion silenced him, and as the captain at once started a fresh subject, no more was said about the Red Glove.

When dinner came at last to an end, Rudolf took care to leave the hotel with the rest. He resolved not to give fresh food to these gossips on the subject of his interview with Madame Carouge.

CHAPTER IX.

MADAME BOBINEAU LOSES HER SUPPER.

MADAME BOBINEAU never failed in her attendance at early mass on Sundays and on Church festivals, and as the Hôtel Beauregard lay in her way home, she often called in to see the widow. It must be confessed that Madame Carouge had a horror of early rising, and preferred high mass to the services that preceded it.

Madame Bobineau said it feasted her eyes to get even a glimpse of the beautiful widow—certainly she often managed to combine this kind of refreshment with the promise of a more material feast; and in this prospect of carrying home an excellent Sunday dinner it had become a habit with her to take occasionally a small flag basket to church. She managed to wear this under her ample skirt, and she produced it when she saw that Madame Carouge had some dainties to offer.

Sometimes half a chicken or a tempting sweet-bread fell to her lot, or a dish of cutlets or stewed kidneys would be ready packed for her in a little covered *terrine*, and to this Madame Carouge often added a half-bottle of Diedesheimer. Yesterday, however, a distinct message had been sent to the Red Glove through Captain Loigerot. But though Madame Bobineau felt her appetite quicken at the prospect of sundry dainties, she resolved to deny herself the enjoyment of them till after supper. Her former shop-girls had spent their Sundays at home, but she was Marie's only friend in Berne, and the girl must dine and sup with her. It was possible, she reflected, as she drew near the hotel, that her liberal friend, in consideration of Marie, might bestow a double portion.

Madame Bobineau smacked her thin lips. "So much the better for me," she said to herself; "for it is not well to pamper a young girl. Marie can not have been used to dainties at the convent."

With this reflection she stepped cheerfully into the entrance of the Beauregard. Moritz's pensive, consumptive face showed at the door of his bureau, but when he saw Madame Bobineau he bowed and grinned and retreated, in spite of the elaborate courtesy and smile with which she greeted him. She went round softly to the glazed end of the widow's parlor; the door stood open; but her cat-like tread made no sound, and Madame Carouge gave a little start when she found the old woman's eyes fixed on her in intense scrutiny.

The widow was sitting on her sofa in deep thought, and she had to force a smile, for the interruption came at a wrong moment. She was trying for about the twentieth time to give herself a reason why Monsieur Engemann had not lingered to speak to her after dinner yesterday. She felt chilled and disquieted. And yet he had often gone out in this way with his friends; but then, she argued to herself, yesterday morning's interview had completely changed their relations to one another; he had never before looked at her as he had looked yesterday morning. Love had shone in his eyes, and who could say but for that officious Moritz he might have declared his passion?

And here it occurred to Madame Carouge that this was not the first time that Moritz had broken in upon her talks with Monsieur Engemann. She frowned a little as this idea presented itself, and looking up, found herself face to face with Madame Bobineau.

The mistress of the Red Glove looked so like an old witch that Madame Carouge shivered and turned slightly pale. She felt as if this inquisitive old woman could read her secret thoughts. But she spoke to her pleasantly.

"Good-morning, neighbor; you are earlier than usual. How have you been lately?"

Madame Bobineau kept the widow's soft golden-brown hand in her lean grasp, and gazed admiringly in her rich friend's handsome face.

"There is no need to ask how you are," she said. "You look like a newly opened rose, with your eyes as bright as diamonds."

Madame Carouge turned away with a perceptible shrug of the shoulder; there was little variety in the old woman's compliments, and she was not in a mood for flattery this morning. The bead-like eyes looked keenly round the room, but they could not spy any parcel likely to contain dainties.

"You were so good, madame," the old woman said, humbly, "as to send me word by Captain Loigerot—ah, what an excellent gentleman he is!—that you wished me to call in on my way from mass this morning."

"Ah, so I did." Madame Carouge spoke with studied carelessness. She saw the greedy eyes furtively searching every corner, and she enjoyed Madame Bobineau's anxiety. "Let me see—what was it I heard?—I remember. Monsieur Loigerot told me that you have adopted a young relative; that you have her in your shop."

Madame Bobineau's hopes sank; but then this question might bear on the extra supplies she was hoping for.

"I should have come, dear madame, without your summons, to tell you about her. You are always so kind that I should have ventured to believe that you would take some interest in my little cousin."

"Ah, then it is a child that you have adopted. But will you not find it a troublesome charge?—you will have to send it to school, my good Madame Bobineau; you can not keep a child in the shop."

"It is not so bad as that," the old woman answered. "It is a heavy burden," she went on in a whining voice; "but what could I do? I could not leave my poor Berthold's child to be a burden to strangers, and I—I want help in the shop."

Madame Carouge looked grave.

"How old is she? and what is she like?"

Madame Bobineau's eyes became keener than ever.

"Oh, madame, after all, she is a mere girl — sixteen or thereabout — a simple child fresh from her convent."

"In that case"—madame's full, rich voice became hard and dry—"I do not think a glove shop is a good beginning for her. She would be safer at a dressmaker's, or even in a draper's shop."

Madame Bobineau was at once aggrieved and alarmed.

"I am also in the shop, madame, or at worst I can see through the glass door. But I assure you Marie is more inclined to prudery than to flirting. Why, only yesterday, when two of your boarders came in, the little chit actually let them choose and measure their own gloves themselves."

"What did you expect her to do, then?" The widow could not help smiling at Madame Bobineau's indignation.

"Well, my dear madame, you will, I am sure, agree with me that a girl of that age should do as she is bid, and should not take up ideas of her own."

Madame Carouge was so amused that her pearly teeth showed plainly.

"Actually, madame," the old woman went on, "she had the face to tell me that the gentlemen stared at her, and that she considered them impertinent."

"Perhaps they did stare rudely," said Madame Carouge, thoughtfully; "who did you say they were?"

"Two of your boarders, madame—young Monsieur Wengern and Monsieur Christen. I am sure they are very civil gentlemen."

"They may have been too civil, my good woman"—the widow's manner was still constrained; "but she must be pretty, this young cousin of yours: those are not young men who would stare at a plain girl."

"Yes, the girl is passable." Then remembering that Madame Carouge would probably go to the Red Glove and form her own judgment of Marie, "Captain Loigerot says she is pretty, but—"

"Do you mean to say," Madame Carouge interrupted, so sharply that the old woman's eyes and mouth opened simultaneously, "that you have this young and pretty girl to live in your house, so

that she makes acquaintance with your lodgers?"

Madame Bobineau cringed and trembled. She felt almost scorched by the fire that blazed in the widow's soft, velvet-like eyes."

"No, no, indeed, madame. I ask a hundred pardons; but madame has altogether mistaken me. Marie does not sleep at the Red Glove—dear me, no; I could not have dreamed of anything so improper. She has a lodging in the Cour du Piuts, and by no chance does she go into the passage reserved for the lodgers."

"Then how has Monsieur Loigerot made acquaintance with her?—he is not a man to buy gloves." The widow looked stern and unbelieving.

"Madame is right, as she always is." Bobineau spoke fawningly, and put her lean, hooked fingers on her beautiful friend's arm. "The captain does not buy gloves; but on the morning of Marie's arrival he saw her near the station, and showed her the way to my house. The captain is a kind man, madame. Only last night, when I was talking to him and to Monsieur Engemann—ah, is not that a beautiful young man?—the captain said I ought to—to interest you in my little cousin."

She stammered over the last words, for another scorching glance told her that her speech had given offense.

Madame Carouge's broad eyebrows knit, she raised her head proudly, and seemed to the frightened old woman to look grander and more beautiful than ever.

"Do you mean me to understand, Madame Bobineau, that at your age and with your experience you talk to your gentlemen lodgers about your shop-girl? You must excuse me if I say that your young cousin would have been safer in her convent than she is likely to be under your care."

She spoke haughtily; her words seemed to stab her listener; Madame Bobineau almost choked with alarm.

"You mistake me, madame," she said. "Captain Loigerot came in last night with Monsieur Engemann, and as I happened to be in the passage, the captain asked after little Marie."

"The captain is not young"—Madame Carouge spoke very severely; "but I am shocked that you should talk about a young girl to Monsieur Engemann—"

She stopped suddenly, as if she had said too much. Madame Bobineau sighed with relief.

"Ah, madame"—she spoke in her most fawning tone—"of all the gentlemen in Berne, I consider him the safest—as safe as a married man." Here she gave a rather cynical smile. "It could not be possible to worship you, madame, and to have eyes for any other woman. No, madame, believe me Monsieur Engemann will not even look at my little cousin."

If Madame Carouge had been standing, she would have stamped with impatience at her friend's indiscretion.

"You are making a great mistake, Madame Bobineau." She spoke with chill dignity. "You have been listening to gossip, I fear. I am not thinking about Monsieur Wengern, or Monsieur Engemann, or any gentleman in particular. I am trying to show you how to take care of your little cousin. It seems to me I am a fitter counsellor in the matter than Captain Loigerot is."

"Ah, madame"—the old woman rose and courtesied; she literally quivered with the fear of having lost her supper—"you are as wise as you are beautiful. I will follow your advice in all things."

"Then," said Madame Carouge, smiling, "the best thing you can do is to find a husband to take care of this little girl as soon as possible."

Madame Bobineau clasped her skinny hands and turned up her little eyes.

"A husband! But, madame, she has not a penny; and although I am willing to feed and clothe her, I am not able to provide a marriage portion. Heavens! how should a poor old woman like me do so?"

Madame Carouge gave her a smile full of scorn.

"I see you do not want advice, neighbor; your mind is made up. Good! go your own way; but when you come to me in three months' time to complain that your little cousin's head is turned with flattery, or perhaps—there are plenty of bad people in Berne—that she is ruined, I shall have no pity for you."

She rose up, and shaking out her skirts, as if she dismissed the subject and her visitor, she went slowly to her desk.

Madame Bobineau followed her and touched her arm, her lean fingers trembled; had she actually offended her best friend for the sake of a chit like Marie?

"Pardon me, madame; I am an old fool to set my judgment up against yours. If

you can find any one who—who can maintain a wife, and is willing to take Marie without a portion, she shall marry him."

"That is right. Leave it to me; I will find your little Marie a husband," said Madame Carouge. "And now, my good friend, I must ask you to leave me, or I shall be late at mass."

There was plainly to-day no forth-coming supper for Madame Bobineau, and after prolonging her leave-taking as long as she dared, she departed, smarting with vexation and disappointed greed, of which she considered Marie the primary cause.

Marriage for the little chit! How could Madame Carouge be so foolish? She had better leave the girl alone. Just as she had had the trouble of teaching Marie her duties, she was to be distracted with this notion of marriage; and the worst of it was, there was no way out of it: the beautiful widow always kept her promises.

CHAPTER X.

HOPE AND FEAR.

Madame Carouge stood still for some time after her visitor's departure. She was so absorbed in thinking that she failed to hear a tap at her door—at first timid, then smartly repeated.

Madame Bobineau had left the door partly open, and the widow started when she heard a familiar voice say, "May I come in?"

Madame Carouge opened the door fully. "How do you do, Monsieur Riesen?" she said. "You have something pleasant to tell me, I am sure."

She seated herself on the sofa, and patting it, smiled graciously at her visitor.

Monsieur Riesen took the seat indicated, thus making a remarkable contrast to his hostess. He was a tall, large-boned man with a sickly complexion, gray hair, and large, deep-set, gray eyes. His face was so thin that his eyes had sunk back, and seemed to peer suspiciously through his dark shaggy eyebrows as he stooped forward to listen.

"Well, madame," he said, "as for pleasant news, I am not sure whether you will think mine so. Here is another fine Sunday, and I regret to say I am still obliged to defer our excursion; and next Sunday may bring torrents of rain with it. But it is always so, is it not?"

He looked so melancholy that she laughed.

"That Sunday always brings torrents of rain? No, my good friend, and to-day gives you a contradiction. But then is it really settled for next Sunday? Ah! I am glad." She clapped her hands with a gayety that scarcely harmonized with the intense expression in her eyes and the grand lines of her figure.

Riesen was enchanted. He had not expected his news to be received so pleasantly.

"You look divine to-day, madame." He bent his long back over her, and spoke in an insinuating whisper. "It will not matter what sort of weather we have for our excursion: we shall have only to look at you to feel sure that sunshine is with us."

"Prettily said, monsieur; but I prefer real sunshine. It is a pity we could not go to-day."

"Yes," he sighed; "but then life is full of these vexations for me"—he put his hand on his chest. "I am old, and life is always vexing; but to you, young, rich, and beautiful, all vexation should be spared, every wish should be fulfilled. It is grievous to me that I should in any way cause you disappointment."

She turned suddenly and faced him. "Is it, then, quite impossible we can go to-day?"

"I grieve to say, yes. Various reasons have concurred to make it out of the question."

This seemed the safest answer he could make. He felt sure that the fact of his being more than usually dyspeptic would not be accepted by Madame Carouge as a sufficient reason.

"You must really try not to disappoint me again, monsieur"—she pouted a little, and thereby looked more charming than ever. "But how is it, then, that you came to see me? I thought you were a devout Protestant, Monsieur Riesen, and were always in church at this time of day?"

"Well, yes"—he drew a long face and got up unwillingly—"but it is so pleasant here, and I feared you might be making some other engagement for next Sunday. If we have a day like this, it will be divine, though it is not I who shall enjoy it to perfection."

He sighed, and elevated his eyebrows with a look of admiration.

Of this Madame Carouge took no notice, but she shook her head in rebuke of his words. "You ought to enjoy it thoroughly, monsieur; you will have the benefit and the pleasure of an open-air holiday in the society of your wife."

Riesen made a grimace. "Do you enjoy things because you ought?" he said, in a whisper. "No; believe me, dear friend, pleasure and duty were never yet mated."

"You are talking treason, and you know it." Madame Carouge looked so scornful, spite of her smile, that Riesen winced a little. "I will say *au revoir* to you, neighbor, for I am a little hurried this morning."

As soon as the clockmaker had departed, Madame Carouge opened the door communicating with the bureau.

"Moritz!" she called.

In an instant the thin-faced waiter appeared before her.

"If any one wants me this morning, say I am gone to church."

"Yes, madame."

Moritz went back to his desk with a pleased smile, and Madame Carouge mounted to her bedroom. But she did not get ready for church.

She placed herself before her looking-glass and stood there several minutes gazing at the beautiful reflection.

"Yes, I must be handsome," she thought. "I can not remember the time when I was not made to know it." She turned from the glass with a look of disgust. "If they only guessed how sick I am of hearing their flattery! What do I know? it is perhaps because Rudolf has never paid me a compliment that I love him. Ah! how I love him!" She hid her glowing face between her hands and sat down in an easy-chair.

Presently she let her hands fall in her lap; her lip curved upward and showed her lovely teeth.

"How little one knows one's self! how often through those dull ten years I said, 'Ah! when I get my liberty, I will never lose it again. I will be free—free as a bird—for the rest of my life.'" She laughed a little at the thought her words called up. "Poor little Zizi singing in his cage down-stairs would be wiser than I have been if he found his cage door open. Carouge has been dead little more than a year, and I am already tired of my liberty. I have none left." She struck her closed hand on the marble shelf below her mirror. "My married life was only imprisonment—at least my heart was free; but now I do not seem to belong to myself. What a weak creature I am! I only feel really living in Rudolf's presence. Between the times I see him is like a dull dream that has to be got through somehow."

She sat thinking. It was such a chance that she had known him! If she had followed the suggestion of Carouge's man of business, Rudolf Engemann might still have been a stranger to her. When she was told that her husband had left her all he possessed, she was advised to live for a while in retirement, and it was suggested that Moritz, the head waiter of the Hôtel Beauregard, was capable of carrying on the business for her benefit.

Even now she smiled as she remembered her answer, and the surprise it had elicited.

She had looked fixedly in the face of the sleek, stolid man who she knew considered her a pretty doll, for whom everything must be arranged.

"Monsieur," she said, "I am eight-and-twenty—quite old enough to take care of myself, and Moritz can manage the Beauregard under me just as well as he could without me."

And the lawyer had been obliged to own at the end of the first few months that the hotel was far more flourishing since the beautiful young widow had established herself there. She gave all her orders through Moritz, and he was her slave. Although she had soon remodelled the household, and had made many changes in the internal arrangements, he had never murmured, but had borne patiently with the ill-will shown by some of the older servants.

Now as she sat musing she was half ashamed of, half amused at, the stir which Madame Bobineau had awakened in her. And growing calm again, she asked herself what had been the use of her studies in these past years. Had she not taught herself that true love could not change? If this were true, she was unreasonable to doubt Rudolf Engemann. She had lived on in the hope that some day she should go out into the world and find this other half of her soul which she had dreamed of.

And one day, six months ago now, Captain Loigerot, who had some time before introduced himself to her as her husband's

friend, presented to her Monsieur Rudolf Engemann, a gentleman newly arrived from Fribourg, who was about to take up his residence in Berne, and wished to become a boarder at the Hôtel Beauregard.

When she sat alone in the evening after this short interview, Madame Carouge knew that she had seen the realization of her dream. The conviction came to her with a sad certainty, which left no doubt of its truth.

Since her husband's death—more than a year ago now—she had lived in as much seclusion as her position would allow, and yet she could not help seeing the universal admiration her beauty excited. She had not been aware that Rudolf Engemann admired her. He had looked at her attentively, but as she met his gaze her thoughts had at once occupied themselves with him; indeed, he had ever since held them captive, ceaselessly filled with his image.

A strangely new life had begun for her; she felt changed, timidly anxious about the impression she had made on this young Swiss. Since then his manner and his attentions satisfied her when she was with him, but in his absence fear and harassing doubts attested the strength of her love. Every day she sought anxiously in her glass for a trace of the years which she knew made her older than Monsieur Engemann, but her love-fraught eyes only made her look more attractive; she could not see any mark of time's fingers.

"I wrong him too much," she thought, "by these silly doubts. If Rudolf loves me, he could not easily give me up; and if he does not love me, can I wish to keep his attentions?"

But she could not answer this question. She looked once more at herself. If her beauty did not satisfy Rudolf, she felt that her pride in it was over; she would have cast it all away if she could become that which he desired.

"Nonsense!" she said softly to herself, the light of hope shining in the dark beauty of her eyes. "They can not all be wrong; he does love me: see how the captain stands aloof when Rudolf is with me. Riesen and his wife, and Madame Bobineau too, they can not all deceive themselves."

She remembered that true love was rarely self-confident, and this might apply to Rudolf as well as to herself. In his case the knowledge that she was wealthy would certainly revolt his independence and tie his tongue. Once more she told herself, blushing, that when Sunday came, she must try to give her lover decided encouragement.

"It is too late for mass to-day," she said.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BEAR PIT.

Last Sunday had been rainy; the bright sunshine of this Sunday had put all the holiday-makers in good humor, and they came trooping along with gay, expectant faces. They flocked out of the tall houses on each side of the long street that stretches from one end of the town to the other till it reaches the Nydeck Bridge; they came, too, in merry groups from the side streets and alleys, till the long street seemed filled with the wearers of straw hats and bonnets trimmed with knots and garlands of flowers. They wore chiefly sombre-colored skirts, but many of them had the dazzling white sleeves and chemisettes and the glittering silver chains and brooches of the canton.

A buzz of talk went on among these women; there were plenty of children too, in Sunday garb, and with round, festive faces, their eyes big with anticipation; they were going to the cathedral platform to eat cakes and play on the grass. There were few men in the crowd. Most of them had lounged off in the direction of the Enge, or of the bastions. A few, however, with stolid, patient faces, went on with their women and children, but these kept on past the turning to the münster, along the street, till they reached the bridge which unites the long promontory on which the city stands to the country beyond it. Most of these people were of the poorest class, and they were going to pay their Sunday visit to the living legend of their city, the famous bears of Berne.

Marie and Madame Bobineau were in the crowd. The old woman looked cheerful; her feelings had been soothed by the arrival of a basket from the Hôtel Beauregard. Inside of it she had found so ample a repast that she had actually given Marie some cutlets for her dinner. She was looking forward to a luxurious supper when the girl went home to her lodging.

Marie was in ecstasy. As she walked along she thought Berne was the most

beautiful place she had ever seen, and to-day the bright sun-glow brought every point into high relief; the quaint fountains looked more many-colored, the gay stripes of the red and orange window-blinds had never seemed so vivid, and the brilliant effects of light and shade in the arcaded streets made constant pictures. The girl's eyes seemed to dance with happiness as she moved airily along beside her old companion.

Now they reach the end of the street. On the right is the bridge, and in front of them is the beautiful blue-green river shimmering in the warm sunshine. Close by is another gray-green fountain, guarded by an armed warrior, and Marie's delight grows at the sight of a group of merry children hand in hand dancing round a woman who bends over the fountain while she fills her buckets.

"Have a care there," she cries, "Lieschen, Aline, and you, Wilhelm. The water will fill your shoes and spoil your Sunday clothes. Have a care."

"Ah, the dear little children!" Marie cries; but Madame Bobineau will not stop; she plods slowly on to the bridge.

"Come along, Marie; you must never loiter in the street, child," she says, as Marie pauses again to look up the river. "You were loitering, no doubt, when Captain Loigerot spoke to you. Ah!" she sighs; "well for you that you met with so honorable a gentleman!" She shakes her head and frowns.

Marie laughs out. The sunshine and fresh air have completely revived her spirits, and although when the old woman scolds her very much she is still strongly tempted to go back to the Sisters, the feeling does not last. She likes the consciousness of independence; she is earning her own living while she remains with Madame Bobineau, and it seems cowardly to give up in despair because an old woman, who in other respects treats her fairly, has a trick of scolding.

"Pardon me if I laugh, madame," she says, shyly, for she sees rebuke in her cousin's face. "A man can not eat me up, as the ogre on the fountain eats the children. Do not be afraid; I am very strong. I would not let any one steal my purse. And if any one did steal it he would not find much in it," the clear young voice goes on merrily. "Ah," she cries, "this is delightful! I thank you, madame, for bringing me here."

She looks at her with sparkling eyes, for they have reached the platform in front of the Bear Pit, and are standing under the shade of the trees, among the chattering, merry groups who have come all this way to see the bears of Berne. Men and women and a crowd of little children loiter about the stalls near the pit. These are covered with toys and knickknacks, *souvenirs de Berne* in the shape of small carved wooden tokens; bears white and brown and black, in all kinds of attitudes; boxes and trays and inkstands and Swiss chalets innumerable; dried Alpine flowers, and photographs of the town and neighborhood. Beyond are tables on which heaps of buns and carrots are exhibited; these are propitiatory offerings for the shaggy idols in the dens below.

Marie can not yet see the bears. It is early, and they have not come out to greet their friends; the crowd, however, has nearly left the stalls, and makes a thick hedge along the edge of the pit, so as to screen it from sight. Marie is not anxious to see the bears; this concourse of happy people and the gay stalls glittering in the sunshine make for her a spectacle she has never before enjoyed.

"Do but see, dear madame"—she pulls Madame Bobineau's shawl, to make her stop—"do but look at the toy bears! Ah, the pretty little beasts! and I thought bears were huge, ugly monsters! See! here are white bears, and here are brown ones; and oh! here are some that carry parasols, and some smoke pipes, and some—ah!"—here she laughs again—"but these are droll beyond belief. Here is a bear that teaches his little scholars. See them! there are eight, and they sit on a bench, and he, the teacher, has spectacles; and oh, madame, here is a bear that paints, and his picture is the Lake of Lucerne, my beloved lake!" she claps her hands, and cries this out joyfully.

"Chut!" says Madame Bobineau; "we shall have a crowd round us, child. People will think you are a savage, Marie."

But Marie leaves off laughing. Her mood has suddenly changed. Close beside her on the stall she sees some dried flowers; her lips part in awful wonder, for she recognizes them; they are edelweiss blossoms, and she knows that they must have been gathered on the heights of the snow mountains she so dearly loves.

"See, madame," she says, but her voice is now hushed and grave, "these are the

lovely snow-flowers. Is it not as if the snow itself had budded into blossoms?"

Madame Bobineau turns quickly away. She thinks the girl will follow her, but as Marie looks up from the edelweiss to the faces of the people near her, she meets a pair of blue eyes fixed intently on her own. Next moment the tall owner of these eyes turns away, and when Marie reaches Madame Bobineau, she finds the same tall pleasant-looking stranger speaking to her old cousin.

"You did not see me just now, madame," he says. "Have you come to have a look at the bears? So have I. And this is your cousin, is it not?"

Marie has been gazing at him; she thinks he is nicer than any one she has seen in Berne, he is so tall and grand-looking. She feels taken by surprise when he raises his hat and bows to her.

His fair hair is golden in the sunshine, and there is a happy, peaceful look on his broad forehead and in his blue eyes, Marie thinks. Though he is so very tall, she is not much afraid of him.

Madame Bobineau makes another courtesy. "I am your humble servant, monsieur, and I thank you for your condescension. I wish you good-day, monsieur."

She takes Marie's arm, and is proceeding to the further side of the Bear Pit.

"Pardon me"—Engemann places himself before her—"but it is perhaps the first time that mademoiselle has seen the bears, and she can not see them so well from that side; the people feed them over there"—he looks over his shoulder. "If you will allow me, madame, I will find a place for mademoiselle in the front."

He looks so kindly at Marie that she follows him; the crowd falls away before his massive figure, and he soon finds a place for her in front beside the low wall which circles round the edge of the huge den. Down below, a monstrous brown bear and a smaller black one are walking on their hind-legs round the paved circuit of the pit above which Marie stands. The bears are much too bulky to climb the tall tree in the midst of the den, and the surface of the wall round their prison is too smooth to offer any foot-hold, yet Marie draws away shuddering.

"Don't be afraid," her companion says, kindly; "the bears can not reach you here, nor can they escape from their den. Look, look, mademoiselle, that comical brown beast bows to you."

He laughs heartily, and as Marie listens she feels re-assured. She has forgotten Madame Bobineau for the moment, and the old woman is thankful that the crowd has made Marie invisible. Monsieur Engemann's fair head towers above the rest, but it is impossible to see his companion.

Madame Bobineau is in the friendly grasp of her old friend and compatriot Monsieur Lenoir, the chief hair-dresser, and it must be confessed the chief retailer of gossip, in Berne.

"This is indeed a pleasure," said Monsieur Lenoir, and he is polite enough to add, "the pleasanter for being unexpected—eh, my friend?"

Lenoir puts his head on one side, and his pointed chin digs into his collar. He is a little dapper man, with an irresistible likeness to a tomtit; his black eyebrows seem almost to encircle his eyes, and he is always in movement.

"I should have remembered," he says, before Madame Bobineau's answer is ready, "it is for mademoiselle your cousin's sake. Yes, yes, it is like your kindness;" and now a twitter of complete satisfaction goes through his restless body; the twitter has not far to go, but it denotes intense enjoyment. "Now you will present me to the charming cousin. There, there," silencing Madame Bobineau's attempt at deprecation; "she *is* charming, I hear; a little bird has told me;" he touches his left ear and looks inscrutable.

Madame Bobineau is on thorns. She longs to get rid of this Argus-eyed chatterer; however, unless he sees Marie and Monsieur Engemann he can not tell tales; and she begins to walk slowly toward the outer fringe of the crowd in the hope of getting rid of him.

"Where do you say the cousin is?" says Lenoir.

Madame Bobineau offers a thanksgiving that he has never seen Marie. "I do not know," she says. "She left me a while ago. You must come to the Red Glove and see her there."

She feels desperate. She knows his pertinacious curiosity too well to dismiss him abruptly, and so she walks on beside him in a tremor of fear lest Marie and Monsieur Engemann should appear together.

Marie is growing re-assured; with such a powerful-looking protector she feels that it is childish to give way to terror. She tries even to laugh at the unwieldy, awkward monster who stands with one

huge paw laid beseechingly on his hairy chest, leering up at her out of his small red eyes. His shaggy hide is quivering with excitement, and to all appearance he is laughing as he opens his mouth and begs. But Marie draws back again. Just now among the fancy articles on the stalls she has seen prints representing a man who, having fallen into the pit, is struggling for his life with these bears. It seemed to the girl horrible to pet and play with monsters who only wanted opportunity to repeat the cruel tragedy that they had once enacted.

At this moment a woman beside her flung the brown bear a carrot; he caught it dexterously in his mouth, and crunched it amid the loud plaudits of the spectators. A shower of carrots now fell into the den, and everybody laughed at the fawning antics of the bears.

But Marie could not enjoy the sight; the grotesque contrast between the comic gambols of these monsters and their repulsive, savage aspect was horrible to her.

"Mademoiselle does not care for the bears." Engemann had been watching her serious face.

Marie felt ashamed. It seemed ungrateful not to be pleased with the sight that this kind gentleman had been at the trouble of showing her. She raised her eyes with a protest in them; but her new friend was not looking vexed. He was, on the contrary, smiling in a way that soothed her. He looked satisfied with her, Marie thought, as the Superior of St. Esprit used to look; and besides this, there was something in his smile that drew her liking out to him in return. She felt trust in him, and at the same time a strong hope that she should see his frank, manly face again. Strong feelings were new to Marie. They had not been elicited among the gentle Sisters, who had never thwarted her, and who had by their example taught her content with her daily lot; but this wish came so naturally that the girl yielded to it without distrust: it was part of the pleasure of this delightful afternoon.

"Marie! Marie!" came shrilly from the back of the crowd.

Engemann recognized the voice of his landlady, and he pushed on before Marie so as to open a passage for her.

They found Madame Bobineau fluttered and frowning, but she bestowed a smile on her lodger.

"You have been too kind and condescending, monsieur," she said, quickly. "I am sure the child is greatly honored." Then, with a nervous look round her, "Thank monsieur for his goodness to you, Marie, for we must be going."

Marie looked grave. She felt disappointed at this sudden collapse of enjoyment.

"It is early yet, madame," she began; and she looked up at the blue sky, over which, however, a few snowy clouds showed like fragments detached from the Blumlis Alp.

"Yes, yes, I know that. You think of the weather, my girl. I, on the contrary, think of my legs. There are no seats to be had here; the place is too full. Come, we will go somewhere else." She courtesied to Monsieur Engemann. "Adieu, monsieur;" and catching at Marie's arm, she walked away with her.

Monsieur Lenoir had left her to take a walk, he said, but Bobineau trembled lest some other gossiping neighbors should see and report to Madame Carouge Monsieur Engemann's attentions to Marie.

Marie murmured her thanks as she passed Monsieur Engemann. She felt vexed with Madame Bobineau.

"I wanted to stay," she said. "There is one empty seat under the trees, if you like to go back; I can stand."

Madame Bobineau hurried out of the inclosure. "No, no, child. We ought to be going home."

"What is the name of that gentleman, madame?" said Marie. "He has been very kind to me."

The old woman gave her a keen glance, but Marie's eyes looked simple and unconscious.

"That is Monsieur Engemann, child. He is a grand gentleman. You must treat him with great respect. He is going to marry the beautiful lady who sent the cutlets to-day, Madame Carouge."

Marie felt surprised. "I thought you said Madame Carouge was a widow, madame."

"Yes, she is a widow; but what of that? She is young and handsome, and, besides—" She paused. Then, with a twinkle in her eyes, she said, dryly: "She has what a young man like Monsieur Engemann cares for more than for youth and beauty—she has plenty of money, all she can wish for, Marie. Ah!" she sighed and smacked her colorless lips as if the thought were

appetizing. Really she was thinking of the sweet-bread with rich brown sauce and *cornet à la crème* set aside for supper when Marie should leave her to her good-night.

The girl walked on silently. The day had lost some of its brightness, she thought. This Monsieur Engemann could not really be as nice as she had thought him, if he was going to marry a rich wife for the sake of her money. She gave a little sigh as they walked on beside the river. She had been wondering when she should see him again.

All at once Madame Bobineau noticed her silence, and looking up at her, she saw the flush that made the girl's pale cheeks glow like a China rose under the long lashes that almost touched them.

"Yes, yes, little girl," the old woman said, "but for that I should have gone after you." As if she could have made her way through the throng! thought Marie. "I should not have let you go away with a stranger, but I have known Monsieur Engemann for some months."

"Ah!" Marie said.

They were following the path beside the river, under the poplars that fringe the foot of the high green bank on which stand the houses of Berne. Marie looked about her, and tried to admire what she saw, but it seemed dull and flat to walk here alone with Madame Bobineau. It had been so amusing in that merry chattering crowd by the Bear Pit, the girl thought it would be preferable to go back into the town and stare into the shop windows than to saunter on here with her old cousin. Her holiday had made her discontented.

After a while they came to a flight of stone steps in the side of the steep green bank. Madame Bobineau gasped before she reached the top of these, and clung heavily to Marie's arm.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!* I do a great deal for you, Marie; but I never shrink from a duty."

"I am very much obliged to you," the girl said; "but we can sit down here, and you can rest."

"No, no; I am tired, and we have still far to go."

Madame Bobineau did not intend to take Marie past the Hôtel Beauregard; so instead of making for the main thoroughfare, she kept in back streets, and went even a little out of her way, till finally they emerged under the arcades beside the Käfig Thurm.

Marie did not at first see how near they were to the Red Glove. She looked round her, and backed against some one coming up the street.

"A thousand pardons, mademoiselle." And there was Captain Loigerot's bald crown shining as he bowed to her. "Aha, Madame Bobineau! You have been showing mademoiselle the beauties of Berne. That is right." He rolled from one leg to the other. He was thoroughly pleased by the sight of Marie, and at finding his landlady so considerate. "Mademoiselle will tell me what she has seen, I hope. Permit me, madame"—and he placed himself between the two ladies—"to have the honor of walking with you. You have, perhaps, been to the Schänzli?"

"We have been to see the bears," Marie said. She liked the captain, but she felt inclined to laugh at his round good-tempered face, which looked always the same.

"Aha! you have seen the bears. That is right. They are clever beasts. And did you like them, mademoiselle?" He looked up at her admiringly.

"No, monsieur. I think they look cruel. I felt afraid."

The captain smiled. "I wish I had been there to take care of you." Then he turned to Madame Bobineau. "Did you meet Engemann there? He was going, for he asked me to accompany him."

Madame Bobineau hesitated, but she felt that Marie was looking at her across the captain. She was obliged to speak truly. "Yes, we saw him," she said.

The captain turned quickly to Marie; he felt a little sorry that he had refused Engemann's invitation. "I greatly wish I had been of the party, mademoiselle. You should not have been afraid if I had been with you."

"You are very kind, monsieur." This good-natured old man, as Marie considered him, seemed quite an old acquaintance since her meeting with the tall young Swiss. "And Monsieur Engemann was very kind too; he made way for me to get to the front, so that I might see the bears."

"Come, come, child," said Madame Bobineau; "what can you be thinking of to keep the captain from his walk? Here we are at the door. I pray you, monsieur, to excuse us for so detaining you."

The captain was looking pensive, but at this he rallied into a broad smile.

"Good-evening, madame. Mademoiselle, I have the honor to say farewell—to our next meeting, madame and mademoiselle."

Madame Bobineau waits till his sturdy, widely planted legs have carried the captain some way up the street. Then she shakes her head angrily at Marie. "Mischievous little chatter-box," she says, "you have done harm that you can not undo."

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE MIRROR.

MEANTIME Captain Loigerot had blinked and winked his eyes, had chuckled and rolled from one side of the pavement to the other. What mischief he had it in his power to make between the fair widow and this lofty young fellow who seemed so careless about his conquest!

"I can not make him out," the stout man thought, planting his feet wider apart than ever. "Why is he so backward with her? Is he cold, or afraid? In some ways it might help to bring things to an upshot if I told tales. But no; I prefer a quiet life, and she would never forgive me. No, I'll not blab if I can help it."

At dinner-time Engemann was silent; but as he went down-stairs he fell into talk with Monsieur Riesen, who always dined at the Beauregard on a Sunday. They were in full talk when they reached the foot of the stairs, and passed out into the street together. But the captain lingered behind them. He felt unusually chatty, and as Engemann had deserted him, he thought he would go round to Madame Carouge's window. He coughed, as a warning of his approach, and then glancing in, he saw her sitting on her sofa, with a look of weariness on her beautiful face.

"Good-evening, madame," he said. "Have you been out this bright day?"

She shook her head. "I was tired, monsieur."

The captain's shyness deserted him; it seemed to him that, beauty though she was, she was, after all, a young creature in want of advice, and he felt like a father toward her. He actually stood on the threshold and looked her full in the face. "My dear lady," he said, "pardon me. How is it that I never see you enjoying yourself abroad?"

Madame Carouge gave a languid smile. "I have so few friends, and it is dull to be alone in a crowd."

"Pardon me, madame; I am sure that Engemann"—she raised her head proudly, and he hurried on—"or I should only be too happy to be permitted to accompany you. Believe me, madame," he held up his head and expanded his chest, "recreation is as necessary as food is, and air and sunshine are as necessary as recreation is. Why, even old Madame Bobineau has taken holiday to-day."

"Indeed!" Madame Carouge spoke lazily. She was mortified by Engemann's avoidance. She wanted her visitor to understand that his presence was undesired. "She took her little cousin out, I suppose?"

"Yes; she has been with her cousin to the Bear Pit—" Loigerot stopped abruptly; it seemed to him that he had gone perilously near the edge. But he would not blab; he was resolved not to blab. And yet the longer he thought of it, the more unnecessary it seemed to him that Engemann should have paid attention in public to a young girl like Marie, when he must surely be on the eve of proposing for Madame Carouge—if, indeed, he was not her accepted lover; for the captain fancied sometimes that the young fellow's indifference was assumed.

"Did you escort them, monsieur?" the widow asked. "Ah! that was kind of you."

The captain rolled from one leg to the other. He would not blab, but he was too honest and humble-minded to accept praise he had not earned. He was troubled, and looking up, he saw in the widow's fixed gaze that he had betrayed his uneasiness.

"No, madame, it was not I," he stammered, and looked at her more boldly, his round red face full of alarm.

Madame Carouge returned his gaze fully. "They went alone, then?" she said.

"Yes, madame." Then with an effort he went on: "Mademoiselle Marie said she was afraid of the bears: she is—she is timid. Have you seen her, madame? She is a charming girl."

"Is she?" Madame spoke dryly, and Loigerot felt that the only thing left for him was to wish her good-evening and escape. It seemed to him as if the floor

was sinking under his feet as he stammered out his farewell, and he hardly knew how he reached the street.

"*Mon Dieu*, Achille, you should mind your own business;" he took out his handkerchief and wiped his perspiring face. "This is what comes of mixing one's self up in the affairs of others. The widow suspects; and a woman who suspects is the devil for finding out. What do I know? She is perhaps capable of making old Bobineau tell her the truth, and if she sees Marie, it will be all up with Engemann. Great heavens! I do not envy him."

The captain went home that evening utterly crest-fallen. Even the walk he had taken to smooth his ruffled spirits had proved a failure. He had a consciousness that things were going wrong, and that he was to blame. But for all that, when he had smoked his last cigar, he went to bed and slept so soundly that Rudolf Engemann, who slept overhead, had a fearful dream, in which an avalanche came sweeping down on him, and he roused up in alarm to find that the noise that had so disturbed him was created by the snoring of Captain Loigerot.

Madame Carouge was less fortunate. She did not snore, but her sleep was harassed by sad, tormenting dreams. Something in the captain's manner had made her uneasy; it was too absurd a feeling to confess, and she laughed and blushed as she told herself it would never do to be jealous of a girl whom she had never seen, who was perhaps a commonplace child; besides, she had no proof that Monsieur Engemann had seen the girl. Even if he had seen her, her thoughts went on, she wronged him by this doubt. But she had never found self-mastery so difficult. The thought seemed banished—laughed at; it was impossible it should return; and then, all at once, there it was, stronger than ever. At last she fell asleep, but when she rose next morning her eyes looked heavy, and she was paler than usual.

Sharp-eyed Lenoir, the hair-dresser, who came to her every morning as soon as she had drank her chocolate, saw at a glance that something ailed her, and while he combed out the long strands of fine soft hair before he plaited it into the rich braids which gave her head such an artistic finish, he pondered what could have happened to disturb his fair customer. He had had the daily care of Madame Carouge's hair ever since she came to the Hôtel Beauregard, and he was attached to the splendid wealth of tresses, and identified himself with their beauty; but his curiosity was his strongest passion, and he would take any trouble to gratify it.

"Was madame out yesterday? It was a beautiful day."

"No." Madame Carouge always felt dreamy while her hair was being dressed, and she was entirely unconscious of the keen watch kept on her face as she sat before a long mirror in her bedroom.

"It was indeed beautiful. I never saw so many people out in all directions. The bear platform was crowded."

Madame Carouge moved her head ever so little, and Lenoir's attention was roused. He too had heard the gossip about the beautiful widow and Monsieur Engemann. He did not approve of such an idea, and he declined to believe in it; but there was nothing like certainty.

"Really," she said; and then, unable to restrain herself, she asked a question she wished unspoken as soon as it had passed her lips. "Did you see any one at the Bear Pit you knew, Monsieur Lenoir?"

Before he answered she felt her face flush with shame at her own want of dignity. Lenoir was feeling for hair-pins in the pocket of his apron.

"Oh yes, madame"—he spoke indistinctly; for, let me tell you, it is not so easy to converse when you have just put two hair-pins in your mouth—"more than one—more than one." His attention was a little disturbed, for he was creating a new arrangement in the knot of plaits, and for the moment his art was all-absorbing. "A little to the left, madame, if you please." Just then, as he contemplated, with his head on one side, the new complication in profile, he discerned a subtle, anxious expression in the widow's beautiful eyes which had looked to him so heavy. It was enough; his curiosity blazed into full flame. "Yes, madame"—he kept a devouring watch on the glowing face in the glass, serenely triumphant in the knowledge that it had no means of hiding its secret from him—"I saw many friends yesterday; friends of yours too." He emphasized the last words, and Madame Carouge looked up suddenly in the glass before her. It was impossible to mistake the expression of the sharp dark eyes she saw in the little face perked on one side. She gave almost a sigh of self-

congratulation, and sat motionless as if her face had been carved in stone. Lenoir went on: "I saw Madame Bobineau and a young girl—a pretty creature—a relation, she tells me, who has come to live with her."

"Ah, yes!" Madame Carouge spoke very languidly.

"I saw also Monsieur Engemann." Lenoir felt impatient of her indifference. Even this announcement failed to produce any effect on the beautiful still face. "He is certainly very kind; he was taking charge of Madame Bobineau's cousin. I fancy the old woman could not make her way through the crowd to the edge of the pit."

"Probably not," said Madame Carouge.

Lenoir had grown desperate. He knew very well that he was indispensable; even if he gave offense, he must try a last chance. "It was a new character for Monsieur Engemann to assume. He does not usually seem much of a lady's man. But then one can never tell."

He had shot his last arrow, and without result. The only change in Madame Carouge's face was that she looked bored, and now she put one shapely hand to her lips to hide a yawn.

Lenoir brought down his eyebrows into a frown that made him look spiteful. He drew the *peignoir* from madame's shoulders, folded it, and then rolled up his apron. "I have the honor to wish madame a good-morning," he said.

"Good-morning," said Madame Carouge.

He felt so angry that he made a grimace as he went down-stairs.

CHAPTER XIII.

A PAIR OF GLOVES.

Rudolf Engemann had been awakened during the night by the supposed avalanche, but his morning dreams must have been pleasant, for when he opened his eyes it seemed to him that the sunshine ought to have streamed in at his windows to match the bright freshness of his feelings. He did not trouble himself to inquire whence the feeling came, but he was sensible of a new and pleasant anticipation. Life had suddenly opened itself at a page which suggested other pages of interest beyond it. The puzzled vexation of the past week had fled; he felt once more simple and self-possessed; and he told himself that if there were time, he would stop and have a few minutes' talk with Madame Carouge before he went to the bank this morning.

It was hardly in pursuance of this end, however, that he turned back from the house door and looked in at the shop window of the Red Glove.

Marie was there alone. She had evidently been dusting the counter, for a feather brush lay on it, and she was giving the last touches to a tasteful display of embroidery in the farthest window.

"I believe I want a pair of gloves," he thought, as he pushed the shop door open.

Marie went back to her place behind the counter. She smiled and blushed when Monsieur Engemann bowed to her; then she glanced to the green-curtained window and saw that Madame Bobineau was not at her post of observation.

Engemann thought, as he looked at Marie, she was much prettier without her hat, her head was so well placed, and her hair was so bright it looked as if it glowed with imprisoned sunshine. There was such an indescribable atmosphere of youth and freshness about her that at once she became part of the joy that had awakened with him, and he felt very happy.

"Can I do anything for monsieur?" Marie gave him a grateful glance; she had been thinking ever since yesterday of his kindness.

"Yes, if you please, mademoiselle; I want some gloves."

"What kind of gloves does monsieur wish for," said Marie, demurely—"dark gloves or light gloves?"

Rudolf Engemann was not ready-witted, and he had not prepared himself for this question; he looked into Marie's soft gray eyes with so bewildered a gaze that she smiled. He reddened a little.

"It does not signify—any sort," he said, hurriedly; and indeed this was the truth. He was aware that he did not want gloves; he only wanted a pretext for talking to Marie.

The answer chimed in with the girl's gay humor; it sounded so absurd that she began to laugh while she placed a box of gloves before him. Then, meeting his eyes, she remembered Madame Bobineau's warning against laughter, and grew grave in an instant. Somehow the little flush

that had come with her repressed look encouraged Engemann.

"Something amuses mademoiselle."

Marie bent down her head, ashamed, and Engemann affected to look round the shop. "There is nothing else," he said, as if to himself; "it must be I, then, who have caused mademoiselle amusement."

Marie felt compelled to raise her eyes to the gaze so strongly fixed on hers.

"I beg monsieur's pardon."

She said it so penitently, and looked so winning in her humility, that Engemann felt his enjoyment deepen; it seemed as if all kinds of possibilities lay before him in the way of pleasant talks with this stranger; he was as gay as a butterfly in the fresh young sympathy that had so quickly established itself between them; it might have existed for years, it was so secure. He did not trouble himself to analyze his feelings; he simply enjoyed them, and felt purified and freshened into a more spring-like mood.

All this time the two young creatures had been studying each other's eyes. Marie looked back to the gloves; the flush on her face had grown deeper; her manner was a little hurried.

"Does monsieur like these"—she held up a pair of yellow-brown gloves—"if they are the right size?"

She darted a glance toward the green curtain. She knew that she was not fulfilling her instructions.

"*Ma foi*," said Engemann, "I—I"—he looked at his large hand and then at Marie—"I am not sure about my size."

He wanted her to measure the glove across his knuckles; but something, in spite of her little burst of laughter, kept him in check. He did not know it, but there was a helpless, appealing look in his blue eyes that touched and amused Marie; it gave her confidence to think that she could be of use to this tall gentleman.

"Allow me," she said, gravely; her hands trembled a little, but she measured the glove across his knuckles with a dainty grace; her soft, warm fingers gave him an exquisite thrill of pleasure; it seemed to him that she was absolutely fascinating.

"Shall I stretch them, monsieur?"

"If you please, mademoiselle."

He wished her to do anything which might prolong this pleasant time. He stood looking at Marie with delight while she was manipulating the pretty little pair of stretchers with which Madame Bobineau had intrusted her.

Marie knew that he was looking at her. She was not quite sure whether she ought to like his admiration, but she felt that she did like it; her heart began to beat in a most unusual fashion. She was putting the gloves in paper, when a bright idea came to Engemann—he saw an easy way of prolonging this delightful time.

"I will have another pair of gloves—not this kind—lighter ones, if you please."

He thought that if he chose the gloves out of the same packet, Marie might consider the fit certain, and he should lose the pleasure of having them measured. He had no use that he knew of for light gloves, and certainly he had no superfluous money to spend on them. But while Marie carefully replaced the box out of which he had made his first purchase, and took down another box from the high shelf behind her, it occurred to him that it might be proper to wear light gloves when he went to Thun with Madame Carouge.

"Which color does monsieur prefer?" Marie was trying to remember her lesson.

"It does not signify," said Rudolf. "I will leave it to mademoiselle to choose them for me. She knows more about gloves than I." He smiled at her.

Marie laughed. "No, monsieur, I have never worn gloves. I have lived among Sisters, and they do not wear them."

"But you will wear them now," he said.

"Yes, perhaps;" here she looked a little grave, and opening two packets she spread before him a heap of delicate shades of color—pink and primrose and lavender.

"They are very pretty," he said, looking at her more than at the gloves.

Marie wondered whether she should ever possess anything so dainty.

"These are pretty;" she drew a pair of pale citron-color from the heap. "I think these will do—if monsieur will permit me."

Engemann put out his hand only a little. She looked so pretty bending forward, and he knew she must do it to measure across his hand.

"Ah!" he said, as she finished, "I fear they may be a little short. Will mademoiselle measure the fingers?"

Marie had not practiced this art, and she had to do it twice before she succeeded, for at first she put the thumb-tip to

his finger-tip, and *vicè versa*. She looked up smiling at Engemann.

"Pardon, monsieur," she said, and then she felt a little vexed, for something in the glance she had met made her heart beat fast, and her fingers become suddenly limp and awkward.

Engemann, too, was silent; he wished Marie would raise her eyes to his.

And while the girl stood in this disturbed, nervous condition, there came, grating harshly into the soft silence that had followed her last glance, the voice of Madame Bobineau.

"Good-morning, Monsieur Engemann," it said. "I hope you have found what you want."

Engèmann felt a little foolish, and he turned a solemn face to his landlady. He was vexed too that the pleasant time was over.

"Yes, thank you, madame;" and then it occurred to him that Madame Bobineau's arrival was in a way opportune; it had removed from him the necessity of paying Marie for the gloves; this would have been disagreeable.

"Monsieur will, then, have this pair also?"

Marie held up the citron-colored gloves. She too had looked at Madame Bobineau, and she saw that though the old woman had smiled at the customer, she had next minute given a reproving glance in her direction; she felt that she could not bear to be scolded before her new friend. She folded the gloves, and after putting them in paper, she placed them on madame's desk, and then began carefully to set in order and put away the delicately tinted heap which she had scattered on the counter for Rudolf's choice.

Monsieur Engemann went to the desk and paid for his purchase; he wished Madame Bobineau good-morning; then he came back to the counter.

"Good-morning, Mademoiselle Marie," he said. "I thank you for your kindness."

He wished to shake hands, but he felt that Madame Bobineau might object to this.

The old woman came forward and opened the door. She stood looking down the street after her lodger. She was very angry, and yet it was difficult to find a scapegoat to bear her wrath. Marie had succeeded in selling two pairs of gloves to a man who rarely bought anything in the shop; it would be both unjust and impolitic to scold Marie, and yet her wrath burned fiercely.

"That young man will be late at the bank," she muttered. "Such a time of day to choose for buying gloves! You must not expect every one to thank you, Marie," she said, sharply. "Monsieur Engemann is a grand gentleman, but he is young, and, besides, he is not much in the habit of buying gloves."

Almost as she spoke Madame Bobineau felt that she had made an unwise admission.

Marie expected a lecture; she had grown accustomed to undeserved scoldings; it seemed to her that each time she had spoken to a gentleman she had evoked a storm, and now, relieved at being let off so easily, she laughed and clapped her hands gayly.

"Oh, I am so glad," she said—"so glad he bought them of me! I like him so much—oh, so very much!"

"Chut! nonsense! Like, indeed! How often, then, must I ask you, child, to have a little common-sense? You are not wanted to like the customers. Do you suppose that customers think about you? Do you think a gentleman like Monsieur Engemann notices the difference between one shop-girl and another?"

Till to-day Marie had tried to remember the Superior's advice, and although she had inwardly rebelled, she had taken her scoldings in silence; but to-day her tongue seemed to move without her guidance.

"I am sure he does," she said.

Madame Bobineau looked at her, but Marie met her angry eyes fearlessly; a bright spot of red burned in each cheek, but there was a confidence in her manner that was almost triumphant. She felt that she was no longer friendless in Berne.

Madame Bobineau only understood one side of human nature—its weakness and its double motives—and she at once assumed that harm lurked in the girl's courage.

"You are as vain as you are silly," she said, "and I am afraid you are not fit to stand behind a counter; I am afraid you stare at gentlemen, Marie, and try to be admired. I wonder what the Sisters would think of you?" Then seeing that the girl still smiled, "You little fool, do you suppose men are what they seem? Why, at this very moment, if he thinks of you at all, Monsieur Engemann is turning you into ridicule with his fellow-clerks; or, if he ventures to mention such a subject to

her, he is perhaps telling Madame Carouge what a vain little puss I am plagued with as shop-girl."

Marie stood leaning against the counter. As she listened she grew rosy, the rich color glowed through her fair hair, and when the old woman spoke of Madame Carouge, scorching, angry tears fell sparkling on her hot face.

"I do not believe it; he is not double-faced. He is good—I am sure he is; he would not do such false, mean things." And then, overmastered by the sudden fear the old woman's words had called up, she flung her arms on the counter, and burying her face in them, she sobbed loudly.

Madame Bobineau had relieved her temper, and now her sense of propriety came to Marie's help.

"Great heavens, child! how can you be so violent! Nicely the Sisters have trained you, I must say! Have done, will you?" But the sobs went on vehemently. "There, there, child; I did not say it was so; I said perhaps; for, as you say, Monsieur Engemann is good and kind. I only mean to warn you, Marie, to show you to what your vanity exposes you. Come, come;" she patted her shoulder. "A customer will arrive and find you sobbing. Come, come, child; if you must cry, go into my room, and I will mind the shop till you come to your senses."

Marie seemed to feel the force of this appeal. She tried to check her sobs, and lifting up her swollen, tear-stained face, she went slowly into the little room, and shut the green-curtained door behind her. Then she dropped into Madame Bobineau's easy-chair, and hid her shame-stricken face. Her sobs had ceased; she was alarmed at the tumult which had broken out in her.

"What would the Sisters say to me? They would not know their little Marie; they would not believe I could be so wicked and passionate—and yet it is true."

She got up and went to the little dingy mirror at which Madame Bobineau smoothed her hair before she went into the shop. Marie gazed mournfully at her own reflection. Certainly she did not look like the Marie who had just now laughed so merrily; her eyes were glazed with tears, and her lips were swelled and pouting.

"Yes, I am changed. I look cross and horrid; and if I stay here I shall grow wicked. I can't like Madame Bobineau; directly I begin to, she says something cruel, and makes me feel stung all over. And oh! I do hate Madame Carouge.... What would the dear Mother say if I told her that? But I will go back and tell her everything. I shall soon forget that I ever came to Berne."

IN THE RANKS.

HIS death-blow struck him, there in the ranks—
There in the ranks, with his face to the foe:
Did his dying lips utter curses or thanks?
No one will know.

Still he marched on, he with the rest—
Still he marched on, with his face to the foe,
To the day's bitter business sternly addrest:
Dead—did they know?

When the day was over, the fierce fight done,
His cheeks were red with the sunset's glow,
And they crowned him there with their laurels won:
Dead—did he know?

Laurels or roses, all one to him now—
What to a dead man is glory or glow?—
Rose wreaths for love, or a crown on his brow:
Dead—does he know?

And yet you will see him march on with the rest—
No man of them all makes a goodlier show—
In the thick of the tumult jostled and prest:
Dead—would you know?

THE ARCADE AND PUBLIC SQUARE.

PULLMAN: A SOCIAL STUDY.

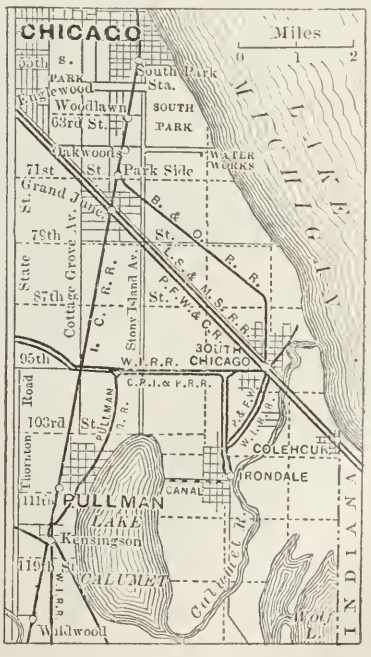
COMMUNISM, socialism, nihilism, are international words. Understood by people of both hemispheres and of many tongues, and printed daily in ten thousand journals, they are evidence of a momentous social movement. They mean far more than the creeds which under these names find a comparatively limited acceptance. They bear witness to a widespread discontent with things as they are in modern society—a discontent which but rarely goes to the extreme length of what is ordinarily designated by the generic term socialism. The pretty dream of a perfect, natural order of things brought about by the free play of unrestrained social forces has vanished. It has given place on the one hand to pessimism; on the other, and more generally, to a determination not to let things go on of themselves, but to make them go in such manner as may be desired. The conviction has become general that the divine order never contemplated a social and economic world left to itself. Material is furnished out of which man must construct a social fabric according to his lights. This is what modern socialism means, and for this reason it is practical, not romantic, and leaving the dim, artificial light of the study, goes forth into the broad sunlight, seeking immediate realization among the people. This is what co-operation means. It is looked upon as a new social form. For this reason it is preached as a gospel, and its spread in England heralded with joy by men like Thomas Hughes. Finally, for brevity's sake, passing over numerous manifestations of this spirit in our times, this is what is meant by the many attempts of "captains of industry" to step in between those they lead and the unrestrained action of existing economic forces. The variety of methods to which recourse is had is great. Insurance of one kind and another, gratuitous instruction, amusements, reading-rooms, participation in profits, rewards for special merit, occur at once to the mind. Several employers have attempted more far-reaching establishments which should embrace the home life of laborers, and thus include wives and children in their beneficence. Interesting examples are the "Social Palace" of M. Godin at Guise, France, and the town of Saltaire, founded by Sir Titus Salt, on the banks of the Aire, in England, both of which have been described in the pages of this Magazine. Another instance is afforded by the works of the Willimantic Company, at Willimantic, Connecticut. But the most extensive experiment of this

character is that now in progress at Pullman, Illinois. It is social experimentation on a vast scale, and this is its significance.

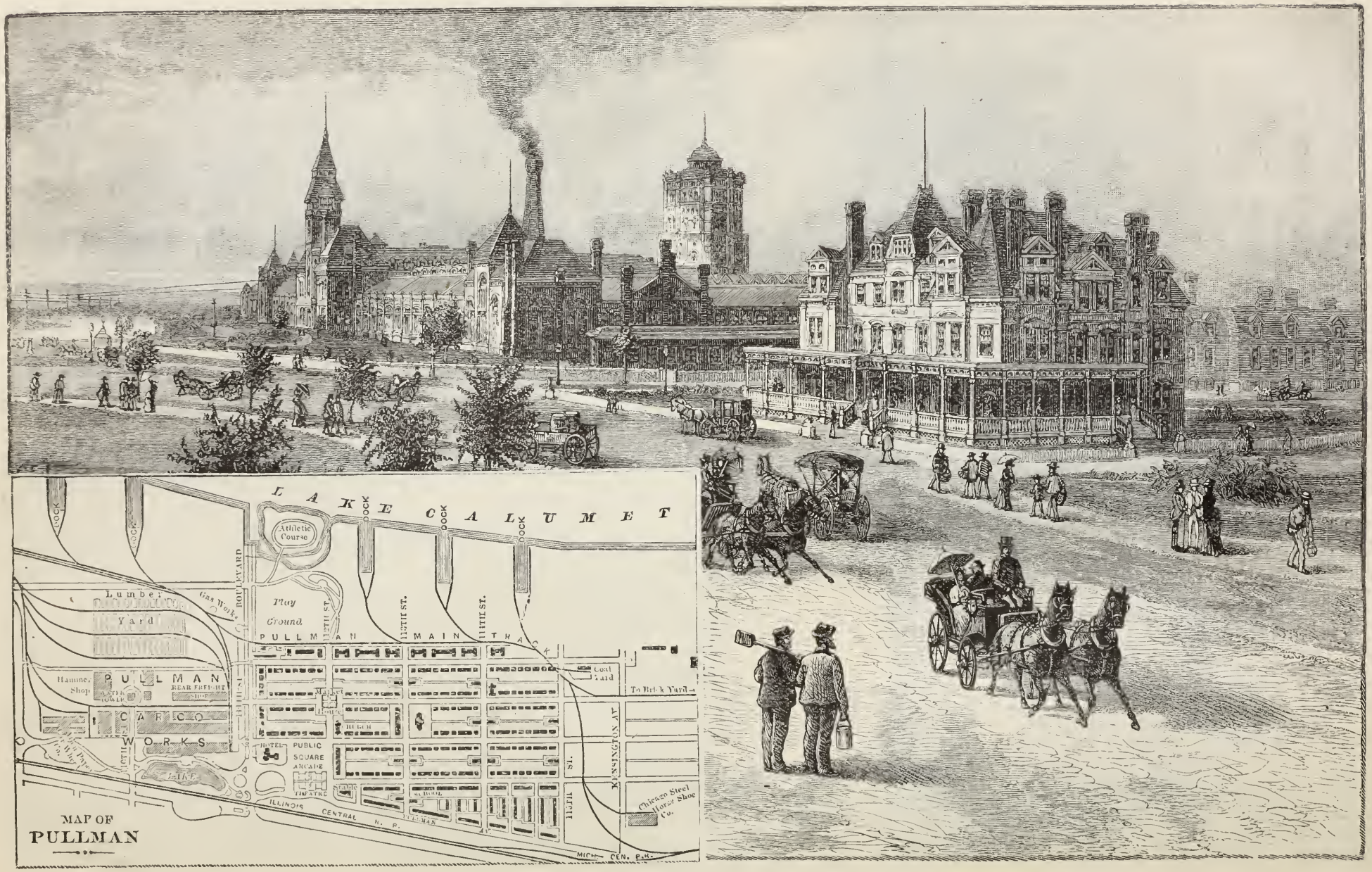
For this reason it challenges attention and discussion at a time when dynamite bombs and revolutionary murmurings terrify monarchs, when an enlarged human sympathy encircles the earth with beneficent institutions, and when an eager interest in social and economic facts more than atones for general indifference to the dogmatic assumptions of classic political economy.

A STREET IN PULLMAN.

Pullman, a town of eight thousand inhabitants, some ten miles from Chicago, on the Illinois Central Railroad, was founded less than four years ago by the Pullman Palace Car Company, whose president and leading spirit is Mr. George M. Pullman. Its purpose was to provide both a centre of industry and homes for the employés of the company and such additional laborers as might be attracted to the place by other opportunities to labor. Simply as a town, Pullman has not sufficient interest to justify a description of it in a great magazine. Its natural beauties are not remarkable, situated as it is on the low prairie land surrounding Chicago, and its newness makes such romances impossible as one can associate with villages like Lenox, and Stockbridge, and other ancient towns in New England. Like many other Western cities, its growth has been rapid, its population having increased from four souls in January, 1881, to 2084 in February, 1882, and to 8203 in September, 1884. A manufacturing town, it embraces the principal works of the Pullman Palace Car Company, in addition to the Allen Paper Car-wheel Company, the Union Foundry and Pullman Car-wheel Company, the Chicago Steel-works, the Steel-forging Company, and numerous less important enterprises. Many of the last-mentioned are connected with building operations in the town of Pullman, or furnish commodities to its residents, and in many cases they also supply customers elsewhere, such as the gas-works, the ice-houses, the brick-yards, the carpenter shops, and the large farm which receives the sewage of Pullman. The number of men employed in the place is at present about four thousand, of whom over three thousand are employed by the Palace Car Company. The products of the various establishments are valued at many millions of dollars. As all the Pullman enterprises are conduct-



SUBURBS OF CHICAGO.


Palace Car Works.
Hotel.
LAKE CALUMET
DOCK
DOCK
DOCK
Athletic Course
BOULEVARD
Lumber Yard
Gas Works
Play Ground
PULLMAN MAIN THAROUGHFARE
113TH ST.
111TH ST.
Coal Yard
To Brick Yard
Hammer Shop
PULLMAN
REAR FREIGHT
CAR CO
WORKS
HOTEL
PUBLIC SQUARE
ARCADE
THEATRE
SCHOOL
CHURCH
ST.
KENSINGTON AV.
Chicago Steel Horse Shoe Co.
ILLINOIS CENTRAL N. R.
PULLMAN AV.
MICH. CEN. R.R.
MAP OF
PULLMAN

PULLMAN.

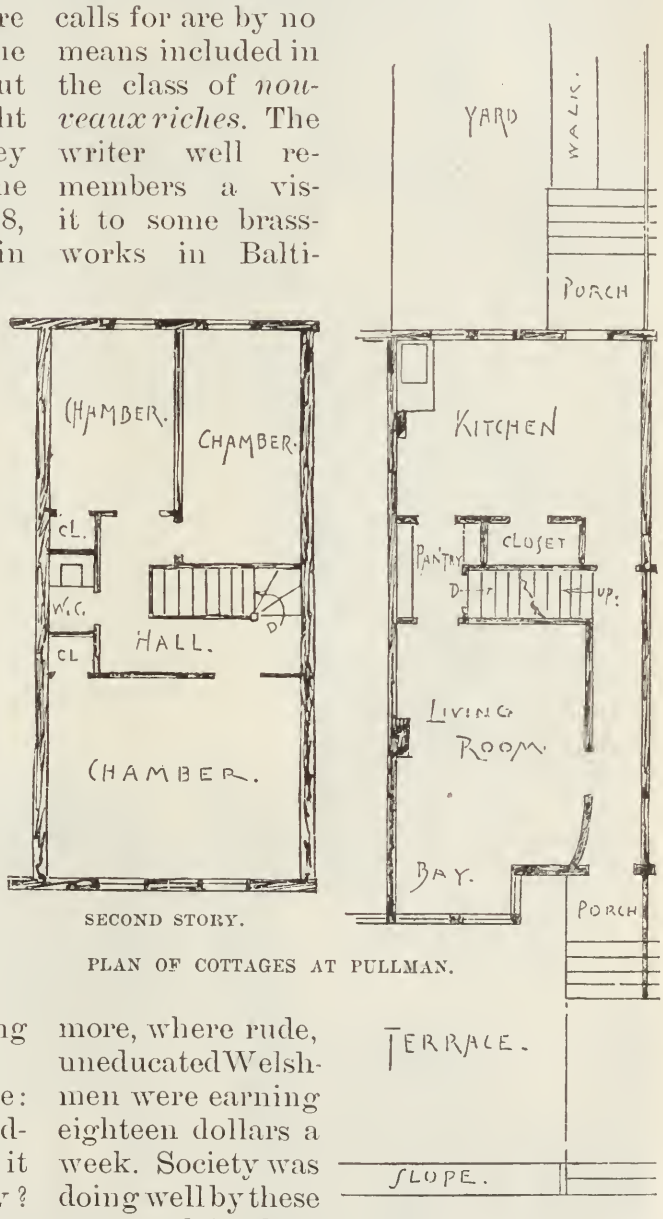
THE MARKET-HOUSE.

ed with what seems to the writer a needless air of secrecy, reliable statistics are obtained with difficulty. However, the car-works claim a capacity to turn out $8,000,000 worth of passenger and freight cars per annum, and it is expected that they will be able to manufacture forty of the latter per day hereafter. On August 18, 1884, one hundred freight cars were built in ten hours. The Allen Paper Car-wheel Company claims a capacity of fifteen thousand paper car-wheels a year. The brick-yards are large, and two hundred and twenty thousand bricks is one day's work. Many of the men who work in the brick-yards in summer harvest ice in winter, and it is expected to store about twenty-five thousand tons this winter. The carpenter shops, which do considerable work in Chicago, have employed at times as many as five hundred men. These are some of the principal material facts of interest to the general reader. Much could be said of Pullman as a manufacturing centre, but the purpose of this article is to treat it as an attempt to furnish laborers with the best homes under the most healthful conditions and with the most favorable surroundings in every respect, for Pullman aims to be a forerunner of better things for the laboring classes.

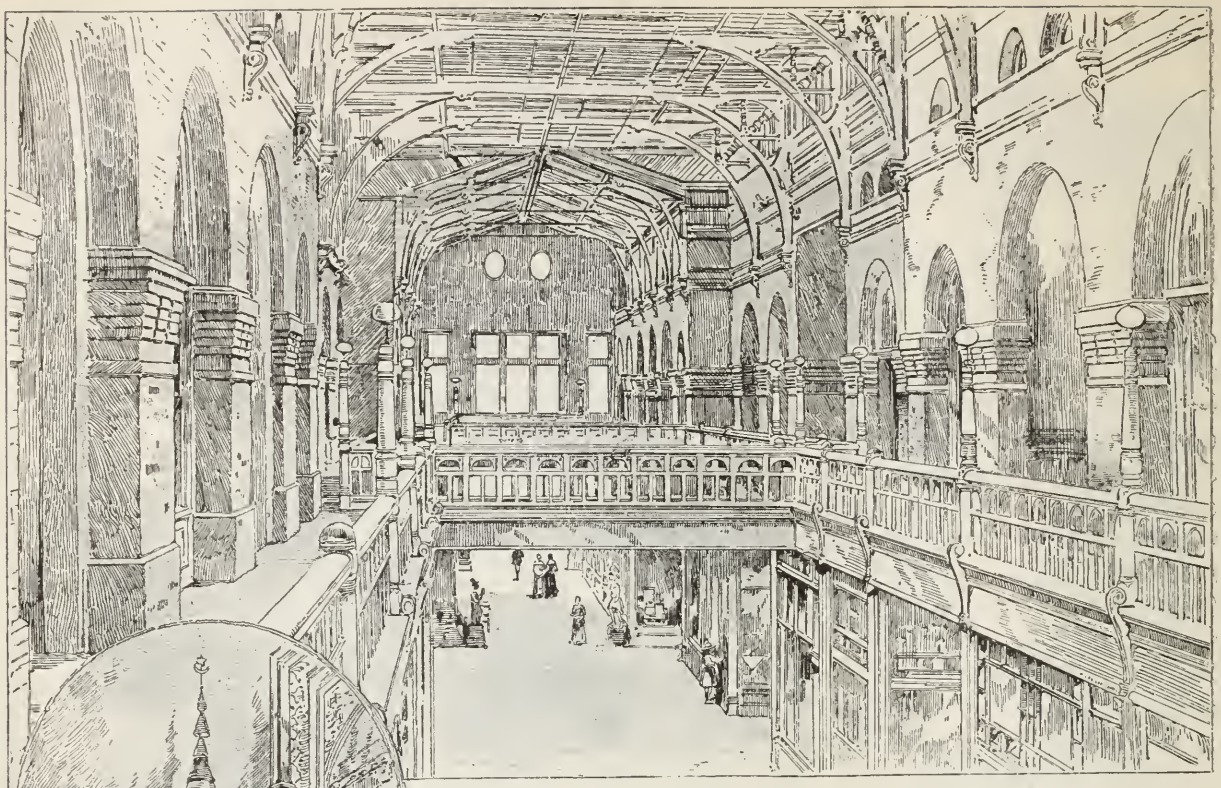
The questions to be answered are these: Is Pullman a success from a social standpoint? Is it worthy of imitation? Is it likely to inaugurate a new era in society? If only a partial success, what are its bright features and what its dark features?

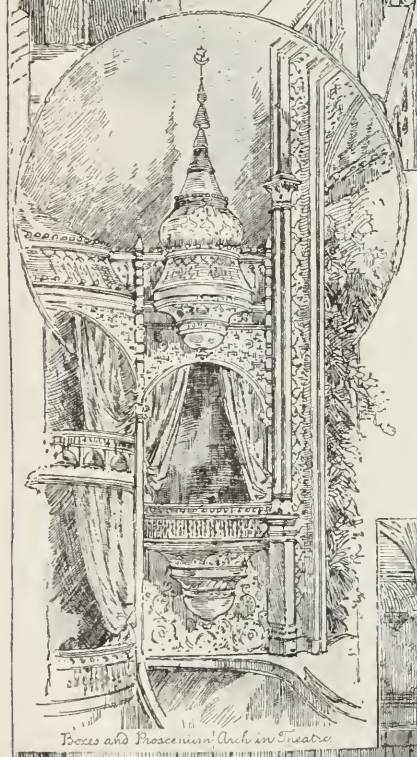
THE STABLES.

Pullman as an attempt to realize an ideal must be judged by an ideal standard. The measure to be applied is the reasonable ideal of the social reformer. What is this ideal? Is it not that each individual be so situated as to participate, as fully as his nature will allow, in the advantages of the existing civilization? This is a high standard, but not so high as might at first appear. All those who have more than this measure calls for are by no means included in the class of *nouveaux riches*. The writer well remembers a visit to some brass-works in Baltimore, where rude, uneducated Welshmen were earning eighteen dollars a week. Society was doing well by these men, and in their case there could be no serious social question as far as wages were concerned. One needed to be with the men but a short time to be convinced that their income enabled them to participate in all the benefits of this nineteenth-century civilization which they were capable of enjoying. Now what the student of society wants to know is the nearness with which Pullman approaches the social ideal.



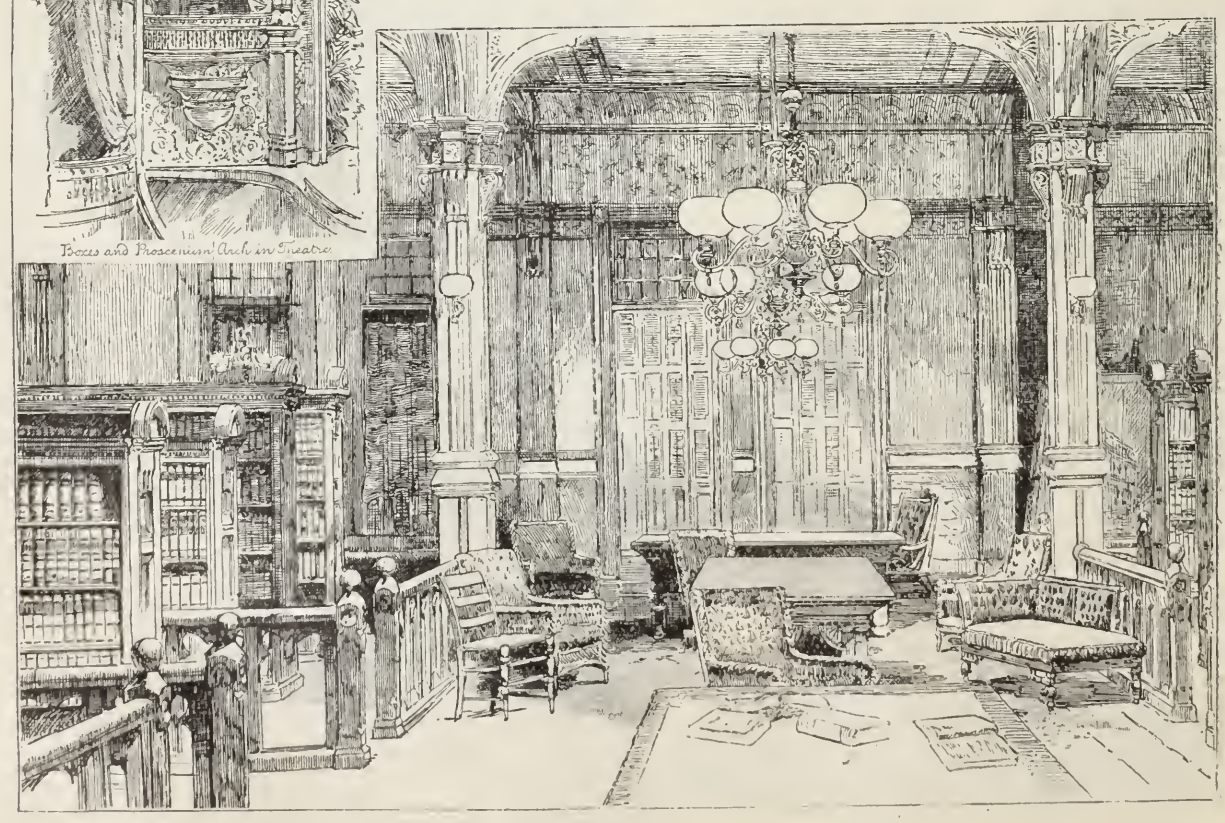
PLAN OF COTTAGES AT PULLMAN.





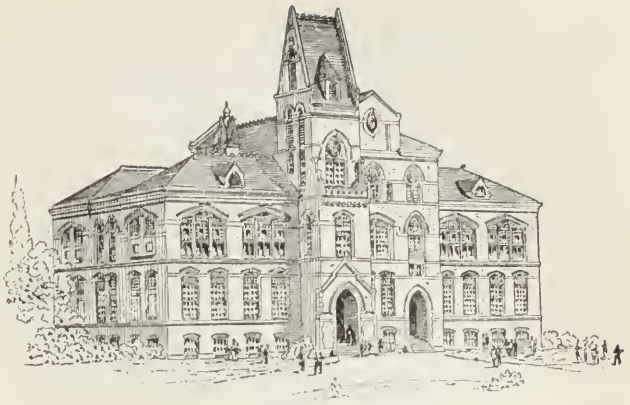
Boxes and Proscenium Arch in Theatre

Very gratifying is the impression of the visitor who passes hurriedly through Pullman and observes only the splendid provision for the present material comforts of its residents. What is seen in a walk or drive through the streets is so pleasing to the eye that a woman's first exclamation is certain to be, "Perfectly lovely!" It is indeed a sight as rare as it



INTERIOR OF ARCADE—THE LIBRARY.

is delightful. What might have been taken for a wealthy suburban town is given up to busy workers, who literally earn their bread in the sweat of their brow. No favorable sites are set apart for drones living on past accumulations, and if a few short stretches are reserved for residences which can be rented only by those whose earnings are large, this is an exception; and it is not necessary to remain long in the place to notice that clergymen, officers of the company, and mechanics live in adjoining dwellings.



THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

One of the most striking peculiarities of this place is the all-pervading air of thrift and providence. The most pleasing impression of general well-being is at once produced. Contrary to what is seen ordinarily in laborers' quarters, not a dilapidated door-step nor a broken window, stuffed perhaps with old clothing, is to be found in the city. The streets of Pullman, always kept in perfect condition, are wide and finely macadamized, and young shade trees on each side now ornament the town, and will in a few years afford refreshing protection from the rays of the summer sun.

Unity of design and an unexpected variety charm us as we saunter through the town. Lawns always of the same width separate the houses from the street, but they are so green and neatly trimmed that one can overlook this regularity of form. Although the houses are built in groups of two or more, and even in blocks, with the exception of a few large buildings of cheap flats, they bear no resemblance to barracks; and one is not likely to make the mistake, so frequent in New York blocks of "brown-stone fronts," of getting into the wrong house by mistake. Simple but ingenious designs secure variety, of which the most skillful is probably the treatment of the sky line. Naturally, without an appearance of effort, it assumes an immense diversity. French roofs, square roofs, dormer-windows, turrets, sharp points, blunt points, triangles, irregular quadrangles, are devices resorted to in the upper stories to avoid the appearance of unbroken uniformity. A slight knowledge of mathematics shows how infinite the variety of possible combinations of a few elements, and a better appreciation of this fact than that exhibited by the architecture of Pullman it would be difficult to find. The streets cross each other at right angles, yet here again skill has avoided the frightful monotony of New York, which must sometimes tempt a nervous person to scream for relief. A public square, arcade, hotel, market, or some large building is often set across a street so ingeniously as to break the regular line, yet without inconvenience to traffic. Then at the termination of long streets a pleasing view greets and relieves the eye—a bit of water, a stretch of meadow, a clump of trees, or even one of the large but neat workshops. All this grows upon the visitor day by day. No other feature of Pullman can receive praise needing so little qualification as its architecture. Desirable houses have been provided for a large laboring population at so small a cost that they can be rented at rates within their means and yet yield a handsome return on the capital invested. Rents are probably about three-fifths what they are in Chicago, and, all things considered, this seems not to be an unfair standard of comparison. It is a mere matter of course

WORKING-MEN'S COTTAGES.

that there are architectural defects even in Pullman. The diversity is not quite all that could be desired. What may be called the public buildings, that is to say, the hotel, school-house, arcade, etc., are detached, but no private house stands by itself, though there are quite a number of detached double houses. Spaces have, however, been reserved for a few detached private residences, which will improve the appearance of the town. With the exception of the church and parsonage, built of green serpentine stone from Philadelphia, all the buildings are of brick. This is monotonous, and rather wearying to the eye, but the slate roofs, and a large use of light stone trimmings, and stripes of black across the houses, help matters somewhat. The general character of the architecture is what has been called advanced secular Gothic. This is skillfully varied, and in the hotel particularly there is a feeling of the Queen Anne style. But there ought to be some bold break in the general design. The newness of things, which time will remedy, is a little distressing, as is also the mechanical regularity of the town, and it is this, perhaps, which suggests the epithet "machine-made." The growth of shade trees will break into the sameness, and the magnificent boulevard which divides the shops on the north from the residences on the south, stretching from east to west across the town, and bordered with double rows of elms, will, twenty years from now, be a vast improvement. Great overarching trees will hide one part of the town from another, and give opportunity for pleasant surprises in nature and art.

The interior of the houses affords scarcely less gratification than their exterior. Even the humblest suite of rooms in the flats is provided with water, gas, and closets, and no requisite of cleanliness is omitted. Most of the cottages are two stories in height, and contain five rooms, besides a cellar, closets, and pantry, as seen in the accompanying plan and illustrations. Quite a large number of houses contain seven rooms, and in these larger dwellings there is also a bath-room.

Outside of the home one finds other noteworthy provisions for the comfort, convenience, and well-being of the residents in Pullman. There is a large Market-house, 100 by 110 feet in size, through which a wide passage extends from east to west. This building contains a basement and two stories, the first divided into sixteen stalls, the second a public hall. The dealers in meat and vegetables are concentrated in the Market-house. The finest building in Pullman is the Arcade, a structure 256 feet in length, 146 feet in width, and 90 feet in height. It is built of red pressed brick, with stone foundations and light stone trimmings, and a glass roof extends over the entire wide central passage. In the Arcade one finds offices, shops, the bank, theatre, library, etc. As no shops or stores are allowed in the town outside of the Arcade and Market-house, all shopping in Pullman is done under roof—a great convenience in wet weather, and a saving of time and strength.

The theatre, situated in the Arcade as just mentioned, seats eight hundred people, and is elegantly and tastefully furnished. The illustration on page 456 of the Arcade includes a view of the boxes, which are Moorish in design. It was intended to embrace in this theatre many of the best features of the Madison Square Theatre, but the scope of the present article does not admit of a detailed description of them, exquisite and perfectly appointed as they are. Representations are given by various troupes about once in two weeks. There is nothing peculiar in the management. The company rents it to applicants, but attempts to exclude immoral pieces, and admit only such as shall afford innocent amusement and instruction. The prices for tickets are thirty-five, fifty, and seventy-five cents, which have been found to be the most profitable in Pullman, higher prices keeping the people away, and lower ones not attracting enough more to compensate for the diminished return on each ticket.

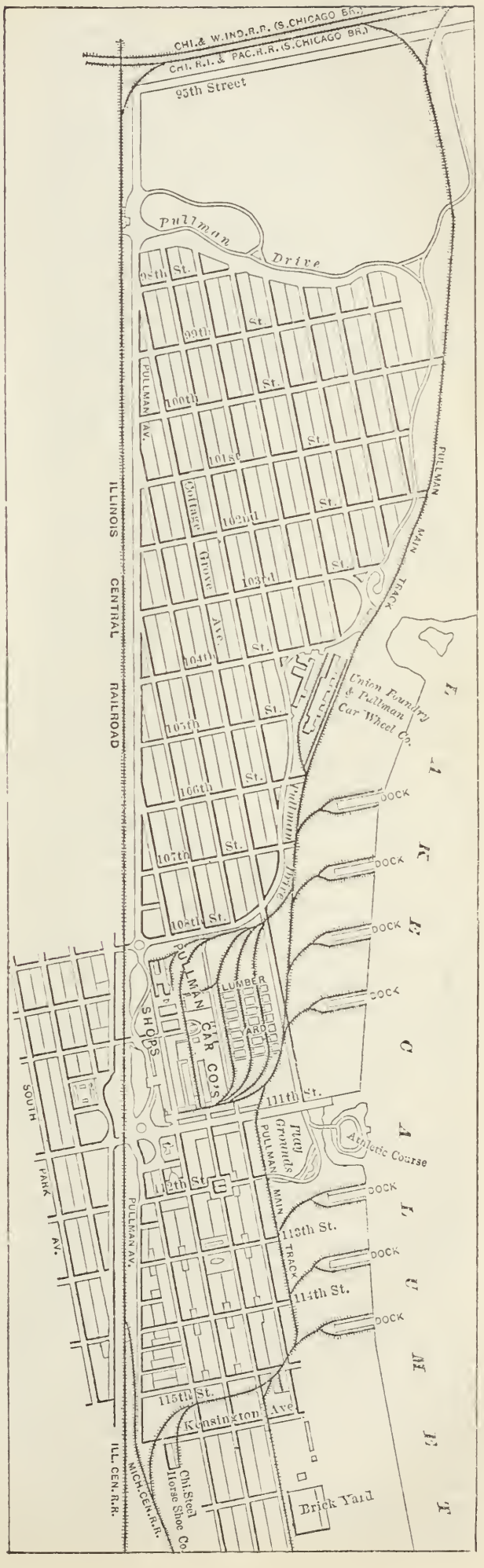
In the interior of the Arcade a balcony extends around the passage in front of the rooms and offices of the second story, which it thus conveniently connects. It produces a pleasing effect, and affords a favorable position from which to view the busy throng below. The library, which opens on this balcony, contains six thousand volumes, the gift of Mr. Pullman, and numerous periodicals, among which were noticed several likely to be of special importance to mechanics, such as the *Railway Age*, the *Iron Age*, *Scientific American*, and *Popular Science Monthly*. The library rooms are elegantly furnished with Wilton carpets and plush-covered chairs, and the walls are beautifully painted. Objection has been raised to this luxuri-

ousness by those who think it repels the ordinary artisan, unaccustomed in his own home to such extravagance; but it must be remembered that it is avowedly part of the design of Pullman to surround laborers as far as possible with all the privileges of large wealth. The annual charge for the use of the Public Library, for nothing in Pullman is free, is three dollars—rather high for workmen in these days of free libraries. The management of the librarian is most commendable, and every aid is given to those who patronize it to render it as instructive and elevating as possible. A special effort has been made to induce the subscribers to choose a superior class of literature, but the record shows that seventy-five per centum of the books drawn are still works of fiction, which is about the usual percentage in public libraries.

The educational facilities of Pullman are those generally afforded in larger American villages by the public-school system. The school trustees are elected by the citizens, and rent of the Pullman Company a handsome building, which harmonizes in architecture and situation with the remainder of the town.

There are no barns in the place, but a large building provides accommodation for livery-stables, and a fire department sustained by the Pullman Company. The hotel, the property of the company, and managed by one of its officers, is a large structure, surrounded on three sides by beautiful public squares covered with flowers and shrubbery. It is luxuriously furnished, admirably kept, and contains the only barroom allowed in Pullman, though there are thirty on the outskirts of the place in Kensington. However, the temptation "to drink" does not constantly stare one in the face, and this restriction has not entirely failed to accomplish its end, the promotion of temperance.

There is nothing so peculiar in



PLAN OF PULLMAN CITY.

these features of Pullman as to require further description. It was necessary to make brief mention of them to help the reader to understand the nature and extent of the experiment called Pullman.

The whole is the work of the Pullman Palace Car Company and the Pullman Land Association, which are both under one management, and, to a considerable extent, the same practically, although two separate legal persons. Colonel James Bowen, who appears to have been one of the interesting characters in the early history of Chicago, had long prophesied that the true site for a great city was upon the shores of Lake Calumet—an expanse of water some six feet deep, about three miles long, and a mile and a half wide, and connected with Lake Michigan by the Calumet River. Having found a believer in Mr. Pullman, he was commissioned by that gentleman to purchase quietly four thousand acres in the neighborhood, and this has become the site of Pullman. The entire town was built under the direction of a single architect, Mr. S. S. Beman, an ambitious young man whose frequently expressed desire for an opportunity to do a "big thing" was here gratified. This is probably the first time a single architect has ever constructed a whole town systematically upon scientific principles, and the success of the work entitles him to personal mention. The plans were drawn for a large city at the start, and these have been followed without break in the unity of design. Pullman illustrates and proves in many ways both the advantages of enterprises on a vast scale and the benefits of unified and intelligent municipal administration. All articles employed in the construction of the town were purchased at the lowest figures, as orders were given for unusually large quantities, and thus the outlay was far less than it would have been had each building, or even each block, been built by a separate individual. It is manifest, for example, that a man will obtain hinges at the most favorable rates who orders twenty-five thousand pairs at one time. An additional saving was effected by the establishment of the carpenter shops and brick-yards, which enabled the company to avoid the payment of profits on the wood-work and on the bricks. The bricks were manufactured of clay from the bottom of Lake Calumet, and thus the construction of the town helped to deepen its harbor and prepare it for the large shipping which is one day expected there, for its proprietors prophesy that vessels will yet sail from Pullman to London. Then, as there is no competition at Pullman, and no conflicting municipal boards, gas, water, and sewerage pipes were laid once for all, and the pavement, when completed, not again disturbed. The money saved by this wise, unified, and consequently harmonious action must be reckoned by the hundred thousand.

There are over fifteen hundred buildings at Pullman, and the entire cost of the town, including all the manufacturing establishments, is estimated at eight millions of dollars. The rents of the dwellings vary from $4 50 per month for the cheapest flats of two rooms to $100 a month for the largest private house in the place. The rent usually paid varies from $14 to $25 a month, exclusive of the water charge, which is generally not far from eighty cents. A five-roomed cottage, such as is seen in the illustration, rents for $17 a month, and its cost is estimated at $1700, including a charge of $300 for the lot. But it must be understood that the estimated value of $1700 includes profits on brick and carpenter work and everything furnished by the company, for each industry at Pullman stands on its own feet, and keeps its own separate account. The company's brick-yards charge the company a profit on the brick the latter buys, and the other establishments do the same; consequently the estimated cost of the buildings includes profits which flowed after all into the company's coffers.

The Pullman companies retain everything. No private individual owns to-day a square rod of ground or a single structure in the entire town. No organization, not even a church, can occupy any other than rented quarters. With the exception of the management of the public school, every municipal act is here the act of a private corporation. What this means will be perceived when it is remembered that it includes such matters as the location, repairs, and cleaning of streets and sidewalks, the maintenance of the fire department, and the taking of the local census whenever desired. When the writer was in Pullman a census was taken. A superior officer of the company said to an inferior, "I want a census," and told what kind of a census was desired. That was the whole matter. The people of the place had no more to

say about it than a resident of Kamtchatka. All this applies only to what is generally known as Pullman, which is in reality no political organization, and is called a town or city simply in a popular sense for the sake of convenience. Pullman is only a part of the large village and town of Hyde Park, but the latter appears to have relinquished the government of this portion of its territory bearing the name of Pullman to private corporations, and the writer was not able to find that a single resident of Pullman, not an officer of the Pullman companies, was either in the board of trustees of Hyde Park or in the staff of officers. The town clerk and treasurer are both officers of the Pullman Palace Car Company, and the directory of Hyde Park reveals the fact that with one exception every member of the board of education of the Pullman school district is an officer of the Palace Car Company or some concern which bears the name of Pullman.

One of Mr. Pullman's fundamental ideas is the *commercial value of beauty*, and this he has endeavored to carry out as faithfully in the town which bears his name as in the Pullman drawing-room and sleeping cars. He is one of the few men who have thought it a paying investment to expend millions for the purpose of surrounding laborers with objects of beauty and comfort. In a hundred ways one sees in Pullman to-day evidences of its founder's sagacious foresight. One of the most interesting is the fact that the company finds it pays them in dollars and cents to keep the streets sprinkled with water and the lawns well trimmed, the saving in paint and kalsomine more than repaying the outlay. Less dust and dirt are carried and blown into houses, and the injury done to walls and wood-work is diminished. For the rest, the neat exterior is a constant example, which is sure sooner or later to exert its proper effect on housewives, stimulating them to exertion in behalf of cleanliness and order.

It should be constantly borne in mind that all investments and outlays in Pullman are intended to yield financial returns satisfactory from a purely business point of view. The minimum return expected is six per centum on expenditure, and the town appears to have yielded a far higher percentage on cost up to the present time. Much of the land was bought at less than $200 per acre, and it is likely that the average price paid did not exceed that. A large part of this now yields rent on a valuation of $5000 per acre, and certain sections in the heart of Pullman are to-day more valuable, and will continue to increase in value in the future, if the town grows as is expected. The extreme reluctance of the officers of the company to make precise statements of any kind renders it impossible to obtain the accurate information desired. Yet there seems to be no reason to doubt the emphatic assertion that the whole establishment pays handsomely. A large part of Pullman belongs to the Palace Car Company, which claims to have paid nine and one-half per centum on its entire stock for the last three years, and to have averaged about ten per centum since its organization in 1867. As far as the Land Association is concerned, it is sufficient to know that all its houses are rented at a high valuation, and the land put in at twenty-five times its cost.

It pays also in another way. The wholesome, cheerful surroundings enable the men to work more constantly and more efficiently. The healthy condition of the residents is a matter of general comment. The number of deaths has been about seven in a thousand per annum, whereas it has been about fifteen in a thousand in the rest of Hyde Park.

It is maintained that Pullman is truly a philanthropic undertaking, although it is intended that it should be a profitable investment, and this is the argument used: If it can be shown that it does pay to provide beautiful homes for laborers, accompanied with all the conditions requisite for wholesome living both for the body and the mind, the example set by Mr. Pullman will find wide imitation. If what is done for the residents of the town were simply a generous gift, another might argue, "If Mr. Pullman chooses to spend his money this way, very well! I have no objection, but I prefer to keep a stable of blooded horses. Each one according to his taste!" We may feel inclined to shrug our shoulders at the philanthropy which demands a good round sum for everything it offers, but certainly it is a great thing to have demonstrated the commercial value of beauty in a city of laborers.

The wages paid at Pullman are equal to those paid for similar services elsewhere in the vicinity. In a visit of ten

days at Pullman no complaint was heard on this score which appeared to be well founded. Unskilled laborers—and they are perhaps one-fourth of the population—receive only $1 30 a day; but there are other corporations about Chicago which pay no more, and Pullman claims to pay only ordinary wages. Many of the mechanics earn $2 50 or $2 75 a day, some $3 and $4, and occasionally even more. Those who receive but $1 30 have a hard struggle to live, after the rent and water tax are paid. On this point there is unanimity of sentiment, and Pullman does comparatively little for them, and the social problem in their case remains unsolved. They are crowded together in the cheap flats, which are put as much out of sight as possible, and present a rather dreary appearance, although vastly better than the poorer class of New York tenements.

The great majority at Pullman are skilled artisans, and nearly all with whom the writer conversed expressed themselves as fairly well satisfied with their earnings, and many of them took pains to point out the advantages of the steady employment and prompt pay they always found there. The authorities even go out of their way to "make work" for one who has proved himself efficient and faithful.

There are many other pleasant and interesting features of Pullman, to which it is possible only to allude here. One is the perfect system of sewerage, similar to that which has been found so successful in Berlin, Germany. The sewerage is all collected in a great tank under the "water tower," and then pumped on to a large garden farm of one hundred and seventy acres, called the "Pullman Farm." This is already profitable, and it is hoped that in time it will pay interest on the cost of the entire sewerage system of the town, which was $300,000. It is worthy the careful study of municipal authorities.

There are a thousand and one little ways in which the residents of Pullman are benefited, and in many cases without cost to the company. Considerable care is taken to find suitable employment for those who in any way become incapacitated for their ordinary work. A watchman with a missing arm was seen, and a position as janitor was found for a man who had become partially paralyzed. These are but examples. Men temporarily injured receive full pay, save in cases of gross carelessness, when one dollar a day is allowed. Employés are paid with checks on the "Pullman Loan and Savings Bank," to accustom them to its use and encourage them to make deposits.

Encouraging words from superiors are helpful. One warm-hearted official, to whom the welfare of the laboring classes appears to be a matter of momentous concern, wrote a note of thanks to the occupant of a cottage which was particularly well kept and ornamented with growing flowers. In another case he was so well pleased with the appearance of a cottage that he ordered a couple of plants in pots sent from the greenery to the lady of the house, with his compliments. The effect of systematic persistence in little acts of kind thoughtfulness like these is seen in the diffusion of a spirit of mutual helpfulness, and in frequent attempts to give practical, even if imperfect, expression to the truth of the brotherhood of man. Several ladies were especially prominent in this way, and among them may be mentioned the librarian. When the humbler young women see her home, which was designed for an ordinary mechanic, they often ask: "Can this be the same kind of a house we live in? Oh! how did you make all these pretty things? Please tell us." And a ready response is always given to their appeals. At a charming picnic, where a large number of residents were met, the writer had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a great-hearted motherly German lady, the wife of a manager of the shops, whose life is spent in good works among the employés. The strangers are visited and brought into congenial social circles, and the poor and sick relieved in their distress, by this noble Christian woman. An interesting and successful experiment was tried in connection with wall-paper. Great quantities were bought at wholesale, and a man sent to the poorer houses with a number of varieties, from which the tenant was requested to select one, the company offering the paper at the very low figures at which they purchased it, and agreeing to hang it without charge. The architect assured the writer that this was doubtless the first time many women had been called upon to exercise taste and consider the beautiful in color in any matter pertaining to their dwellings. Great interest was aroused in the selection of wall-paper, and friends and neighbors

were called in to aid in the discussion of colors and in the final choice. The small charge made was only beneficial, as it led the people to value what they had acquired.

These are the devices which, together with the constant example set by the company, have awakened a very general desire in the residents to adorn and beautify their dwellings. Everywhere, even in a flat of two rooms in the third story, one sees prints and engravings on the walls, Christmas and other cards, with cheap *bric-à-brac* on brackets in the corner, or on some inexpensive ornamental table, and growing plants in the windows. It is comparatively a small matter that a highly developed æstheticism could not approve of much that is seen, for it is only the beginning of an education of the higher faculties, and better things will be seen in the children.

In the way of material comforts and beautiful surroundings, Pullman probably offers to the majority of its residents quite as much as they are in a position to enjoy, and in many cases even more. There are those who do not feel it a hardship to live in a dark alley of a great city, and there are men and women at Pullman incapable of appreciating its advantages. But they are learning to do it, and many who go away dissatisfied return, because they can not find elsewhere that to which they have become accustomed there. The pure air and perfect sanitary condition of the houses and of the entire city are more and more valued, especially by mothers, one of whom exclaimed to the writer, in speaking of Chicago: "I just hate the ugly old city." Pullman had taught her better things than she formerly knew, and thus it is becoming a great school, elevating laborers to a higher plane of wholesome living. The Commissioner of Health of Chicago, who holds that "healthy houses whose incumbency does not hint at the acceptance of charity are the best, in fact the only, means of teaching sanitation to the working classes," calls the emigrants from Pullman "sanitary missionaries."

But admirable as are the peculiarities of Pullman which have been described, certain unpleasant features of social life in that place are soon noticed by the careful observer, which moderate the enthusiasm one is at first inclined to feel upon an inspection of the external, plainly visible facts, and the picture must be completed before judgment can be pronounced upon it.

One just cause of complaint is what in government affairs would be called a bad civil service, that is, a bad administration in respect to the employment, retention, and promotion of employés. Change is constant in men and officers, and each new superior appears to have his own friends, whom he appoints to desirable positions. Favoritism and nepotism, out of place as they are in an ideal society, are oft-repeated and apparently well-substantiated charges.

The resulting evil is very naturally dissatisfaction, a painful prevalence of petty jealousies, a discouragement of superior excellence, frequent change in the residents, and an all-pervading feeling of insecurity. Nobody regards Pullman as a real home, and, in fact, it can scarcely be said that there are more than temporary residents at Pullman. One woman told the writer she had been in Pullman two years, and that there were only three families among her acquaintances who were there when she came. Her reply to the question, "It is like living in a great hotel, is it not?" was, "We call it camping out." The nature of the leases aggravates this evil. As already stated, all the property in Pullman is owned by the Pullman associations, and every tenant holds his house on a lease which may be terminated on ten days' notice. A lease which lies on the table before the writer reads: "From —— to ——, unless sooner cancelled in accordance with the conditions of the lease." It is not necessary that any reason be assigned for the notice; "and it is expressly agreed that the fact that rent may have been paid at any time in advance shall not be a waiver of the right to put an end to the term and tenancy under this lease by such notice." Furthermore, three-fourths of the laborers in Pullman are employed by the Palace Car Company, and many of those who do not work for it are employed in establishments in which the company as such or a prominent member of it is interested. The power of Bismarck in Germany is utterly insignificant when compared with the power of the ruling authority of the Pullman Palace Car Company in Pullman. Whether the power be exercised rightfully or wrongfully, it is there all the same, and every man, woman, and child in the

town is completely at its mercy, and it can be avoided only by emigration. It is impossible within the realm of Pullman to escape from the overshadowing influence of the company, and every resident feels this, and "monopoly" is a word which constantly falls on the ear of the visitor. Large as the place is, it supports no newspaper, through which complaints might find utterance, and one whose official position in the town qualified him to speak with knowledge declared positively that no publication would be allowed which was not under the direct influence of the Pullman Company. A Baptist clergyman, who had built up quite a congregation, once ventured to espouse the cause of a poor family ejected from their house, and gave rather public expression to his feelings. Shortly after his support began to fall away, one member after another leaving, and it has since never been possible to sustain a Baptist organization in Pullman. It is indeed a sad spectacle. Here is a population of eight thousand souls where not one single resident dare speak out openly his opinion about the town in which he lives. One feels that one is mingling with a dependent, servile people. There is an abundance of grievances, but if there lives in Pullman one man who would give expression to them in print over his own name, diligent inquiry continued for ten days was not sufficient to find him.

One gentleman, whose position ought to have exempted him from it, was "warned" in coming to Pullman to be careful in what he said openly about the town. It required recourse to some ingenuity to ascertain the real opinion of the people about their own city. While the writer does not feel at liberty to narrate his own experience, it can do no harm to mention a strange coincidence. While in the city the buttons on his wife's boots kept tearing off in the most remarkable manner, and it was necessary to try different shoemakers, and no one could avoid free discussion with a man who came on so harmless an errand as to have the buttons sewed on his wife's boots. This was only one of the devices employed. The men believe they are watched by the "company's spotter," and to let one of them know that information was desired about Pullman for publication was to close his lips to the honest expression of opinion. The women were inclined to be more outspoken.

An evil worthy of attention is the neglect of religion. There are scarcely accommodations for one-eighth of the population in the halls where religious exercises are conducted on Sunday. There is but one church building in Pullman, and that, the property of the company, is unoccupied because no denomination can pay the rent. The Presbyterians offered $2000 a year for it, and this was refused. The company, owning all the property of the place, does nothing for the support of religion. The Presbyterians receive $700 a year from the Presbyterian Board, and pay $600 of it over to the company for rent. The Methodists and Episcopalians also support small organizations with difficulty. The men say: "The company care nothing for our souls. They only want to get as much work as possible out of our bodies;" and forthwith they begin to neglect the provision others have made for their spiritual welfare. This may be illogical conduct, but it is human nature.

The town-meeting of New England has ever been regarded by writers of the highest authority on American government as one of the bulwarks of our liberties. The free discussion of local affairs, and the full responsibility for what is done and not done, have ever been held to be an education of the mind, a means to develop the qualities most useful in a citizen of a republic and a training for larger public duties. People of other countries are striving after a nearer approach to this in an improved local self-government, and the renowned German publicist Gneist is perhaps chiefly esteemed for what he has done to promote the movement in Germany. Yet in Pullman all this disappears. The citizen is surrounded by constant restraint and restriction, and everything is done for him, nothing by him.

The desire of the American to acquire a home is justly considered most commendable and hopeful. It promotes thrift and economy, and the habits acquired in the effort to pay for it are often the foundation of a future prosperous career. It is a beginning in the right direction. Again, a large number of house owners is a safeguard against violent movements of social discontent. Heretofore laborers at Pullman have not been allowed to acquire any real property in the place. There is a repression here as elsewhere of any marked individuality. Everything tends to stamp upon residents, as upon the

town, the character expressed in "machine-made." Not only are strikes regarded as the chief of social sins, a view too widely disseminated by works like Charles Reade's *Put Yourself in His Place*, but individual initiative, even in affairs which concern the residents alone, is repressed. Once several of the men wanted to form a kind of mutual insurance association to insure themselves against loss of time in case of accident, but it was frowned down by the authorities, and nothing further has been heard of the matter. A lady attempted to found a permanent charitable organization to look after the poor and needy, but this likewise was discouraged, because it was feared that the impression might get abroad that there was pauperism in Pullman.

In looking over all the facts of the case the conclusion is unavoidable that the idea of Pullman is un-American. It is a nearer approach than anything the writer has seen to what appears to be the ideal of the great German Chancellor. It is not the American ideal. It is benevolent, well-wishing feudalism, which desires the happiness of the people, but in such way as shall please the authorities. One can not avoid thinking of the late Czar of Russia, Alexander II., to whom the welfare of his subjects was truly a matter of concern. He wanted them to be happy, but desired their happiness to proceed from him, in whom everything should centre. Serfs were freed, the knout abolished, and no insuperable objection raised to reforms, until his people showed a decided determination to take matters in their own hands, to govern themselves, and to seek their own happiness in their own way. Then he stopped the work of reform, and considered himself deeply aggrieved. The loss of authority and distrust of the people is the fatal weakness of many systems of reform and well-intentioned projects of benevolence.

Pullman ought to be appreciated, and high honor is due Mr. George M. Pullman. He has at least attempted to do something lasting and far-reaching, and the benefits he has actually conferred upon a laboring population of eight thousand souls testify that his heart must be warm toward his poorer brother. Mr. Pullman has partially solved one of the great problems of the immediate present, which is a diffusion of the benefits of concentrated wealth among wealth-creators.

Pullman is still in its infancy, and great things are promised in the future. On an adjoining tract lots are now offered for sale, and workmen will be aided in the purchase of these, and encouraged to build houses thereon. Other manufacturing establishments are expected soon, and a more extended and diversified industry will render the laborers less dependent. Mr. Pullman has also at heart numerous plans, the purpose of which is to give employment to women and young people. It is further proposed to establish a manual training school, and the inevitable Western university is talked about. It is to be hoped that what has been begun at Pullman will be continued in a larger spirit, and that a grander structure will arise on foundations already laid. It is especially to be desired that means should be discovered to awaken in the residents an interest and a pride in Pullman. It is now thought a praiseworthy thing "to beat the company," which phrase in itself points to something radically wrong. It is quite practicable to develop a democracy, or at least what might be called a constitutional monarchy, out of the despotism of Pullman. It is not more than has been done elsewhere, as, for example, by M. Godin, at Guise, France, where the affairs of the "Social Palace" are managed by committees of laborers elected by laborers. Some co-operative features might be added, which would be a move in the right direction, and every great philanthropic enterprise ought as soon as possible to be placed on such a footing as not to be dependent upon the life of any one individual. Not a few have ventured to express the hope that Pullman might be widely imitated, and thus inaugurate a new era in the history of labor. But if this signifies approval of a scheme which would immesh our laborers in a net-work of communities owned and managed by industrial superiors, then let every patriotic American cry, God forbid! What would this mean? The establishment of the most absolute power of capital, and the repression of all freedom. It matters not that they are well-meaning capitalists; all capitalists are not devoted heart and soul to the interests of their employés, and the history of the world has long ago demonstrated that no class of men are fit to be intrusted with unlimited power. In the hour of temptation and pressure it is abused, and the real nature of the abuse

may for a time be concealed even from him guilty of it; but it degrades the dependent, corrupts the morals of the superior, and finally that is done unblushingly in the light which was once scarcely allowed in a dark corner. This is the history of a large share of the degeneracy of manners and morals in public and private life.

No; the body is more than raiment, and the soul more than the body. If free American institutions are to be preserved, we want no race of men reared as underlings and with the spirit of menials. John Stuart Mill and others have regarded the relation of master and servant, employer and employed, as unworthy of the highest attainable average type of manhood and womanhood, and have prophesied the abolition of such relationship, and the establishment of some kind or another of co-operation, where men will work for and with one another. Perhaps that may seem Utopian, but it is possible to strive for it as an ideal, and it is the goal toward which the wisest philanthropists are pushing. Shall we turn about and forge new bonds of dependence? Is not a tendency to do this observable as one of the signs of the time? Are we not frequently trying to offer the gilded cage as a substitute for personal liberty? When John Most, in an address to the laborers of Baltimore, sneered at this much-vaunted American liberty, and asked, "Of what value is it? Has any one ever been able to clothe himself with it, to house himself in it, or to satisfy with it the cravings of his stomach?" did he not give a gross expression to a kind of materialism which is becoming too common? It is idle to deny the spread of luxury, and numerous defalcations and embezzlements bear witness to wide-extended extravagance, an overvaluation of material comforts, and an undervaluation of the higher ethical goods. So when we see such splendid provision for the body as at Pullman, we clap our hands and stop not to ask how all this is to effect the formation of character. And the impassioned pleas for liberty which moved Americans mightily one hundred years ago fall to-day on the ear as something strange and ridiculous. Such thing are straws floating on the stream of social life. Have we reason to be pleased with the direction in which the current is setting?

EAST ANGELS.

CHAPTER II.

THE Doctor admitted that Garda could converse in Spanish. He suggested that they should walk on and join her. Joining her, of course, meant joining De Torrez. The Cuban proved to be a dark-skinned youth, with dull black eyes, a thin face, and black hair, closely cut, that stood up in straight short thickness all over his head, defying a parting. He was tall, gaunt, with a great want of breadth in the long expanse of his person; he was deliberate in his motions, ungainly. Yet he could not have been described as insignificant exactly, because of a certain deep reticent consciousness of his own importance, which was visible in every one of his slow, stiff movements, in every glance of his dull, reserved eyes. He bowed profoundly when introduced to the Northerner; but said nothing. He did not speak after the others came up. When Garda addressed him, he contented himself with another bow.

They all walked on together, and after some minutes the little ridge, winding with its sentinel bayonets across old fields, brought them to the main avenue of the place. This old road, broad as it was, was completely overarched by the great live-oaks which bordered it on each side. Their boughs rose high in the air, met, interlaced, and passed on, each stretching completely over the centre of the roadway, and curving downward on the opposite side; looking east and looking west was like looking through a Gothic aisle, vaulted in gray-green. The little party entered this avenue. Garda, after a few moments, again separated herself from Winthrop and Dr. Kirby, and walked on in advance with De Torrez. The Doctor looked after them, discomfited.

"We should have spoken Spanish," said Winthrop, smiling.

"I do not know a word of the language," declared the Doctor, with something of the frankness of fatigue in his voice.

For the Doctor was not in the habit of

walking, and he did not like to walk; the plump convexes of his comfortable person formed, indeed, rather too heavy a weight for his small feet in their shining little boots. But he was far too devoted a family friend to be turned back from obvious duty by the mere trifle of physical fatigue; he therefore waved his hand toward the live-oaks, and (keeping, however, one eye well upon Garda and her companion in front) resumed with grace his descriptive discourse. "These majestic old trees, Mr. Winthrop, were set out to adorn the main avenue of the place, leading from the river landing up to the mansion-house. You will find a few of these old avenues in this neighborhood; but far finer ones—the finest in the world—at the old places on the Ashley and Cooper rivers, near the city of Charleston."

"But there are no trees near the house," said Winthrop; "I noticed that particularly."

"The road goes to the door, the trees stop at the edge of the open space; that space was left, as you have probably divined, as a protection against surprises by Indians."

The younger man laughed. "I confess I was thinking more of the traditional Spanish jealousy than of the Indians. You are right, of course; I must not allow my fancies, which are, after all, rather operatic in their origin, to lead me astray down here."

"You will find, I think, very little that is operatic amongst us," said Kirby, a trace of sombreness making itself felt for the first time through the courteous optimism of his tone. Truly there had been little that was operatic in their life at the South for some time.

"I don't know," said Winthrop. "Isn't that rather an operatic personage who has just stopped Miss Thorne? The Tenor himself, I should say."

The spectacles were safely in their case, and back in the Doctor's pocket. But he now made haste to take them out a second time; he knew of no Tenors in Gracias. When he had adjusted them, "Oh, it's only Manuel Ruiz," he said, with both relief and vexation in his tone. He was relieved that it was only Manuel, but vexed that he should have been led, even for a moment, to suppose that it might be some one else, some one who was objectionable (as though objectionable persons could penetrate into their society!); and he asked himself inwardly what the deuce this Northerner meant by calling their arrangement of their lands "operatic," and their young gentlemen "Tenors." "Manuel Ruiz is the son of an old friend of ours; their place is on Patricio, opposite," he said, frigidly. "The Ruiz family were almost as well known here in the old Spanish days as the Dueros."

He had no time for more, for, as Garda had stopped, they now came up with the little party in front.

Manuel Ruiz was older than De Torrez. Manuel was twenty-one. He was a tall, slender, graceful youth, with a mobile face, eloquent dark eyes, and a manner adorned with much gesture and animation. He undoubtedly cherished an excellent opinion of Manuel Ruiz. But undoubtedly also there was good ground for that opinion, Manuel Ruiz being a very handsome young man. That Winthrop should have called him operatic was perhaps inevitable. He wore a short, round, black cloak, an end of which was tossed over one shoulder after the approved manner of the operatic young gentleman when about to begin, under the balcony of his lady-love, a charming serenade; on his head was a picturesque sombrero, and he carried, or rather flourished, a slender cane, which might well have been a rapier. These properties, together with his meridional eyes, his gestures, and the slight tendency to attitude visible in his graceful movements, made him much like the ideal young Tenor of the Italian stage, as he comes down to the foot-lights to sing in deepest confidence, to the sympathetic audience, of his loves and his woes.

That the ideal young Tenor has often encountered wide-spreading admiration, no one would venture to deny. Still, there have been, now and then, those among his audiences who have not altogether shared this feeling. They have generally been men. Not infrequently they have been men of a somewhat lighter complexion, with visual orbs paler, perhaps, and not so expressive, a grace in attitude less evident. Evert Winthrop cared nothing for Tenors, real or imitative. But he was a man made with more pretensions to strength than to sinuousness; he had no gestures; his complexion, where not bronzed by exposure, was fair; his eyes were light. They were gray eyes, with, for the most part, a quiet, calm ex-

pression. But they easily became keen. They could, upon occasion, become stern. He opposed a short, thick brown beard to Manuel's pointed mustache, and thick straight hair, closely cut, of the true American brown, to the little luxuriant rings, blue-black in color, short also, but curling in spite of shortness, which the breeze stirred slightly on the head of the handsome young Floridian as he stood, sombrero in hand, beside Garda Thorne.

Manuel was not another De Torrez; he was an American, and spoke English perfectly. Upon this occasion, after his introduction, he offered to the Northerner with courtesy several well-turned sentences as the beginning of an acquaintance, and then they all walked on together up the old road.

"I believe we have now finished our little tour, Miss Garda, have we not?" said the Doctor, in a cheerful voice. Though very tired, he was walking onward with his usual trim step, his toes well turned out, his shoulders thrown back, his head erect, but having no perception of the fact (plump men never have) that, as seen from behind, his round person appeared to be projected forward into space as he walked, with something of an overweight in front, and his little legs and feet to have been set on rather too far back to balance this weight properly, so that there seemed to be always some danger of an overthrow.

"Oh no," answered Garda; "I have promised to take Mr. Winthrop over the entire place, and we have still the orange walk, the rose garden, the edge of the swamp, the wild cattle, and the crane."

"I doubt whether Mr. Wintup will find much to amuse him in the wild cattle," remarked Manuel, laughing.

It was certainly a slight offense: Manuel had never been North, and did not know the name. In addition, owing to the mixture of races, much liberty of pronunciation was allowed in Gracias, Manuel himself seldom hearing his own name in proper form, the Spanish names of Florida, like the Huguenot names of South Carolina, having undergone more than one metamorphosis on New World shores. Winthrop walked on without replying. He seemed not to have heard the remark.

"You do want to see the wild cattle, don't you, Mr. Winthrop?" said Garda. "They're beautiful—in glimpses."

"If—ah—somebody should ride one of them, in glimpses, it might be entertaining," answered Winthrop. "Perhaps one of these young gentlemen would favor us?"

Garda's laugh pealed forth; Manuel looked angry; De Torrez watched the scene, but prudently gave no smile to what he did not understand. Even the Doctor joined in Garda's laugh.

"What in the world are you thinking of?" he said to Winthrop. "Bull-fighting? I am afraid we shall not be able to gratify you in that way just now."

At this moment, round a bend in the road, appeared the small figure of Mrs. Thorne. She was advancing toward them, accompanied by a gentleman in clerical attire.

"Here is mamma, with Mr. Moore," said Garda. She left the others, and went across to Winthrop. "The whole four," she murmured, softly; "my four persons about here."

"So I supposed," Winthrop answered, in the same tone.

The two parties now met, and it was decided that the wild cattle and the swamp should be postponed for the present, and that they would all go together to the rose garden, where, at this hour, Carlos Mateo was generally to be found disporting himself. Garda explained that he was disporting himself with the roses; he was very fond of roses. He was often observed gazing with fixed interest at unclosing buds. When they were fully opened, he ate them. This, however, was not gluttony, but appreciation. It was his only way of showing his admiration, and a very expressive one, Garda thought.

"Remarkably," observed the Doctor. "Captain Cook was of the same opinion."

The live-oak avenue brought them to the open space which surrounded the house; crossing this space, they took a path that came up to its border from the opposite direction. This second avenue was a green arched walk, with a roof of leaves that seemed, as one looked down it, sure to touch the head. They never did touch it, however; it was an illusion produced by the stretching vista of the long, narrow aisle. The same illusion made the opposite entrance at the far end—a half-circle of yellow light shining in from outside—seem so low and near the ground that one would inevitably be forced to creep through it on one's hands and knees when one had reached it; there would be

no other way. This, again, was an illusion; the aisle was eight feet in height throughout its length. This long arbor had been formed by bitter-sweet orange-trees, whose clean, slender little trunks stood close together in an even row on each side. Not a ray of the sunshine without could penetrate their thick foliage. But the clear light color of the shining leaves themselves, with the sunshine touching them everywhere outside, made a cheerful radiance within, and the aisle was further illumined by the large, warm-looking globes of the fruit, thickly hanging like golden lamps from the roof of foliage. There was an indescribably fresh youthfulness in this golden-green light; it was as different from the rich dark shade cast by the magnolias as from the gray stillness under the old live-oaks.

Through this orange aisle it pleased Miss Thorne to walk with Evert Winthrop. Mrs. Thorne came next, with the Reverend Dr. Moore. Dr. Kirby followed at a little distance, walking alone, and resting, if not his feet, at least his conversational powers. The two younger men were last, and some yards behind the others, De Torrez advancing with his usual woodenness of joint, not indulging in much conversation, but giving a guarded Spanish monosyllable now and then to his New World compatriot, who, still angry, let his slender cane strike the trunks of the orange-trees as they passed along, these strokes being carefully watched by De Torrez, who turned his thin neck stiffly each time, like an automaton, to see if the bark had received injury.

"We make quite a little procession," said Winthrop, looking back. "We have four divisions."

"What do you think of them?" inquired Garda.

"The divisions?"

"No; my four persons about here."

"Dr. Kirby is delightful; I don't know when I have met any one so much so."

"Delightful," said Garda, meditatively. "I am very fond of Dr. Reginald; he is almost the best friend I have in the world. But delightful?—does delightful mean—mean—" She paused, leaving her sentence unfinished.

"Does delightful mean Dr. Kirby?" said Winthrop, finishing it for her. "Dr. Kirby is certainly delightful. But he doesn't exhaust the capacity of the adjective; it has branches in other directions."

"And the others?"

"The other directions?"

"No; the other persons about here."

"I have seen Mr. Moore as yet so few times that I have had scarcely opportunity to form an opinion."

"You formed one of Dr. Reginald the first time you saw him. But I was not speaking of Mr. Moore; I meant the others still."

"Those young natives? Really I have not observed them."

"Now, there, I do not believe you," said Garda. "You have observed them; you observe everything. You say that to put them down: why should you put them down? You are very imperious: why should you be imperious?" And she looked at him, not vexed, but frankly curious.

"Imperious," said Winthrop. "What extraordinary words you use! I am not imperious, as you call it, with you."

"No; but you would be if it were allowable," said the girl, nodding her head shrewdly. "Fortunately it isn't."

"Make the experiment—allow it; I might do better than you think."

"There is room for improvement, certainly," she answered, laughing. They had reached the end of the orange aisle; she passed under the green archway (which proved to be quite high enough), and went out into the sunshine beyond, calling in her sweet voice, "Carlos Mateo! Carlos dear!" Then, in Spanish, "Angel of my heart, come to me."

The old garden had long been left untended. It was large, but seemed larger even than it was, because it had wandered out into the forest, and wild growths from there had come back with it, jumped boldly across the once well-guarded boundaries, and overrun the cultivated verdure with their lawless green. Oleanders were lost in thickets, fig-trees, pomegranates, and guavas were bound together in a tangle of vines; flower beds had become miniature jungles in which the descendants of the high-born blossoms that had once held sway there had forgotten their manners, and almost their pedigree, in the crowd of lusty plebeian plants that jostled against them. Even the saw-palmetto had pushed his way in from the barrens, and now clogged the paths with his rough red legs, holding up his stiff fans in the very faces of the lilies, who, being Southern lilies, longed for the sun. A few

paths had been kept open, however, round the great rose-tree, the pride of the place, a patriarch fifteen feet high, its branches covered with beautiful tea-roses, whose petals of soft creamy hue were touched at the edges with an exquisite pink. A little space of garden beds in comparative order encircled this tree. Here, too, on the right, opened out the sweet-orange grove.

This grove was by no means in good condition, many of its trees were ancient, some were dead; still, work had been done there, and the attempt, such as it was, had been persisted in, though never effectually. The persistence had been due to the will of Mrs. Thorne, the ineffectualness to the will of old Pablo. His mistress, by a system of serenely calm authority, had been able to triumph, to a certain extent, over the ancient and well-organized contrariness of this old man—a dumb opposition whose existence she never in the least recognized, though its force she well knew. Each season the obstinate old servant began by disapproving regularly of everything she ordered; next, he carried out her orders slowly, and with as many delays as possible. This was not so much from any reasonable objection to her ideas as from his general principles of resistance, founded upon family pride. For Pablo, who was Raquel's husband—a bent little negro of advanced age—could never forget that "Marse Edgar's wife" was but an interloper after all, an importation from New England, and not "ob de fambly c'nection," not even of Southern birth. The memory of majestic "Old Madam," Edgar Thorne's Spanish aunt, kept her "Young Miss" still in the estimation of the two old slaves, though "Ole Miss" had now been for a number of years safely in her coquina tomb—"let us hope enjoying rest and peace, as that poor little Mistress Thorne will now enjoy them too, I trust, *at last*," as an old friend of the family, Mrs. Betty Carew, had remarked with much feeling, though some ambiguity of phrase (the latter quite unintentional, however), the day after the funeral.

"Young Miss 'lows dese yere *yappul*-trees," Pablo said to Raquel, with a fine scorn, as he dug objectingly round their roots. "An' 'lowing it, '*lowing* it, Raquel, she orders accordin'!"

But the Southern trees had lived, and had even, some of them, thrived a little under the unwonted Northern methods applied to them. Mrs. Thorne, therefore, was able to rise above old Pablo's disapprovals—a feat, indeed, which she had been obliged to perform almost daily, and with regard to many other things than oranges, ever since her first arrival at East Angels, seventeen years before.

This lady now seated herself on a bench under the rose-tree. She had tied on, over her neat little widow's cap, the broad-brimmed palmetto hat which she usually wore in the garden; this hat had fallen slightly back, and now its broad yellow brim, standing out in a circle round her small face, looked not unlike the dull nimbus with which the heads of the stiff sweet little angels in the early Italian paintings are weighted down. The clergyman, Mr. Moore, stood beside her.

The Reverend Middleton Moore, rector of St. Philip and St. James, Gracias-á-Dios, was a tall gentleman, with narrow, slightly stooping shoulders, long thin hands, a long smooth face, and thin dry brown hair, which always looked long (though it was not), because it grew from the top of his head down to his ears in straight flat smoothness, the ends being there cut across horizontally. His features were delicately moulded. His long feet were slender and well-shaped. There was a charming expression of purity and goodness in his small, mild blue eyes. He was attired in clerical black, all save his hat, which was brown—a low-crowned brown straw hat adorned with a brown ribbon. Mrs. Penelope Moore, his wife, profound as was her appreciation of the dignity of his position as rector of the parish, could yet never quite resist the temptation of getting for him, now and then, a straw hat, and a straw hat, too, which was not black. To her sense a straw hat was youth, and to her sense the rector was young. It was in a straw hat that she had first beheld and admired him as the handsomest, as well as the most perfect, of men; and so in a straw hat she still occasionally sent him forth, gazing at the back view of it and him, from the rickety windows of her Gothic rectory, with much satisfaction, as he went down the flower-bordered path toward the gate on his way to some of the gentle Gracias entertainments. For of course he wore it only on such light, unofficial occasions.

Dr. Kirby, meanwhile, was making the circuit of the orange grove. He stopped and peered up sidewise into each tree, his

head now on one shoulder, now on the other. After this systematic search he came back, bringing in his hands and pockets the finest oranges, which he offered to all in turn; he then seated himself on the broad low curb of the old well, and began to peel one with the little silver knife which he kept for the purpose, doing it so deftly that not a drop of the juice escaped, and looking on calmly meanwhile as the other bird, Carlos Mateo, went through his dance for the entertainment of the assembled company. Carlos Mateo was a tall gray crane of aged and severe aspect; at Garda's call he had come forward with long, dignified steps, and stalked twice round the little open space round the rose-tree, following her with grave exactitude as she walked before him. She then called him to a side path bordered with low bushes, and here, after a moment, the company beheld him jumping slowly up and down, aiding himself with his wings, sometimes rising several feet above the ground, and sometimes only hopping on his long thin legs. He advanced in this manner down the path to its end, and then back again, Garda walking in front, and raising her hand as he rose and fell, as though beating time. Nothing could have been more comical than the solemnity of the old fellow as he went through these antics. It was as if a venerable gray-bearded patriarch should suddenly attempt a hornpipe.

His performance ended, he followed his mistress back to the company, as if to receive their congratulations.

"What can we give him?" said Winthrop. "What does he like?"

"He will not take anything except from me," answered Garda. She gathered a rose, and stood holding it by the stem while Carlos Mateo pecked gravely at the petals. The sun was sinking; his horizontal rays shone across her bright hair: she had taken off her hat, which was hanging by its ribbon from her arm. Winthrop looked at her, at the rose-laden branches above her head, at the odd figure of the crane by her side, at the background of the wild old garden behind her. He was thinking that he would give a good deal for a picture of the scene.

But while he was thinking it, Manuel had spoken it. "Miss Garda, I would give a year out of my life for a picture of you as you are at this moment."

Winthrop turned away.

He went to look at some large camellias, whose glossy leaves, intermixed with the buds of many coming blossoms, formed a thicket at a little distance. On the other side of this thicket he discovered an old crape-myrtle avenue, the poor delicate trees so choked and hustled by the ruder foliage which had grown up about them that they stood like captives in the midst of a rabble, broken-hearted and dumb. With some pushing he made his way within, and followed the lost path. It brought him to a great mound of tangled shrubbery which rose like a small hill at this end of the garden, decked here and there, in what seemed inaccessible places, with brilliant flowers. But the places had not been inaccessible to De Torrez. Winthrop met him returning from the thorny conflict with a magnificent stalk of blossoms which he had captured there, and was now bringing back in triumph. It was a long wand of gorgeous spurred bells, each two inches in length, crimson without, cream-color within, the lip of the flaring lower petal lined with purple, thick and soft as velvet, and spotted with gold. De Torrez carried his prize to Garda, and offered it in silence. She thanked him prettily in Spanish, and he stood beside her, his dark face in a dull glow from pleasure.

"Perhaps it is poisonous," murmured Manuel, taking good care, however, to murmur in English.

"Oh, my dearest child! pray put it down," said Mrs. Thorne, anxiously.

"It is quite harmless," said the clergyman. "I know the family to which it belongs. It is not indigenous here; probably the original shrub was planted in the garden many years ago, and has run wild."

Garda took the stalk in her right hand, extended her left rigidly, and, stiffening her light figure in a wooden attitude, looked meekly upward.

"Bravo! bravo!" said the Doctor from his well curb, laughing, and beginning on a second orange.

She stood thus for a few instants only. But it was very well done—an exact copy of a dark, grim old picture in the little Spanish cathedral of Gracias, a St. Catherine with a stalk of lilies in her hand.

Winthrop, who had returned, was standing on the other side of the open space. Apparently he had not noticed this little pantomime. Garda looked at him for a

moment. Then she left her place, went across, and gravely decorated him with her stalk of blossoms, the large stem going through three of the button-holes of his coat before it could hold itself firmly. The brilliant flowers extended diagonally across his breast, past his chin, and above one ear.

"Your hat will break the top blossoms," said Garda, surveying her handiwork. "Please take it off."

He obeyed. "For what sacrifice am I thus adorned?" he demanded.

"It's no sacrifice," answered Garda. "It's a rebellion—a rebellion against your constant objections to everything in the world!"

"But I haven't opened my lips," protested the Northerner.

"That is the very thing; you object silently—which is much worse. I am not accustomed to people who object silently. Everybody here objects openly. Everybody here talks. Why don't you talk?"

This little dialogue went on apart; the others could not hear it.

"I do—when you give me an opportunity," Winthrop answered.

"I'll give you one now," responded Garda. "We'll go back to the house. We'll go through the orange walk as we came, and the others can follow as *they* came." Without waiting for reply, she went toward the garden gate; Winthrop followed her. And then Carlos Mateo, stalking across the open space, followed Winthrop. He followed him all the way through the orange walk, and so closely that Winthrop declared he could feel his beak on his back. When they reached the house they paused; Carlos then took up his station a little apart, and stood on one leg to rest himself, watching Winthrop meanwhile with a suspicious eye.

Mrs. Thorne was crossing the level with the Reverend Mr. Moore. Following them, at a little distance, came Dr. Kirby, again alone, with his hands behind him. Manuel and De Torrez, forced to be companions a second time, formed the rear-guard of the returning procession. But as it approached the house, Manuel, raising his hat to Mrs. Thorne, turned away; he went down the live-oak avenue to the river landing, where his skiff was waiting. Manuel had his ideas: he did not care to be one of five. De Torrez, who also had his ideas, and many more of them than Manuel had, was not troubled by considerations of this sort; in his mind a De Torrez was never one of five, or one of anything, but always a De Torrez, and therefore first and alone. Left to himself, he now took longer steps, passed the others, and came first to the doorway where Garda was standing.

"Why do you always look so serious, Mr. De Torrez?" she said, in Spanish, as he came up.

"It is of small consequence how I look, while the señorita herself remains so beautiful," answered the young man, bowing ceremoniously.

"Isn't that pretty?" said Garda to Winthrop.

"Immensely so," replied that decorated personage.

"But he does not look half so serious as you look comical, with all those brilliant flowers by the side of your immovable face," she went on, breaking into a laugh.

"It is of small consequence how I look, seeing that the señorita herself placed them where they are," answered Winthrop, in tolerable if rather labored Spanish, turning with a half-smile to De Torrez as he borrowed his phrase.

"You did not like it? You thought it childish?" said Garda. She drew the stalk quickly from its place. She was now speaking English, and De Torrez watched to see the fate of his gift. She had taken the flowers with the intention of throwing them away, but noticing that the young Cuban's eyes were fixed upon them, she slipped the end of the stem under her belt, letting the long brilliant spray hang down over her dark skirt.

"I am now more honored than ever," said Winthrop.

"But it is Mr. De Torrez whom I am honoring this time," answered the girl.

De Torrez, hearing his name in her English sentence, drew the heels of his polished boots together with a little click, and made another low bow.

The rest of the party now came up, and soon after the visitors took leave. Winthrop rode back across the pine-barrens to Gracias. Dr. Kirby bore him company on his stout black horse Osceola, glad indeed to be there and off his own feet. On the way he related a large portion of that history of the Spaniards in Florida which Garda, their descendant, had interrupted at the mill.

As they left East Angels, and rode out

on the barrens, this descendant was being addressed impressively by her mother. "That, Garda, is my idea of a cultivated gentleman: to have had such wide opportunities, and to have improved them; to be so agreeable, and yet so kind; so calm and quiet, and yet so evidently a man of distinction, of mark—it's a very rare combination."

"Very," replied Garda, giving the crane her gloves to carry in his beak.

They were still standing in the lower doorway. Mrs. Thorne surveyed her daughter for a moment. One of her states of uncertainty seemed to have seized her. "I hope you appreciate that Mr. Winthrop is not another Manuel or De Torrez," she said at last, in her most amiable tone.

"Perfectly, mamma. I could never make such a mistake as that. Mr. Winthrop inspires respect."

"He does—he does," said Mrs. Thorne, with conviction.

"I respect him already as a father," continued Garda. "Manuel and Ernesto do also. We all respect him as a father. Come, Carlos, my angel, let us go down to the landing and call Manuel back."

CHAPTER III.

Gracias-á-Dios was a little town lying half asleep on the southern coast of the United States, under a sky of almost changeless blue.

Of almost changeless blue. Americans have long been, in a literary way, the vicarious victims, to a certain extent, of the climate of the British Isles. The low tones of the atmosphere of those islands, the shifting veils of fog and rain rising and falling over them, the soft gray light filtered through mist and cloud—all these have caused the blue skies and endless sunshine of Italy to seem divinely fair to visitors from English shores. And as among these visitors have come the poets and the romance writers, this fairness, embalmed in prose and verse, has taken its place in literature, has become classic. The imaginative New World student, eager to learn, passionately desirous to appreciate, has read these pages reverently; he knows them by heart. And when at last the longed-for day comes when he too can make his pilgrimage to these scenes of legend and romance, so dominated is he, for the most part, by the spell of tradition that he does not even perceive that these long-chanted heavens are no bluer than his own; or if by chance his eye, accurate in spite of himself, notes such a possibility, he puts it from him purposely, preferring the blueness which is historic. The heavens lying over Venice and her palaces are, must be, softer than those which expand distantly and impersonally over miles of prairie and forest; the hue of the sky which bends over Rome is, must be, of a deeper, richer tint than any which a New World has yet attained. But generally this preference of the imaginative American is not a choice, it is an unconscious faith which he has cherished from childhood, and from which he would hardly know how to dissent. He is gazing at these foreign skies through a long, enchanting vista of history, poetry, and song; he simply does not remember his own sky at all.

Only recently has he begun to remember it, only recently has he begun to discover that, in the matter of blue at least, he has been gazing through glasses adjusted to the scale of English atmosphere and English comparisons, and that, divested of these aids to vision, he can find above his own head and in his own country an azure as deep as any that the Old World can show.

Even when this has been discovered it remains but blue sky. The other treasure of those old lands beyond the sea—their ruins, their art, their ancient story—these he has not and can never have, and these he loves with that deep American worship which must seem to those old gods like the arrival of Magi from afar, men of distant birth, sometimes of manners strange, but bringing costly gifts and bowing the knee with reverence where the dwellers in the temple itself have grown cold.

Compared with those of the British Isles, all the skies of the United States are blue. In the North, this blue is clear, strong, bright; in the South, a softness mingles with the brilliancy, and tempers it to a beauty which is not surpassed. The sky over the cotton lands of South Carolina is as soft as that of Tuscany; the blue above the silver beaches of Florida melts as languorously as that above Capri's enchanted shore. Gracias-á-Dios had this blue sky. Slumberous little

coast hamlet as it was, it had also its characteristics.

"Gracias á Dios!" Spanish sailors had said, three hundred years before, when, after a great storm, despairing and exhausted, they discovered this little harbor on the low, dangerous coast, and were able to enter it—"Gracias á Dios!" "Thanks to God!" In the present day the name had become a sort of shibboleth. To say Gracias á Dios in full, with the correct Spanish pronunciation, showed that one was of the old Spanish blood, a descendant of those families who dated from the glorious times when his Most Catholic and Imperial Majesty, King of Spain, Defender of the Church, always Victorious, always Invincible, had held sway on this far shore. To say Gracias without the "á Dios," but still with more or less imitation of the Spanish accent, proved that one belonged among the older residents of the next degree of importance, that is, that one's grandfather or great-grandfather had been among those English colonists who had come out to Florida during the British occupation; or else that he had been one of the planters from Georgia and the Carolinas who had moved to the province during the same period. This last pronunciation was also adopted by those among the later-coming residents who had an interest in history or a taste for tradition, or who loved for their own sakes the melody of the devout old names given by the first explorers—names now so rapidly disappearing from bay and harbor, reef and key. But these three classes were no longer all; there was another and more recent one, small and unimportant as yet, but destined to grow. This new class counted within its ranks at present the captains and crews of the Northern schooners that were beginning to come into that port for lumber; the agents of land companies looking after titles and the old Spanish grants; speculators with plans in their pockets for railways, with plans in their pockets for canals, with plans in their pockets (and sometimes very little else) for draining the swamps and dredging the Everglades, many of the schemes dependent upon aid from Congress, and mysteriously connected with the new negro vote. In addition there were the first projectors of health resorts, the first Northern buyers of orange groves: in short, the pioneers of that busy, practical American majority which has no time for derivations, and does not care for history, and which turns its imagination (for it has imagination) toward objects more veracious than the pious old titles bestowed by an age and race that murdered and tortured and reddened these fair waters with blood for sweet religion's sake. This new class called the place Grashus—which was a horror to all the other inhabitants.

The descendants of the Spaniards, of the English colonists, of the Georgia and Carolina planters—families much thinned out now in numbers and estate, wearing for the most part old clothes, but old prides as well—lived on in their old houses in Gracias and its neighborhood, giving rather more importance perhaps to the past than to the present, but excellent people, kind neighbors, generous and devoted friends. They were also good Christians. On Sundays they all attended service in one or the other of the two churches of Gracias, the Roman Catholic cathedral of Our Lady of the Angels, and the Episcopal church of St. Philip and St. James. These two houses of worship stood side by side on the plaza, only an old garden between them. St. Philip and St. James had a bell; but its Spanish neighbor had four, and not only that, but a habit of ringing all four together, in a sort of quickstep, at noon on Sundays, so that the Episcopal rector, in that land of open windows, was obliged either to raise his voice to an unseemly pitch, or else to preach for some minutes in dumb-show, which latter course he generally adopted as the more decorous, mildly going back and giving the lost sentences a second time, as though they had not been spoken, when the clamor had ceased. This, however, was the only warfare between the two churches. And it might have been intended, too, merely as a friendly hint from the Angels to the Saints that the latter's sermons were too long. The Episcopal rector, the Reverend Middleton Moore, had in truth ideas somewhat behind his times: he had not yet learned that fifteen or at most twenty minutes should include the utmost length of his weekly persuasions to virtue. It had never occurred to the mind of this old-fashioned gentleman that congregations are now so highly improved, so cultivated and intellectual, that they require but a few moments of dispassionate reminder from the pulpit once a week, that on the whole it is better to be moral, and, likewise, that any assumption of the functions

of a teacher on the part of a clergyman is now quite obsolete and even laughable—these modern axioms Middleton Moore had not yet learned; the mistaken man went on warmly and hopefully exhorting for a full three-quarters of an hour. And as his congregation were as old-fashioned as himself, no objection had as yet been made to this course, the simple people listening with respect to all he had to say, not only for what it was in itself, but for what he was in himself—a man without spot, one who, in an earlier age, would have gone through martyrdom with the same pure, gentle firmness with which he now addressed them from a pulpit of peace. It was in this little church of St. Philip and St. James that Evert Winthrop had first beheld Garda Thorne.

The next day he presented a letter of introduction which his aunt, Mrs. Rutherford, had given him before he left New York; the letter bore the address, "Mrs. Carew." Winthrop had not welcomed this document; he disliked the demand for attention which epistles usually convey. How much influence the beautiful face seen in church had upon its presentation when he finally made it, how long, without that accident, the ceremony might have been delayed, it would be difficult, perhaps, to accurately state. He himself would have said that the beautiful face had hastened it somewhat, but that in time he should have obeyed his aunt's wish in any case, as he always did. For Winthrop was a good nephew: his aunt had given him the only mother's love his childhood had known.

Mrs. Carew, who as Betty Gwinnet had been Mrs. Rutherford's room-mate at a New York school forty-four years before, lived in one of the large, old, rather dilapidated houses of Gracias; she was a widow, portly, good-natured, reminiscent, and delighted to see the nephew of her "dearest Katrina Beekman." It was not until his second visit that this nephew broached the subject of the face seen in church, and even then he presented it so slightly, with its narrow edge toward her, as it were, that the good lady never had a suspicion that it was more than a chance allusion on his part, and indeed always thereafter took to herself the credit of having been the first to direct a cultivated Northern attention to this beautiful young creature, who was being left, "like the poet's flower, you know, to blush unseen, and waste her sweetness on the desert air, though of course you understand that I am not literal of course, for fortunately there are no deserts in Florida, unless, indeed, you include the Everglades, and I don't see how you can, for certainly the essence of a desert is, and always has been, dryness of course, dryness to a *degree*, and the Everglades are all under water, so that there isn't a dry spot anywhere for even so much as the sole of your foot, any more than there was for Noah's weary dove, you know, and it's water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink, that is, if you should *wish* to drink it, which I am sure I hope you wouldn't, for it's said to be *most* unhealthy, and even the Ancient Mariner himself couldn't have stood it long."

Mrs. Carew was fertile in quotations, rich in simile. And if both were rather wanting in novelty, there was at least an element of unexpectedness in her manner of connecting them which amused her present visitor and kept him listening. Not that Winthrop was ever inattentive. On the contrary, he had listening powers of admirable range and calm. He was capable of participating in any amount of conversation upon the weather; he could accept with indifferent passiveness those dogmatic talkers who are always telling their friends what they "ought" to do; he could listen imperturbably to little details from the people who always will tell little details; he could bear without impatience even the narration of dreams; he was able, too, to continue an acquaintance unmoved with those excellent persons who, when they have made a point or said a good thing, immediately go back and tell it all over again. In short, he betrayed no irritation in the presence of great Commonplace. The commonplace people, therefore, all liked him; he had not an enemy among them. And they are the worst enemies, because they see with great accuracy what they do see. They descry little faults, and ceaselessly proclaim them, and no man can gainsay the truth of their words, though, at the same moment, the rare high qualities which give to the very nature they are criticising its noble eminence among men, these, being quite beyond the range of their little vision, they never see. Winthrop's friends, those who knew him best, told him that he went about most of his time in a mask. "All the world's a stage,"

he answered; "the only point is that the mask should be an agreeable one. Why should I be obliged to show my true complexion to Tom, Dick, and Harry, when Tom, Dick, and Harry so much prefer the one I have assumed? It is good practice for me—the mask-wearing practice in self-control; and, besides, Tom, Dick, and Harry are right: the borrowed complexion *is* the better one. Perhaps I may be able really to acquire it, or one like it, in time." To find himself listening, therefore, without volition of his own, listening simply for the amusement of it, was always an agreeable variety to this well-controlled gentleman. And the first time he heard Mrs. Betty Carew hold forth he had a taste of it.

"Yes, that was Mistress Thorne and Garda, I reckon; on second thoughts, I am sure of it; for they always come up from East Angels on Sunday mornings to service, with old Pablo to row, as Mistress Thorne *has* succeeded in getting as far as the Episcopal church, for a wonder, though Our Lady of the Angels *was* too much for her, which was quite as well, however, because, of course, all the Thornes, being English, were Church people, of course, in the old country, though poor Eddie, having been twice diluted, as one may say, owing to his mother and grandmother having both been Spanish and Roman Catholic, was not *quite* so strong in the real Episcopal doctrines as he might have been, which was a pity, of course, but could hardly, under the circumstances, have been prevented, at least so far as I can see, for one swallow doesn't make a summer, I reckon, any more than one parent makes a Protestant, especially when the other's a Duero, with the Old Madam *roaring* on the borders, ready to raise Ned on the slightest provocation, and to come down like the wolf on the fold, you know. Or was it the Assyrian? Perhaps you are wondering how we came to have so many angels down here, though I suppose one can never have too many, can they? Well, the cathedral, to begin with, is Our Lady of the Angels, and, in the old days there were two mission stations for the Indians south of here, one on the east coast, one more to the west, and bearing the same name. The chapels are gone long ago, but as the Duero house stood near one of them, it took the name, or part of it, and has been called East Angels ever since. There was no house near the other chapel —West Angels—and some say the very site is lost, though others again have declared that the old bell is still there, lying at the foot of a great cypress—that some hunters have seen it. But I haven't much faith in hunters; have you? Nor in fishermen either, for that matter. Little Mistress Thorne herself, however, comes from old Puritan stock, and I suppose there *were* good people among them, though I confess that for my part I never could forget the Salem witches—the cruel treatment of them, I mean, though, of course, I do not approve of witchcraft, which is, of course, as wicked as possible, and even the witch of Endor, I suppose, could hardly be defended upon moral grounds, whatever you may do upon historical—which are so much the fashion nowadays, though I, for one, can't abide them, making out as they do that everything is a falsehood, and that even Pocahontas was not a respectable person. I don't know what they will attack next, I'm sure; Pocahontas was our *only* interesting Indian. Not that I care much for Indians, don't fancy that; the Seminoles particularly; and I'm always so glad that they've gone down to live in the Everglades, half under water; if anything could take down their savageness, I should think it would be that; shouldn't you? I know them very well, of course—the Thornes, not the Seminoles—though perhaps I was never *quite* so intimate with them as Pamela Kirby was (she's dead now, poor soul! *so* sad for her!), for Pamela used to give Garda lessons; she moulded her, as she called it, taught her to shoot—of course I mean the young idea, and not guns. In fact, they have all had a hand in it, the moulding of Garda; too many, I think, for I believe in *one* overruling eye; and if you get round that, there's the good old proverb that remains pretty true, after all, I reckon, the one about too many cooks and the broth, you know, though in this case the broth has been saved by the little mother, who is a very Napoleon in petticoats, and never forgets a thing, which is so very rare; don't you think so? For I myself forget *very* often, but Mistress Thorne never; she actually remembers a thing *before* it has happened, and Methuselah himself couldn't do more than that, though, come to think of it, I suppose very little had happened in the world before *his* day, it was such ages ago! Mistress Thorne was, you know, a teacher to begin with, a

prim little New England school-marm whom poor Eddie Thorne met by accident one summer when he went North, and fell in love with, as I have always supposed, from sheer force of contrast, like Beauty and the Beast, you know, not that she was a beast, of course, though poor Eddie *was* very handsome, but still I remember that everybody wondered, because it had been thought that he would marry the sister of Madam Giron, who had hair that came down to her feet. However, I ought to say that poor little Mistress Thorne has certainly done her very best to acquire our Southern ways; she has actually made herself over, root, stem, and branch, from her original New England granite into our own soft coquina—if I may use a figure of speech; though I always feel sure, at the same time, that at the core the old sap tugs at her heart-strings still, like the soul under the ribs of death, you know; not that I mean that exactly (though she *is* thin), but simply that the leopard can not change his spots, nor the zebra his stripes, nor," added the good lady—altering her tone to solemnity as she perceived that her language was becoming Biblical—"the wild cony her young. Just to give you an idea of what I mean, Mr. Winthrop: for a long time after she first came to Gracias that determined little creature used regularly to parse twenty-four pages of 'Paradise Lost' every day, as a sort of mental tonic, I reckon, against what she thought the enervating tendencies of our Southern life here, like quinine, you know; and as she parsed so much, she was naturally obliged to quote, as a sort of safety-valve, which was very pleasant, of course, and very intellectual, though I never care much for quotations myself, they are so diffuse, and besides, with all your efforts, you can not make 'Paradise Lost' appropriate to all the little daily cares of life and housekeeping, which no true woman, I think, should be above; for though Eve *did* set a table for the angel, that was merely poetical, and not like real life in the least, for she only had fruits, and no dishes, probably, but leaves that you could throw away afterward, which was *very* different from nice china, I can assure you, for you may not know, not being a housekeeper, that as regards china *nowadays*—our old blue sets—our servants are not in the *least* careful not to nick. I don't enter here into the great question of emancipation for the slaves, *but*—nick they *will!* Mistress Thorne speaks like 'Paradise Lost' to this day, and, what is more, she has taught Garda to speak in the same way, just like a book; only Garda's book is her own; you never know what she is going to say next—like those kaleidoscopes they used to give us children when I was little, only *she* never rattles (they did, dreadfully), for I am sure a softer voice I never heard, unless it was that of the Old Madam, who used to say in velvety tones the most ferocious things you ever heard. Ah, you should have seen her! Straight as an arrow, and they said she was ninety for over thirty years, which of course was impossible, even if she had wished it, which I doubt, for there is the well-known Bible age of threescore years and ten, and to have exceeded it to *that* extent would have been irreverent, of course. She was poor Eddie Thorne's aunt, the sister of his mother, a Duero, and a tremendous one, dyed in ancestors to the core; every one was afraid of her but Garda, and Garda she took complete charge of as long as she lived, though Mistress Thorne did what she could on the outskirts—*not* much, I fancy, for the Old Madam declared that the child was a true Duero, and should be brought up as one, which seemed to mean principally that she should swing in the hammock, and not learn verbs. I *think* Mistress Thorne began to teach Garda verbs the very day after the funeral; at least when I went down there to pay a visit of condolence I found her with a grammar in her hand, and a good deal of cheerfulness under the circumstances—a good deal! The first Edgar Thorne, the one who came out from England, is said to have been a man of a good deal of force of character, for he kept a coach and four, and at that early day, on these pine-barrens, it almost seemed as if he must have created them by magic, which makes one think of Cinderella and her rats, doesn't it? And indeed, in this case, the horses did turn into rats, as one may say, before their very eyes; the poor Thornes have no horses *now*," said the kind-hearted lady, pausing to shake her head sympathetically, and then speeding on again. "They say that rats desert a sinking ship—though I have always wondered how, since ships are not apt to sink at the piers, are they?—and I never heard that rats could make rafts, though squirrels can, they say, a bit of plank with

their tails put up as a sail, though of course rats' tails would never do for that, they are so thin; but if rats *do* desert their ship, Mistress Thorne will *never* desert hers; she will keep the Thorne colors flying to the last, and go down, if down she must, with the silent courage of the Spartan boy, although it was a fox he had gnawing him, wasn't it? and not a rat; but it makes no difference, of course; it's the principle that's important, not the illustration. Garda's name is really Edgarda, Edgarda after all the Thornes, who, it seems, have been Edgars and Edgardas for centuries, which I should think must have been very inconvenient, for, just to mention one thing, they could never have signed their names in initials, because that would have meant fathers and sons and brothers and sisters indiscriminately, in fact all of them except the wives, who, having come in from outside families, would be able, fortunately, to be plain Mary and Jane. I am very fond of Garda, as indeed we all are; and I think she has wonderful beauty, don't you?—though *rather* Spanish perhaps. When she was about twelve years old I was afraid that the tinge of her mother in her was going to make her thin; but Nature fortunately prevented that in time, for you know that once an elbow gets fixed in the habit of being sharp, sharp it remains to the end of the chapter, though you may have pounds and pounds both above and below it, which seems strange, doesn't it? though of course it must serve some good purpose, as we ought all to believe. And that reminds me to say that I hope dear Katrina has gained flesh since she left school, for she used to be rather too slender (though *very* handsome otherwise), so that, in profile view, you couldn't help thinking of a paper-cutter, and you doubted somehow whether she could even cast a shadow—like the man without a shadow, you remember, who used to double his up and put it in his pocket, didn't he?—only of course dear Katrina was never anything horrible like that, and, after all, why we should *wish* to cast shadows I am sure I don't know; certainly there are enough of them, as it is, in this vale of tears. If you like, I will take you down some day to call upon the Thornes; they will be delighted to see you, and we shall be like angels' visits, few and far between, or fair as a star when only *one*. I hope you like poetry; you modern young gentlemen have such a way of being above it! But Mr. Carew was always very fond of Mrs. Hemans."

The monologues of Mr. Carew's relict could with the utmost ease be delayed, their flowing current turned aside into another channel (from which it never came back to the first one), or stopped entirely, by any one who wished to accomplish it, the lady's boundless good-nature preventing her from even perceiving that she had been interrupted. But Evert Winthrop had no wish to interrupt; he was enjoying the current's vagaries. Upon this occasion, therefore, it pursued its way unchecked to the end—a thing which rarely happened, all Gracias having the habit of damming it temporarily, turning it aside, or stopping it abruptly in a brisk, complete manner which showed long usage.

To-day, when at last this easy-tempered lady paused of her own accord, Winthrop accepted her invitation promptly. He spoke of coming for her with a carriage the next afternoon; he should enjoy seeing something of the interior, those singular roads across the barrens which were so old and untouched, and yet in such perfect condition—so he had been told.

When he had brought his little speech to a close, his hostess gave way to laughter (her laugh was very rich, her whole amplitude took part in it). "But this isn't interior," she said; "this is coast. East Angels is down the river, south of here; when I said I would take you, I meant in a boat."

She had in her mind Uncle Cato, and the broad, safe old row-boat, painted black, and indefinite as to bow and stern, which that venerable negro propelled up and down the Espiritu as custom required. But instead of voyaging in this ancient bark, Winthrop persuaded her to intrust herself to the rakish-looking little craft, sloop-rigged, which he had engaged for his own use among the lagoons during his stay in Gracias, a direct descendant, no doubt, of the swift little piratical barks of the wreckers and smugglers who, until a very recent date, infested the Florida keys. Once on board, Mrs. Carew adjured the man at the helm to "keep the floor straight at any price," and then seating herself, and seizing hold of the first solid object she could find, she tightly closed her eyes and did not again open them, being of the opinion apparently that the full force of a direct glance would

infallibly upset the boat. She had postponed their visit for a day, in order that she might have time to send Uncle Cato down to East Angels with a note saying that they were coming: this she considered but a neighborly duty on a visitless shore. Stately Raquel, in a freshly starched turban, was therefore in waiting to open the lower door; Mrs. Thorne's best topics were arranged in order in her mind, as well as orange wine and wafers upon her sideboard; and Garda also, neither asleep in the hammock nor wandering afield with the crane, was in readiness, sitting expectant in an old mahogany arm-chair, attired in her best gown. Poor Garda had but two gowns to choose from, both faded, both old; but the one called best had been lately freshened and carefully mended by the skillful hands of the tireless mother.

"When that little woman dies, some of her mendings ought to be inclosed in a glass case and set up over her grave as a monument, I do declare!" said Mrs. Carew, as, again voluntarily blinded, she sailed back to Gracias with Winthrop over the sunset-tinted water. "Did you notice that place on Garda's left sleeve? But of course you didn't. It was a perfect miracle of patience, which Job himself couldn't have equalled (and certainly the Thornes are as poor as Job, and Carlos might easily be the turkey). Well, as black silk, or even black thread, would have shone—they *will* shine, you know, in spite of all you can do, even if you ink them—she had actually used ravellings, and *alpaca* ravellings: you know what *they* are! Don't you think it would be nicer to have that sail out sideways, as it was when we came down, and go straight instead of slanting in this way back and forth across the river?"

Evert Winthrop, thus introduced, had received from the mistress of East Angels an invitation to repeat his visit. He had repeated it several times. It was easy to do this, as, in addition to the piratical little craft already mentioned, he had engaged a saddle-horse, and was now amusing himself exploring that "interior" of which he had spoken to Mrs. Carew.

Upon returning from one of these rides he found awaiting him a letter from the North. It was from his aunt, Mrs. Rutherford, and contained the intelligence that she was coming southward immediately, having been ordered to a warmer climate on account of the "threatenings of neuralgia, that tiresome neuralgia, my dear boy, that makes my life such a burden. I am so tired of Pau and Nice that, instead of crossing the cold ocean again, I have suddenly made up my mind to come down and join you under that blue sky you have discovered down there—Egypt, you say, Egypt without the ruins; but as I am a good deal of a ruin myself just now, I shall not mind that lack; in fact, can supply it in my own person. My love to Betty Carew; I shall be delighted to see her again after all these years. Margaret comes with me, of course, and we shall probably follow this letter without much delay."

Winthrop was surprised. He knew that his aunt was fond of what she patriotically called her "own country." But he should have said that she would not probably consider that there was any of it worth her personal consideration south of Philadelphia, or, if one had broad views, south of Baltimore and Washington. This amiably blind lady was, however, a great traveller; in her leisurely way she had taken long journeys across Europe and the East. If she did not know the Mississippi, she knew the Nile; if Shasta was a stranger to her eyes, the Finsteraarhorn and Vesuvius were old friends. Shasta, indeed! Where was Shasta? She had once been to Niagara Falls.

Her nephew smiled to himself as he thought that probably, in her own mind, her present undertaking wore much of the air of an exploring expedition, the kind of tour through remote regions that people made sometimes, and then wrote books about—books with a great many illustrations.

But Mrs. Rutherford would write no books. This lady noticed but slightly the characteristics of the countries through which she passed. She never troubled her mind with impressions; she never burdened it with comparisons. She seldom visited "objects of interest," but was always "rather tired" when the appointed hour came, and thought she would lie down for a while; they could tell her about it afterward. Yet in her easy, irresponsible fashion she enjoyed travelling; she liked new scenes and new people, especially new people. In the evening, after a quiet (but excellent) little dinner, and twenty minutes or so of lady-like tranquillity after it, Mrs. Rutherford was always pleased to see

the new people aforesaid. And it could with truth be added that the new people were, as a general thing, equally pleased to see her. She was a handsome, stately woman, with agreeable manners, and so well dressed that that alone was a pleasure—a pleasure to the eyes. It was an attire rich and quiet, which combined with extraordinary skill the two often sadly dissevered qualities of personal becomingness and adaptation to the fashion of the hour.

Evert Winthrop was much attached to his aunt. Associated with her were the happiest memories of his childhood. He knew that her strongest love had not been given to him; it had been given to her other nephew, his cousin Lansing Harold. But of Lansing she had had entire charge from his birth; he had been to her like her own child, while Andrew Winthrop had kept closely in his own care his motherless little son Evert, allowing him to spend only his vacations with his aunt Katrina, who was spoiling one boy (so thought the stern New-Englander) as fast as possible, but who should not be permitted to spoil another. These vacations, so grudgingly granted, had been very happy times for the little Evert, and their memory remained with him still. As he grew older he had gradually become conscious of some of the traits and tendencies of his aunt's mind, apart from his boyish idea of her, as we generally do become conscious, by degrees, of the traits (as they are estimated by others) of even those who are nearest and dearest, save in the case of our parents, who remain always, beautifully always, "father" and "mother" to the end, beyond all analysis, all comparison. Separating itself, therefore, gradually from the delightful indulgence with which she had sweetened his boyhood days, separating itself from his own unquestioning childish belief in her, there had come to Evert Winthrop (though without any diminution of his affection for her) the consciousness that his aunt's nature was a narrow one. Her narrowness could have been summed up roughly in the statement that her views upon every subject were purely personal ones. It was difficult to realize how personal they were. Winthrop himself, well as he knew her, had only within the past five or six years become fully conscious of the extent of this personal view. And no one else besides himself had had the opportunity to make the same discovery, no one else save possibly—so he had sometimes thought with a smile—the departed Peter Rutherford, the lady's husband. But Peter Rutherford, among many excellent qualities, had not been endowed with a finely delicate observation, and indeed having been of a robust and simple nature, he had had small respect for the talent, at least in a man, associating it vaguely with a knowledge of millinery, with a taste for spelling-games and puzzles, for cake and religious novels—things he considered unworthy of the masculine attention. His wife's nephew, however, though not a judge of millinery, and not interested in the mild entertainments and literature referred to, had, as has already been mentioned, observation in abundance, and with regard to his aunt he had not been able to keep it from exercising itself, at least to a certain degree. He had discovered—he had been unable to help discovering—the secret springs of much of her speech and action. He had found some of them very curious. Her opinions of persons (he knew it now) were based entirely upon the narrow but well-defined foundation of their behavior to herself. Concerning people with whom she had no personal acquaintance she was without opinions. No matter how eminent they might be, they were to her no more than so much sand of the shore. You might talk to her about them by the hour, and she would listen approvingly, or at least quite without contradiction. People spoke of her, therefore, as very appreciative, and, for a woman, broad-minded. What, in truth, can be more broad-minded in one of the sex most given to partisanship than to be able to listen with unprejudiced attention to the admirers of the Reverend Mr. A., the distinguished High-Church clergyman, and then the very next day to the friends of the Reverend Mr. B., equally eminent, but Low; to the devotees of the C. family, who trace their descent directly from old English barons, passing over, of course, that unimportant ancestor who happened to have been the one to cross to the New World, bearing in his veins the blood of the future C.'s of New Rochelle (than which nothing can be more clarified), and who, immediately after his arrival, engaged in blacksmithing, and became in time the best blacksmith the struggling little colony possessed—to listen, I say, to the partisans of this ancient race, and then to heark-

en the next afternoon with equal equanimity to warm praise of the D.'s, who, having made their great fortune so vigorously in the present generation, were now engaged in spending it with a vigor equally large-minded and commendable—what, indeed, could be broader than this? It never occurred to these talkers that A. and B., the C.'s and the D.'s, alike, were all non-existent bodies, nebulæ, to Mrs. Peter Rutherford, so long as their names were not upon her own visiting list.

But when once this had been discovered, as Evert Winthrop had discovered it, it made everything clear; it was perfectly easy to understand her, easy to see how simple the opinions appeared to the lady herself, since they had to do merely with a series of facts. If Mr. X. had been polite to her, if he had been attentive, deferential, agreeable, he was without doubt (if at all presentable) a most delightful and eminently praiseworthy person in every way. If Mr. X. had been civil to a certain extent, yet on the whole rather indifferent, he was a little dull, she thought; a good sort of a man perhaps, but not interesting; tiresome. If Mr. X. had simply left her alone, without either civility or incivility, she was apt to have mysterious intuitions about him, intuitions which she mentioned, confidentially, of course, to all her friends; little things which she had noticed—indications. Of bad temper? Or was it bad habits? It was something bad, at any rate; she was very ingenious in reading the signs. But if Mr. X. had been guilty of actual rudeness (a quality which she judged strictly by the standard of her own hidden but rigorous requirements), Mr. X. was immediately thrust beyond the pale; there was no good in him. In the way of odious traits there was nothing which she did not attribute to him at one time or another. She could even hint at a darker guilt. She wondered that people should continue to receive him. To her dying day she never forgot to give, upon opportunity, her well-aimed little thrust—a thrust all the more effective because masked by her reputation for amiability and frank, liberal qualities.

As, however, people were generally sufficiently attentive, this lady's judgments seldom reached the last-mentioned stage, a condition of things which she herself was the first to approve, because (this was the most curious shade of her disposition) she believed fully in her own opinions, and would have disliked greatly (as she would have expressed it herself) "to live among the criminal classes." But the world had no suspicion of these intricacies. To the world Mrs. Rutherford was a handsome, amiable woman, who, possessing a good fortune, a good house in New York, a good old country place on the Sound, and much hospitality, was considered to be above petty criticisms—criticisms which would do for people less pleasing to the eye, less well-endowed.

But though he read his aunt's nature, Winthrop was none the less attached to her; it might be said, perhaps, with more accuracy, that he was fond of her. He had been a very lonely little boy; his father, while loving him deeply, had been strict with him, and had permitted him few amusements, few companions. To go, therefore, and spend a month with his aunt Katrina, to taste her indulgent kindness and enjoy the liberty she allowed, to have her come and kiss him good-night, and talk to him about his beautiful mother, to have her take him up on her lap and pet him when he was a tired-out, drooping little fellow after immense exertions with his big cousin Lanse, to hear her stories about his uncle Evert (after whom he had been named)—that wonderful Uncle Evert who had gone down to Central America to see the Aztecs—these things had been deeply delightful at the time to the child, whose nature was concentrated and somewhat brooding. And if the details were no longer distinct, now that he was a man, the general remembrance at least was always there, the remembrance of happy hours and motherly caresses. He therefore welcomed the idea of his aunt's coming to Gracias. Though what Mrs. Peter Rutherford would be able to find in that sleepy little coast hamlet in the way of entertainment he did not pretend to have discovered.

Five days later the party arrived, his aunt, her niece Mrs. Harold, her maid Celestine.

As he greeted Mrs. Rutherford, Winthrop remarked to himself, as he had remarked many times before, that his aunt was a fine-looking woman. Mrs. Rutherford was sixty years of age, tall, erect, with a well-cut profile, and beautiful gray hair, which lay in soft waves, like a silvery cloud, above her fine dark eyes. The state of her health had evidently not interfered with the arrangement of this au-

reola, neither had it relaxed in any degree the grave perfection of her attire. Her bonnet was a model of elegance and simplicity; her boot, as she stepped from the carriage, was seen to be another model of elegance and good sense. Mrs. Rutherford loved elegance. But Mrs. Rutherford loved indolence as well, and indolence never constructed or kept in order an appearance such as hers. The person (of very different aspect) who followed her, laden with baskets, cushions, and shawls, was the real architect of this fine structure, from the soft waves of hair to the well-shaped boot; this person was Celestine, the maid.

Celestine's real name was Minerva Poindexter. Her mistress, not liking the classic appellation, had changed it to Celestine, the Poindexter being dropped entirely. Mrs. Rutherford was accustomed to say that this was her one deliberate affectation—she affected to believe that Celestine was French. The maid, a tall, lean, yellow-skinned woman, reticent and unsmiling, might have been French or Scotch, Portuguese or Brazilian, as far as appearance went, tall, lean women of unmarried aspect being a product scattered in regular, if limited, quantities over the face of the entire civilized globe. As she seldom opened her lips, her nationality could not be determined by an inquiring public from her speech. There were those, however, who maintained that Celestine knew all languages; that there was a dark omniscience about her. In reality she was a Vermont woman, who had begun life as a country dressmaker—a country dressmaker with great natural talent but no opportunities. The opportunities had come later. They came when she was discovered by Mrs. Peter Rutherford. This tall Vermont genius had now filled for many years a position which was very congenial to her, though it would have been considered by most persons a position full of difficulties. For Mrs. Rutherford required in her personal attendant talents which are generally supposed to be conflicting: esteeming her health very delicate, she wished to be minutely watched and guarded by an experienced nurse, a nurse who should take to heart conscientiously the responsibilities of her charge; yet at the same time she cherished that deep interest in the constantly changing arcana of feminine attire for which it is supposed that only a skillful but probably immoral Parisian can suffice.

But the keen New England eyes of Minerva Poindexter had an instant appreciation of such characteristics of arriving fashions as could be gracefully adopted by her handsome mistress, whose best points she thoroughly understood, and even in a certain way admired, though as regarded herself, and indeed all the rest of womankind, she approved rigidly of that strict neutrality of surface, that ignoring of all merely corporeal points, which is so striking a characteristic of the monastic heavenly paintings of Fra Angelico. At the same moment, however, that her keen New England eyes were exercising their æsthetic talent, her New England conscience, equally keen, made her a nurse of unmatched qualities, albeit she was perhaps something of a martinet. But with regard to her health Mrs. Rutherford rather liked to be domineered over. She liked to be followed about by shawls (but her shawls were always beautiful, never having that niggardly, poverty-stricken aspect which such feminine draperies, when reserved for use in the house, are apt to assume); she liked to be vigilantly watched with regard to draughts; she liked to have her pulse felt, to have cushions, handsomely covered in rich colors, placed behind her well-dressed back. Especially did she like to be presented, at fixed houses, with little tea-spoonfuls of homœopathic medicine, which did not taste badly, but which, nevertheless, it always required some urging to induce her to take; the urging—in fact, the whole system, regularly persevered in—could give variety to the dullest day.

After greeting his aunt, Winthrop turned to speak to Celestine. By way of reply Celestine gave a short nod, and looked in another direction. In reality she was delighted with his notice. But this was her way of showing it. The two boys, Evert Winthrop and Lansing Harold, Mrs. Rutherford's nephews, had been her pets from childhood; but even in the old days her manner toward them had always been so curt and taciturn that they used to consider it a great triumph when they had succeeded in drawing out Minerva's laugh—for they always called her Minerva behind Mrs. Rutherford's back. It may be that this had had something to do with her liking for them; for, in her heart, Miss Poindexter considered her baptismal name both a euphonious and dignified one, and much to be preferred to the

French frivolity of the title to which she was obliged to answer.

"But where is Margaret?" said Mrs. Rutherford, turning.

A third person, who had been looking at the new scene about her—the orange-trees, the palmettoes, the blue water of the Espiritu beyond the low sea-wall, and the fringe of tropical forest on Patricio opposite—now stepped from the carriage.

"I was beginning to think that there had been some change of plan, Mrs. Harold, and that you had not come," said Winthrop, going back to the carriage to assist her.

Margaret Harold smiled. Her smile was a very pleasant one. She and Winthrop greeted each other with what seemed like a long-established, though quiet and well-governed, coldness.

Editor's Easy Chair.

A CONFERENCE of Spanish and Spanish-American gentlemen was lately held in New York to secure the erection of a statue of Cervantes to be placed in Central Park. Already in that great pleasure-ground, which is becoming a gallery of famous men, there are statues and busts of Shakespeare and Burns and Scott and Mazzini and Humboldt and Webster, and many more; but, as the Easy Chair has already suggested, the sylvan Walhalla, which is the pride of the city of New York, yet lacks a statue of either of the two most renowned natives of the city, John Jay and Washington Irving. The Scotchmen or the Italians or the Germans proudly and gladly commemorate in bronze or marble, and in a foreign park, the men who have made their native land illustrious. Americans and New-Yorkers gladly co-operate in the service of honor, but the uncommemorated famous are admonishingly eloquent, and the absence of some is even more conspicuous than the presence of many.

At the last dinner of the St. Nicholas Society Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt renewed the suggestion of a memorial of Irving, and added that the movement would be properly begun by the society. There does not seem to have been an enthusiastic response. Possibly the Dutch revellers recalled a little too vividly the smiling chronicle of Knickerbocker, and, smoking, "put the question by." Yet when it was decided that commemorative statues should be erected in the Park it was natural to suppose that the first one to be placed there would be that of the charming author whose imaginative history of New York, with its original and sparkling humor and genial satire, was the harbinger of a distinctive American literature. Indeed, by adoption and by birth New York was the city of the poet and the prose-writer who virtually began our distinctive literature. But Irving and Bryant are not yet commemorated in the New York Park, where the memorial of their friend Halleck stands. The other illustrious New-Yorker, John Jay, was not only a native of the city, not only with Hamilton one of the authors of the *Federalist*, not only the first Chief Justice of the United States, and a Governor of the State, but he was the incarnation of that unbending public rectitude and political purity which are ever to be commended to the country by every signal honor, and to be maintained by it as the sacred condition of national permanence.

It was hoped that the recent centenary of Irving's birth would have stimulated a movement to erect a suitable memorial of him in the Park. It was suggested, but nothing was done. Yet, *pace* Santa Claus, no figure would be so fitting in some bowery niche of the Park as that of the creator of Diedrich Knickerbocker, in whose genius and in whose aspect and manner there was so much of the characteristic quality of the ancient burghers at whom he slyly smiled. And who so surely as he has given to romantic fame the stately river that almost washes the border of the Park? It is a possession of the world forever because his genius has immortalized its legends, and touched it with the glamour of imagination. It is the same genius which, more than that of any Englishman, has given an inextinguishable charm to the English Christmas, and whose kindliness and sincerity melted the icy suspicion and scorn which had long alienated the mother country and its great child.

There is a gracious cosmopolitanism in Irving's genius, and could the spirits of all the famous men of all times and countries whose memorials adorn the Park declare whom they would most gladly welcome as the next comer into their silent and immortal society, as they listened to the humming city and caught a glimpse of the shining river, they would answer—in a tone which, were it on Christmas-eve, would cause the belated loiterer to pause and imagine that he heard the distant music of the chimes or the softened murmur of the singing waits—Washington Irving.

MEANWHILE, if the statue of Irving lingers, the pedestal of the statue of Liberty enlightening the World lags. The three hundred pieces of which the statue is composed, carefully marked and numbered, will be shipped in a French government transport early in the spring, and perhaps by May-day the gift of France to America will arrive in the har-

bor. It is too late to gibe and joke. It may not be the "American way" to send an allegorical statue to another country in sentimental recognition of an ancient alliance, but it is the French way. Here are French towns and great numbers of French people who have subscribed for a colossal statue to be presented to America, and erected in the harbor of New York. The American Congress has authorized the President to receive it, and to designate a site for it on Bedloe's Island and when completed to cause it to be inaugurated with such ceremonies as will testify our gratitude for this sign of the sympathy of the people of the sister republic, and to make suitable regulations for its future maintenance as a beacon, and for its permanent care as a monument of art and memorial of the continued good-will of our ancient ally.

This is the situation. Frenchmen have paid for the statue, and generous subscriptions to erect the pedestal have been made by Americans. But more money is wanted, and the work stops, and winter is passing, and May is coming, and the statue with it. We have ourselves chosen to recall and commemorate the French alliance, inviting distinguished French citizens bearing names noted in our Revolutionary history, to assist in the centennial celebration of the surrender at Yorktown — a surrender which historians think would not have occurred without the timely succor of France. In obedience to the same friendly impulse French citizens and towns have proffered us this commemorative gift, never doubting that it would be received in the same spirit, and that due preparation would be made for its fitting erection.

It seems, however, that they ought to have doubted it, for a curious lethargy has fallen upon the community toward this gift. A committee of eminent membership, with an ex-Secretary of State as chairman, has earnestly undertaken the work of securing subscriptions, appealing to the public in every becoming way, keeping the matter constantly in mind, and seeking assiduously to arouse the public sympathy. But the response has been inadequate, although there have been some liberal subscriptions. There have been frequent suggestions that Congress should be asked to appropriate the necessary sum which is still required. But in the act of authorization to the President Congress was careful to specify that the pedestal was to be built by private subscription, and the words are understood to have been introduced to prevent the request for public pecuniary aid. Indeed, circumstances have apparently conspired to make this enterprise of erecting the pedestal a direct test of the existence of an actual feeling of grateful regard for the French alliance in the Revolution.

The lethargy and backwardness are indirectly illustrative of the character of the population of New York. It is a city of heterogeneous inhabitants, and the large proportion of foreign-born citizens have little knowledge of the national history, and an absolute indifference to any sentimental national feeling like that of the French alliance. Yet although the statue is to be placed in the harbor of New York, it is in nothing else local. It must be erected somewhere, and as the design is symbolical of the influence of free America upon the rest of the world, what site could be more fitting than the great marine gateway of the country, the bay and harbor of its chief port, to which comes the commerce of the world, and through which daily communication with the rest of the world is maintained? The committee has had branches in other States, but as yet there seems to have been some mistaken impression that New York was especially interested in the work, and ought therefore not to expect aid from elsewhere.

But the statue is not given to New York, and commemorates nothing which is peculiar to the State or city, nor limited to them. It is an offering of French sympathy to American love of liberty. It is the declaration that the career of this country, the most triumphant of republics, whose history illustrates the power and adaptability of free institutions to promote the true prosperity of a people, and to secure it against the ills to which other countries have succumbed, makes it especially the country in which the high conservatism of Liberty enlightens the world. It shows it, what no other land at any time has shown, the adequacy of free institutions to every emergency, and the might of Liberty regulated by law. This idea the statue represents in a colossal and benign figure holding aloft a lighted torch, which, under wild clouds and over stormy seas, guides wandering and tossing and bewildered ships to a sure and peaceful haven. So stands America in the imagination of all her true children. She bears a torch of warning and saving light unextinguished and inextinguishable. Firmly she stands amid heaving seas, her starry brow conversing with the skies, her illuminated hand beckoning and blessing the world.

This is the symbolic and significant gift that is offered to us, and to receive it in the spirit of the offering we must provide a proper pedestal upon which to place it. To decline to do so will leave us in a difficult position. The gift, indeed, is not technically and in form a national gift, but it is substantially such, as proceeding from the corporate action of French citizens as well as from individual Frenchmen. The burden of failure will rest upon no individual American. But the fact will remain that we were challenged to an exchange of international comity by citizens of a country whose early friendship is a cherished American tradition, and that after various and extraordinary efforts to respond in the same spirit we failed utterly.

THERE is one "right" of woman which the most unreasonable conservative will not deny,

and that is the right of earning her own living by her own industry and skill. This kind of conservative will see, therefore, with pleasure that there was a department in the New Orleans Exposition reserved for the "work of women." Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is very properly the president of this department, and the collection will furnish adequate evidence of the comparative skill and ingenuity of women.

It is the constant remark of those who are vexed by the agitation for "woman's rights" that they have the right to mind their homes and their children, and they are vigorously exhorted to remember their "sphere" and to stick to it. The mocking-birds of every kind and degree who echo and re-echo this familiar cry may well alight for a moment upon the window-sills of hundreds of factories of every kind in the city of New York alone, and, looking in, they will feel the utter folly of their parrot scream. They will see thousands and thousands of women busily occupied all day long in a hundred industries to earn their living. Could there be any twaddle so ineffable as a solemn charge to these women to betake themselves to the care of their homes and their children? Except for their work in these rooms, and hard work and constant work, they would have no homes, and the larger part of them are unmarried and have no children. Their homes are cared for by themselves or by their parents. But their "sphere," that is to say, the sphere which is not fixed for them by nature, is the employment by which they can live.

The efforts of women to extend the range and variety of those employments, or to secure the guarantees for them which men secure, can not be honorably met by the exhortation to stick to their sphere and to mind their homes. Such women are doing both those things in the efforts they make and the lives they lead. And the twittering mocking-birds can not escape the pitiless logic. If women are within their "sphere," which is undeniable, when engaged in any form of honest manual labor, they can not be out of it when exercising any special gift or talent, whether of invention, of vocalism, of oratory, or whatever it may be. There is many an excellent man who hears with delight Jenny Lind or some other renowned singer standing upon a platform and singing "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The hearing is an inspiration, and he no more thinks the woman to be unsphered than an angel in the celestial choir whose

> "divinely warbled voice,
> Answering the stringed noise,"

would take his soul in blissful rapture. Why is it that a woman standing upon the same platform and solemnly reading the same words affects him unpleasantly, as if she were "out of her sphere," and doing something not quite womanly? There is no good reason for it whatever. It is simply custom.

No man could possibly object to the display at New Orleans of specimens of every production of the skill of women, unless he thinks that a woman who invents or is manually dexterous has wandered from her sphere and has become unwomanly. At the meeting in New York to consider what could be done to promote the success of the women's department there were very interesting statements made of the variety of products of womanly talent and skill. There are works in embroidery, moulding, wood-carving; in the finest surgical instruments; in bolts, screws, nails, locks; in applying bronze to wall-papers — in which branch it appears that a German woman in this city makes $18,000 a year—in painting, drawing, modelling, designing, and repoussé. Whatever good work women can accomplish in any of these branches, or in any other handicraft, every man of sense will gladly welcome. The results of intellectual ability or works of genius could not be less welcome.

Such activities are the incontestable "rights" of woman. What, then, is the significance of the antipathy to what is called the woman's rights movement? The secret? responds a friend of the "spheres" of the sexes; why, the secret of the antipathy is that the movement does not concern inventions and abilities, but demands political enfranchisement, and that is intolerable and unnatural. Yet if a woman be conceded to be equally with a man a responsible moral agent and a laborer making her own living by her own industry, and if it be perfectly seemly for a man to promote his advantage as such a worker by the privilege of voting, why should not such a woman —not necessarily a woman whose livelihood is otherwise assured, but a woman working side by side with a man to earn her living— have every defense and protection that he has?

Is it perhaps because men are weaker and less able to help themselves? or is it possibly because they are physically stronger and can insist upon their own way? The Woman's Department at New Orleans will be a gallery of meditation as well as of admiration.

The greatest sport amid the merry Christmas frolic in a certain house was the appearance of grandpa in his wedding suit. Through ever so many years it had been carefully preserved, and it was agreed with hilarious unanimity that if the suit which fifty years ago was the most fashionable and distinguished in Broadway should now appear in that street it would raise an uproar of amazement and delight from Central Park to the Battery. Fifty years ago some of the same eyes that would look upon it to-day would have remarked it with admiration and envy. But now it would appear to them the most grotesque and outlandish of garments.

Who has made the change? Fifty years ago the bucks, as the golden youth of the time were called, wore the high-collared surtout or the broad-caped top-coat. Their

necks were swathed in ample white cravats, and their manly breasts were covered with the ample ruffle of the shirt. You can see those swells in the illustrations of *Tom and Jerry in London*, from which work one of the famous coats of the time was named. If a Senator should rise to address the Senate in a great debate in such a suit as Mr. Webster wore when he replied to Hayne, and earned his title of Defender of the Constitution, or on any other of his great days, the press from one end of the country to the other would ring with chaffing laughter at the Honorable Bob Logic or Colonel Sellers. Yet Mr. Webster wore only the traditional Whig colors, buff and blue, and he was clad only as Charles James Fox would have appeared had he been an American Senator.

Who has lowered that mighty coat collar, and abolished the ample cravat, and dismissed the blue dress-coat with brass buttons? Who, a little earlier, banished breeches, and drew the long trouser over the lower leg, and abjured top-boots? Who is it that makes coat sleeves tight this year and loose next year, and ordains that to-day the refinement of elegance shall be a white waistcoat at dinner, and that to-morrow a white waistcoat at dinner shall be ludicrously old-fashioned? What despot of absolute and unquestioned sway now expands the skirts of woman to the form and amplitude of a diving-bell, and anon draws them in so closely that my lady could only limp, not dance, over London Bridge? Was it last week that the young men were all in boots with toes as square as honesty, while this week they skim and saunter in shoes as pointed as somebody's innuendoes? Who does it all? Who is the magician? Who ever sees the waving of his wand? How is the transformation accomplished?

The American fashions, we used to be told, come from Europe. But who makes the fashion there? When all English and French dandies are wearing high collars, who is it that turns down his collar with such authority that two continents instantly turn down their collars? It was answered that the tailors made the changes. The tailors make the clothes, but a change in form or style by the tailor would not change the fashion. If he should change the cut of a coat for a lawyer's clerk, the fashion would not change, but the lawyer's clerk would be out of fashion. The tailor as an artist may have the highest taste and the utmost skill, and as a tailor he may wish that a new fashion would produce a demand for new clothes. But he has no social authority. He can only serve him who has. It was Prince Hamlet who was the glass of fashion and the mould of form. If D'Orsay, amid universal white cravats, should appear in a black satin scarf, all the dandies would hurry to wear black satin. Tens of thousands of loyal Britons may leave off gloves; but they are merely queer, and gloves are still essential. The Prince of Wales may saunter along the street without gloves, and immediately glovelessness is the only good "form."

This is the secret of fashion. It is the practice of a recognized social leader. The London *World* says that no instance can be mentioned of a social change or fashion introduced by the Prince of Wales which has not been instantly adopted by those around him, and gradually by the general mass of his future subjects. This is true of dress, manners, and social arrangements. "Society," says the *World*, "can not organize itself without the standard of propriety furnished by Marlborough House." It is some prince or other social leader, then, who lowered those lofty bulwarks of collars of which grandpa's wedding coat offered so extraordinary an illustration. It was said that the dropping of a pebble in the ocean produced a movement which was continued to the utmost confines of the sea. The whim or the comfort of one exalted or dandiacal personage may likewise, in the cut of a coat or the form of a shoe, go round the world. Unconsciously even we republicans are subjects of a king, and the severe and scornful defier of the authority of the British crown defies it in a coat whose "cut" is a docile acknowledgment of that crown's resistless power. The influence of a social leader is shown in nothing so strongly as in his ability to make two continents wear clothes cut as he chooses.

Hissing is an old practice in the English theatre which is quite unknown in ours, and the question whether it shall be longer tolerated even in England is now discussed in that country. Charles Lamb is said to have joined in the general hiss that damned his *Mr. H.*, and he was capable of enjoying the humor of such a situation, and he would have appreciated thoroughly the description of the scene as "the wild justice" of hissing. But generally the victim of such condemnation does not see the humor of it, and its wild injustice is the only thing of which he is conscious. We Americans are so good-natured that the practice never flourished here.

Matthew Arnold blames us for this trait. He finds us too indifferent to little impositions, and hints that it is a reprehensible selfishness which causes us to submit to mean little annoyances instead of enduring personal inconvenience and taking trouble to maintain the noble principle that people shall not be imposed upon. "Yes," says Timotheus, testily, "we are so confoundedly good-natured that we don't dare to assert our rights. When the omnibus is full, the dozen squeezed passengers squeeze closer to make room for the thirteenth, who has no business to get in. By Jove! we positively put a premium upon hoggishness," cries Timotheus. "Why don't we all shout together to the impudent intruder, 'This stage is full'? John Bull, under such exasperating circumstances, is not content with scowling and spreading himself upon the seat so that

there may be no possibility of further accommodation, but he writes a tremendous letter to the *Times*, appealing to Magna Charta and the Petition of Right, and adjuring all free Britons to rally for the rights of Englishmen, and he signs himself Aristides and Cato and Publicola, until the unhappy interloper is ready to forswear omnibuses for evermore." In fact, the thirteenth man in the English conveyance is like Mark Twain upon his recent visit to the Governor of New York. The crowd was large, and Mr. Twain, while waiting, seated himself upon a table, and unconsciously upon a line of electric bells, which instantly rang an alarm in every direction, and brought a crowd of messengers and call-boys scurrying in hot haste to obey the summons. The twelve Britons in the omnibus are twelve electric bells, and when the interloper tries to seat himself he rings an alarm in twelve reverberating newspaper offices, and brings all England about his ears.

But our patient good-nature is much more humane, and if there be more joy over one penitent than over a host of just persons, there should certainly be more satisfaction in the knowledge of one thirteenth man or woman or worn shop-girl for whom a seat is found, and who sorely needs the seat, than over the just wrath with the impudent interloper whose shocking crime of entering a full omnibus or car is remorselessly exposed in the newspapers. But a still stronger plea is to be made against hissing. Accommodation in a car or stage is not a matter of taste, but enjoyment of a play is wholly so. The drama that I do not like, my neighbor may greatly enjoy. If I do not like it, very well. Let me dislike it, and if it become aggressively disagreeable to my taste and judgment, let me quietly withdraw. I bought a ticket to the play; but I did not receive a guarantee of enjoyment. Of that I took the risk, and if in the lottery I have drawn a blank, let me face the loss like a man, and not cry and sputter like a child.

When a man hisses because he does not like the play, he is not merely expressing his opinion in a rude and offensive way, but he is disturbing the pleasure of his neighbor, who has paid for his pleasure and is entitled to receive it. The hisser bought no more right than his neighbor, and his ticket to a chance of pleasure is not a permit to revenge his disappointment upon another person. Long ago in Rome, the Easy Chair, when its wood was green and not fully seasoned, went with a comrade to hear Modena, the famous Italian tragedian. It does not remember the play, but the house was very full and very enthusiastic. As the play proceeded and the action became more intense, the audience was more and more excited. But to the Easy Chair and its comrade the performance seemed to be so absurdly overwrought that it became immensely comical. They could not help laughing, and conscious of the angry reproof of the looks around them, the laughter became almost hysterical, until the wrathful glances of their neighbors so plainly threatened trouble for what were supposed to be the insolent and insulting *Inglesi*, that they silently—and snickeringly—arose and left the theatre.

They had as much right to think the performance ludicrous as the others to enjoy it. But they had no more right to disturb the enjoyment of the others than the others to insist that they should admire the play.

If now some acute dialectician should ask why the Easy Chair and its comrade had not the same right to show their emotion with those who admired the performance and who loudly applauded, the reply is that undoubtedly the abstract right was the same; that is to say, the right to express disapprobation equally with approbation; but the exercise of the right in one case necessarily produced, and generally produces, disturbance, while that of the other does not. It is a question of expediency and good feeling, and resolves itself into the inquiry, How shall disapproval be best shown? Courtesy and humanity—for what can be a more painful plight than that of an actor who is hissed because the play which he did not write is not acceptable to the audience or to some part of it?—courtesy and humanity both dictate that if you are not pleased with the play which pleases others, you shall not clamor and hiss, but depart. If your impression is that of the public, it will not come to see the play, and absence is quite as significant and conclusive as hissing.

The right to hiss, like the right to rage against the thirteenth passenger, is, in the sense already explained, an undoubted right. But practical policy, expediency, good feeling, and the greatest good of the greatest number teach that in this case the celebrated position of the friend of the Maine liquor law is the true attitude. That worthy citizen was for the law, but "agin its enforcement." Hissing a play or an actor, or a singer or an orator, or—gracious heavens!—a preacher, may be a right, since a man may express disapproval and choose the method of doing it, but it is a right that should not be exercised except under extraordinary circumstances.

Clarissa begs the Chair to say a word about smoking in public places. If, as she strongly urges, there is to be a movement to abolish poking and stabbing innocent pedestrians in the street with ill-carried umbrellas and canes, how much more imperative is an uprising to deal with "those coarse and careless creatures who parade the streets with cigars in their mouths. Must we forever submit to this intolerable, this sickening nuisance, without one word of expostulation?" These offenders, remarks Clarissa, "are persons in the form of men—ay, and many of them wear the garb of gentlemen, and verily believe themselves to be such."

These usurpers of the manly form declare that the street is public, and that they "have

the right" to smoke in public. By no means. They can not do in the public street what the public forbids to be done. It was a good story told by New York at the expense of Boston that in that sedate metropolis a stranger was wending his admiring way leisurely smoking a cigar. A policeman stopped him and told him that smoking was a finable offense, and collected the dues. Presently the admiring stranger seated himself upon a door-step to enjoy the scene more fully, and again the policeman admonished him, and collected the fine. The admiring stranger gazed solemnly at the officer of the law, and remarked, gravely, taking out his purse, "As I may desire presently to expectorate in the open street, I should like to settle now in full." The public decrees what may and what may not be done in the streets. But Clarissa has only to reflect how many most important matters in the streets affecting the public health and the universal convenience are neglected, to see that those which offend the tastes and personal comfort of a few will hardly be regarded.

And has Clarissa done all her duty? Has she plainly apprised those gilded satellites of hers "who wear the garb of gentlemen, and verily believe themselves to be such," that they must choose between her and a cigarette, and that they can not simultaneously enjoy smoking and her society? Has she taken occasion to intimate that in her opinion no gentleman, truly so called, smokes in the street, and that consequently her friend Piccolino has a double, because yesterday she saw her friend walking near Madison Square, until suddenly she saw—what proved that it was not her gentlemanly friend Piccolino!

Indeed, the problem that Clarissa propounds can best be solved by her and her friends. There are classes of offenders, indeed—those, for instance, who hang pipes from their mouths, and b'hoys who are natural offenders in this kind—whose smoke can be stayed only by stringent laws rigorously enforced. These may be described as "persons in the form of man." But that other large and in this respect sinful company "who wear the garb of gentlemen," they are amenable to the influences of Clarissa, and such smoke she and her sister sylphs can suppress. Why should they not form a club for this excellent purpose, known only to themselves, and call themselves mysteriously the Extinguishers?

Editor's Literary Record.

MR. FROUDE'S labors as the biographer and literary trustee of Carlyle have at length been brought to a close. He had already published Carlyle's own autobiographical fragments, an account of Carlyle's early years derived from that portion of his letters and journals which brings his life down to the beginning of his permanent residence in London, and the letters and memorials of Mrs. Carlyle describing his London career from her stand-point. And he now completes the task that was assigned to him by Carlyle himself by a fuller and more circumstantial account[1] of Carlyle's life in London from his removal thither, in 1834, at the age of thirty-nine, till his death, at the ripe old age of eighty-five, in 1881.

There will doubtless be a diversity of opinion respecting this last performance, as between the enthusiastic admirers and the vehement mislikers of Carlyle, similar to that which greeted its predecessors; but the general verdict that will be reached by dispassionate readers will probably be that Mr. Froude has succeeded in producing an exceedingly able and intensely disagreeable book—not lacking in interest, but so overlaid with unpleasant and belittling personal details as to disenchant the most fervent admirers of Carlyle's great intellectual gifts of any illusions they may have indulged respecting the beauty or symmetry or real greatness of his character. There is no more unlovely figure in modern history than that of Carlyle as he is depicted by himself and Mr. Froude in these final pages. Cross-grained, ill-tempered, fretful, and easily upset by the merest trifles, he was also supremely selfish. Incapable of governing himself, he had no consideration for others, and in his intercourse with men he often manifested a coarse disregard for their feelings and their rights as members of society. Quick to take offense and morbidly sensitive of slights even where neither were intended, he was habitually and causelessly offensive and insulting, and sometimes brutally so. His irascibility was insufferable, and his "mangy discontent" made all who came in close contact with him miserable; so that his best and nearest as well as oldest friend, his brother John, found it impossible to live under the same roof with him, and his wife, despite her love and admiration for him, was often forced to confess, in terms half piteous and half indignant, that the atmosphere of their home was that of a "mad-house." In his unbounded self-conceit he rated his own powers as immeasurably greater than those of any of his contemporaries, and affected to believe that the subjects which occupied their minds and pens—indeed, that all subjects lying outside his own range of studies and reflections—were

[1] *Thomas Carlyle. A History of His Life in London.* 1834-1881. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A. Illustrated. Two Volumes in One. 12mo, pp. 282 and 297. New York: Harper and Brothers.

insignificant or worthless. His gaze was so intently fixed on whatever for the moment occupied his thoughts that he was mentally blind to much that was great or admirable or beautiful in history, in society, in the world, or in his fellow-men. He could not endure to listen to eulogy of which he was not himself the subject, and he never indulged in it, however greatly it might be deserved; on the contrary, there is scarcely a name in literature, politics, art, or philosophy among his contemporaries, which the world has since recognized as great, but that he refers to with some churlish, or sneaping, or contemptuous, or cheapening epithet. And finally his letters and journals are one long-drawn and monotonous whine over his work, his mental or physical conditions, his companionships and surroundings, magnifying mole-hills into mountains, and suggesting to the reader that he must "have eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner." Of course another and more pleasing side of Carlyle's character is revealed by his letters and journals, and by the numerous passages introductory to or interlacing them that have been supplied by Mr. Froude. He was also an affectionate and dutiful son, a constant friend, and a loving if most irritating and trying husband. He was the possessor of grand intellectual gifts and powers, which he exerted conscientiously and honestly, according to his lights, and with a courageous independence of fear or favor, for the instruction and improvement of his countrymen, the reform of abuses, and the eradication of whatsoever he conceived to be error or falsehood. To men who, like him, must make or mar their own lives, his example of industry and manly independence, of honesty, frugality, and perseverance, and of diligence in the acquisition and verification of the material that he incorporated in his great and enduring works, is as full of instructiveness as his splendid literary triumphs are of encouragement. Mr. Froude's original contributions to this biography are large and important, and are comprised in the introductory and connecting passages to which allusion has been made. In these Mr. Froude introduces his own personal recollections of Carlyle, and sketches of his life, character, and associations in later years, together with acute analyses, criticisms, and estimates of his various works, and descriptions of his methods in preparing them, and of his real or imaginary agonies of mind and body at the period of their gestation and delivery. These are always able, as is everything that comes from the pen of this vigorous and independent thinker, although here, as elsewhere, he often expends his vigor in cynicism and paradox, and carries his independence to the verge of singularity and perverseness.

HAWTHORNE reveals himself so freely in his writings that, in the absence of all other materials, it would not be impossible to prepare from them a reasonably full and interesting biography. His romances teem with matter illustrative of his spiritual and intellectual nature, and with allusions to incidents, experiences, and influences that exerted a potential effect upon his character; and in like manner his various note-books abound in passages that throw light upon the general course and tenor of his daily life, and give us momentary glimpses of his movements, occupations, associations, companionships, and hopes and fears. But affluent as these are of biographical material, it is often of the kind that leaves much to deduction and inference, and fails to bring the reader as close as he would come to the purely personal and human side of the man. The impressions they give of him are either shadowy or incomplete, and not only vary with the methods and immediate stand-point of the observer, but are often and very largely coinages of his own intellect or fancy. In his *Biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife*,[2] their son, Mr. Julian Hawthorne, has sedulously avoided the error of this method, and leaving those who are fond of speculative analysis and theory to indulge their fancies, has confined himself almost exclusively to the work of giving the reader a very real and unmistakable conception of Hawthorne's human and natural, as distinct from his merely imaginative and artistic, personality. And as the lives of Hawthorne and his wife were inseparably blended, on the imaginative and intellectual no less than on the human side, the biography becomes a joint one after having first briefly disposed of Hawthorne's ancestry and early years, and his youthful and bachelor characteristics, and thence on carries forward with equal step the history of the two lives and of the happiness that gilded and blessed them.

The biography is very largely made up of the letters of Mrs. Hawthorne to her mother and sisters, and to these we are indebted for a succession of remarkable familiar pictures of Hawthorne and his environments, as well when the bow was unstrung as when it was bent to its utmost tension, during the most active and fruitful period of his literary career. Second only in personal interest to the letters of Mrs. Hawthorne are a number from her mother and sisters, which are valuable not only for their own intrinsic grace and beauty, but also for the clearness with which they bring out some of the most expressive lines of Hawthorne's character. With these letters, and numerous others from Hawthorne to members of his family, or that passed between him and his literary and personal friends in England and America, the biographer interweaves and intersperses his own recollections of his father, introducing them most unobtrusively, but yet so appositely and graphically as to leave on the mind of the reader a clear

[2] *Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife.* A Biography. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. In two Volumes, 12mo, pp. 505 and 465. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

perception of Hawthorne's moral and intellectual character, a vivid impression of his personal traits, disposition, and habits, as manifested in the alternations of work and play, in the study, in the family, and in society, and a singularly distinct and life-like image of his person. Save for an occasional exhibition of levity, and the needless obtrusion of small raillery on subjects of no moment, by the biographer, the memoir is worthy of its illustrious subject; and if it dispels some illusions as to Hawthorne's uniform amiability toward his contemporaries, and sometimes shows him in an unpleasant light with relation to those whose hospitality he enjoyed, it leaves us in no doubt as to the general symmetry of his character.

Among American men of letters there have been those who were more largely endowed with genius than Bayard Taylor. We have had greater poets, more perfect masters of prose, better novelists, deeper thinkers and critics, and more accomplished scholars; but there have been very few who have shown as great versatility, or who have accomplished so much really good work in so many widely different departments of letters. As an editor and letter-writer for the press, as an essayist, traveller, novelist, critic, translator, dramatist, and poet, he fills a large and honorable place in our literature; and the record of his varied career in all these branches, as displayed in the two recently published volumes of his *Life and Letters*,[3] edited by Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Horace E. Scudder, is a wholesome and impressive memorial of struggle and achievement. It were faint and merely conventional praise to say that these are thoroughly readable volumes. They are that, indeed, but they are much more than that: they are inspiring and instructive, rich in encouragement and suggestive example to the young literary aspirant who, like Taylor, enters upon life with a modest educational equipment and with large odds against him, and who must go through a long apprenticeship to hard work—work, too, that is often uncongenial, and seems to lead no whither—before he can realize the smallest of his hopes and ambitions. Taylor was all his life a toiler, often an impatient and grudging toiler, but he never faltered or slackened his pace. In the earlier part of his life it was necessary that he should work hard and almost unremittingly in order that he might win a subsistence; but however exacting his labors, he even then made time, at the cost of his hours of sleep and recreation, for the study and practice of the art that was the dream and ambition of his life. What was a necessity in his early years became a confirmed habit in his mature manhood, and while devoting himself to his routine or special newspaper duties with an assiduity and thoroughness that would have exhausted a less robust and less resolute man, he at the same time carried forward the numerous large literary and poetical undertakings that his fertile brain projected—undertakings which he persuaded himself would place his name high up among the worthies of English literature. Thus he was ever under a strain, and habitually overtasked his remarkably vigorous physical and mental powers. The multiplicity of the tasks that he undertook left him no hours of recreative or contemplative leisure; and there can be as little doubt that in this way he was prevented from reaching the literary excellence that his natural abilities made possible as that he thus prematurely impaired his health and materially shortened his life.

The manner in which the work describing this toilsome, energetic, and fruitful career has been executed is deserving of unqualified commendation. The large body of letters which are reproduced in it cover every period of Taylor's life, and in his own words describe his early associations and surroundings, introduce us to his friends, companions, and literary contemporaries, lay bare the inmost feelings of his heart, his hopes and fears, sympathies and antipathies, plans and ambitions, and disclose his cherished ideals and the dominant aims and motives of his life. Where there are gaps in the letters, such connecting links and comments are supplied by the editors as are necessary to give continuity and completeness to the narrative, and to render the portrait of the man more perfect and life-like. How extensive and important are these additions and comments would hardly be surmised from the modest claim of Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Scudder to be considered only as editors of the *Life and Letters*. In reality they form a very large portion of both volumes, and are not only indispensable as connecting links, but abound in discriminating criticisms and judicious estimates of Taylor's works and workmanship, and in fine biographical touches illustrative of his character, and revealing many interesting personal incidents and happenings which the letters either merely hint of or pass over in silence.

Coleridge[4] was so prominent a figure in English literature, his writings exerted so wide an influence upon thought and art, and his personality was invested with so much that challenged general interest and curiosity, that the study of his life and works has thus far lost scarcely any of its attractiveness or instructiveness by the lapse of time. It is therefore not a little remarkable that, notwithstanding all that has been written of him—in his own

[3] *Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor.* Edited by Marie-Hansen Taylor and Horace E. Scudder. In Two Volumes, 12mo, pp. 784. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[4] *Coleridge.* By H. D. Traill. "English Men of Letters" Series. 16mo, pp. 199. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Biographia Literaria, in the biography prepared by his son-in-law, Henry Nelson Coleridge, in the recollections and essays of his gifted daughter, Sara Coleridge, in the reminiscences and memoirs of his friends and contemporaries, and in a multitude of critical, analytical, and expository papers and essays by eminent scholars—there has been no popular account of the man and his works in which the incidents of his life and an outline of his productions are brought within limits suited to the convenience of the intelligent general reader. Such a memoir has at length been prepared by Mr. H. D. Traill, and finds an appropriate place in Mr. Morley's sterling "English Men of Letters" series, of which it forms one of the most attractive volumes. Mr. Traill does not assume to have discovered any new materials that throw light on Coleridge's life, but his attention has been given to the collection of all the essential facts and incidents that are scattered over the many publications that have already appeared, and their reduction within the limits of a brief epitome. The portion of the memoir, therefore, which relates to the personality of Coleridge comprises a large amount of material that will be new to those readers who have had access to a few only of the books that have been written concerning him; and its material is so skillfully arranged as to present a very compact but animated portraiture of this remarkable man. Not less compact and satisfactory are Mr. Traill's synoptical outlines and critical analyses of Coleridge's writings in prose and verse, his estimate of Coleridge's influence upon contemporary thought, and his final review of Coleridge's intellectual works as a poet, thinker, scholar, critic, metaphysician, and theologian.

The history of England during the one hundred and sixteen years that elapsed from the accession of George the First, in 1714, to the death of George the Third, in 1830, has been so fully and ably treated by capable historical writers, whose researches and labors were literally exhaustive, that no new materials are attainable or needed by the historian who now undertakes to epitomize the history of the period, and sets himself to analyze the principles that were then developed and established, to describe the events that then occurred and the institutions that were then founded, to sift the character, the motives, and the public acts of the men who exerted a potential influence upon the thought and movement of the times, and to trace from their rise to their ultimate results the principles, policies, and institutions which the statesmen of that day originated and put in practical operation.

This is a summary of the task which Mr. Justin McCarthy has undertaken, and thus far has executed with exemplary ability, in a work to be completed in four volumes, which he entitles *A History of the Four Georges*,[5] and of which the first volume, covering the reign of George the First and the first six years of George the Second, is now published by the Messrs. Harper.

Mr. McCarthy makes no pretension, in justification of his work, to have discovered any new and important facts that had escaped the attention of other historians, or that had been suppressed or distorted by them. And if we may judge by the manner in which he has thus far executed his work, the justification for it is to be found in the fact that the previous histories of the period have been on a scale so extensive, have been so largely occupied with the details of foreign affairs and the intricacies of international politics, and, it must be confessed, have been so dry and voluminous, as to be neither suitable for popular reading nor generally accessible. Judging of it by the installment of it now before us, Mr. McCarthy's work is pre-eminently a popular history. He is not silent concerning the foreign relations of the nation and their endless involvements and entanglements, but relegates them to a subordinate position, and holding them within convenient limits, he outlines them briefly, though with sufficient fullness for an intelligent comprehension of the general drift of history. By this means he is enabled to concentrate attention upon the internal growths and developments of the nation, as these were made manifest by the increased number and well-being of its people, by its political institutions, with their increment of civil and religious liberty, by its science, literature, and improved arts, industries, commerce, and social conditions. Mr. McCarthy's narrative of current events is rapid and animated, and his pictures of the great and small men who come and go upon the scene, and leave their impress for good or ill upon their country, are exceedingly graphic. But perhaps the portions of his work which will be read with the most interest by thoughtful and mature readers are those in which he tersely but luminously describes the death of the old-fashioned romantic principle of personal loyalty, unconditional loyalty, the loyalty of divine right, the birth of the modern principle of loyalty, and the evolution and practical application of the idea that political liberty is of more importance than political authority, with their legitimate consequences of the transfer of power to the representative chamber, and the origin of the modern systems of Parliamentary opposition and ministerial responsibility. The general reader will not find a dry nor an uninteresting page in the volume.

It is long since any poet or novelist has conceived a type of female character as fresh and

[5] *A History of the Four Georges.* By Justin McCarthy, M.P. In Four Volumes. Vol. I. 8vo, pp. 321. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 82. New York: Harper and Brothers.

original, and withal as lovely and real, as the Judith Shakespeare of Mr. Black's last and most brilliant novel.[6] It was a happy and an audacious thought of his to transport his readers to Shakespeare's times and Shakespeare's own household, and out of the little that is known of Shakespeare's youngest daughter to weave a romance of which she should be the central and inspiring figure, and in which scant but familiar glimpses should be given of her immortal father. All that is certainly known of Judith Shakespeare may be very briefly stated, and amounts to this: that she was Shakespeare's second and youngest daughter; that she and her twin brother Hamnet (who died when he was only eleven years old) were born early in 1585, and were baptized on the 2d of February in that year; that on the 10th of February, 1616, when she was thirty-one years old, being two months and ten days before her father's death, she married Thomas Quiney, the son of an old friend of her father; that she was four years older than her husband; that in his will her father left her three hundred pounds in money and his "broad silver gilt bowle"; that she became the mother of three children, Shakespeare, Richard, and Thomas; and that she survived until 1662, when she died at the age of seventy-seven. In the construction of his charming and picturesque romance Mr. Black has regarded or disregarded, and has altered, added to, or suppressed, these few and prosaic facts as the requirements of art have demanded. There is no evidence that Judith Shakespeare was her father's favorite daughter, or that she was beautiful, yet he has made her both. He describes her as being twenty-five years old at the opening of the story, although she was in reality not less than thirty, since it opens in May, and closes at the end of the following winter with preparations for her approaching marriage, which, as we have seen, took place when she was thirty-one. But these and other similar little anachronisms are of small moment. Mr. Black was engaged upon a work of imaginative art, and not upon a purely biographical sketch; and out of the slender array of facts which were within his reach he has created an ideal but very real and thoroughly lovable woman—ideal in so far as he has invested Shakespeare's daughter with such large intellectual gifts and graces, such rich faculties of fancy and imagination, and such gracious and winning tempers and dispositions, as it is pleasant to imagine may have been possessed by Shakespeare's favorite child; and real, in so far as he has clothed her with those flesh and blood attributes which do not belong exclusively to her as the child of such a father, but were the common possession of the Warwickshire maiden of her day, as they are of universal maidenhood in all lands and times. The story which Mr. Black has based upon real or imaginary occurrences in the life of Judith Shakespeare and her father is as free from merely sensational or exciting incidents as its plot is from intricacy and involvement. Both are singularly simple and straightforward. The reader's interest is concentrated upon the winsome figure of Shakespeare's daughter, and is charmed by its naturalness and its reflection of many of Shakespeare's own characteristics. A true child of her father, she is endowed with a rich fancy, a vivid imagination, and an intuitive love of the poetical and the beautiful, which enable her to appreciate the finest efforts of his genius; and at the same time a true woman, she sets up her own ideals and weaves her own romance. The story abounds in delightful episodes describing Shakespeare's family and country life and surroundings, his habits and methods of working while engaged upon *The Tempest*, the effect produced upon Judith and her faithful friend Prue by the surreptitious perusal of portions of it that he had left fresh from his pen in his garden summer-house, and the pride with which she placed them before a London gallant and adventurer who had been lured to Warwickshire by the report of the matchless beauty of Shakespeare's daughter, and having secured access to her in the guise of a wizard, at first won her pity by the pretension that he was in hiding from some great peril, and then her gratitude, and even a warmer feeling, by his glowing accounts of her father's triumphant success in London as poet and dramatist, and by his artful and appreciative praises of the newly written play. Besides this last exquisitely conceived episode, upon which the action of the story principally hinges, there are other scarcely less delightful ones—depicting Judith's comradeship with her ten-year-old cousin Willie Hart, and his homage of boyish love; her wooing by a pragmatical parson whom she hated, and by honest and stalwart Tom Quiney, whom she mercilessly snubbed and afterward married; the cottage life of her shrewd old peasant grandmother Hathaway, at Shottery; and her own repressed home life at New Place in the companionship of her shrewish and planning mother and of her staid and placid but worldly-wise married sister, Susanna Hall. The romance sparkles with scenes of varied and changeful beauty, and abounds in fine touches illustrative of rural life in Warwickshire during the last years of Elizabeth and the opening years of the reign of the first James. Its interest is enhanced by a number of brilliant illustrations by Mr. Abbey, but which, notwithstanding their technical and artistic excellence, fall very far short of Mr. Black's conception of Judith's grace and beauty.

[6] *Judith Shakespeare; her Love Affairs and Other Adventures.* A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK. 16mo, cloth, pp. 391. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 70. New York: Harper and Brothers.

MR. HENRY JAMES'S *Tales of Three Cities*[7] are

[7] *Tales of Three Cities.* By HENRY JAMES. 12mo, pp. 359. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

very clever performances. Their style is so nearly perfect that in reading them one rarely comes upon a weak, an ungraceful, or an obscure or inelegant sentence, and no less rarely upon one that does not contain a fair proportion of intellectual aliment of good quality. Nor are the beauty and polish and clearness of their style and the pregnant thoughtfulness of their matter their sole excellences. They abound in subtle analyses of character and society, in sharp and pointed though delicately veiled satire, and in crisp descriptions and portraitures. They are wise and witty, pungent and amusing, bright and incisive.

Mr. Cable's latest romance, *Dr. Sevier*,[8] is another variation upon a theme which is intrinsically novel and attractive, and which he has made exceedingly popular by the grace and lightness with which he has handled it. The creoles of New Orleans, or descendants of the original French colonists and settlers who founded and impressed their characteristics upon that most exotic of American cities, form a peculiar people, whose identity has been preserved intact for many generations by the insensible operation of the law of inertia, assisted by their traditions and associations, and their indelible social and personal idiosyncrasies. Though gradually diminishing in numbers, and probably destined to extinction at no very remote day, they have successfully resisted amalgamation with the energetic and progressive Anglo-American element that has surged around and about them with annually increasing violence from the time of the Louisiana purchase until the present day, and they form a unique class, easily distinguishable from all others by their language, manners, tastes, habits, and the peculiarities of their religions and domestic life. Perhaps the most decided change that has been effected upon them by the exigencies of intercourse is a modification of their language, resulting in a dialect of blended French and English, which is in reality a new *patois*, as peculiar and difficult of acquisition by the outside world as any other of their most distinctive characteristics. Mr. Cable was the first to discover the possibilities of the new field for romance that was opened by this vanishing remnant of the old colonists, and he has since tilled it with signal assiduity and success. In *Dr. Sevier*, as in its predecessors, he reproduces upon a groundwork of romantic fiction the traits of creole life and manners, and illustrates the manners, bearing, modes of thought and expression, disposition, and customs of the entire class by a delineation of some of its representative individuals. The story is graceful and piquant rather than deep and absorbing; the incidents by which it is diversified are varied and engaging rather than striking or impressive; and its actors move in an atmosphere that glows with semi-tropical warmth, whose genial or enervating influences dispose them to a languorous ease that is interrupted by occasional gusts of passion and bursts of activity, or to a gentle gayety which has an under-tone of pensiveness. Mr. Cable delineates this phase of character with rare delicacy; his narrative is enlivened with picturesque or amusing situations, and with fine touches of humor and pathos; and his descriptions are remarkable for the warmth of their coloring and the minute finish of their details.

[8] *Dr. Sevier.* By George W. Cable. 12mo, pp. 473. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

Mr. Charles E. Cradock's maiden novel, *Where the Battle was Fought*,[9] is an early realization of the promise of his recent volume of stories, *In the Tennessee Mountains*. The narrative and descriptive power and the artistic taste and capabilities that were manifest in his shorter tales in this more serious and prolonged effort have ripened into a rich fruitage. The tale is intensely American, but, unlike many novels which assume to be distinctively American, it does not depend upon the use of dialect or a recourse to local and limited peculiarities for its claims to be such. Nor are its actors, as is the case with most of such productions, so superficially American that if the local or provincial environments were changed by which they are specialized they might pass equally as well for denizens of any other country. It is not only American in name, but it is pervasively so; its entire tone and sentiment, its atmosphere and scenery, its incidents, actors, memories, associations, legends, and fancies, belong exclusively to our own land and people, and have only so much in common with those of other lands as is the universal heritage. The scene is laid in but is not confined to Tennessee, in the vicinity of one of the great battle-fields of the late war, and gives the novelist an opportunity to introduce a new and impressive element in his story, in the form of the weird popular imaginings and semi-superstitions that have had their birth in memories and associations connected with the dread battle-ground. These are introduced in the narrative with judicious reserve, and often with telling poetic and dramatic effects, and although explicable by natural causes, invest the actors in the drama, its scenes and incidents, with a pleasing sense of the mysterious and preternatural. The tale is a comparatively uneventful one, and the reverse of sensational. Its interest depends rather upon the play and portraiture of character, the delineation of a phase of *post-bellum* Tennessee life and manners, and the quiet unfolding and condign defeat of the villainous plans of a talented and unscrupulous rascal, than upon the surprises and excitements of its incidents.

[9] *Where the Battle was Fought.* A Novel. By Charles E. Cradock. 12mo, pp. 423. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 18th of December. — The popular vote for President this year for the whole country was 10,046,073, a gain over 1880 of 827,822. James G. Blaine's total was 4,847,659, and Grover Cleveland's, 4,913,901; the Prohibition vote was 150,633, and the Butler, 133,880. The vote of New York State as officially announced, November 21, showed a Democratic plurality on the highest elector of 1149, and on the lowest elector a plurality of 1077.

The second session of the Forty-eighth Congress was opened December 1. After listening to the President's Message, both Houses adjourned, out of respect to the memory of Senator Anthony.

President Arthur in his Message recommended that the scope of the neutrality laws be enlarged so as to cover all patent acts of hostility committed in our territory and aimed against the peace of a friendly nation; that our naturalization laws be revised and made uniform; that the coinage of silver dollars and issuance of silver certificates be immediately suspended; that all excise taxes except those on spirits be abolished; that our coast defenses be strengthened; that the navy be restored; that the unit of weight in first-class mail matter be one ounce; that Congress assume absolute political control of Utah; that our merchant marine be revived by commercial treaties, by a better consular service, by the enactment of measures to favor the construction of a steam carrying marine under the flag of the United States, and by the establishment of a uniform currency basis for all countries on the American continent; that a national bankrupt law be adopted; and that a suitable pension be conferred on General Grant.

The Military Academy Bill, appropriating $309,771, passed the House December 10.

The bill for the admission of Dakota passed the Senate December 16. It provides for a division of the Territory on the forty-sixth parallel of north latitude, the part north of the line to remain a Territory under the name of Lincoln.

The Reagan substitute for the Interstate Commerce Bill passed the House December 16.

The bill to discontinue the issue of greenbacks of small denominations was defeated in the House December 15.

The House, December 15, passed the bill elevating the head of the Agricultural Department to the position of a cabinet officer, with the title of Secretary of the Department of Agriculture.

The Cotton Centennial Exposition at New Orleans was opened December 16.

William P. Sheffield, of Newport, was appointed to succeed the late Mr. Anthony in the United States Senate.

The total ordinary receipts of the United States during the year ending June 30 were $348,519,869 92, and the total ordinary expenditures for the year, exclusive of the sinking fund, were $244,126,244 33.

The United States public debt was increased $747,124 13 during November, owing to an unusual demand for pension-money.

The British Franchise Bill passed the House of Lords December 5, and the next day received the royal assent.—The Redistribution Bill passed a second reading in the House of Commons December 4.

The Senatorial Reform Bill passed the French Senate December 8, and the Chamber of Deputies the day following.

The Turkish atrocities in Macedonia are increasing. As many as two hundred Christians have been murdered within a short time, and three villages have been burned.

M. Schenck has been elected President of the Swiss Confederation for 1885, and M. Deucher Vice-President. Both are Radicals.

Prince Bismarck has suffered three defeats in the Reichstag: November 26, in the passage of a resolution to pay members of that body for legislative services; December 3, by the adoption of a motion to repeal the law empowering the government to expel or intern prists for illegally exercising their functions; and December 15, by a refusal to create a Second Directorship in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

DISASTERS.

November 28.—Steamer *Durango* sunk in collision in the English Channel. Twenty lives lost.

November 29.—Thirteen men killed and several wounded by the bursting of the boiler of the French man-of-war *Rigault Genouilly* off the coast of Formosa.

December 8.—Thirty persons drowned by the foundering of the steamer *Pochard* off Holyhead.

December 14.—Eleven persons drowned by the foundering of the steamer *Carranza* off the Isle of Wight.

OBITUARY.

November 22.—In Foo-Chow, China, Bishop Isaac W. Wiley, of the Methodist Church, aged sixty years.

November 27.—In New York, Henry Ivison, aged seventy-six years.—In Vienna, Fanny Elssler, aged seventy-three years.

November 29.—In New York, Major-General Gershom Mott, of New Jersey, aged sixty-two years.

December 10.—In Cincinnati, Ohio, Reuben R. Springer, aged eighty-four years.

December 11.—In Paris, Jules Bastien-Lepage, aged thirty-six years.—In Paris, General Emile Fleury, aged sixty-nine years.

HOW clear, how keen, how marvellously bright,
The effluence from yon distant mountain's head,
Which, strewn with snow smooth as the sky can shed,
Shines like another sun—on mortal sight
Uprisen, as if to check approaching Night,
And all her twinkling stars. Who now would tread,
If so he might, yon mountain's glittering head—
Terrestrial, but a surface by the flight
Of sad mortality's earth-sullying wing
Unswept, unstained? Nor shall the aerial Powers
Dissolve that beauty, destined to endure,
White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,
Through all vicissitudes, till genial Spring
Has filled the laughing vale with welcome flowers.

NUMBER XIV. OF WORDSWORTH'S "MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS," PART II.
Illustrated from a drawing by Alfred Parsons.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXX. MARCH, 1885. No. CCCCXVIII.

THE HOUSE OF ORANGE.

THE house of Orange is inseparably identified with European history in the past three hundred years; to it the independence of the Netherlands is due, and many of the great influences that have affected Continental politics. Under the lead of William the Silent liberty of conscience was established against the tyranny of Spain, and republican government instituted in Europe, while under William III. the Stuart dynasty was driven from the English throne, and the vast designs of Louis XIV. successfully resisted.

The family derives its name from the principality of Orange, in Provence, in southern France. In that country, full of the remains of Roman glory, the language of which is still an echo of the Latin, is the city and castle of Orange, where the family had its home one thousand years ago.

The mountains around are gray and stony, burned by the sun and swept by the hot, fierce breaths of the *sirocco*. The hill-sides are covered with olive-trees, and the valleys are deep and green, with shaded water-courses.

Above the present city of Orange rise the white walls of the Roman theatre, visible for many leagues; and an ancient triumphal arch of remarkable perfection stands close beside the palace of the Princes of Orange. Avignon, the former home of luxury and excess in the long days of the papal exile, is not far away, while spots sacred to Petrarch and Laura, that can be traced even now in the poet's song, lie just beyond the hills. The rulers of this little independent sovereignty were knights of Charlemagne at Roncesvalles and leaders in the Crusades.

The epics and songs of the French and Provençal minstrels extol the valor of William of Orange of the Short Nose, who captured the city and its shining marble tower, Glorietta, from the Saracens, who fought against the Moors in Spain, and laid conquered kingdoms at his master's feet, and who died in sanctity as the holy abbot of St. Gellone. A poor monk, it is true, he made, for he ate twice as much meat as the other brethren, and was boisterous when he did not have wine; but he gave them all fair warning when he took the cowl that if they wished to get along well with him they must let him have his own way, and not throw him into a passion, lest a warlike spirit prevail in their peaceful abode.

The rulers of this state grew in wealth and power, and the family name was carried by marriage to the houses of Baux and Chalons, and thence to its German branch in the lords of Nassau-Dillenburg. Henry of Nassau, the governor of Charles V., to whom more than to all others he owed the imperial crown, acquired by marriage the vast possessions of the house of Chalons-Orange; and through his son René his vast estates and titles were bequeathed to his cousin William of Nassau, a lad eleven years of age, who became William IX. of Orange. A count in Germany, he was a prince in France, and heir to a score of titles, dukedoms, counties, and baronies, in the Netherlands.*

William of Orange owed to his mother, Juliana of Stolberg, that religious nature which in his later life became controlling. She was devout, wise, and loving, and in her letters to her sons she wrote with beautiful reverence for their high rank, but with constant appeals to the loftiest motives. In all the exalted responsibilities and dangers which attended their lives she never urged them to purchase honor or life by abandoning the cause which she deemed sacred. Though his father introduced the principles of the Reformation into his dominions, the young

* For portrait of William the Silent see Vol. LXII., p. 493.

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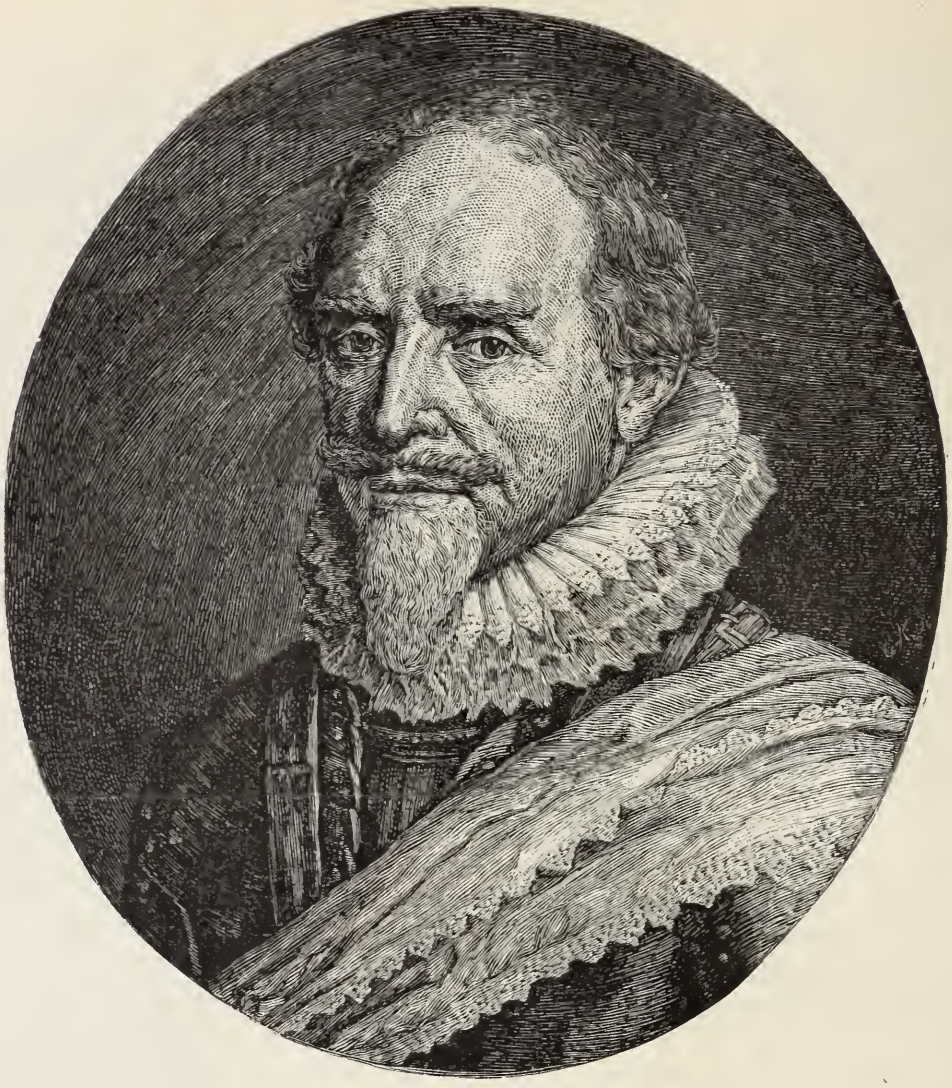


MAURICE OF NASSAU, SON OF WILLIAM THE SILENT.

heir was sent to Brussels to be brought up at the court of Charles V. He was educated a Catholic, and only the later decisive conflict with Spain severed his allegiance to the Church of Rome. He was attached to the personal staff of the Emperor, and at fifteen was his trusted confidant, present at all memorable diplomatic negotiations, and before he was twenty-one he held command of the army opposed to the ablest generals of France.

In his young manhood, while hunting with Henry II. in the forest of Vincennes, the monarch grew communicative, and revealed to him a plot already perfected between the sovereigns of France and Spain to extirpate the Protestant faith by the murder or exile of all who professed it. He listened to the startling revelation in silence, and the manner in which he received it gave him the name of the "Silent." His resolution was taken from that moment, when he learned to distrust kings, and his sympathies were ever after with the people, whom he sought to defend. The training at the court of the Emperor prepared William of Orange for the long and intricate dealings with the various courts of Europe, amid the most critical emergencies which ever arose in a nation's history.

The young Prince was the most magnificent noble at that brilliant court. The Orange mansion dispensed the most munificent hospitality of the Flemish capital. His wisdom had become a proverb, and "Egmont for action, but Orange for counsel," was a popular watch-word. His favorite motto, showing his love for law, his respect for authority, and his regard for popular rights, was early, "*Pro lege, rege, grege*," but the key-note of that deep character was found in his personal motto, "Calm amid raging billows."

The process by which the favorite noble, a reverent Catholic, became a Protestant, first in his political views, was gradual. The change sprang from his humanity. His indignation grew hot at the persecutions of his beloved subjects, and his clear vision saw that liberty and law were alike to be trampled upon. He was driven from the political support of the King by the arbitrary suppression of the liberties of the country and by the fanatical introduction of the Inquisition.

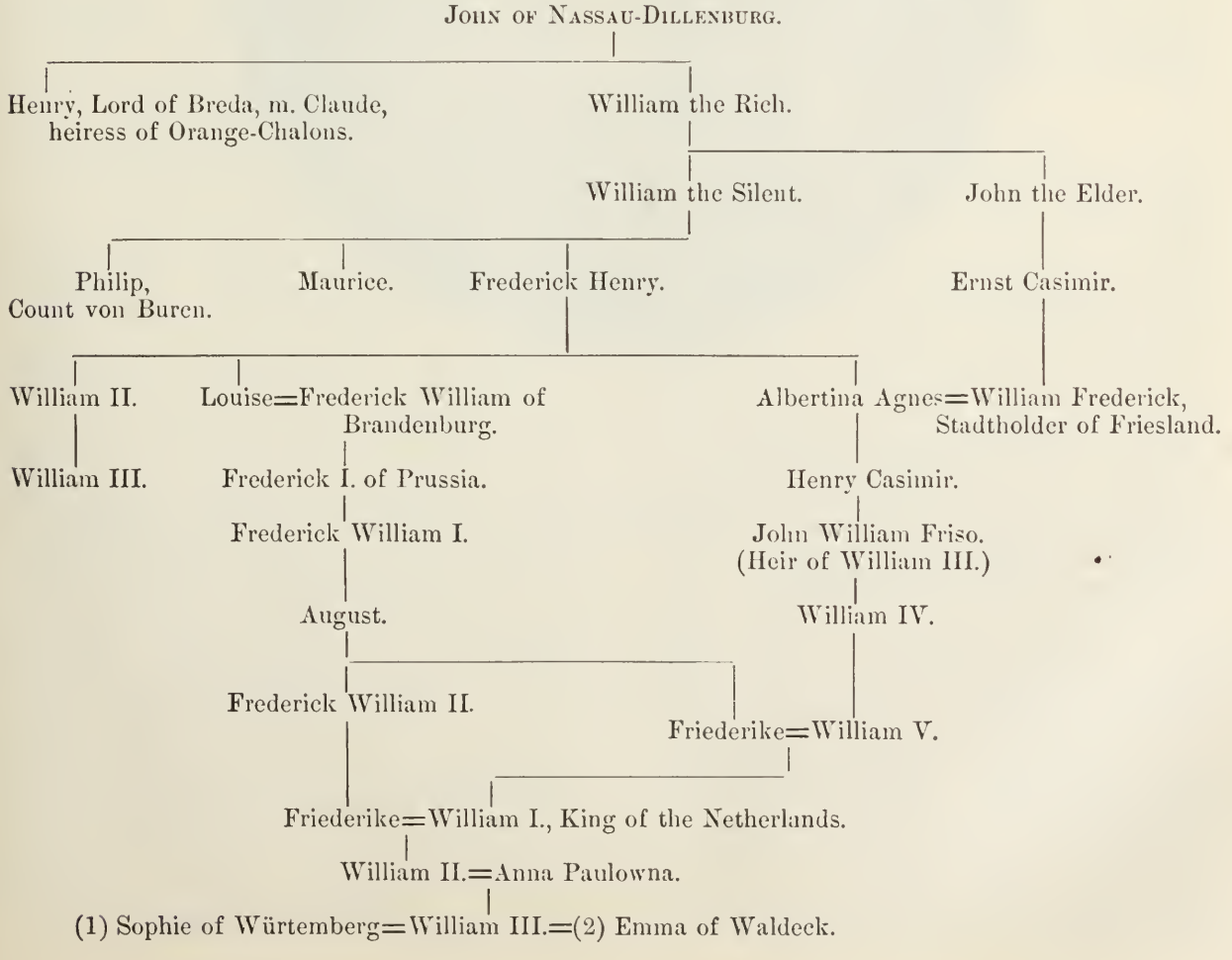
To protect the ancient rights of the provinces he was forced to choose between loyalty with oppression and liberty with resistance to the most powerful monarch of Europe. He chose the latter, raised armies, and led campaigns, sacrificing his ancestral estates to support the cause which he had espoused.

In his hands was the complicated correspondence with foreign courts, by which help was won and the plots of his enemies baffled. By his wisdom and personal ascendency he controlled the liberty-loving and tumultuous guilds and corporations, and bent them to a common purpose.

The unity of administration which he achieved during the early years of the war was not attained by holding sovereign rank, but because he embodied the principles of the struggle, and the nation found its only hope in him. "He was," says Motley in his glowing portraiture — a judgment in which all later investigation coincides — "the greatest statesman of his age. He governed the passions and sentiments of a great nation as if they had been but keys and chords of one vast instrument, and his hand rarely failed to evoke harmony even out of the wildest storms. His power of managing men was so unquestionable that there was always a hope, even in the darkest hour, for men felt implicit reliance as well on his intellectual resources as his integrity. He possessed also a rare perception of human character, together with an iron memory which never lost a face, a place, or an event once seen or known. He read the minds, even the faces, of men like printed books. All this was joined to a self-denial that eluded rather than sought political advancement," and a noble toleration which rose above the narrow and exclusive temper of his time, and which his countrymen could not comprehend.

Three brothers of William of Orange*

* GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF THE HOUSE OF ORANGE.



ANNE OF SAXONY, SECOND WIFE OF WILLIAM THE SILENT.

fought with him in the same cause, and fell on different battle-fields. Lewis, the right arm of the great Prince, skillful and brave in diplomacy, and the soul of chivalry, and Henry, went down in a final charge in the fatal battle of Mook; Count Adolphus perished on the field of Heiliger Lee.

In an obscure corner of the Royal Museum in Amsterdam there is an interesting series of portraits of the members of this family. There are many admirable pictures of William I.; one in the royal palace in the Haag, representing him as a young man, has, I believe, never been reproduced. All, especially those made in later life, show a face grave and intense, but with eyes that seem to study and comprehend everything, making deception impossible. The broad, high forehead shows an intellect large in its grasp and lifted above narrowness and bigotry.

Philip, the oldest son and heir of William of Orange, was kidnapped when a boy at school at Leiden, and carried a prisoner to Spain, by order of Philip II. The object of this deep-laid villainy was to secure the father's support as the price of the son's safety. Every step that the Prince took in the cause of Netherland liberty was at the possible cost of the life of his son. When Philip returned, many years later, he had been transformed by Jesuitical training, so that his nobler qualities were extinct, and his whole nature made bigoted, suspicious, and gloomy. Gleams of pride in his illustrious father appear, as when he threw a Spaniard, who had defamed him, from the window, and in his refusal to receive again some family estates which had been granted to his father's murderer, on condition that he should pay a certain sum to the assassin's family.

Maurice of Nassau, the successor of William the Silent, was the son of his second wife, the violent, deformed, and wayward daughter of Maurice of Saxony. His grandfather was that brilliant and unscrupulous defender of the Reformation, and the determined enemy of Charles V., who descended upon Innsbruck at night and nearly captured the Emperor in the passes of the Tyrol. A youth of seventeen, he was the representative of authority around whom the provinces rallied after his father's death. From childhood he had listened in silence while his father discussed questions of diplomacy with ambassadors or plans of battles with generals; or he had heard tales of the brilliant campaigns of Maurice of Saxony, whose name he bore. He was born in the year of the arrival of the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands, in the year of the arrest of Counts Egmont and Horn and the attempted seizure of Orange. He was educated in Leiden, under the charge of the great engineer Stevinus. He busied himself with mathematics, with the science of fortification, with siege and defense, while his countrymen looked on, wondering what the lad would become. He marshalled his toy soldiers and manœuvred his toy army, erected batteries and invested cities. Six years later he began his first campaign at the head of the army, and inaugurated that era of brilliant sieges for which he became famous. He adopted for his motto, "The twig shall yet become a tree." He was from the first a consummate strategist. He had a quick vision; his purposes ripened slowly, but when once conceived, were unflinchingly executed. His country was guarded by lines of fortresses and walled cities, each forming part of an intricate net-work of military defense. Most of these were held by the enemy. He or-

ganized and disciplined his army, and entered upon a series of rapid marches and swift sieges until he had recovered the most important points. The science of attacking fortified cities by mines began with this young chief, and the greatest soldiers of Europe visited his camp to study this new art of warfare. His greatness shone supreme in the battle of Nieuport, where he exhibited those qualities of instant resolution and steadfast courage which in critical moments are the grand test of military genius.

News came of the crushing defeat of the cavalry which formed his advance. Before him was a victorious enemy, behind him a hostile city and the ocean. The fleet, which lay the sport of an ebbing tide, could not save, but would only imperil the success of the coming contest. Commanding the messenger under pain of death to conceal this intelligence from the soldiers, and locking the fatal secret in his breast from his officers, he deliberately closed every door of retreat by commanding the squadron to set sail. The desperate battle and the glorious victory that followed sprang from the consciousness which animated every soldier that his life depended upon his personal valor, and Maurice here won the most decisive triumph of his life.

Maurice of Orange was more silent than his father, whom history calls the "Silent."

LOUISE DE COLIGNY.

He was a soldier, and not a statesman. When his work began, the period of negotiation was past and that of action had come. The second Prince performed a task which might have been impossible to his father. William of Orange had risen to the great doctrine of freedom of belief and practice in religion. Maurice was incorruptible in his allegiance to the cause of freedom; he spurned the bribes of foreign courts which would have purchased the betrayal of his country; but his character was narrow and intolerant. There was an element of violence and un-

FREDERICK HENRY.

scrupulousness in his methods—perhaps inherited from his crazy and unprincipled mother, Anne of Saxony—which has stained an illustrious name. The great Advocate of Holland, John of Barnevelt, venerable in years and for his splendid services to the republic, was brought to the scaffold by the Prince.

The powerful influence of the statesman had often opposed his warlike policy. Maurice was a Prince in a democratic state, Barnevelt was the representative of national rights against the mere will of the Executive. Religious questions were political issues; the Advocate favored the milder views of the Arminians, while the Prince supported the strict and uncompromising Calvinistic party. The two men had fought in the same cause through the darkest hours of the long contest with Spain. Now, in comparative peace, the Prince removed his great opponent by a judicial murder. His purposes did not end with bringing the Advocate to the block: Grotius, who had been called the "glory of Holland," and other leaders of the party, were arrested and thrown into prison. Maurice was great only in war; in peace his reputation paled.

The long shadow which was to rest upon his name fell even in his lifetime, and he felt the world's abhorrence of wrong-doing. His last campaigns were conducted without energy, and were fruitless.

At the battle of Nieuport, whose beginning promised to be so fatal, Maurice was accompanied by his brother Frederick Henry. In order to save a life so dear to

the nation, he ordered the child to go on board the fleet, but the boy begged with clasped hands to be permitted to stay and die with him. This was the first experience of Frederick Henry in battle. He was the youngest son of William of Orange and Louise de Coligny, and the grandson of Admiral Coligny, of France. The beauty and lovely character of his mother, and her sacrifices in the interests of national freedom, won the hearts of the Hollanders, and her gentle influence was long regarded as one of the precious memories of the land. "She was a small, well-formed woman, with delicate features, exquisite complexion, and very beautiful dark eyes, that seemed in after-years, as they looked from beneath her coif, to be dim with unshed tears; with remarkable powers of mind, angelic sweetness of disposition, a winning manner, and a gentle voice."

Frederick Henry was but an infant at his father's death. His reign was one of the most successful of all the princes of the house of Orange. Maurice, upon his death-bed, recommended his brother to marry a lady of the court, Amalia von Solms, whose portrait at the present time is the ornament of so many galleries of the Netherlands. She was beautiful and ambitious, and sought to make the Haag a splendid capital like the royal residences of Europe. During the reigns of Maurice and Frederick Henry, Netherland enterprise won, by discovery and conquest, rich dominions in the East and West, and exalted the Seven Provinces to be the rival of England upon the seas.

AMALIA VON SOLMS.

Frederick Henry, like his father and brother an able soldier, guided his country through the difficult period of the Thirty Years' War. He was the ally of Richelieu, and active to extend by diplomacy the bounds of his territory. The

wealth which flowed into the country made it even in the midst of war the most prosperous nation of Europe. The ambition of the Prince rose with that of his ambitious wife. His son, William II., married the daughter of Charles I. of England, and his oldest daughter, Louise, married the Great Elector of Brandenburg, who had studied at the University of Leiden, and learned the art of war in the camp of his future father-in-law. The house of Orange was thus connected with two of the most powerful reigning families of Europe—a relation which subjected the country to various political complications and dynastic claims, and while exalting the dignity of its rulers, exposed it to additional dangers. The intimate union with England gave rise to new problems in the foreign relations of the Netherlands. The Prince privately supported Charles I. in his struggles with Parliament, while the States-General and the people sympathized with Cromwell and the popular party.

The life of Frederick Henry ended just before the great peace of 1648, which formally recognized the independence of the seven states of the Netherlands. His life had been arduous, but it had witnessed the period of greatest prosperity in the history of the country. The University of Leiden was the most celebrated in Europe. The poets Hooft, Cats, and Vondel, whose stately hexameters exercised no little influence upon German literature, flourished during his reign. The material prosperity caused imposing buildings to rise in all the cities. It was the golden age of painting, of Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Jan Steen, Van der Helst, Brouwer, and Ostade; in literature and classical learning, of Salmasius, Descartes, and Heinsius. Holland became the centre of European learning. Milton sought for a time the society of the great scholars of Leiden. The Prince was of a far more tolerant spirit than his brother, and wished to restore Grotius to his native land, and to remove the ban from the son of Barnevelt.

The third Prince of Orange, William II., was one of the most gifted of his time. He was ambitious to extend the borders of his land, and sought to exercise a royal sway over a free people which could bestow or withhold the highest honors of the state at its will. He aimed to perpetuate the military system and the standing army, of which he had supreme control. When the city of Amsterdam opposed his designs, he attempted to reduce it to subjection by military force, but the proud commercial city closed its gates against him, and laid the surrounding region under water. That stubborn spirit of independence, so often an element of stern resistance in the past, now defied the ruler of the country. He aspired to the conquest of the Spanish Netherlands, and arrogated almost a traitorous power to negotiate a secret treaty with France without the knowledge of the States-General. He entered into an agreement to assault Antwerp, and furnish a fleet to restore the Stuarts to the English throne. His schemes, which threatened to bring fresh disaster to his country, perished with him. He was married to Mary Stuart, daughter of Charles I. of England, when only fourteen years of age, while his bride was but ten. The picture of this princess bears a striking resemblance to that of her mother, by Vandyck, in the Dresden gallery. William II. followed too much the despotic maxims of the Stuarts, which brought his father-in-law to the block. Eight days after his death a son was born to the honors and lofty responsibilities of head of the house of Orange.

It was William III., who was destined to ascend the English throne, and to exercise a wider influence than any other member of his house. In his youth his position was not such as to promise future sovereignty. The arbitrary conduct of his father had roused the national spirit of resistance, and the States-General would not bestow upon the youth the dignities of his predecessors. Though Prince of Orange and heir to all the titles of his ancestors, he was not intrusted with the Stadtholdership, or the titular command of the army and navy of the republic. The guidance of affairs was bestowed upon the leading statesmen of the country, pre-eminently upon Jan de Witt, who opposed the elevation of the Prince—an opposition which later cost him his life. But the child of so heroic an ancestry could not be overlooked by the government. He was made the ward of the nation, and educated under the formal direction of the state. The nobles and municipalities were jealous of the young Prince, and feared that his accession to power would introduce anew the old struggle against arbitrary personal government. Liberty and hereditary rights had already been vindicated against a ruler of the family most

dear to the nation. Hence the young Prince was guarded with suspicion, lest he should become the centre of a new political plot or a fresh usurpation of power. Every word and motion was watched, and the power which his ancestors had possessed. His first address inspired the people with new courage. He said, "We will lay our country beneath the sea, and if all else fails we will find a new home in the

WILLIAM II.

the boy was practically a state prisoner. Thus he grew up cold, reticent, with suppressed purposes, making a confidant of no one.

His mind was alert and comprehensive. His early lessons in statesmanship were received from De Witt, one of the greatest statesmen and political leaders of the time. He was weak in constitution, and he had a constant cough, and there was a pallor in his cheeks, unless strong excitement or anger caused them to burn with a hectic flame. But dangers soon thickened around the republic. The advance of the French armies and the successive surrender of the fortresses of the country maddened the people. In their rage and despair they rose against De Witt, who had guided so wisely and brilliantly the government, and in a fit of popular frenzy slew him.

Ancient custom made a head of the state necessary as the source of authority, and William III. was invested with all far East, where liberty shall flourish beneath the Southern Cross." He now entered upon a series of consummate diplomatic negotiations, which were designed to humble the powers of the Grand Monarch. He led his armies against Turenne and Condé and Luxemburg, the greatest captains of the day. William could adopt the language of his great ancestor, Admiral Coligny: "In one respect I may claim superiority over Alexander, over Scipio, over Cæsar. They won great battles, it is true. I have lost four great battles, and yet I show to the enemy a more formidable front than ever." His defeats could only be counted partial victories by the enemy. In battle the whole bearing of the Prince was changed. No longer cold and reserved, his manner became gay and reckless. His soldiers caught his spirit, and followed with enthusiasm wherever he led. But his genius was most manifest in managing reluctant courts and cabin-

ets, and the fickle Charles the Second of England was often persuaded to act contrary to his most cherished purposes by the cool, overmastering intellect of William III. His wife was Mary, daughter of the Duke of York, afterward James II., a union with whom he had previously declined. Later, when William was seated on the English throne, the success of the common reign was due to the Queen, whose loyal love had raised him to be her equal in rank and her superior in authority. It was his wife's devotion, her voluntary subordination, which made him supreme in the administration of affairs, and enabled him to carry out his far-reaching policy. He had steadily watched the changes in English politics during the reign of James II. His wife was apparently the heir to the throne, and the misgovernment of the King opened the way for an intervention in her behalf. Once established in power, he pursued on a broader field the one purpose of his life—to oppose the designs of Louis XIV., and to vindicate in the eyes of Europe the right of Protestantism to exist.

However passionless the King's exterior, his heart was full of warmth for a chosen few, and his wife won at last the highest place. His regard for Bentinck, his faithful Dutch friend, who periled his life in his behalf, never wavered. He conferred titles and estates upon him, even disposing of the crown lands to make his friend rich, and thus aroused the jealousy of his firmest English supporters.

The personality of William the Third is more distinct than that of his magnificent rival Louis XIV. His faith in his destiny gave him a sublime courage. While he lived, Louis could have but one conviction, that however successful his armies might be, he had one tireless, unconquerable opponent, and no victory was complete while his great adversary lived. William was but half at home in England. The strifes of political and ecclesiastical factions vexed him; they diverted his attention from his great national aims. He loved to revisit his native land and hunt in its forests. He knew his countrymen, and found rest in their midst. He sought to surround himself in England with the scenery with which he had been familiar at home, and he laid out the grounds around Hampton Court in the stiff Dutch fashion of the day.

He was surrounded by timid and treacherous advisers, and the nation itself, which could not comprehend his greatness and unselfishness, was lukewarm in his support. It could love and tolerate with easy good-nature the dissolute Charles II., but William's lofty convictions met with an indifferent response. The people had not risen to that height of toleration which the King expressed when he forbade persecution for the sake of opinion. "We never could be of that mind that violence was suited to the advancing of true religion, nor do we intend that our authority shall ever be a tool to the irregular passions of any party." Ireland was in chronic revolt; James, whom he had displaced, was at St. Germain, constantly plotting against his authority; Anne, the heiress of the throne, held a court, where she gathered her personal adherents about her. Abroad, the "selfish disunion" of Germany exposed the combinations of the King to incessant defeat, and the weakness of Spain afforded him no real assistance, and yet he struggled against all these opposing forces. As a new war became inevitable, he devoted his last energies to the formation of the Grand Alliance. The English finally recognized his greatness, and were unanimous in his support. "There was a time," said the dying King, "when I should have been glad to have been delivered out of my troubles; but I own I see another scene, and could wish to live a little longer." He had completed the combination which was to oppose Louis XIV. when Spain and the Spanish Netherlands had been practically added to the French power by the election of the Duke of Anjou to the Spanish throne. He set about preparing England for the final struggle. Under an assumed name he had written to the great physicians of Europe describing his malady, lest a false assurance of life should be given to him as King, and had received answer that the best counsel they could give him was to prepare for death. In reply to recommendations to rest, he said, "The image of death has become so familiar to me that I am in one sense a dying man, yet I would gladly live till I have accomplished my great task to which I am called of God, to defend the freedom of Europe and the Protestant religion." For half a century following his death no single ruler over the United Netherlands was appointed.

Of all the princes of the House of Orange the two which appear in history as incomparably the greatest are William

the Silent and William III. They exhibit kindred qualities, but individualized. There is in each the same deathless determination, the same grasp of complicated negotiations, the same penetrating insight into the hidden meaning of diplomatic movements. Maurice, the third great ruler of this house, was a warrior, but with a like wonderful power of combination, moving his army among hostile camps with the coolness of a chess-player; but he was merciless and vindictive. The death of William III. without direct heirs produced rival claimants to the dignity of the succession. He bequeathed his titles and dignities to the Stadtholders of Friesland, the descendants of John of Nassau, the oldest brother of William of Orange. The two lines had been previously closely united by the marriage of the daughter of Frederick Henry to the Frisian Stadtholder. The later princes of this family are thus descended from the first Prince of Orange, as is the German imperial family. By the will of Frederick Henry, in case he was left without male heirs, his possessions were bequeathed to his oldest daughter, Louise Henriette, the wife of the Great Elector of Brandenburg. The settlement of these conflicting claims involved the nation in a controversy with Prussia, known as the strife of the Orange Inheritance.

WILLIAM HENRY (WILLIAM III. OF ENGLAND).

Louis XIV. had taken violent possession of the Princedom of Orange, and dismantled its fortifications, in the lifetime of William III. of England. When the latter heard how his patrimony had been despoiled, he affirmed that Louis would live to repent the outrage of which he had been guilty. This declaration he refused to retract or explain when the French ambassador made inquiry regarding it. Prussia's claim to the title of Prince of Orange was confirmed by the Treaty of Utrecht upon no just or legal grounds, but with the same authority with which powerful nations dispose of minor states. Prussia secured territorial indemnity for its pretended loss of the

WILLIAM V.

principality of Orange. But John William, the Frisian Stadtholder, assumed by his own grace his legitimate title of Prince of Orange, which has always been retained by the princes of this house.

An interregnum followed the death of William III. The several states refused to elect his successor, the provincial Stadtholder of Friesland, General Stadtholder of the Netherlands. Two parties had always contended for power in Holland—the party of the Prince, which usually received popular support, and the party of the oligarchy, composed of nobles and the representatives of the various states and provinces. The latter embraces also the rich trading element, the prosperous *bourgeoisie*. It aimed to control the government, both as regards measures and offices, and was thus opposed to the absolute rule of the Stadtholder. Men of great ability had led this party, and often exercised more power than the Princes of Orange, De Witt, Barnevelt, Heinsius, and Fagel. When danger from abroad was absent, the jealous aristocrats refrained from electing a General Stadtholder; but when peril drew near, the people rose and demanded that the Prince should be invested with almost royal powers. The pride of these patricians was often manifested. The Frisian Burgomaster Trip once offered his arm to the bride of his ruler. She hesitated to take it, and asked if he was one of the nobility. "I one of the nobility?—we are the kings of the land," he answered.

Royal marriages have in repeated instances raised the importance of the house of Orange, and been the source of influential political alliances, but they have likewise involved the nation in complicated relations with foreign states. Four times in the short history of the country the highest dignity had fallen upon a minor, while William III. and William IV. were heirs to an authority from which their fathers had been removed before their birth. Under William IV., whose wife was Anna, daughter of George II. of England, the

country escaped the complications of the Seven Years' War. His successor, William V., a weak character, was under the powerful influence of his guardian, the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, until the people demanded the removal of the obnoxious regent. This was granted, but the Prince was gradually stripped of all authority. He had married Friederike Sophie, the niece of Frederick the Great.

FRIEDERIKE SOPHIE.

While the popular feeling was excited against her husband, the Princess attempted to visit the Haag, but was stopped on the border of the province, and detained in custody for several hours. Her high spirit would not brook such treatment. The traditions of the Prussian court had not taught her to submit quietly to the despotism of the city oligarchies of this hydra-headed republic. She invoked the aid of her brother Frederick William to restore her husband to his former authority. The King signalized the first year of his reign by sending an army into Holland, which marched unopposed through the country, and placed the Stadtholder again in power. Scarcely was the Prince again established in his former dignity when the storm of the French Revolution swept over the country. French refugees proclaimed "liberty, equality, and fraternity," and those latent passions which exist in seemingly impassive natures burst into a flame. City and state governments were overthrown, and furious republicanism was rife. In the madness of the hour the vaults of the Princes of Orange in Leeuwarden were burst open and plundered; men fancied that liberty had begun when all memories of a glorious past under this illustrious house had been blotted out. The shock produced by the execution of Louis XVI. and his Queen startled all the rulers of Europe. The advance of the republican armies meant the overthrow of thrones and the death of kings.

The news of the invasion of the French terrified the ruling family, and though the valiant Hereditary Prince, afterward William I., sought to rouse the people to arms, the national fortresses were surrendered, and province after province overrun.

The Stadtholder chose voluntary exile, and in a solemn audience of the States-General announced his purpose to leave the country.

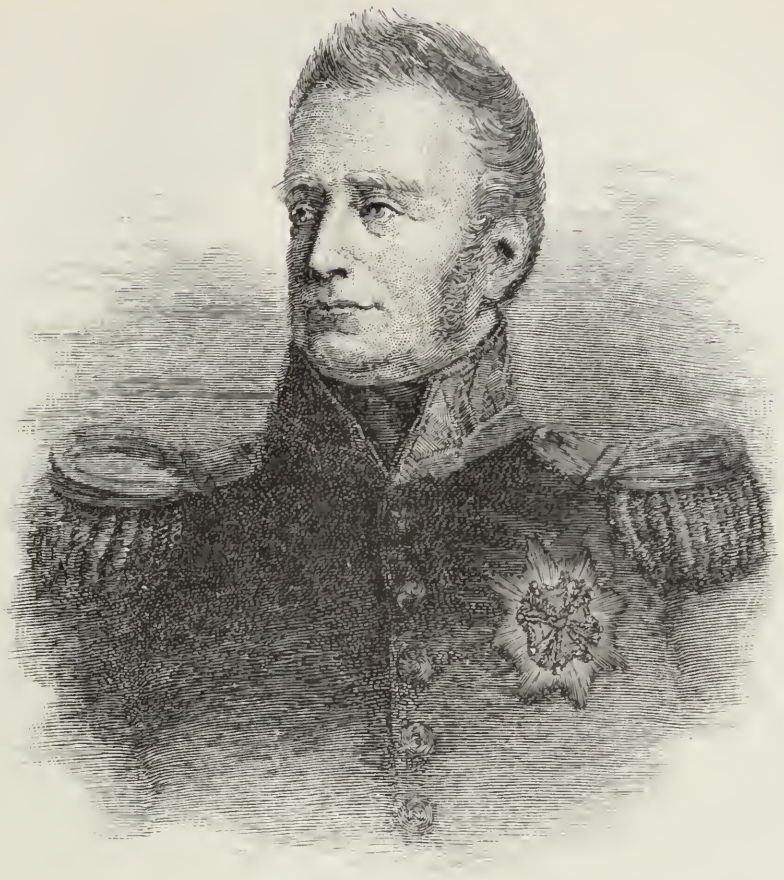
Had he always acted with as much dignity as upon this occasion, his memory would occupy a higher place in the minds of his people. The Prince with his family left the Haag in midwinter, while the coast was enveloped in ice. He reached England in a small fishing vessel, and never saw his native land again. He spent a short time in England, but chose Germany as his permanent home, where his possessions and his connection with the royal family of Prussia gave him the rank of a German prince. He died in Brunswick, and was buried in the cathedral, not far from the stately tomb of Henry the Lion. The Prince was weak but obstinate, and his vision so obscured by a sense of his own prerogatives that he was unequal to the contest with republican ideas: he could neither protect his sovereignty nor anticipate by liberal changes the coming storm.

The Batavian Republic now appeared above the shifting waves, followed by the short-lived kingdom of Louis Bonaparte, whose brief rule exhibited a noble courage in opposing the proscriptive policy of his brother, and in maintaining the commercial interests of his adopted country. He soon abandoned a throne supported by French bayonets, carrying with him into exile the love of his people and the esteem of Europe, and the country was annexed to France. The defeat of Napoleon before Leipzig by the Allies caused the restoration of the Orange dynasty. Republican ideas had been incorporated in the constitution of the country. All religions had been made equal, the national authority supreme over that of the single states: the executive and judicial authority had been divided, and a beginning of the separation of church and state accomplished. The wisest statesmen saw that there was no promise of a permanent government except in a permanent head, and the popular voice demanded that the princely family which was associated with all that was glorious in the history of the country should be recalled from exile to assume the reins of power. Envoys were dispatched to England, and William VI., afterward King William I., who twenty years before had sought refuge from his own countrymen in a foreign land, was recalled. He returned in an English frigate to his native land. Vast throngs of people streamed forth through the beautiful avenue which leads from the Haag to the sea to welcome their Prince. Visitors to the fashionable watering-place of Scheveningen will notice a plain obelisk on the downs, marking the spot where the Prince landed.

The years of republican rule had not been in vain: liberal ideas had educated the people to bear a more responsible part in the government. A few months later, William VI. of Orange took the oath to support the new constitution of his country, in the New Church at Amsterdam, as William I., King of the Netherlands. Great hopes were placed upon this sovereign. He was but a child when his father became an exile. He was educated at the court of his uncle, Frederick William II., in Berlin, where he became familiar with the stiffness of the Prussian military system, from which he afterward transferred the traditions of autocratic government to his own country, to which they were unsuited. He led a division against Napoleon in the luckless battle of Jena, and fought bravely at Wagram. He even sought to recover the authority of his house by various expeditions against the French forces in the Netherlands.

The country had suffered from excessive division in the government. Each state had been ruled by an oligarchical party, and the States-General was often powerless to enforce its decrees against a provincial assembly. The powerful commercial city of Amsterdam had previously closed its gates against the Stadtholder, and the states of Holland often stubbornly opposed the mandate of the States-General.

Now a national constitution, advanced in spirit, but defective in many particulars, formed the basis of a new central government. By the Treaty of Paris the new kingdom was made double in extent, and the South Netherlands, or Belgium, added to the North. A union which had been sundered two hundred years before, in the wars with Spain, was again attempted. There was a momentary promise of a new

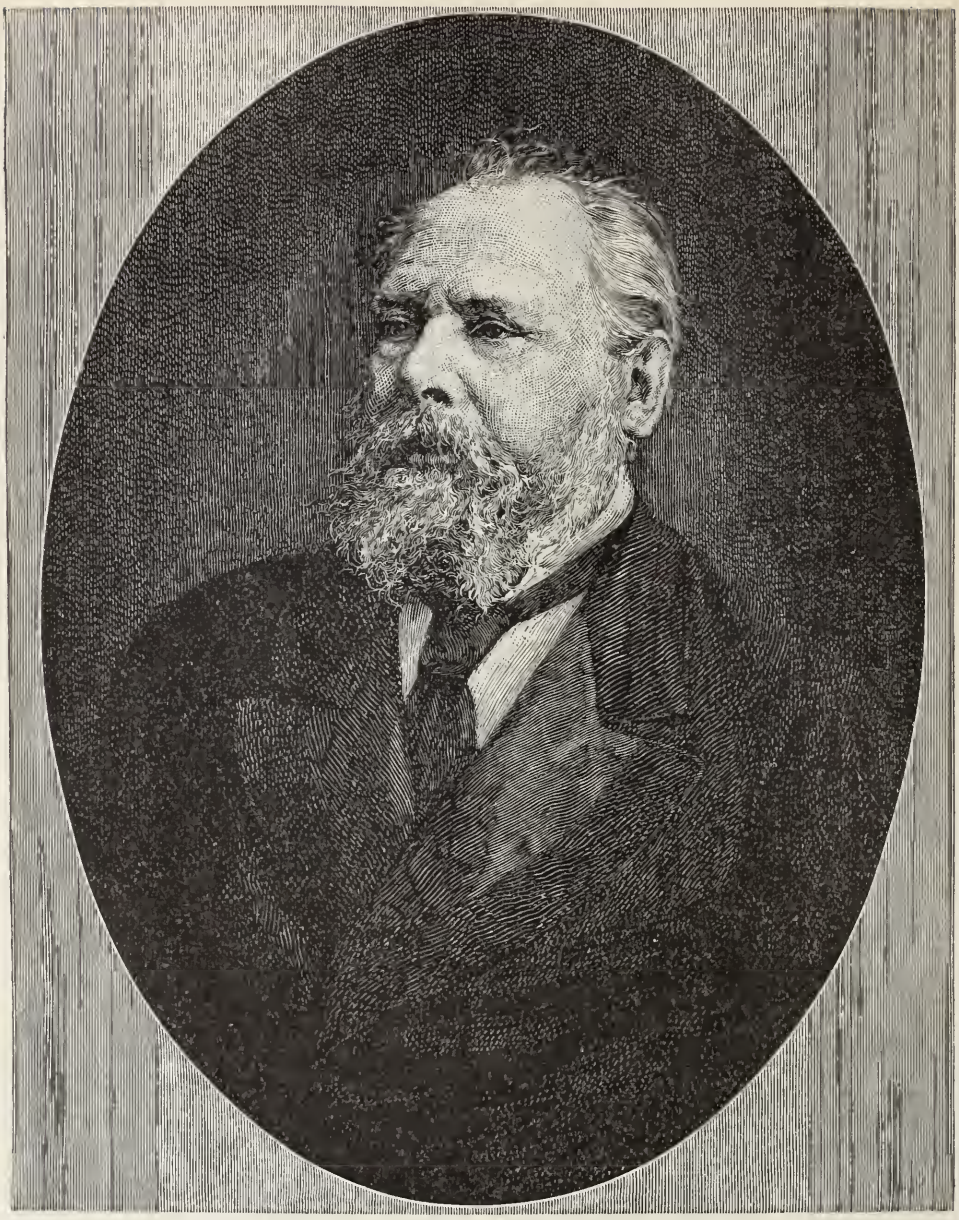


WILLIAM I., KING OF THE NETHERLANDS.

and powerful kingdom. The two nations were different in race and religion; in one there was a tenacious love of political and religious freedom; in the other, devotion to the Church of Rome and to the splendor of royal rule. It was not attachment to any princely family or pride in the history of the nation that moved the Belgians to revolt, for they had been under Spanish, Austrian, and French rule since their separation from the northern provinces. Rival commercial interests and questions of taxation connected with the national debt produced antagonistic feelings.

The revolution of 1830 broke out. The southern provinces rose in arms against Dutch supremacy more than against the rule of the house of Orange. French refugees, fresh from the overthrow of the Bourbon throne, excited the fickle workmen of the cities, but the sober conservative thought of the ruling classes opposed the dangerous popular movement, fearing the license of the infuriated republicans. The Hereditary Prince, who had been sent to restore the province to obedience, listened to the temperate demands for reform. His father had attempted to make the Flemish language the official language of the courts of law and the army; he had abolished trial by jury and the freedom of the press, and had thereby incurred the enmity of the liberals. By subjecting the clerical schools to government control, and by restraining the authority of the Church —measures which won him the support of the liberals—he incurred the active hatred of the priests. The two parties, clerical and liberal, opposed on all other points save that of throwing off the Dutch supremacy, now united against an absolute ruler and an irresponsible ministry. A populous and wealthy country was subordinate to a smaller state, the heavy debts of which caused the poor man's meat and wood to be taxed. A league was formed in Flanders in behalf of Belgian independence, with the motto, "Faithful to beggary." The scheme of revolt was openly proclaimed, and the programme of procedure publicly posted.

"Monday, fire-works; Tuesday, illumination; Wednesday, revolution." The Prince favored the reasonable demands of the people, but the King delayed measures



WILLIAM III., KING OF THE NETHERLANDS.
From a photograph by Delavieter and Co., The Hague.

of relief, obstinately blind to the impending danger. A wise and liberal policy might even then have averted the separation. The Prince upon his own authority issued a proclamation to the Belgians, promising the redress of their wrongs and an autonomous government. He thus practically placed himself at the head of the movement for political liberty. It has been charged that he was influenced by vanity and ambition in taking this step, and that he hoped thereby to be placed on the throne of Belgium. But it is probable that his knowledge of the forces at work in Europe and his sense of justice alone inspired his action. He had nothing to gain in a separation of the two countries, for he would ultimately inherit the sovereignty of both. The King overruled at once the liberal proclamation of his son, and the Prince encountered not only the paternal displeasure, but the universal indignation of the nation. The King appealed for support to the powers, but delay and disappointment heightened the popular discontent. The Congress of London, under Talleyrand's lead, refused to intervene, and decided against the continuance of the supremacy of the northern Netherlands, and arranged the terms of division of the two countries.

The great powers which had guaranteed the existence of the united kingdom no longer sustained their own creation. The King, thus abandoned, determined with national tenacity to defend his pre-

rogatives, and to assert his rights over the revolted country. The Crown Prince, now restored to favor, led an army of 90,000 men across the border, defeated in two engagements, at Tirlemont and Hasselt, the disorganized revolutionists, and nearly captured the new King Leopold in Louvain. Antwerp was bombarded, and an obstinate and bloody contest took place in the park of Brussels. Louis Philippe, who had declined the crown of the new country for his son, not wishing to endanger the throne which he had so recently ascended, now intervened in behalf of the Belgians. There was a small party eager to annex the country to France, and French sympathy was active in supporting a neighboring people in a kindred struggle for liberty. A French army crossed the border, and an English fleet blockaded the coast and entered the Scheldt.

The war was now hopeless, and the Dutch were forced to retreat. Leopold married the daughter of his ally, Louis Philippe. These days are always observed by the Belgians as the festal anniversary of the independence of the country.

QUEEN SOPHIE.
From a photograph by M. L. Verveer, The Hague.

A strong and united nation occupying these two countries, bordering upon France and Germany, and with a sea-coast facing England, would have proved a

powerful check to the ambition of either of these powers, and might have exerted at times a decisive influence in European politics; but differences of religion and deeper differences of race made a permanent union impossible. The King of the Netherlands became Grand-duke of Luxemburg. This powerful fortress did not become a part of the kingdom, but was made subject to the personal rule of the King as a constitutional sovereign.

In the years which followed the Revolution of 1830 the relations of Belgium and Holland were unsettled. The spirit of the Dutch had been humbled by the loss of so much territory and by defeat before the eyes of Europe. William I. rejected the terms of separation offered by the powers, and his later tardy acceptance made the conditions less favorable to his kingdom. The King had acquired vast wealth by generous investments to promote the commerce of his country. His personal guarantee to subscribers of a fixed return upon investments in the Dutch East India Company, though involving great risk, after a few years added largely to his riches, and the royal family has remained one of the wealthiest in Europe. Though he represented the general sentiment of his people in refusing concessions and in seeking to put down the Belgian insurrection, yet the failure of his effort, the steady increase of debt, and the cry for the reform of the constitution at last caused the King to withdraw from the cares of government, and in 1840 William II. ascended the throne. William I., under the title of Count Nassau, retired to Berlin, where he married the Catholic Countess d'Oultremont.

The early life of William II. was spent in England, where he studied at the University of Oxford. He joined the English army which fought under Wellington in Spain, and his bravery was praised by his chief in many dispatches. The glory which he won at Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, and Salamanca, and at Waterloo, where he performed distinguished service, made him the military idol of his nation.

He was recalled from Spain by his father, who desired his marriage with the Princess Charlotte of England, the daughter of George IV. The union did not take place, owing to the opposition of the Queen, and the Princess soon married the rival of her first suitor, Leopold, afterward King of the Belgians. The Prince married Anna Paulowna, the daughter of the Czar Paul I. of Russia. Many incidents illustrate the personal courage of William II. In the days of Belgian revolt he advanced with a small force to Vilvorde, and leaving his troops there, fearlessly entered Brussels, the centre of the insurrection, alone, while from the City Hall the emblems of Brabant floated in the air, and furious republicans looked upon him from every house as he rode slowly among the barricades of the streets to the palace. The King was of an engaging personal character, energetic in action, but, like his great-uncle, Frederick the Great, he forgot on the throne the liberalism of his earlier days. Like his father, he steadfastly refused to yield to the advancing spirit of reform, and only the events of the fateful year of 1848 roused him to grant the present liberal constitution. His death soon followed, and in 1849 the present William III. ascended the throne. He married his cousin Sophie, the daughter of the King of Würtemberg. In his reign there are few traces of a vigorous personality, and yet on certain popular occasions, as upon the three-hundredth anniversary of the capture of Brielle, his public address was such as to give those who heard it a favorable impression of his intellectual ability. In 1867 his fear of the overpowering greatness of Prussia led him to consent to sell his rights in Luxemburg to the Emperor of the French, a proceeding which gave rise to the "Luxemburg Question," when Prussia exhibited the consciousness of its new power by flatly refusing Napoleon's demands. Two parties existed at this time in the Netherlands, the one jealous of Prussian influence, and fearing ultimate absorption in that power, while the other recognized that strength and freedom for Germany could be found only in the supremacy of Prussia, and in the defeat of the ambitious schemes of the French government. The Queen, with her South German sympathies, and a considerable party at court, espoused the former views, but the leading statesmen of the country the latter. The King's conduct in this affair did not redound to his sagacity or credit. In few countries of Europe is the sovereign so impersonal and absent from popular thought in all political questions. Political affairs are guided by the ministry and the Chambers.

The King resides most of the year at his country-seat at Loo, where the flat

QUEEN EMMA.
From a photograph by M. L. Verveer, The Hague.

surface of the land gives place to the gentle elevations and wooded heights that lie toward Arnhem and the German border. Queen Sophie was universally esteemed for her interest in the people, and for her intelligent love of literature and the society of scholars. She invited Mr. Motley almost yearly to share the royal hospitality in her "Palace in the Wood," in the beautiful forest that extends to the gates of the city, and from which it derives its name, the "Count's Forest." His picture, painted by command of her Majesty, hangs in one of the rooms. Many circumstances in the Queen's life awakened the sympathy of the people, and upon her death there was a spontaneous manifestation of sorrow.

Her son the Prince of Orange found more happiness in the gay life of Paris than in his own capital, and was apparently permanently estranged from his native land. It was said that he never wished to ascend the throne. He died in Paris, leaving the succession to his brother Alexander, who died last June. The King's younger brother, Prince Henry of the Netherlands, Stadtholder of Luxemburg, was, in case of failure of the direct line, heir to the throne. He died soon after his marriage with the daughter of Prince Frederick Karl of Prussia. The King in 1879 married Emma, a princess of Pyrmont-Waldeck, and the infant daughter of this marriage, the Princess Wilhelmina, is the presumptive heir to the throne.

A GLIMPSE OF SOME WASHINGTON HOMES.

OF admirable commercial structures Washington has almost none. It is not a municipality of shop-keepers; it is, and is destined to remain, a place of homes more truly, perhaps, than any other city of the world. It is not probable that trade will ever intrude to a greater extent than is necessary to supply the wants of the corporation and its immediate vicinity. The ingenuity of the local architect is therefore concentrated almost wholly upon the dwelling instead of the business edifice, and this is an important one of many reasons why Washington is rapidly becoming not merely a city of homes, but a city of remarkably attractive and artistic homes. It has passed the period of "American" architecture, which produced so many mere houses; it has grown away from the hodge-podge that succeeded what one must blush to call the "American period"; it has escaped from the thralldom of the aggressive and persistent Mansard roof, with its substructure covered with meretricious ornamentation, its wooden and metal mouldings bedraggling cornice and lintel, and perching upon wooden bay-windows which were stuck into walls without a thought of harmony.

These structures can not be swept away and replaced by better in a day or a year, but they are being overshadowed by the new homes with such surprising rapidity that not more than a few years will elapse before they will be almost entirely banished except in the poorer portions of the city.

The transformation began with the almost magical appearance of long stretches of concrete pavement, lined on each side with one and frequently two rows of trees. On either side of nearly every street and avenue there was left of the highway from ten to thirty feet, which might be used by the house-builder as a lawn, or planted with flowers or shrubbery, but never built upon. The streets crossed each other at right angles. The avenues cut through the streets at a different angle, and at the intersections in every part of the city made bits of triangles and odd-shaped lots which could not fail to rouse the most obtuse architect to a realization of the opportunities afforded for unique forms and unusual display. Where these streets and avenues intersect most numerously there are miniature parks, triangular, multiangular, or circular, flowered, shrubberied, and statued, from which the houses hemming the wide diverging streets may be seen for a long distance. From Dupont Circle, for example, no less than ten streets and avenues radiate. Between their termini upon the park there are as many building sites which end in more or less acute points. On these the houses are constructed in irregular form. In the more obtuse angles, where two or more dwellings may stand side by side, each front deviates slightly from a straight line with the others, the whole forming a concave elevation facing the circle, the rear of each opening like a fan. With such opportunities for displaying tasteful architecture it would be strange indeed if progress were not rapid. The mere conditions, in whose production they had no part, prompted architects possessing a little artistic sense to look for more graceful forms, something less sombre and heavy, although more chaste—in short, something that would warm instead of chill the healthy taste.

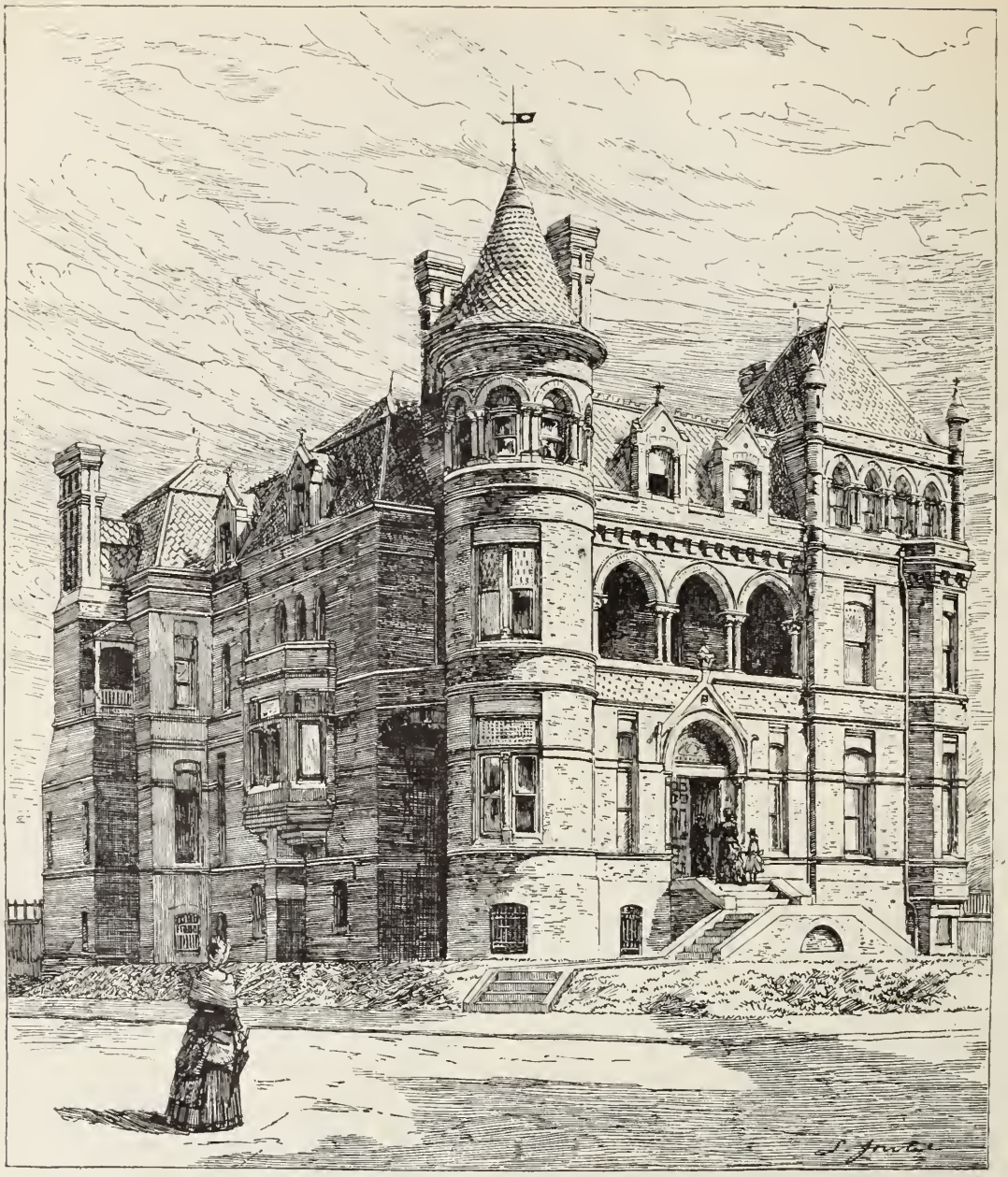
From opportunity, therefore, sprang the buoyant, airy homes, which seldom slavishly follow any defined style, but which combine, usually with taste, and often with fine artistic judgment, the best features of several schools. From these conditions also sprang the endless variety and artistic beauty of red brick homes which form a distinguishing feature of the capital, and which will seem more and more appropriate as the trees grow, and the profusion of flowers and shrubs and green grass increases.

Even the speculators, who are quite too numerous in Washington, who build long rows for lease or sale, who care nothing for art and everything for money, and who buy and build cheaply and sell at unconscionable prices, are compelled to follow to some extent the individualism which is aimed at by architects in response to the new-born sense of the public. They have learned that vulgar ornamentation and finical display no more attract purchasers or tenants. Therefore their rows, like their isolated dwellings, usually exhibit more or less successful attempts to escape at once a painful monotony and a nausea of gewgaws. So common has this individualization of each house become that a row in which the old-

RESIDENCE OF GENERAL ANDERSON.

fashioned Philadelphia monotony is retained is marked for public condemnation. The result is that wherever one goes in the new city the eye is relieved by a continual variety, though analysis might not in every case discover any specially pleasing distinctive features.

Interior decoration exhibits a wider range and a more radical departure from the obsolete "American" idea than exterior designs. If the latter are filched from Queen Anne, Queen Elizabeth, the Norman, the Roman, and the French or Italian Renaissance, the former has brought into requisition not only native, British, and Continental art ideas, but also the wonderful household æsthetics of the farthest Orient, and even the beauty which is born of the finer instincts of the savage and barbarous. Washington is not exceptional in this revolution of taste. Other homes in other cities are similarly transformed since the so-called craze in the domain of decorative art awakened all lovers of beauty to the possibilities of this phase of domestic ornamentation. But it is probable that there are few cities in which so great skill and intelligence have been brought to bear upon this question as in the national capital. Washington was the first city to banish big brazen mirrors with their monstrous gilded frames, the pride of the old-time stiff and chilling "parlor." Here appeared the van-guard of that army of housekeepers which first abolished the dust-holding, disease-breeding carpets in favor of cleanly polished floors and soft, bright, Oriental rugs. Here interior doors were first dispensed with where feasible, and their place supplied by the more or less rich and always graceful portière. Velvet and plush hangings, to relieve the monotony of walls and form a background for pictures, were introduced, and the old-style "set" of furniture, with a fixed number of pieces all similarly upholstered, was supplanted by a variety of odd and pretty pieces and quaint antiques. In these respects Washington can safely claim to have been the pioneer. Indeed, there are many large cities within whose limits not a single home can be found which illustrates in any feature this new school of decoration. Here it is so universal as to be often amusing. In old and ugly houses carpets and doors are put away, and rugs and portières introduced, though the new material may be of the cheapest, the floors unpolished, and the walls bare. The constant presence of a numerous and always cultivated foreign population unquestionably had much influence in effecting the change. The tendency of the native to ape foreign customs doubtless had something to do with it. Native artistic sense also taught that



RESIDENCE OF J. B. NOBLE.

the departure would be both pleasing and healthful.

Minute attention is given to wall decoration in Washington, white or bare walls being rarely seen even in homes of small pretension to elegance. No one thinks now, as of old, of waiting a year or longer for walls to "settle" before they are covered. The decorators commence their work as soon as the wood-finishers are gone. Besides fresco, woven tapestries, velvets, and Lincrusta Walton, heavy ingrain (cartridge) paper, in plain colors, is extensively used, as it forms an effective background for any mural ornament. As this ingrain surface is a good one for water-color painting, sprays and branches of flowers and foliage are often painted thereon in reception or drawing rooms, although there is a preference for plain-tinted walls, the floriated effects being reserved for the frieze. Ladies who can use the brush cleverly do their own frieze painting, and some rooms are thus very prettily decorated by amateurs. One lady known to the writer has daintily adorned her door panels with pictures in oil. Fortunately the work is not left to amateurs alone, or awarded to ordinary decorators. Some of the best artists of the capital, among whom may be mentioned Mr. Walter Paris, the well-known water-color artist, and founder of the New York Tile Club, are showing a keen interest in

interior mural decoration, and are devoting much time and study to it.

While even the best old houses in Washington lack the rich stained glass which lends a "dim religious light" to new interiors, and while there is no visible presence of the superb hard-wood finish of more ancient and more recent days, there has been a revival of many old syles and designs in vogue in the early Washington mansion. A good example is the mantel-piece in General Anderson's drawing-room, which has upon its face the same carved design and at either end the same spiral columns which may be found in numerous old houses where, "in tea-cup times of hood and hoop," ancestors of Washingtonians of this day lived. General Anderson's principal drawing-room, as well as that in the house of Colonel Bonaparte, near by on the same street, is finished in ivory white and gold (on a basis of white pine), this classical style being much favored for drawing and reception rooms. There is little character, however, in these dainty, light apartments, and one turns with a sense of relief to substantial dining-rooms where finely polished hard woods exhibit a beauty as well as a dignity superior to any white and gold tracery, however fine and costly. While its interior is peculiarly French, in exterior General Anderson's house, situated on the corner of K and Sixteenth streets, is one of the most unique of all the fine houses of Washington. It was designed by Richardson, of Boston, the architect of many public buildings, among them the Capitol at Albany, New York. It is of red brick, in the Romanesque style, with steep, irregular roof, low walls, a massive corner bay, severely chaste. A first impression is that it is too low for its area; but this is forgotten when it is carefully analyzed, and it is seen that the intention was to adhere to the style selected in every feature, and that this is accomplished almost to the point of perfection. The *porte cochère* is beneath a portion of the house on K Street, close by the only street entrance, and is closed with a gate composed of massive iron links. On the second story of the corner bay is the date of building, and on the lower story of the K Street side, just above the low, plain door, is a coat of arms, both pieces being specimens of excellent carving in the solid brick wall. The finish of the principal draw-

HALL AND STAIRCASE OF J. B. NOBLE'S RESIDENCE.

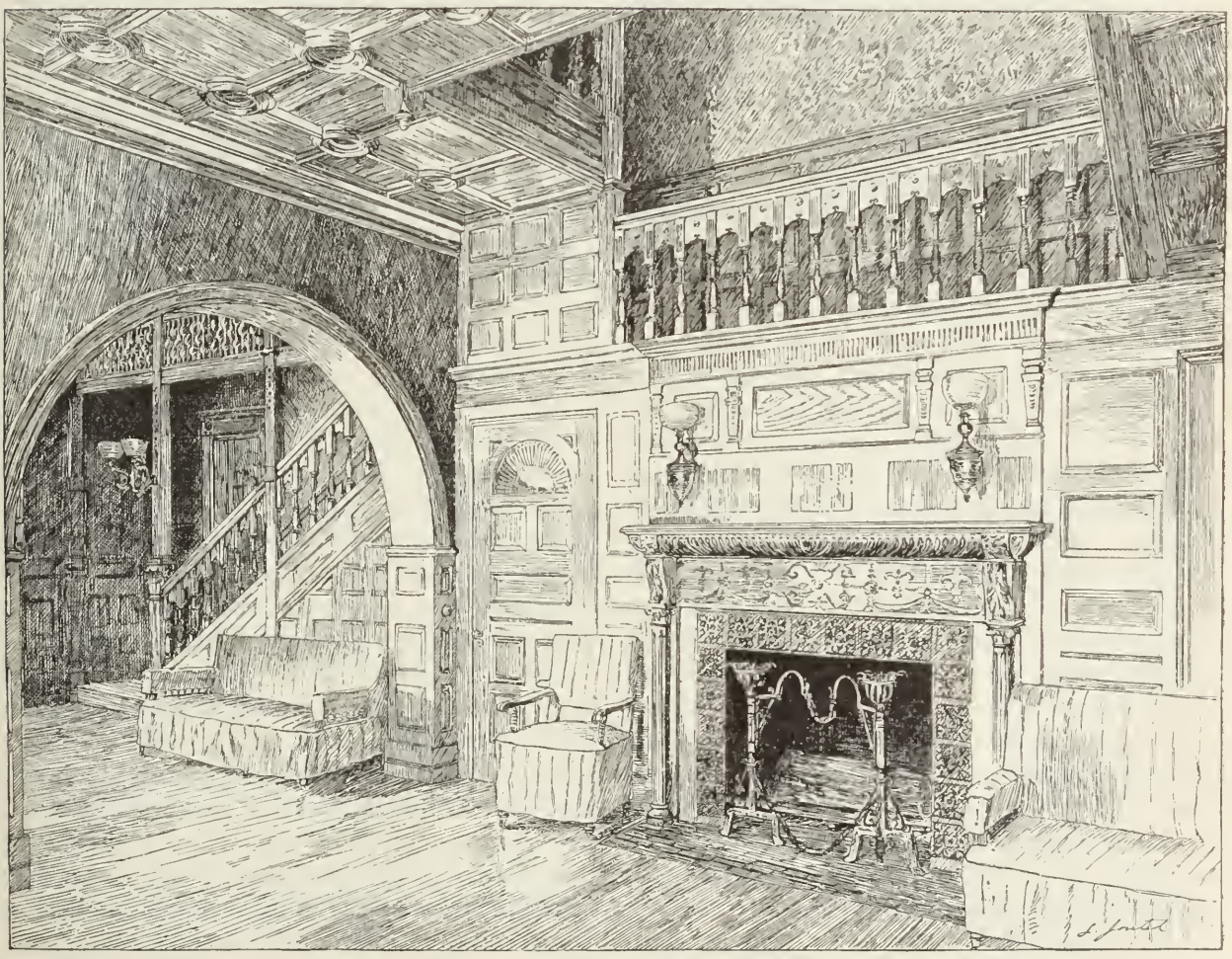
RESIDENCE OF JUSTICE STANLEY MATTHEWS.

ing-room in this mansion shows what can be done in white pine. The mantel is exquisite, a symphony in white and gold. The wood is simply painted, rubbed, and painted, and rubbed again, until its surface resembles polished ivory. The gold is laid on to bring out the carving. A most charming contrast is afforded in the adjoining room, which opens up a vista of the dining-room, with its rich San Domingo mahogany panelling and quaint fireplace of recessed slate. A wealth of delicate tiles is employed to enhance the elegance of an exquisite interior.

Colonel Bonaparte's house, on K Street near Connecticut Avenue, was designed by Messrs. Gray and Page, two young architects of Washington, to whom much credit is due for the vigorous manner in which they have moved upon the citadel of the old Washington or American style, carrying its outworks, and leading the way to the triumph of the new city. It is of the French Gothic type of the sixteenth century, that style being maintained rigidly throughout. The library, hall, children's dining-room, kitchen, closet, etc., are on the first floor, on the second are the music and drawing rooms, and on the third and fourth the bedrooms. The Marquise entrance is a conspicuous feature of the exterior, and may or not be thought artistic. It is certainly French. The most striking feature within is the solidity and plainness. The fire-places and mantels are severely plain, while the fine old painting of Napoleon I. over the dining-room mantel is the most conspicuous decoration. This dining-room, on the second floor, connecting with the handsome drawing-room in ivory white, is most elaborately finished in oak.

The residence of Mr. J. B. Noble, designed by Messrs. Gray and Page, on the corner of Eighteenth Street and Massachusetts Avenue, is perhaps the best illustration in the city of what may be accomplished in massiveness and the ornamental in brick, without superficial adornment. It is thirteenth-century Gothic in its general effect. The

broad, graceful oriel-window, with its richly stained glass, is extremely attractive when viewed from without. Seen from within, its beauty is much enhanced, and its approach forms, with the first landing of the stairs, a wide gallery from which there is a fine vista down the spacious hall, panelled in oak. In the front of the second story is a loggia, with brick balustrade and stone columns carrying brick arches, which is ornate, yet quiet and harmonious. While the effect in brick is good, one is led to wonder why stone was not chosen instead for a dwelling of such culiar greenish limestone which is found in southeastern Pennsylvania. Each has a façade of distinctive type. The style of the bay-windows is varied, the entrances differ in appearance, and there is individuality in the windows of each. The most conspicuous of the three is on the corner of Dupont Circle and New Hampshire Avenue, and is the residence of the Hon. S. S. Cox, of New York. It is in imitation of the old colonial style, its graceful corner tower being a copy of a tower in an ancient Virginia mansion-house. Steps lead up to a pretty porch, the steep roof of



HALL AND STAIRCASE OF D. R. McKEE'S RESIDENCE.

dimensions, as with stone a far more impressive result could have been secured. As it is, however, its fine windows, inviting porches, balconies, and alcoves, and its many-pointed roof, lend it a very picturesque appearance.

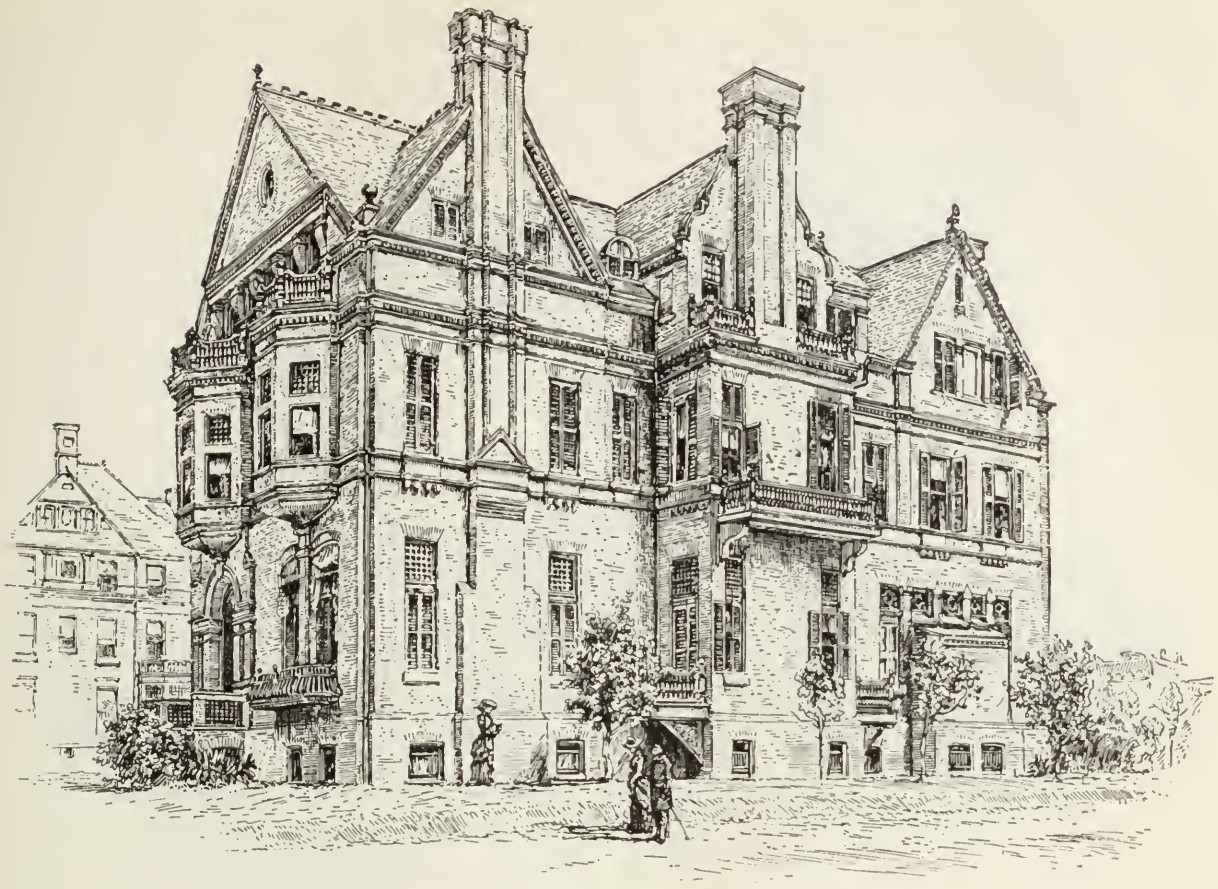
A good illustration of the variety of construction which has been introduced into rows is found in three spacious houses whose fronts are composed solidly of a pe- which is covered with red tile, the gable faced with tile, and the whole supported by brick columns. The windows are capped with jack-arches of red brick, which make a pleasing contrast with the stone walls.

These very successful structures are also by Gray and Page, and this is a reminder that the same architects designed the first "Queen Anne" which was built in Wash-

ington. It was for a commodore who knew more of ships and guns than of houses, and so the architects were told to give their fancy rein, and work out some new and pleasing structure without bothering the future occupant with details. The house was built, and did not please the conservative Washington of that day. The owner was influenced by the criticisms of his neighbors, and was much troubled and dispirited. He had been imposed upon by some new-fangled thing which was laughed at, and he knew not whether to live in it or abandon it. The momentous question was settled by visiting Boston friends, who pronounced the place "quite too lovely for anything." That was sufficient. If Boston approved, who dare dispute? The stern face of the commodore relaxed, and the architects were congratulated. What might have been the character of new Washington if that first "Queen Anne" had remained under the seal of condemnation, it is distressing to contemplate.

Connecticut Avenue, one of the ultra fashionable thoroughfares, affords an extended field for the study of domestic architecture. It is somewhat marred by two or three long and towering rows having little structural variety of composition, but it also has some of the finest and largest isolated residences. Opposite the immense square-bodied and square-winged residence of the British Minister, on the corner of N and Connecticut Avenue, is the stately front of the home of Justice Stanley Matthews, of the Supreme Court of the United States, designed by Mr. Hornblower. Though somewhat monotonously windowed, it is in many respects a noble specimen of the modern Gothic style. The spacious arched door contains a delicate and beautiful arrangement of rare specimens of American stained glass in white, soft blue, and opalescent tints. Across Connecticut Avenue from the British Legation is the new home of ex-Senator Yulee, of Florida, by Charles Read, a less impressive example of the modern Gothic than Justice Matthews's, but having some peculiar composition in windows and window glass, and tile figures, which suggest the Southern home of the Senator by the palms and other tropical plants illustrated. A pleasing study, also among the large residences of the avenue, is the home of Mr. D. R. McKee, chief of the Washington office of the New York Associated Press. Here Messrs. Gray and Page took for their model a French Gothic house of the sixteenth century, changing it to harmonize with the location. There is about it a slight suggestion of a superabundance of roof, but the general effect is highly pleasing. A panelled hall of oak and an unusually graceful stairway are striking interior features. On the same avenue, at its intersection with Twentieth Street, is the attractive home of Lieutenant Mason, of the navy, by the same architects. The principal details are Queen Anne, its leading features being an entrance porch with red tile-covered roof supported by carved spiral wooden columns, whose counterpart appears in reduced size in a balcony over the bay, a handsome oriel-window on the south side, and another charming little nook stuck on the corner of the upper story, ending in a tile-covered point and spire, a semicircular gable porch roofed with tile, and mosaic windows of clear glass in great variety of shapes and sizes.

Perhaps the most elaborate of all the "Queen Annes" and their variations is the residence of Lieutenant McCalla, of the navy, by Mr. Clarence Luce, of Boston. The roof and walls of the upper story are covered with red tile. The remaining walls are of red brick. The second story of the north gable is made to extend over the lower story at the corners, in pleasing modification of an early English style. In the east side is a charming oriel-window, the base of which is formed by a gradual emphasis of the brick wall, and these basic bricks are carved into parallel lines of sharp corners, each protruding beyond the other till the window proper is reached. Around the arch of this window, as well as around the arch and side of the main door, is elaborate and finely executed carving from the solid brick walls, giving a much more æsthetic result than could have been gained from moulded tile. The windows are varied, and distributed with almost unique effect. The entrance is through an elliptical arch of brick, which just makes a feint of concealing the fine stained glass in the transoms and side lights of the door. The clear glass which fills most of the windows is cut into small and odd shapes, and joined in mosaic fashion. While there is an elaboration of what may be called surface composition in this house which is not true to architectural art, and while many of the details are trivial, there is a harmony in the

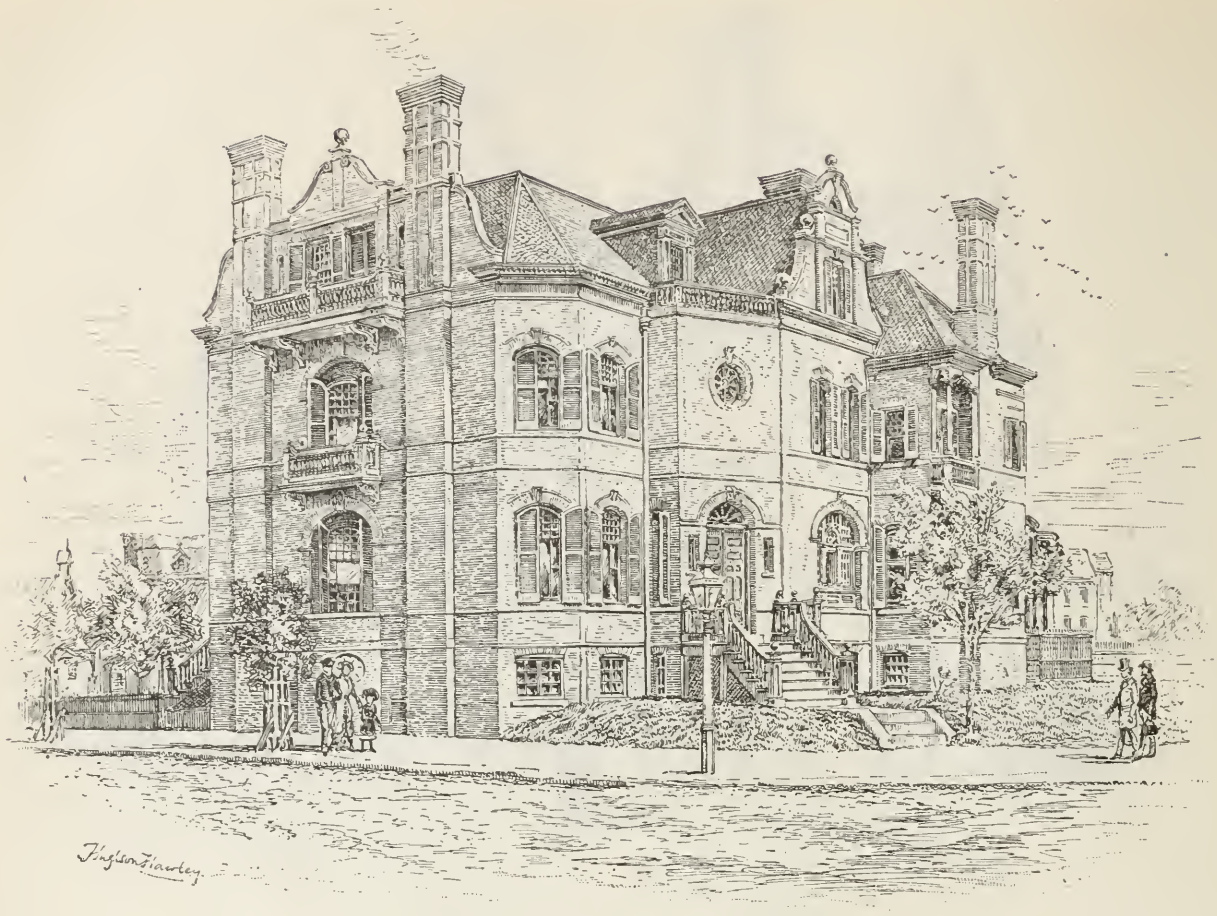


RESIDENCE OF SENATOR PENDLETON.

structure throughout that in great measure obscures its defects. It is a house which contains much that may be profitably analyzed and reproduced by architects, until that time comes when graceful simplicity and purely structural and not applied art shall be the aim in composing the domestic edifice.

The most conspicuous homes on Dupont Circle, in the northwestern edge of that fashionable northwest section whose fine streets and houses delight every one who sees them, are those of Senator Stewart and ex-Secretary Blaine, the former built several years ago, the latter recently finished. They are conspicuous for their great size, and to the few and critical for their want of structural art. "Stewart Castle," as it is called, was built before the architectural revival began, was probably modelled after some French Gothic pattern, was stuccoed, and painted a dark and cheerless color. Why Mr. Frazier, in designing Mr. Blaine's house, and, with a wealth of good examples around him, should have rehabilitated the discarded Mansard, and adopted general details which can not be construed, is not apparent. The opportunity was great. The partially French roof is varied by numerous points and elevations and angles, but they give variety without beauty. The whole structure suggests massiveness and substantiality, and little exterior art, with the exception of a magnificent square-cut mullioned window on the east side, the stained glass of which is scarcely excelled by modern manufacture. The interior makes a much more favorable impression. The hall, capable in itself of containing several hundred persons on the occasion of a reception or other assembly, is massively pillared, and panelled in polished oak, ceiling and walls, and from it rises a broad, ornate staircase, which at half its flight diverges to the right and to the left, and ends in a spacious gallery. The rooms are commonplace, save the dining-room, which is handsomely finished in oak, and has a lovely western outlook.

An example of unusually good composition is the residence of Senator Pendleton, near Scott Circle, by Mr. Wyatt, of Baltimore. In it there is little applied ornamentation, and the twin oriel-windows in the front, and the balustraded porches and balconies stuck here and



THE HOPKINS-MILLER RESIDENCES.

there, above the oriel and under the drawing-room and chamber windows, on the front of the bay, and in odd corners about it on every story, give it an extremely airy, cheerful, and inviting character. There is a pretty sweep of lawn on the south, which is bounded in turn by the stately residence of Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania. To the north is Mr. Robeson's, and across the way is ex-Senator Windom's.

The houses built for Colonel Hopkins and Lieutenant Miller by Mr. J. C. Cady, of New York, facing Dupont Circle, at the apex of Massachusetts and Connecticut Avenues, meet and solve an interesting problem. The two owners married sisters, and they desired a building which should combine two houses with the architectural effectiveness of one *façade*. The design is old English, worked out in brick with brick trimmings, and conforms excellently to the shape of the lot, and to the fact that it is divided between the two owners by a line which is a radius of Dupont Circle. The Dupont Circle front includes the parlors of both houses, with a chimney for each, which is made to form an important architectural feature. Between the chimneys, at each story, is an open balcony, recessed so as to give opportunity for two full-length windows at right angles to each other, one of these windows belonging to the one house and the second to the other, giving direct communication between the two. The interior plan is developed from this leading feature, with doorways at the side, and a fine dining-room at the rear.

In a paper necessarily brief, and treating upon so many objects, though but one subject, it is obviously impossible to either describe or criticise. One can only touch with nimble finger a few leading features to give a local habitation and a name to engraved effigies, which also are powerless to convey any but a faint idea of the real creature.

The mission of this paper, however, would in no wise be performed without drawing particular attention to what has been accomplished in the application of true art forms to comparatively small and inexpensive dwellings in this city. Those already designated are almost without exception very large, and quite beyond the

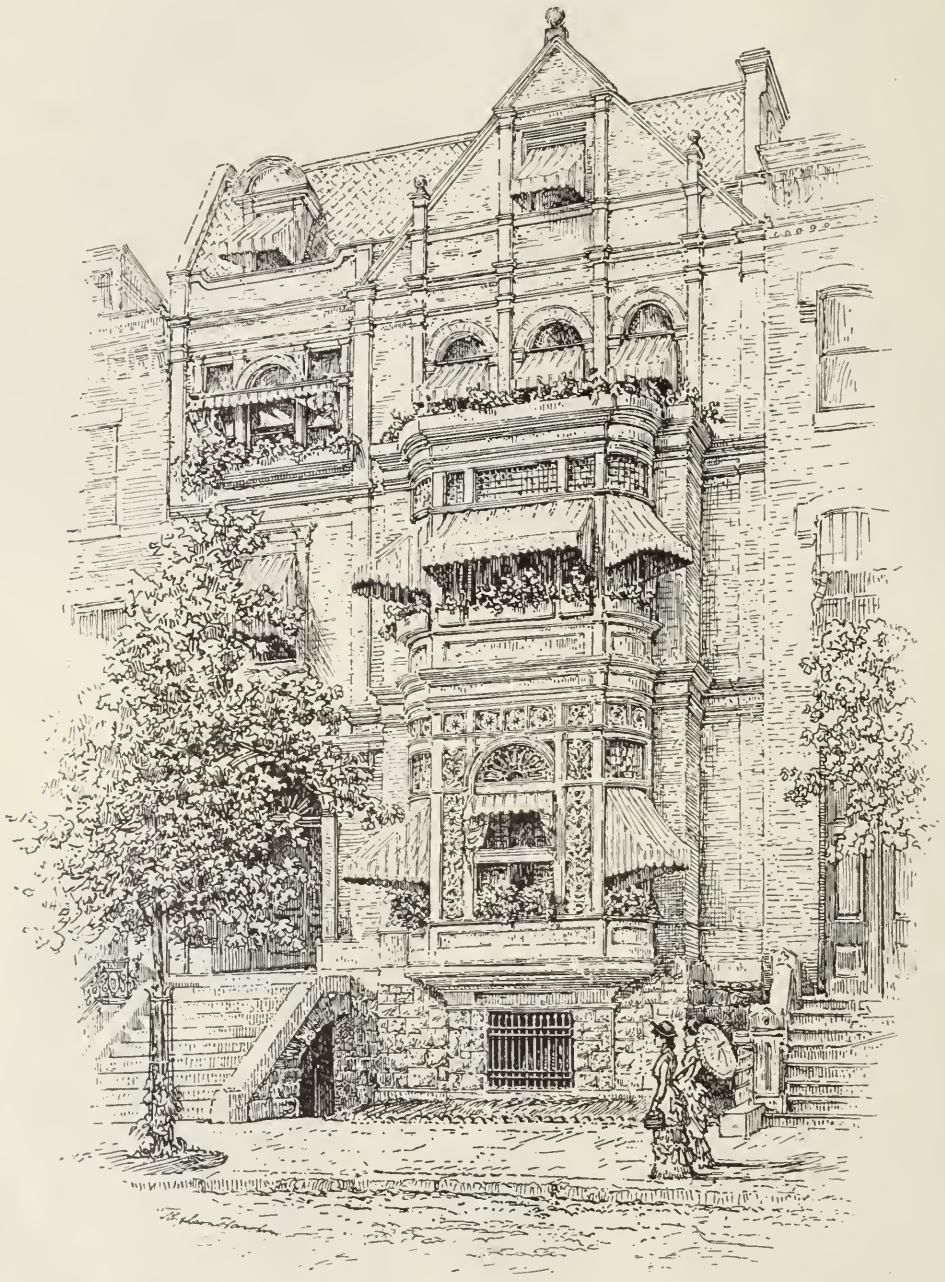
reach of house-builders of ordinary means. Only a handful of men on a continent can spend a million or a half-million on a roof for their heads. Only a few in even a large city can afford to spend a hundred thousand or half a hundred thousand. The mass of those who build really attractive homes for themselves have not more than five thousand to fifteen thousand dollars for that purpose. The great majority of home-builders have much less. Architects have not been accustomed to arouse themselves and concentrate their fancy and genius laboriously upon plans for dwellings of small value. On the other hand, one who has but a few thousand dollars with which to build a home desires to waste as little as possible on mere plans. In Washington, it gives pleasure to state, concessions have been made by both parties to the contract. Home-builders are beginning to pay more liberally for plans, and architects are beginning to realize how rapidly and surely they may increase their reputations and their business by advertising their skill in small homes, which are built so much more numerously than large; and they are therefore content to plan for a lower fee. It is safe to predict that in the house of medium or small size the truer artistic beauty of Washington homes will be found. A higher art culture is banishing the old passion for securing the greatest possible cubic area and exterior display for the sum available. Even many of the wealthy class are reaching a conviction that small houses are more home-like than large, as a social assembly where a few are gathered together is preferable to the convocation of a mob. Simplicity and chastity are being substituted for flash ornamentation, and solid value for finicalness and flimsiness, with those who are taking the lead in architectural reformation; and here their influence is making itself evident on every hand.

As an example of the medium class in size and cast, take that of Lieutenant Sargent, on Farragut Square, designed by Mr. Hornblower, with its quaint, plain, yet very attractive front, its airy loggia, its inviting entrance, opening upon a wide hall with panelled oaken walls and ceiling, its light carved staircase, taking one by easy angular ascent to delightfully easy rooms above, every place finished in polished hard woods.

Next door to this unique front is the cozy home of Vinnie Ream Hoxie, whose fame as a sculptress is co-extensive with that of the statuary which adorns the national capital. Her heroic statue of the gallant admiral is directly opposite in Farragut Square. The home of Mrs. Hoxie is not remarkable for architectural appearance. With real artistic carelessness the vines clamber up and obscure the front steps, suggesting that the owner of the premises has been out of town all summer. The interior is simple but ar-

RESIDENCE OF MR. C. T. MURRAY.

tistic, and tempts a peep in passing. Marble busts and statues occupy every available corner. Walls hung with crimson cloth throw them into bold relief. Her studio is in the basement, but the choicest



RESIDENCE OF W. L. PAYNE.

finished gems embellish the drawing-rooms. Among them are some portrait busts, but the figures all are ideal. A "Miriam" is of much beauty and grace. The original was sold for $3000 to a wealthy Cincinnatian. There is a half-length portrait of Mrs. Hoxie, by Healey, above the mantel, and an original pen sketch by Doré of Judith holding the head of Holofernes arrests the artistic eye.

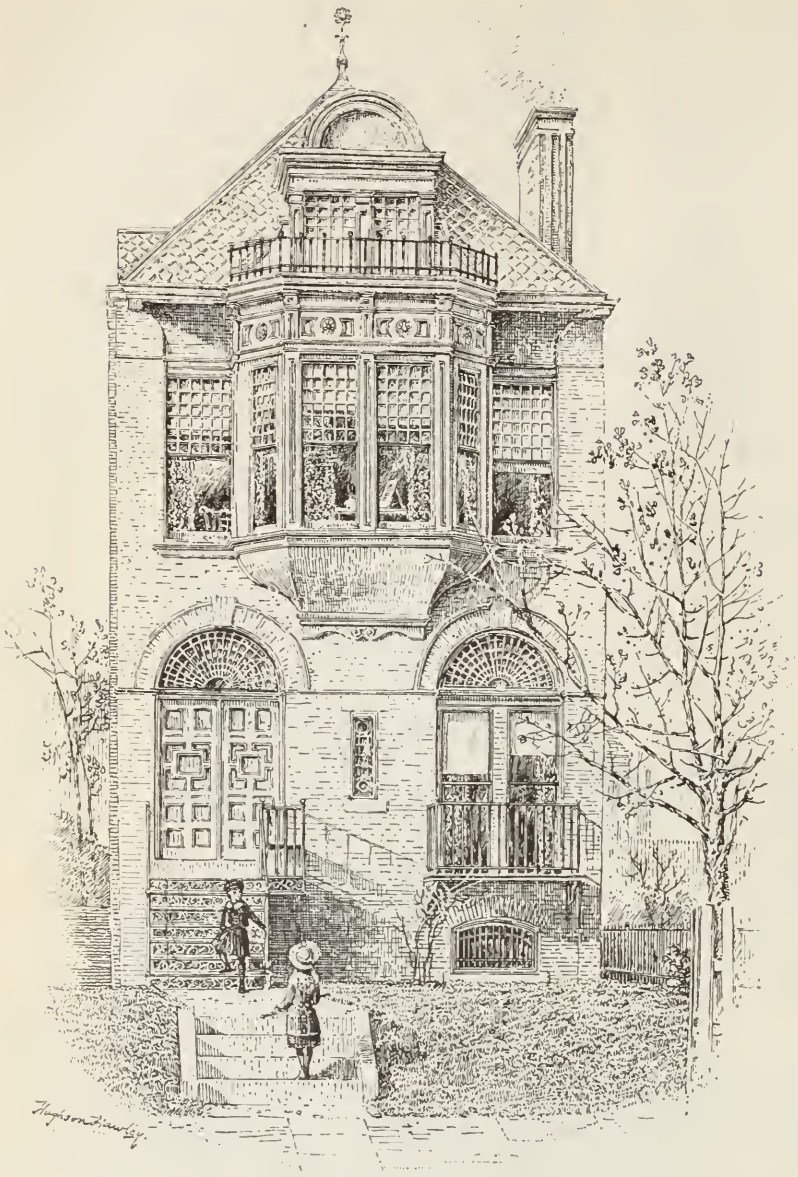
A short distance from this little home up I Street is the residence of Mr. W. L. Payne, with its front of consummately delicate design, its oriel-window filled with fine stained glass, and unsurpassable in graceful proportion. The drawing-room is furnished modestly in polished mahogany. The mantel-piece is of exquisite workmanship, being of fine mahogany, highly polished, delicately carved, extending to the ceiling, and set appropriately with Venetian mirrors.

The fire-place is not only surrounded by very artistic tiles, but is also lined with them. The dining-room is walled and ceiled in polished oak, neatly panelled; the mirrored mantel-piece is of the same wood; and on the other side of the room is an elegant oaken buffet, built in the

wall from floor to ceiling. The rear wall is slurred, and from it three windows open into a garden. This is a house whose front is so unpretentious, so void of conspicuous ornamentation, that the passer-by rarely looks at it; yet it is probable there is not a finer bit of composition in its style and size, in both interior and exterior, anywhere.

Another almost perfect residence of its class is that of Mr. Charles T. Murray, a newspaper correspondent, on Fifteenth Street, near Scott Circle. It is by Messrs. Gray and Page, and is a combination of the best features of the styles of Queen Anne and Queen Bess. In exterior form and proportion, in interior decoration and distribution of space, it is an admirable illustration of what may be accomplished with a moderate sum of money, still giving ample room for all domestic and social requirements, and without a sacrifice of art in any of the details. The bay has a fine window in the first story, surmounted by a large demi-disk of rich stained glass, and reaching up to the third story, ends in a balcony with tile-covered roof, a lovely *jardinière* nestling about the balustrade. The reception-room is finished in mahogany, a delicately wrought corner mantel being the chief feature, and the hall and dining-room are panelled in oak. Each room seems to be the perfection of some clearly defined, well-considered, utilitarian, but also æsthetic intention, and the whole house might well be taken as a model for structures far more costly and imposing. The novelties are the rooms in different woods, with furniture to match, mahogany, oak, walnut, poplar, cherry, and pine being brought into requisition to carry out this design. There is a pretty vestibule door of solid oak, with centres of stained glass of a unique design, being a spider's web amid the vines, a very life-like spider giving a decidedly realistic effect. A grooved cap running along the high oaken wainscot of the dining-room bears a woman's treasures in plates and plaques. In the library is a book-case, the bottom doors of which are panelled with allegorical tiles of blue and white, and hung with old-fashioned ornamental hinges of brass. Here, also, is an autograph *portière* with alternate stripes of "crazy patchwork" embroidered on crimson turcoman. The autographs are written on bits of silk which are embroidered on the curtain. Among the distinguished names are those of Wilkie Collins, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James A. Garfield, Mark Twain, General W. S. Hancock, James G. Blaine, Dion Boucicault, John G. Whittier, U. S. Grant (written when Lieutenant-General), Lawrence Barrett, Francis Hodgson Burnett, Maggie Mitchell, Admiral Farragut, Henry Irving, Lord Coleridge, Whitelaw Reid, Ellen Terry, George William Curtis, Chris-

RESIDENCE OF C. E. HAWLEY.



A STUDY IN BRICK AND TILE.

tine Nilsson, Chester A. Arthur, John McCullough, Ann S. Stephens, and others —actors, authors, poets, military and naval heroes, great editors, etc., jostling each other in "crazy patchwork." Perhaps the most delightful feature of the architecture in this house is the irregularity of the rooms, and of the interior decoration the exquisite harmony of colors.

Smaller still than the house of Mr. Murray, and therefore even more forcible as an illustration of the new devotion of ingenuity and art to homes of ordinary dimensions, is the residence of Mr. C. E. Hawley, on Connecticut Avenue, near Dupont Circle, also by Messrs. Gray and Page. It is of the French Renaissance type. The front is built solidly of Ohio limestone, the basement being rough-finished. A round-cornered bay extends to the third story. In the first story is a fine double window with mullion and transom of stone, and containing some fine stained glass. In the second story the bay retreats into a loggia, upon whose balustrades is a profuse *jardinière*, and it ends in the third story with an uncovered balcony, with a balustrade of open stonework, though the outline is carried to the cornice to form a basis for a pointed roof. At the second story, in the angle formed by the junction of the bay with the main wall, a pretty little turret is almost sunken, and only shows its full cylindrical proportions above the cornice. This is balanced on the other side of the pointed roof by a pretty dormer-window, with frame and transom of stone. The interior is finished in hard woods. A peculiarity of interior design is the passage leading from the entrance past the parlor and then widening into a fine hall, from the centre of which the staircase extends upward right and left, and from which, also, a corner door opens into the parlor.

The handsome *jardinières* which grace nearly every window of Mr. Hawley's charming home suggest that there is one other foreign custom which, if generally adopted in Washington, would greatly enhance the loveliness of the city. In Paris nearly all fine houses are thus ornamented in summer, and one may walk through even the poorest streets of Montmartre and Belleville, and in the windows of crowded tenement-houses find *jardinières* arranged with excellent taste by the hands of those who are scarcely better than paupers. All existing conditions urge that Washington should be a city of flowers, yet in summer days one may travel the city over and see scarcely a posy excepting in the parks, and here and there in front and side yards. Window and porch and balcony *jardinières* are a lux-

ury so inexpensive and so pleasing to the eyes of not only the possessors, but of every passing creature, that it is surprising they are not found on every hand, not only in this city of almost tropical eagerness and profusion of natural growth, but in every other city that has a summer.

One more home which can not fairly be omitted from this list of small but highly artistic structures is that of Mr. W. B. Gray—one of three lovely Elizabethan houses planned by himself and his partner, Mr. Page. The first story is of brick, and the remaining walls and the steep roof are shingled with slate. Each house varies from its fellow in the arrangement of windows and the style of entrance. They stand upon a terrace, and English ivy is very appropriately trained upon their walls. The entrance to Mr. Gray's house is through an archway into a recessed porch. From this a door opens upon a passage and hall, arranged and finished after the same fashion as the interior of Mr. Hawley's residence.

These homes, medium or small in size, and many others not so striking in appearance, and yet scarcely less so, have done far more than merely to contribute their own beauty to the general attractions of the city. Cheap but very pretty imitations and variations of them dot almost every part of the city, and their number is rapidly increasing. Graceful forms are maintained in common brick, and even here effort is made to gain some individuality which will remove the impression that it is a fustian counterpart of a genuine and admirable fabric, and convince that it is an independent work resting upon its own merits. Ingenious experiment has produced excellent imitations of the best hard native and imported woods in poplar and other inexpensive native woods, and the small home of six or seven rooms, costing but half, or a third, or even a fifth, of the sum paid for the cheapest of those to which special reference has been made, is approaching, in the matter of attractive and artistic interiors, the more pretentious structure, with its costly polished hardwood carvings and panellings. It may be doubted if any other city exhibits so large a number of inexpensive houses in which there is evident a serious and intelligent search for truer forms and determination to banish vulgar ornament, flimsily stuck on, and painful to every eye that studiously contemplates it. This is accounted for by the presence of thousands of government employés, living upon salaries from which they can save a little each year by proper economy, and who are, generally speaking, persons of fair education and considerable refinement.

The new Washington is a vividly red town. It is somewhat difficult to account for the almost invariable choice of deep red brick for domestic building; but it is the natural color of the clay; for winter it is a warm and cheerful color, and for summer it is a not unpleasing background for trees heavy with foliage and for green lawns dotted with flowers. The capital will soon be a forest of large trees, interlacing their branches over many streets, and giving glimpses only of the bright red of the brick wall through green-framed and foliaged windows and vistas.

BEYOND RECALL.

COULD I call back the days I've spent in vain,
Or lent to errors that I vainly chide,
As the great Sun recalls the rushing tide,
To sift and freshen for its flow again,
Should I, like him, with stress of heat and pain,
Cleanse from my life the stains which now abide—
Too deep for interposing veils to hide—
As it flows swiftly to the shoreless main?

I question, and I doubt; nor would I dare
To play the Sun's high part on my past hours,
And mould their vaporous breath to fresh young days,
Only to run, perhaps, more foul than fair.
Let their one flow suffice, and Heavenly powers
Distill and cleanse them to my Maker's praise.

JEFFERSON'S FINANCIAL DIARY.

AMONG the treasures which enrich the library of Mr. Tilden there is one, no less valuable than costly, which has never as yet, so far as I can learn, been submitted to the crucible of the biographer and the historian, but which is capable of throwing floods of side light upon the first three administrations of our republic. It is a sort of financial diary and account-book, kept by Thomas Jefferson from January 1, 1791, to December 28, 1803, thus embracing the last three years of his service as Secretary of State under Washington, the four years of his Vice-Presidency under John Adams, and the first three years following his own election to the Presidency.

As a new President is soon to become the official exponent of the principles and traditions of that party which is wont to consider Jefferson as its founder and inspiration, and which after an interregnum of many years now resumes the control of the federal government, some account of the contents of this book may help us all, and especially the generation born during and since our civil war, to measure the extent to which a century of unexampled national growth and prosperity has modified those precedents and usages at the seat of government which derived much of their weight and authority from Mr. Jefferson's example.

The volume to which reference has been made is a medium octavo of 192 pages, full bound in calf. It has no title, inside or out. The entries, which are made in the well-known very fine but neat and legible hand of Mr. Jefferson, commence within an eighth of an inch of the top of the first page of the book; the lines are as close to each other as possible to be legible, and every page is so completely occupied as to rarely leave room for another line or entry. At the close of the volume there is a careful index of all the names which figure in the preceding pages, arranged alphabetically, three columns to a page, giving not only the page on which the name occurs, but the number of times it occurs on the page.

The first entries in the volume run as follows:

"1791 Philadelphia.

Jan 1. Cutting wood 2/3 Etrennes to printers boy .25 Borrowed of Mr. Remsen 50D."

As soon as it had been decided to move the seat of our government to the banks of the Potomac, in 1790, it was temporarily transferred from New York, where Washington had assumed the Presidency, and Jefferson, upon his return from France the year before, had assumed the duties of Secretary of State, to Philadelphia. Jefferson had temporarily hired four rooms in the outskirts of the latter city from a Mrs. House, while he should make arrangements to occupy a house he had hired from William Hamilton. Hence on the 4th of January "p^{d} a bell hanger on a/c 5s" (in those days people more frequently paid on account than in full). "Aitken for a bedstead £3.17.6."

"7th Rec^{d} warr^{t} for a quarters salary & lodged in bank viz 875D."

The salary of Washington's Secretary of State was only $3500 a year, and that was $500 more than was allowed to any other member of the cabinet.

"8th Took possession of draw^{g} room & parlor.
Begin to dine at home."

On the 10th. "Billy's wife (Mrs. Gardiner) begins to wash for me @ £20 a year."

On the 11th he closed up his accounts with Mrs. House by giving her "order on bank for 75⅓D. in full. Gave her servant 2D."

"12th Rec^{d} from bank a post note payable to Carter Braxton for 116⅔D. and remitted it to him under cover to Dr Currie to pay for the horse I bought of him.

"Gave J. Madison ord. on bank for 95.26D.

"Rec^{d} back from him 23.26D over paimt. our acct. standing thus

Travelling expen p^{d} by him	38.66	
Price of horse I bought of him £25 Virgil	83.33	
Paid him Dec 26		50
Jan 12		95.25
Balance returned by him	23.26	
	145.26	145.26

It will be observed that the modern symbol of the dollar was not then in use, a capital D being uniformly used by Jefferson to denote this unit of our Federal currency. Madison was, at the time the above entry was made, a member of Congress, and Jefferson's most intimate friend. Whenever the latter went home to Monticello, or returned from there to his duties, he pretty uniformly stopped and spent a night at Montpelier with Mr. Madison. So while they were in the public service together it appears by this diary that they commonly travelled together to and from their posts of duty, one or the other usually acting as paymaster.

This community of accounts seems to

have been rather the rule than the exception among Jefferson's friends. For example:

"Feby 4. Rec^{d} from Fra. Hopkinson an order on the bank for 120D being the balance of his acct. and Dr. Franklin's due to me."

In determining the relative merits or demerits of tea and coffee as a beverage, Jefferson did not overlook their respective cost, which in his eyes acquired the importance of a scientific problem, as appears by the following curious entries under March 8 and 18. Let me premise that the uniform price paid by Jefferson for tea was two dollars a pound, and until he became Vice-President he seems to have uniformly bought it by the single pound.

"March 8 Tea out, the pound has lasted exactly 7 weeks, used 6 times a week; this is $\frac{8}{21}$ or .4 of an oz. a time for a single person. A pound of tea making 126 cups costs 2D. 126 cups or ounces of coffee=8 lb cost 1.6.

"March 18 On trial it takes 11 dwt Troy of double refined maple sugar to a dish of coffee, or 1 lb avoirdupois to 26.5 dishes so that at 20 cents p^{r} lb it is 8 mills per dish. An ounce of coffee @ 20 cents p^{r} lb is 12.5 mills so that sugar and coffee of a dish is worth 2 cents."

By an entry under April 5, 1791, we learn the name of Jefferson's landlord in New York. The Secretary occupied while there a small house in Maiden Lane; Hamilton, his colleague in the cabinet, lived in Pine Street; and Aaron Burr lived in Nassau Street, on the site now occupied by Belmont's banking house, where Burr's sign as attorney at law was hanging as late as 1836.

"April 5 deliv^{d} to H. Remsen to be sent to Rob & P. Bruce the post note of 66.5 Doll. in full for the years rent of their house in New York. Note it was put into an open letter from me to them."

Houses in Maiden Lane for sixty-six dollars and a half a year are not readily to be found nowadays.

In Philadelphia he was obliged to pay for the house he occupied four hundred dollars a year.

We have called this book a financial diary, though, strictly speaking, it is the record of Mr. Jefferson's private or personal expenses, but curiously differentiated from an account-book in several particulars. The figures are not carried out to the end of the line as in an account, but are entered immediately after the item, as thus:

"P^{d} Lloyd subscription for debates of Congress now to be printed 5D. [The trick of voting books to Congress and the heads of departments appears to have not yet been invented.]

"pd W^{m} Forbes freight, storage, drayage of 13 hhds tob^{o} 42.93."

These expenses are subsequently analyzed at the close of the quarter or the year, sometimes both, and the results given in a separate table, as, for instance, at the close of the first quarter of the year 1791, we find under date of 8th of April the following:

Analysis of Expenditures of the last quarter from Jan 8 to April 8 inclusive:

House rent	115.58
Stable expenses	96.85
Servants	65. 5
Dress	70.82
Washing	20.23
Stores	69.65
Baker	11.76
Grocer	35.21
Market	88.39
Wood	70.81
Furniture	271.38
Arrearages p^{d} up	552.65
Contingencies	260 22
Total paid	1729.05
Cash in hand	64.53
In bank	113.68
	1907.26

Receipts.			D.
Jan	7	Salary	875
Feby	4	Hopkinson	120
	16	Johnson	31.55
April	4	Salary	875
		Errors	5.71
			1907.26

It is worth noting as an illustration of Mr. Jefferson's system of financial management that he is compelled to include in this account two quarters' salary to balance the expenses of a single quarter. There is another respect in which it has more the character of a diary than of an account-book. It is full of memoranda which have nothing to do with his finances, for example:

"M^{r} Remsen tells me that 6 cord of hiccory last a fire place well the winter."

"Myrtle candles of last year out."

"P^{d} Farren an impudent surcharge for Venet^{n} blinds 2.66."

"borrowed of M^{r} Madison order on bank for 150D."

"Enclosed to D. Rittenhouse, Liepers note of 238$\frac{57}{}$D out of which he is to pay for equatorial instrument for me."

"Hitzeimer says that a horse well fed with grain requires 100 lb of hay and without grain 130 lb."

"T. N. Randolph has had 9 galls whiskey for his harvest."

"My first pipe of Termo is out begun soon after I came home to live from Philadelphia."

"Rec^{d} from Rand. Jefferson a negro boy Ben, Peters son who is to be valued by John Coles & James Cooke & I am to pay the valuation to Donald & Co in discharge of their acct ag^{t} him."

"Agreed with Robt. Chuning to serve me as overseer at Monticello for £25 and 600 lb pork he is to come Dec 1."

"Agreed with —— Bohlen to give 300 livres tournois for my bust made by Ceracchi if he shall agree to take that sum."

"Col. Coles & M^{r} Cooke have valued the two boys I bought from Randolph Jefferson, Carey & Ben at £155"

"My daughter Maria married this day"
March 16 The first shad at this market to-day
" 28 The weeping willow shows the green leaf
April 9 Asparagus come to table
" 10 Apricots blossom.
" 12 Genl. Thaddeus Kosciusko puts into my hands a Warrant of the Treasury for 3684.54D to have bills of exchange bought for him.

July 7.—We have again the analysis of his expenses and receipts for the expiring quarter. The expenses, instead of being $1729 as in the previous quarter, were only $968 96; but to balance it he is obliged to include among his receipts $400 received for his tobacco. These accounts show that he never lived upon his salary while Secretary of State, and that the inadequacy of his compensation was not a pretext, but one of the controlling reasons, for his refusal to retain the office of Secretary of State during Washington's second term. He had other reasons of a political nature which had their weight, and which made the position uncomfortable, but had his income sufficed, it is not likely that he would have resisted all the entreaties of Washington to remain with him till the expiration of his term as President.

In a letter from Philadelphia to his daughter, Mrs. Randolph, dated August 21, 1791, he says:

"....The time of my setting out for that place [Monticello] is now fixed to some time in the first week of Sept^{r}, so that I hope to be there between the 10th and the 15th. My horse is still in such a condition as to give little hope of his living, so that I expect to be under a necessity of buying one when I come to Virginia as I informed Mr. Randolph in my last letter to him. I am in hopes, therefore, he will have fixed his eye on some one for me if I sh^{d} be obliged to buy. In the meantime as M^{r} Madison comes with me, he has a horse which will help us on to Virginia."

This letter presaged a journey prosecuted upon the strictly Jeffersonian principle of making every incident of his life teach him something new. How he did it, is fully disclosed in his diary.

On the 2d of September we find this entry:

"pd Leslie for an odometer 10D.
Diary of journey to Monticello
Set out from Philadelphia."

Then follows a table setting forth the name of each place through which he passed, its distance from the last place passed, the number of revolutions of the wheels of his phaeton, which were registered by the odometer, and, for part of the distance, the time consumed in running from station to station, the character of the country, whether level or hilly, and of the soil, whether loam, clay, gravel, sand, stumpy, stony, and the places where he breakfasted, dined, and lodged, are all noted in the margin.

The centralizing tendencies of the government, in which Hamilton, through the Treasury Department, had acquired a controlling influence, together with the inadequacy of his salary, determined Jefferson to retire from the cabinet at the close of Washington's first term, which expired March 4, 1793. At Washington's earnest solicitation he remained with him until the close of the year. "Yesterday," he wrote to his daughter December 22, 1793, "the President made what I hope will be his last set at me to continue; but in this I am now immoveable by any consideration whatever." The fact was that continuance was ruin, and he had already so neglected his private affairs that his retirement came too late to do more than postpone that catastrophe.

The President accepted his resignation January 1, 1794. The succeeding four days were spent in paying up his debts, many of them, according to his wont, by giving new notes, and in making purchases for his future needs at Monticello.

The next two years seem to have been pretty exclusively devoted to his farm and mills and financiering, for he was always a borrower. In those days currency was so scarce that the people rarely paid cash for anything of any amount.

Jefferson was elected Vice-President in November, 1796.

Happily for Jefferson, his income as Vice-President ($5000) furnished a most acceptable addition to his resources, though it proportionally relaxed his economies.

(1798) "Jan 4. J. Barnes has rec^{d} my quarters salary ending Dec 31 to wit 1250 and deducting his comsion 6.50 leaves 1243.5"

Then follows a succession of orders to pay small debts and take up notes or bonds of greater or less longevity:

"Feby 1 1798 pd Oellers subscription to balls 12D
2 pd do for do for General Washington's birth night 5D"

It seems that the celebration of Washington's birthday was not quite so much a matter of course in those days as it has since become. Madison, writing from Philadelphia, March 12, 1798, to Jefferson, refers to the festival toward which Jefferson had subscribed his 5D, and intimates that

President Adams's friends were not sympathetic.

In the spring of the year that he was elected President (1800), he sat to Stuart for his portrait, for which his diary shows that he paid $100. A portrait of the same class to-day would cost ten times as much. Jefferson's taste in art must have advanced very considerably in the preceding eight years, for we find the following entry under "July 12, 1792 p^d^ Williams for drawing my portrait 14D."

It would be a satisfaction to know what has become of Williams's fourteen-dollar sketch.

Mrs. Randolph tells us that in 1794 Jefferson owned in Virginia over ten thousand acres of land, which comprised the farms of Monticello, Montalto, Tufton, Shadwell, Logo, Pantops, Pouncey's, and Limestone. The diary gives us the following memorandum of his taxes:

1800

Aug 4. My direct taxes to the U. S. is as follows:

4564 a^c^ land	@	5D	87.62	to wit .384 ^pr^ 100D.
222 "	@	1D	.85	
196 "	@	do	.75	
400 "	@	2.40	3. 7	
400 "	@	3.	4.60	
4 "	@	15.	23	
1 House	@	6000D	30.	
65 negroes			32.50	
			159.62	
A phaeton			9	
			168.62	paiable to Mathew Rhodes.

My taxes in S^t^ Anne are as follows

Land tax	12.92	
3 white, 52 black 15 between 12 & 16 22 horses 1 phaeton	35.40	48.32
Parish & Cty. levy	32.42	32.42
Tickets Nicholas	2.90	
Chancery	8.03	
l^d^ Commrs	42	
Sheriff Albem	1.50	13.65
		94.39
W^m^ Shorts taxes		10.24
		104.63 paiable to Alex Garrett.

Here we have the list of his insurances at the same time:

1800

Aug 17 Insured my houses with M^r^ Ash as follows.

	Estimated	Insured	Premium
Dwelling house	5000D	4000	60
Outchamber	400	320	4.8
Stone house	300	240	3.6
Joiners shop	400	320	9.6
Stable	200	160	5.8
	6300	5040	83.8
		Exp	7.5
			91.3

The same month the census was taken, the results of which with his habitual care he records in his diary:

1800

Aug. 23 Census of my family now given in

Males free whites under 10	2	females do	2=4
of 10 & under 16	1	0	1
of 16 & under 26	3	1	4
26 & under 45	1	0	1
45 & upward	1	0	1
All other free persons			0
Slaves			93
			104

Jefferson must have parted with or lost many slaves during the year preceding this census, because another memorandum in his handwriting shows that in the winter of 1798–9 he had 141, but such a lot of negroes they were as must sooner or later have ruined any farmer. Fifty of them were over ninety years of age, and of the whole 141 only 11 were certainly under fifty. Between 1784 and 1794 he gave 66 slaves to his children and sold 28.

"The office of the Department of State will be removed this day from Philadelphia. All letters and applications are therefore to be addressed to that department from this date, 28th May, 1800."

Such were the terms of a notice which Philadelphians might have read on a poster in the State Department only ten months before Jefferson was to set out from Monticello to assume the duties of the Presidency. What the journey was, and what he found when he got to Washington, the present condition of our national capital affords but a faint idea. But we may get a very clear idea from a letter written by Mrs. Adams to her daughter less than a year previous, and which will be read now with peculiar interest:

"I arrived here [Washington] on Sunday last, without meeting any accident worth noticing except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore, and going eight or nine miles on the Frederick road, by which means we were obliged to go the other eight through woods, where we wandered two hours without finding a guide or a path. [This, be it remembered, was the wife of the President, on her way to the seat of government.] Fortunately a straggling black came up with us, and we engaged him as a guide to extricate us out of our difficulty; but woods are all you see from Baltimore until you reach the city, which is only so in name. Here and there is a small cot without a glass window, interspersed among the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being. In the city there are buildings enough, if they were compact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it, but as they are, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort for them. . . . I could content myself almost anywhere three months; but, surrounded by forests,

can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people can not be found to cut and cart it? Briesler entered into a contract with a man to supply him with wood. A small part, a few cords only, has he been able to get. Most of that was expended to dry the walls of the house before we came in, and yesterday the man told him it was impossible for him to procure it to be cut and carted. He has had recourse to coals, but we can not get grates made or set. We have indeed come into a new country.

"You must keep all this to yourself, and when asked how I like it, say that I write you the situation is beautiful, which is true. The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished, and all within side except the plastering has been done by Briesler. We have not the least fence, yard, or other conveniences without, and the great unfinished audience-room I make a drying-room of to hang up the clothes in. The principal stairs are not up, and will not be this winter. Six chambers are made comfortable; two are occupied by the Prèsident and Mr. Shaw; two lower rooms, one for a common parlor and one for a levee room."

And yet there was not a little competition for the Presidency in those days, and despite the discomforts of Washington and the difficulty of getting there, we got pretty good ones.

Jefferson left Monticello for Washington, as appears by his diary, November 24, 1800. Being Vice-President he had to be there at the opening of Congress. He was five days making the journey, at an expense of $21. He did not return until nearly a month after his inauguration as President, April 1. On the 7th of January he appears to have sought counsel of the Sage of Mount Vernon, as appears by the following entry:

"pd Tunnecliff hire of a horse to Mount Vernon 3D."

Jefferson, like most of his class in Virginia in those days, was "land poor," and the practices of buying and selling on indefinitely long credits, of never paying or receiving cash for anything, of purchasing extensions of indebtedness at ruinous rates, were enough of themselves to have ruined a man of larger means and of more frugal habits than Mr. Jefferson, and he, unfortunately, was never a man either of large means or of frugal habits. His accounts show that he was continually buying things he could not afford, and indulging himself when he should have denied himself.

Here are the prices paid for the horses of a Democratic President in those days:

1801
Feby 3 Rec^{d} from Col. John Hoomes of the Bowling Green a bay horse Wildair 7 yr old 16 hands high for which I am to pay him 300D May 1.
Gave the servant an order on J. Barnes for his Expenses and trouble, 20D
April 20 rec^{d} from J. W. Eppes the following horses bought for me
from Bell 300D paiable June 16 6 yr old last year
2 from Shore 800D paiable July 12 8 yr old from Haxhall 500D paiable July 16 6 yr old

Thus it appears that our first Democratic President started with five horses, the cheapest of which cost $300, and the dearest $500. The *Wildair* referred to in the first of the foregoing entries as costing $300 was "the magnificent Wildair" which Jefferson rode to the Capitol and hitched to the palisades while he went in to deliver his inaugural.*

There were neither wagon roads, pavements, sidewalks, nor railroads in those days in Washington, and there was no getting about, therefore, for either sex without horses. But we have changed all this.

Jefferson seems to have spent no little time over his accounts—more than men are wont to spend in that way who are not engaged in commerce—but he pretty generally had to force his balances. At the close of his first year as President he makes an analysis of his receipts and expenses, which I copy in the form in which it is presented in his diary, premising that all the expenses of which this is the summary were first given in detail from day to day as they were incurred.

Analysis of expenses from March 4 1801 to March 4. 1802.

Secretary	450.	
Provisions	4504.84	
Fuel	690.88	
Miscellaneous	295.82	
Servants	2675.85	
Groceries (not wines)	2003.71	
Wines	2797.38	
Stable	884.45	
Dress Saddlery &c	557.36	
Charities (763.20 + 215)	978.20	
Contingencies	357.81	
Books & Stationery	391.30	16797.59
Debts prior to March 4–01 pd.	3417.59	
Loans	170.	
Aequisitions	4712.54	
Building	2076.29	
Furniture	545.48	11422.10
Monticello Household Expenses	652.82	
Monticello Plantation	3732.23	4385.05
Family aids	1030.14	1030.10
	32634.84	32634.84

* *The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson*, by his great-granddaughter Mrs. Randolph, p. 289.

DETAILS OF SOME OF THE GENERAL HEADS.

Debts Paid.		Acquisitions.		Building.		Plantation.		Furniture.	
The Keys	300.04	Lands	1848.27	Dinsmore	430.18	Lylly on acct.	306.67	Plated ware	272.48
Clarkson	31.39	Carriages	1353.43	Holmes	53.50	Fish Molasses	311.14	Chairs	220.67
Short	40.24	Horses	1511.04	Oldham	70.17	Corn	1898.50	lookg. glasses	24.83
Mrs Carr	38.		4712.74	Warascher	100.	fodder	187.30	Points	27.83
Oglesby Bac^{n}	24.			Chisholm	15.	horses	216.66		545.48
Lyle	1000.			Moran	133.33	taxes	110.15		
Cary	1000.			J. Perry	446.67	Mill	37.50		
Duke	768.46			R. Perry	259.75		3732.23		
Richardson	158.50			lime, gyps.	23.60				
B. Clarke	483.21			Brand	104.25				
W. Brown & Co	143.75			Trump Sash.	184.07				
Brown Rives	500.			Donath glass	9.63				
	3917.59			Andrews ornm^{r}	23.				
				Faitr^{n} haulg.	80.				
				Small	24.89				
				Ash Insurance	118.25				
					2076.29				

To approximate still nearer I should carry out Albemarle rents about 1320
& set off against them necessaries for negroes & house in the stores, suppose about 800
corn furnished by Craven 100B 250
hhd expenses furnished do suppose 270 1320
The above expenditures have been met as follows.
Salary 25,000.
Tobacco 2,974.
Profits of nailery suppose about 533.33
A debt contracted with J. Barnes 4,361.
32,868.33
There is error therefore somewhere of 766.51
which probably proceeds from having 33,868.33
set down the same article of expense twice in some cases. Yet it is exact enough to give general ideas.

It seems by this statement that to cover his expenses for the year he had been obliged to borrow from J. Barnes, his banker, $4361.

His servants' wages averaged about $175 a month. Here is Jefferson's own record for the month of June, 1801:

1801
July 2. Servants wages Julien 25
Mdme Julien 8
Joseph Dougherty wages 14 drink 2 16
John Kramer 12 2 14
Edw^{d} Maher 14
Christopher Swerman 14
John 10
Maria Murphy 9
Elizabeth 9
Jack Scullion for 14 days 5.20
Noel garçon de cuisine 12 2 9
His expense from Philadel 15
Abraham drink 2
150.20

This makes the regular establishment of the servants 135D
per month besides liveries and board and besides Rapin's 40D
175 "

How this makes the regular establishment of the servants 135D is not so clear, but I suppose the philosopher found it "exact enough for general ideas."

Jefferson estimated the cost of his ten servants, per week, 28.7, or 2.87 per head weekly.

President Cleveland's party has been so long out of office that it may interest him to know how much butcher's-meat was consumed at President Jefferson's table by his family and guests, and how much by his servants. The diary gives us full statistics upon this point.

A View of the Consumption of butchers meat from Sept 6, 1801 to June 12, 1802

1801	lb	lb	
Sept 6–30	419	25 days is 17 per day for 11 servants. no masters.	
Oct 1–Dec 5,	2361	71 days is 38¾	
		deduct 18 per day for 11 servts.	
		20¾ for the masters.	
Dec 6–May 1	6246	152 days is 41 per day	
		deduct 18 per day for 11 servts.	
		23 for masters	
May 2–7	212	6 days is 35½ per day	
		deduct 15 for 9 servts	
		20½ for the masters	
May 8–29	357	22 days is 16¼ per day for 9 servts or 1⅝ each no masters	
May 30–June 12	375	14 days is 26¾	
		deduct 18 for 11 servts	
		8¾ for masters	

With his first year's salary as President, Jefferson managed to pay off many of his small debts, and to get through the year on his income, which included his receipts from his property in Virginia. The idea of laying anything by seems not to have occurred to him. He thinks he had about $300 in hand at the end of his second year.

It may be interesting and important to Mr. Cleveland to know the price and the kind and quality of wines with which our great Democratic exemplar was wont to moisten the clay of his guests at the Presidential mansion. Fortunately we are able to enlighten him on these points from the diary, for on his wines Jefferson expended more thought, time, and money, probably, than any of his predecessors or successors

have ever done. Though the diary terminates with the year 1803, there is at its close a record of all the wines consumed at the President's House during the eight years of his residence in the new capital. Here it is:

1801		Wine provided at Washington	D
May 3	a pipe of Brazil Madeira from Col. Newton		350.
20	a pipe of Pedro Ximenes Mountain from Yznardi 126 gall @ 2D		252.
	a Quart^{r} cask of Tent from do 30 gall @ 1.50		45.
	a keg of Pacharetté doux from do		
	doz of claret from do		
	15 doz Sauterne from H. Sheaff @ 8D		120.
June 12	2 pipes Brazil Madeira from Taylor & Newton		700.
	148 bott claret @ 10D p^{r} doz 123.33		
	22 do do @ 12D 72.		195.33
Sept 28	2 pipes Brazil Madeira from Taylor & Newton		700.
Nov 28	30 doz=360 bottles of Sauterne from Sheaff.		240.
1802			
Jan 9	A tierce (60 gall^{s}) Malaga from M^{r} Yznardi Lacryma Christi		106.
	The above is 45 years old viz vintage of 1755		
	2 doz bottles of claret from M^{r} Barnes @ 8D		16.
Feby 24	1 pipe dry pacharetté from M^{r} Yznardi		202.
	1 pipe of sherry of London quality 10 y. old		188.
	½ pipe sherry of different quality		94.
	278 bottles of it sent to Monticello Feby 1803		
	½ pipe of white sherry		84.
	insurance on the wines of Feby 24 22.72		
May 6	duties pd Yznardi on do 156.		178.72
	Claret from J. Barnes		
Nov	A half barrel of Syracuse from Capt. McNeil		
Dec 11	100 bottles of Champagne from the Chev. Yurjo		
1803			172.50
Jan 10	100 do @ 86½ viz 76 first cost 11¼ duty		
	2 half pipes of wine of Oeyras from M^{r} Jarvis at Lisbon		98.17
	Sent to Monticello		
March 3	2 pipes of Brazil Madeira from James Taylor Norfolk		700.
" 21	12 doz Sauterne from Sheaff @ 8⅔D.		104.33
Oct 21	50 bottles white Hermitage @ 73½ cents & 8¾ duty = 82 cents + 9½ freight = 91½		45.80
" 23	150 bottles Rozan Morgan @ 82½c 8¾ duty = 91¼ cents + 8¾ = 1D		150.
	150 " Sauterne @ 64$\frac{1}{6}$ + 8¾ duty = 72$\frac{9}{10}$ + 8¾ f^{t} = 81¾		122.57

			cost	duty	frt		
Dec 1	400 do	Champagne daij (153 broken)	68¾	7¼	.19	95	484.00
	100 do	Burgundy of Chambertin	59½	7½	.19	77.86	

10 A quarter cask Mountain of crop of 1747 from Kirkpatrick of Malaga ft 10.

Monticello

30	2 pipes Termo one the crop Carrasqueira the other of Arrudæ Jarvis 170		196.35
	1 butt of pale sherry from Yznardi		194.85
1804			
Mar 9	A pipe of Brazil Madeira from Taylor		354.07
	A box of champagne from do 5 doz @ 61½ cents		37.50
June 20	138 bottles of wines from Florence 23 (Montepulciano) ft & duty 25½c cost 26c		33.17
July	400 bottles of champagne from N. Y. same as Mar 19 @ 1D (23 broken)		400.
" 20	98 bottles claret from Sheaff		82.
Nov 28	240 bottles of Hungary wine @ 1.70		
	36 " Johannes 3.31	from Bollman	546.43
	12 " other wines 4.26		

Monticello

Dec	1 pipe dry pacharetté prime cost 194.85		
	Sherry 15 year old		
Monticello	147 bottles of port		
	53 Bucellas 10 y. old	from Farnandis	152.25
	1 Pipe Arrudæ wine from Jarvis Lisbon		
	36 bott chatean Margaux of 98 @ 7		
	72 do Rozan Margaux of 98 @ 4.10	778.50	
	72 do Sauterne @ 2.5		
1805			
April 17	38 bott Aleatico 3 do Santo 3 do Artemeno		
	19 do Chianti 10 do Montepulciano	from Joseph Barnes	73D
May 30	100 bott vine del Carmine Appleton		
	1 hhd (i. e. half pipe) Marsala Preble		
Oct 19	1 Qu^{r} cask old Termo from Jarvis 26.20		
	1 do Bucellas " " 28.60	& frt & duties &c	73.83

Nov 9 473 bott Montepulciano cost Leghorn .25 = 118.50 = 25 pr bottle duties 35.60 freight 46.38 port charges 6.08 88.06 = 18½ do
100 bottles hermitage

1806

Jan 2 pipes Marsalla wine Higgins 2.12D cost & 69.60 duty

April 22 100 bott. White Hermitage cost at Marseilles 76.62+21 ft and duty
6 do Vin de Paille do " 7.82+1.22

June 7 100 " White Hermitage " " 76.62+ft 8.91+duty 12.835 = 98.368
barrique 45 galls Cahusac cost @ Bordeaux 22.85+ft 14.725+duty 22.275 = 60D

July 50 bottles Nebioule shipped by Thom Storm for Kuhn cost delivd at Genoa 54 cents pr bottle

1807

Feby 200 bottles Hermitage from Marseilles

June 4 350 bottles 80 gall Montepulciano from Leghorn 94.55D+ft 40.42+duties 29.85+port charges 2.25 = 164.07 or .47 pr bottle

12 A cask Cahusac (23 gall.) cost at Bordeaux 29.51+ft 4.884+duties 7.36+port charges 4.83 = 46.58 or 2.02 pr gallon.
120 bottles St. George sent to Monticello } cost @ Cette .24 pr bottle = 42.875
Do from Mr Barnes 60 bottles } charges .15 26.847
69.722

2 Kegs Nebioule yielding 134 bottles

1808

April 4 100 bottles of wine cost there 30.84
1.96 ft to Marseilles
26.42 " to Phil.
17.69 duty and permit
67 postage
75.38

By the foregoing statement it appears that Jefferson spent on his wines about

$2,622.33 in 1801
1,975.72 in 1802
1,253.57 in 1803
2,668.94 in 1804
546.41 in 1805
659.38 in 1806
553.97 in 1807
75.58 in 1808

Total $10,855.90
Average per year, ⅛th 1,356.98

His Madeira seems to have occupied a larger share of Jefferson's thoughts than any other of his wines. We have a table of the duration of each pipe of Madeira up to 1804. As the Madeira wine is not as good nowadays as in the days of primeval Democracy, Mr. Cleveland will be pardoned if his Madeira lasts longer than Jefferson's did.

MADEIRA.

No.	Recd.	broached.	finished.	lasted.
1	1801 May 3	01 May 15	01 Nov 3	Excluding absence 3½ months
2	1801 June 12	Nov 3	02 June 6	6 months
3	do	02 June 6	03 April 10	7 months
4	" Sept 28	03 April 10	04 May 28	10 months
5	do	04 May 28	05 May 15 sent remain. 76 gall to Monticello	
6	1803 Mar 3	05 May 15	06 July	10 mo 17 d
7	" do	06 July	07 Nov 25	10 " 19 "
8	1804 Mar 19	07 Nov 25		

The 200 bottles of champagne which appear to have been received from M. D'Yrujo, 100 December 11, 1802, and 100 January 10, 1803, gave occasion for the following letter from Jefferson to the Collector at Philadelphia, which established a precedent we are glad to believe is to be revived in all its original vigor by Mr. Cleveland:

"Dear Sir,—Mons. d'Yrujo the Spanish Minister here has been so kind as to spare me two hundred bottles of champagne part of a large parcel imported for his own use and consequently privileged from duty; but it would be improper for me to take the benefit of that. I must therefore ask the favor of you to take the proper measures for paying the duty, for which purpose I enclose you a bank-check for twenty two and a half dollars, the amount of it. If it could be done without mentioning my name, it would avoid ill-intended observations, as in some such way as this, 'By duty paid on a part of such a parcel of wines not entitled to privilege,' or in any other way you please. The wine was imported into Philadelphia about mid summer last. Accept assurance of my great esteem and respect,

"General Muhlenberg. Th. Jefferson."

Jefferson was an insatiable book and pamphlet buyer. He rarely missed a show of any kind. His curiosity was in quantity as a child's, in quality as a philosopher's.

His diary abounds in entries like these:

1791 Dec 20 pd for seeing a lion 21 months old 11½d
1792 June 1 pd seeing a small seal .125
1797 March 10 pd seeing elephant .5
" 13 pd seeing elk .75
1798 Jan 25 pd seeing Caleb Phillips a dwarf .25
(Note he weighs — lb now and when born he weighed with the clothes in which he was swaddled 31 b, he is — years old.
April 10 1800 pd seeing a painting .25.

Some of his entries are highly suggestive, for example:

1797 June 19 pd Gale for his newspaper to commence July 1, 4D.

This, we suppose, marked the birth of the old *National Intelligencer*.

1802 Gave Rev^{d} M^{r} Leland bearer of the cheese of 1235 lbs weight 200D.

This was probably designed as a present from the reverend manufacturer of it, but Mr. Jefferson was not in the habit of deadheading at hotels nor of receiving presents, however inconsiderable in value, which could place him under any obligation to the donor. So he paid sixteen cents a pound for the monster cheese, and declined the mortgage which the Rev. Mr. Leland may have been thinking of putting upon the Executive patronage.

1802 Nov 20 Sent Mrs Madison for 2 wigs 38D.

There is no entry which appears more frequently in this diary than "Charity," in sums ranging from 25 cents to $100. The last entry in the volume—to the writer's honor be it remembered—is, "Dec 28 charity 2D." During the first two years of his Presidency his charities appear to have aggregated for 1801–2 $978 20, and for 1802–3 $1585 60.

It will be a surprise to those who have been educated to associate Mr. Jefferson's name with indifference, if not open hostility, to revealed religion, to find among his expenses—some entered as charity, but most of them, exclusive of what is reported under the charity rubric—entries like the following:

1792
Nov 27 Pd M^{r} B—— a Subscription for missionaries 15D

1798 Feby 26 pd 5D in part of 20D Subscription for a hot-press bible

1801
June 25 Gave order on J Barnes for 25D towards fitting up a chapel.

Sept 23 pd Contribution at a Sermon 7.20

1802
April 7 Gave order on J. Barnes for 50D charity in favor of the Rev^{d} M^{r} Parkinson towards a Baptist meeting house.

9 Gave order on J. Barnes in fav^{r} the Rev^{d} Doct^{r} Smith towards rebuilding Princeton College 100D

1802
July 11 Subscribed to the Wilmington Academy 100D

1803
Feby 25 Gave Hamilton & Campbell ord. on J. Barnes for 100D charity to Carlisle College.

" 28 Gave Gen^{l} Winn ord. on J. Barnes for 100D charity to Jefferson Monticello Academy in S. Carolina.

March 1. Gave in charity to the Rev^{d} M^{r} Chambers of Alexandria for his church an order on J. Barnes for 50 D

Nov 18 Gave order on J. Barnes for 100D in favor of Rev^{d} M^{r} Coffin for a college in Tennessee.

We doubt whether since the Presidential salary was doubled any of President Jefferson's successors has consecrated as large a percentage of his salary to charitable or religious uses.

A HOUSE BUILT UPON THE SAND.

A WEDDING party was about to issue from the wide-open portals of a brownstone house on upper Fifth Avenue. As usual, a little crowd of curious street loungers had gathered around the awning to see the hackneyed yet ever-interesting ceremony of rice-throwing, together with the reckless launching into space of high-heeled slippers.

Simultaneously the inner vestibule doors of the besieged mansion were thrown open. From an orchestra hidden by a screen of palms in the marble hall came the strains of an inspiring march. A swarm of white-robed maidens and attendant men filled the entranceway, leaving a narrow passage, down which passed the following persons:

First, a page, youthful and smirking, conscious of many buttons, having in tow a fussy French woman of uncertain age, who made great show of a large alligator-skin dressing-case elaborately mounted in silver.

A cab drawn up first in the line of carriages before the door received these ornaments to society, but not before they had been plentifully greeted with curb-stone wit, affecting to mistake them for the newly married pair.

Next came the father, a slender, middle-sized, care-worn-looking man, between fifty and sixty in appearance, but, in fact, some ten years younger. After him, walking alone with superb independence, smiling, answering the farewells showered upon her leisurely, giving her friends ample time to survey all the details of her dress of costly brown velvet and sable fur, came the bride. She bade good-by to the

immediate members of her family with entire composure, and laughed at the showers of rice falling around them, as she took the arm of the young man following her to descend the steps, where her father was already waiting at the carriage door.

"There, that's over, thank goodness!" she said, when seated by her husband, who occupied himself in drawing an otter rug about her knees. "Good-by, papa; I hope you charged Marie about the dressing-case, not to let it go out of her hands for a minute. I put Aunt Hope's diamond star in there at the last moment. Who would have believed that the old lady was good for diamonds? I had made up my mind to nothing but a book-rack, or a paltry little toilet set. I'm so thankful she settled on that old case of grandmamma's books as Grace's wedding present and not mine. I wish, papa, that mamma would see that all my things are properly packed at once to-morrow, and put away till we come back. I can't bear to think of their being fingered by curious people. Yes, we will write from Florida, and probably telegraph sooner. I trust we mayn't be starved travelling in that horrid Southern country. But think of Grace and her cheap little bridal trip to visit Ned's relations in that old fogy village in Connecticut! I should think she would have more self-respect than to let such a thing get abroad about her. Dick, I do hope you saw Marsden's face during the ceremony. I stole a glance at him, for I wouldn't have missed it. He looked so dreadfully cross and blue—ha! ha! ha! Just as he always looked when he was following me around, and I danced or talked with other men. There, we are off, I suppose. Good-by! Good-by!"

As the carriage drove rapidly down the long avenue, Ellinor settled back with an air of perfect contentment.

"We certainly ought to be satisfied, Dick," she said, in a business-like way. "The thing has been done in style! Papa has been preaching so about economy of late that I'd no idea he meant to give us such a send-off."

Richard started. He had, strangely enough for a bridegroom who had just succeeded in carrying off the belle of her 'set' and season, lapsed into a meditation of a somewhat rueful character. He was very much in love with Ellinor, but the parting with his newly acquired father-in-law had not been as pecuniarily re-assuring as he could have hoped. Nothing had been said of the future arrangements of the young couple, beyond a vague "Hope we shall see you both back for a visit at New-Year, my boy." A check for one thousand dollars had been duly presented (and as duly, we may be sure, chronicled by the silver-fork reporters for the fashionable news columns) to the bride by her father, together with as fine and useless a silver tea set as Tiffany could furnish, and an elaborate trousseau. (The wedding outfit of this republican belle had been modelled in Paris after that of a young foreign princess just then entering the bonds of matrimony with an English prince.) The flowers serving to deck the house for the ceremony would have paid the house rent of the young couple for a year. The collation, the music, the dresses, were as costly as is usual on such occasions in New York. The new Mrs. Eliot carried off with her in a special hand-bag—not including Aunt Hope's star, which, as we know, was allotted to Marie's care—crescents, bars, drops, and pendants of diamonds, together with a dozen yards of lace, fragile as a spider's web, but much more convertible into cash. In the "spare room" of the paternal mansion were heaps upon heaps of bric-à-brac, from Venetian glass to painted gauze fire-screens, the customary offerings to an expectant housekeeper. In the cab preceding our young couple was an expensive, ill-humored, but "correct" appendage in the shape of a French maid. What more could Mr. and Mrs. Richard Eliot ask of Fortune at the outset of their career? Richard, it may be parenthetically remarked was in receipt of a modest and uncertain income from the junior partnership of a firm recently entering business on their own account.

Before the crowd around Mr. Talbot's doorway had time to disperse, to their surprise the large front doors again swung back upon their massive hinges, and another bridal train appeared within. This time the bride was smaller, slighter, less assured. She clung to her father's arm, and her husband, a stalwart open-faced young fellow, shook hands right and left as he passed down the line. Instead of music from the orchestra, the cheery roar of a college song was started and taken up with good-will by the company. And just as the fair young bride turned for a moment to wave her acknowledgment

from the threshold, a small, elaborately dressed child ran out from the group, and clung, weeping, to her neck.

"Oh, Gracie! Gracie! what shall we do without you?"

The little girl was comforted and caressed, and Grace turned again to her husband; but her path was beset by servants and old family retainers, who kissed and showered blessings on their "sweet young lady." When, amid a rain of flowers and rice and slippers, the second bride had reached her carriage, she was observed to turn and throw herself impulsively upon her father's breast, whispering in his ear, manifestly to the surprise of his decorum and his shirt collar. What she said, this poor, unconventional little Grace, was, "Bless me! oh, my father!" and the man of business, swallowing a decided lump in his throat, kissed her again, brushing the tears from his eyes, as he muttered a few unwonted words of benediction above her sunny head.

No maid nor lackey accompanied this couple, and their surroundings were so unobtrusive that the crowd upon the sidewalk gave vent to audible remonstrance at what in their judgment seemed an unequal distribution of parental favors.

An hour or two later the guests had gone; waiters ran to and fro with piles of used plates, and solaced themselves at intervals with hidden bottles of champagne. The musicians were packing up their instruments in green-baize bags; the little male and female Talbots were skirmishing on the stairs, unwilling to succumb to bedtime and to nursery authority. A few remote relations, members of the family unearthed for weddings and funerals, were seen wandering around the house, peering into shut rooms, and handling with itching fingers the wedding presents, over which a Gorgon-like maid kept guard. An elderly cousin in black silk, festooned with an antique shawl of llama lace, was discovered—no one knows how she got there—in the butler's pantry ogling an untouched Strasburg pie, while a pocket-handkerchief full of grapes, cakes, and mottoes lay suspiciously near at hand. Another spinster made it her business to go around among the wax candles, snuffing them out with commendable economy. In the large drawing-room Mrs. Talbot herself, looking the picture of fatigue and woe in her trailing satin and Venetian lace, had dropped into a crimson satin chair, the two school-girl daughters on either side of her lost in happy dreams of future possibilities of their own. In a carved chair at the fireside corner, erect and placid, Aunt Hope, a shrewd-looking widow, sat at her knitting. All about were drooping flowers, furniture pushed into unwonted corners, the general air of discomfort after the feast which entertainers know so well. Poor Mr. Talbot wandered about, getting in everybody's way, snubbed by the hired waiters, who failed to identify him as the proprietor, restless, and dispirited.

"As it is now half past seven, and there seems no reasonable prospect of dinner here, Maria," he said at last, after assisting the butler forcibly to eject an intoxicated hireling who was found sitting with his head in the punch-bowl, amid a wreck of broken glass, "I think I'll go down to the club and get a chop and a bottle of claret."

"No, indeed, John; you must wait for us. There'll be something presently. Sit down here with Aunt Hope and me. The girls have gone to a 'rose-bud' dinner at the Mays', though I can't say I approved of it, before they are even 'out!' But they were so *set*, I just gave them leave for the sake of peace. Heigho! our two oldest gone, there'll be these two to launch next winter, John, and a coming-out ball, of course. How lucky that one can give such things at Delmonico's!"

"I wish you'd please to take another time than this, Maria, to talk about your Delmonico balls and fallals. Wait till these bills are paid, and see what they amount to. And what with George at college, and Tom at Dr. Blank's, and those two in the nursery, it's nothing but pay, pay, from morning to night."

"Well, John, I think you are very ungrateful, for a fine family like ours, to begrudge giving them all the young people they associate with expect," said Mrs. Talbot, tired and ungrammatical. "Just as our two poor girls are married and gone too."

"Wait till John has had his dinner, and he will sing a different song," said Aunt Hope, cheerily; and dinner being just then announced, John did brighten up as was predicted.

But not for long, however. Aunt Hope, who rarely left her country home to visit her city relatives, was struck with the jaded look her prosperous nephew's face

had assumed of late years. His once active step has begun to lag, and an unwonted peevishness had taken the place of his light spirit of yore.

"And what will Ellinor do on her return?" Aunt Hope asked, when they were again talking over affairs after dinner. "What a queenly creature she was, to be sure, under her veil!"

"What does everybody do?" asked Mrs. Talbot, complacently. "They will probably not want to go to housekeeping at once, since Ellinor will be overrun with engagements, and I have advised Mr. Eliot to take rooms at the Hotel Guelph, where their meals are served, don't you know, and Ellinor will have no cares, no responsibilities. Of course we will furnish the rooms, and I am to go to-morrow to meet Palette. He has such taste, you know, and with all Ellinor's presents their rooms will be a *dream!* The only thing to really worry over is that poor Ellinor will keep no carriage at first. Mr. Eliot was quite positive about that, much to my surprise. Luckily I can call for her for visits, and they can have cabs for going out to dinner. I think it is the most delightful arrangement. Just fancy, Ellinor will have absolutely nothing to do but to amuse herself."

"I had rather not think of it, Maria," Aunt Hope said, with unusual gravity, which was quite lost upon Mrs. Talbot.

"Of course with Ellinor's looks we had a right to expect everything in her marriage, dear girl; but she was absolutely infatuated with this young man, and, to be sure, he has always held the best place in society—invited everywhere—and dances to perfection. His ideas and tastes are just like Ellinor's, and he has been lavish in flowers during the engagement. He is never seen anywhere except with men from the —— and the —— clubs, which with Ellinor is everything. She is so fastidious. I only wish he were a little more independent in his circumstances; but of course John will arrange all that."

"Of course John will do nothing of the kind," said Mr. Talbot, with apparent effort. "We might as well understand each other, Maria, about this matter. You know whether I have held back any of the money I have worked so hard for all these years. You and the children have had it every bit. I have written a letter for Ellinor, which her maid will give to her, telling her that I will continue the allowance she has had to dress upon heretofore. Anything more is literally impossible in the present state of my affairs, either for Gracie or herself."

"Gracie!" said Mrs. Talbot, trying to conceal the blankness of her countenance. "That girl is a perfect enigma. Not content with saving at least two-thirds of the money her father gave them both for their trousseaux, and buying herself an outfit like a Quaker's, she has actually persuaded Edward that it is better for them to begin housekeeping at once. They have been off together (luckily it is in a quarter where nobody goes), and they have hunted up a two-story house with a box-garret—the most dingy, absurd little mouse-trap you ever saw—on the east side of town, in —— Place. I believe it was occupied by a dress-maker last. The worst of it is, they have actually taken it, and have set the painters and paper-hangers to work there. Of course I did everything I could to talk Grace into an apartment. Everybody goes into apartments now, and you may be as poor as you please in one of them, and still keep up appearances. But Grace says that Edward is too big for any apartment she has yet seen, and far too noisy. And Edward says he wants four walls and a front door-step all to himself. He is as obstinate as a mule, it is plain to see, and I pity poor Grace when the honey-moon is over. What will become of her music—for she certainly has a lovely voice, and has had every advantage in masters—and her languages, and all, tucked away in that hole, with that kind of a set, selfish man for a companion? Just imagine what a house it must be when I tell you that they got it on a lease for eight hundred dollars a year!"

"I remember, Maria," said John Talbot, gently, "when we first came here from the country, and I was a clerk on a small salary, that *we* lived in one room of a boarding-house, and had to be content. Aunt Hope, I see you taking all this in in your quiet way, and I know it astonishes you. That a mother should reproach her child for trying to live within her husband's means I confess astonishes even me."

"Now, John, when you try to be satirical I always stop," said his wife, comfortably. "Haven't you, I'd like to know, always paid every bill without inquiring into it, and given the children every advantage without counting the cost?"

"Ay, God help me, so I have!" said John Talbot, getting up abruptly to leave the room. "Without counting the cost."

"John is like that sometimes," said his wife. "Don't mind him, Aunt Hope; he is really the most indulgent creature living. A true American father, some one called him, who met us at Nice last year. What puzzles me is this holding back about increasing Ellinor's allowance. Of course he must be talked into it. A girl of Ellinor's tastes, indeed! Ellinor *must* have money."

During a mild week in May, about six months after the double wedding, Aunt Hope was again in town. She had called once or twice at the Hotel Guelph before gaining admission. The man in waiting at the entrance door took her card, glanced superciliously at her poke-bonnet, "guessed" that the madam was not receiving, and after a long delay came back with the information that Mrs. Eliot, at 2 P.M., had not yet left her room. At last Aunt Hope received permission to ascend to her niece's quarters, and being inclosed in an elevator, was carried to the sixth story of a sumptuous apartment-house. A boy in buttons answered her touch upon the electric knob, and conducted her through a long dark passageway into Mrs. Eliot's presence.

Ellinor was lying on a couch in the centre of a small room littered with bric-à-brac, and crowded with furs, heavy draperies, and costly rugs. What light there was came through thin curtains of amber silk hung beneath massive screens of multi-colored glass. A wood fire was blazing on the hearth, and the air was perfumed to suffocation with the odor of roses and hyacinths, crowded in vases upon every shelf and bracket. A small stand of gilt wicker at Ellinor's side contained boxes of bonbons, fresh heliotrope massed in a yellow jar, the morning papers, and a couple of French novels. Amid all this ill-assorted luxury the young wife lay in an attitude of utter listlessness, her robe of white India silk half hidden by a covering of gold-embroidered Oriental stuff thrown across her couch.

"Humph!" said Aunt Hope, sitting bolt-upright on the edge of the first chair she could find. "I supposed I had got by mistake into the room of some tragedy queen. What would your grandmother Talbot have said to this, I wonder?—she who was up by candle-light winter and summer, sweeping, dusting, cooking, mending, to make both ends meet, and to give your father and the others what education she could afford! Seems to me, child, the size of your rooms isn't in keeping with all this finery. And of course, with a limited income, you *have* to live high up, but that should be no reproach to you."

"I wonder if you know what we pay for this apartment," Ellinor said, sharply, naming a sum that made the old lady's spectacles fly off in her excitement.

That Aunt Hope had much to learn she discovered in the course of this memorable visit. She found in her niece a type of an increasing class, descendants of the thrifty New York merchants of a generation back—cradled in luxury, and yielding to no hereditary nobles upon earth the right to surpass them in personal indulgence of their lavish tastes. On every side in the circle of Ellinor's contemporaries might be seen the same push and struggle for supremacy in the world of fashion—a world of self-constituted aristocracy, whereof the puppets representing men and women danced to the far-away pipings of a social leadership they affected to despise, creating, in a word, a London at second-hand. In such hands the vigor of the American republic is swathed in eider-down and stifled in attar of rose. No wonder that a shrewd old woman like Aunt Hope, whose eyes had been wide open to the interests of her fellows these sixty years past, should pause aghast at the spectacle! A brief interview with her niece revealed far more than Ellinor meant to show. Already the husband and wife had begun to drift apart, both finding in the narrow limit of home companionship meagre food for their restless spirits. Night after night Ellinor went into the world, day after day lounged upon her sofa until the hour arrived for some fresh gayety. The discovery that for the first time in her life money to lavish on her own amusements was not forth-coming was resented as a personal affront put on her by father and husband both. On his side, Eliot, a good-natured and well-meaning young fellow in the main, waked up with dismay to the reality of his married life. Instead of a helpmeet, he had a princess on his hands. Little by little dreams of domestic happiness took wing. His pecuniary responsibilities overwhelmed him. In despair, he went back to the old society life for solace.

"Whose fault is this?" Aunt Hope asked herself, sternly, pinning her little gray shawl to go down the stairs, heart-sick and despondent of better things. Second thoughts induced her to turn her steps in the direction of the remote locality where Grace Fielding had made her home.

The small brick house in unfashionable —— Place was blushing in a fresh coat of paint, and the brass dragon knocker on the dark green door shone resplendently. A tiny balcony was filled with tulips, hyacinths, and wall-flowers in pots. From the open windows of the parlor Grace's voice was heard singing at her piano. A handmaiden whose smile assumed personal interest in the caller ushered Aunt Hope into the presence of her niece. Grace greeted her aunt joyfully, and forthwith began the eager exhibition of a young wife's first belongings.

"No, dear auntie, you can't sit down until you have admired our skill in making sixteen feet square do the work of twenty. No crowding either; we *are* proud of that," she said, in her rapid, girlish way. "With the book-cases, which, thanks to your blessed wedding present and Ned's college library, we have filled, we defy criticism as to the decoration of our walls. Those engravings and photogravures and the little Florentine mirror look well, don't they, against the Pompeiian red, though 'tis only 'water wash'? The tops of the shelves, you see, have served to accommodate the best of our wedding 'loot,' as Ned calls it, but the china ornaments have by his stern decree gone into one especial press in the dining-room. We are rich in lamps and candelabra, of course, and the horrid little chandelier was banished altogether from this room. A committee of two or three of Ned's artist friends came here and 'sat' upon our affairs while we were furnishing, so we flatter ourselves that the tone of everything is eminently correct. That portière was an extravagance, but—don't tell—we exchanged a hideous rug for it that somebody bestowed on us. Now for the dining-room. Isn't it a pretty spot?"

Here, instead of the traditional gloom of the modern eating-room, were light, color, fragrance. Two little windows had been knocked out to be replaced by an ample bow, large enough, when required. to contain a *tête-à-tête* breakfast table. The furniture, of the slender-legged mahogany variety, glittered brilliantly in a bath of morning sunlight. Glass, brass, silver, and porcelain caught up and repeated the sparkling effect. Two or three jars of blue Delft held vigorous young palms. A bowl of yellow tulips ornamented the centre of the table, and around the little plot of ground behind the house wistaria, ivy, and honeysuckle made a wall of green to inclose a grass-plot with its central flower bed.

"The wonder of it is, we are, in our modest way, a social success," Grace went on. "All my girl friends followed me here, and once a week I have afternoon tea, and so many pleasant people drop in. Now and again a carriage rolls into the street that brings all our neighbors to the window; but many of mamma's friends have contented themselves with sending cards through the post. The visits of mere form will soon stop, and then Ned and I will settle down to making our own "set," if we are to have such a thing. Think of papa coming, aunty!—papa, who never goes anywhere but to the office and the club. Sometimes he and the children have their Sunday dinner here, and we have great fun. Ned and papa are such friends! (But then everybody is friends with Ned, Aunt Hope.) We see less of mamma, because she is really very busy going out with Ellinor, and then she doesn't like to bring the horses to the east side of town."

They had luncheon, served by the smiling Phyllis upon flowery china, and afterward Aunt Hope fell to sentimentalizing in Grace's æsthetic three-cornered chair by the open bow.

"There is nothing like the spring-tide of married life," the old woman mused. "How beautiful is this fullness of faith in the object beloved—this persistent happiness owning no alloy! Bless me, child, I am doting! Give me a cup of tea, and then you may—as I see you are dying to do—talk about Ned's virtues till one or the other of us drops through sheer fatigue, and I know which one of us that will *not* be."

Grace needed no further invitation. She sat down on a cushion at her aunt's knee; but before the confidence had gone far it was interrupted by a loud knock, followed by the appearance upon the scene of John Talbot, looking pale and worn.

"Papa," cried Grace, "you here at this hour! Has anything happened?"

"Don't be alarmed, my dear; we are all well at home, thank God," her father said, dropping wearily into a chair. "I am glad to find you here, Aunt Hope, you and Grace—brave women and true. I believe I am a little tired, that's all. The way has been long and hard, but my credit's safe. Yes: no man can say John Talbot has robbed him of a dollar. But for your poor mother and the children I'd not mind. There is a relief in all being known at last.... Talbot and Co. have to-day failed to meet their obligations, and —I'd rather not talk about it just now with Maria and Ellinor and the rest."

By the time summer was fairly under way the old farm-house where Aunt Hope had spent so many lonely years was alive with the clamor of young voices. Its long-closed doors had opened wide to receive John Talbot's family, of which the younger members made no scruple in declaring their delight at the exchange of domicile. Mrs. Talbot could not be brought to think of herself otherwise than as a much-injured woman. She wore away the long dull hours of country life in vain repinings for her lost estate, and her one gleam of light was the prospect of a visit with her daughter Ellinor to Newport later in the season. To read in the society journals of Ellinor's appearance at the races at Jerome Park, or of Ellinor's toilet at ball or dinner, was the solace of her present life. Grace and her husband spent their holidays at Hope Farm, and "the boys" rallied there from school and college. Mr. Talbot came but seldom, for a Sunday, when he could. He was back again at the tread-mill round of business, and through the generous support of his friends had every prospect of renewed success. True, Aunt Hope, Grace, Edward, and the family doctor urged upon him rest, but the reproaches of his wife and the goading sense of responsibility to his children made Talbot shake his head and redouble his exertions. For a year this state of things went on, until one day of the following June, Talbot arrived at the farm with a look of rare excitement on his pallid face.

"I've got the reins in my hand again, Maria," he said to his wife, before the family. "Affairs are going on better than I dared to hope, and, please God, before long I can give you all I robbed you of."

"Father dear, how can you?" Grace cried, covering his trembling hand with kisses and with tears—"you, who have been so generous, so self-denying, so tender. Speak to him, mamma, and tell him this. He wants it from you, not me."

"Well, I'm sure everybody knows how well I have borne this trial—" Mrs. Talbot began, but was stopped by an alarmed gesture from Aunt Hope. Grace's arms were around her father, her cheek pressed to his. She did not see the strange look that came into his eyes as he reeled and fell heavily to the floor. By the time they could lift him to a couch it was found that life had fled.

As if through a mockery of fate, the following day brought Ellinor Eliot, alone and unattended, to the shelter of her aunt's despised home. Discarded by her husband, and overshadowed by the odium of a scandal with which the newspapers in another day would teem, she had come to her family for shelter.

"I shall always think that this misfortune of poor dear Ellinor's would never have come upon her," said Mrs. Talbot, the day after her husband had been laid to rest, "if John had taken my advice about allowing them enough to keep up the position she has always had. But there is enough left, I believe, for us to take a house in town next season, and she, poor girl, will be able to live down the consequences of her father's lack of judgment. One comfort is, she is still the most beautiful creature of her set."

For some years the little house in —— Place continued to be, in the eyes of two people at least, the centre of earthly sunshine. Wooed by the fame of its hospitality, guests came and came again, to go away singing the praises of their hosts. When, at last, to these young people fortune arrived in a measure enabling them to answer the demands of a growing family to widen the borders of their home, the change was made with infinite reluctance.

"One thing I can say with truth, Aunt Hope," Grace cried, impulsively, when the dear old lady appeared at the christening of a fourth young Fielding—"that the only tears Ned has brought to my eyes since we were married were shed when he drove me from our home."

Aunt Hope smiled, but as she stooped to kiss the baby a tear fell on its face. She was thinking of John Talbot's wrecked happiness, of the mistaken struggle of his life.

ON THE WAY TO THE QUARRIES.

THE CAPE ANN QUARRIES.

THE train for Cape Ann had left the Boston station, and was emerging from smutty railroad sidings and factories into regions where, beyond fields of broken creamy ice, spotted with dark hay-cocks, you could make out the line of pale blue sea. Anastasia was applying her face to the cold window-pane, whitened with frost and blackened with cinders, and was trying to make her enjoyment of the view predominate over a not unnatural dislike to the prospect of spending a long day alone upon what her best advisers considered a wild-goose chase. Many times had Anastasia hunted that adventurous bird, which had led her over such pleasant hills and dales that she regarded most of these excursions as something better than a waste of time and car tickets. But on this January morning, with no companion by her side, the high spirits began to flag which had supported her through perils of slippery sidewalks and vigils in ladies' rooms. It was too evident that Bessy was not coming, and Anastasia, while the dark hay-cocks flew by, was repeating to herself the time-worn pieces of consolation which on such occasions always failed to console her. "I ought to be perfectly happy," she was reflecting. "I'm doing just what I wanted to do, and the country is very picturesque, I know, only somehow I don't feel it, and it's ridiculous for an art student to mind going about alone, and everybody will be civil to me, for I'm in my own country now—" when a touch on her elbow made her turn round sharply, fear and indignation blazing in her eyes. Was this American civility?

"Bessy!" cries our student, and folded the new-comer in an embrace quite too fervid for the conventionalities of the car. "Where have you been?—in the wrong car? Never mind; now I have you, I'll take the best of care of you." And Bessy good-naturedly acquiesced, though she was far more capable of taking care of Anastasia.

The ice-fields and the blue sea and the snowy pastures, with their streaks of dark grass and rock, now began to assume the most charming appearance in Anastasia's eyes, and she was rummaging in her bag for her stout shabby sketch-book, when Bessy asked to be told the object of the expedition. "You only said in the telegram, 'Rockport, Thursday, ten forty-five,'" she observed. "Of course I came. I love Cape Ann as well as you do, and perhaps I love you more than Cape Ann. But I can't help wondering why you chose this particular time."

"Why, look here!" cried Anastasia, and she showered upon Bessy's lap all the drawings which illustrate this article, or, to speak more properly, which this article obscures. "Look at all these!"

"This one seems to be on the side of a Pyramid in Egypt, judging by the great

PREPARING TO UNLOAD.

piled-up rocks," said Bessy. "We're in the wrong direction for that, Nancy dear."

"Your guess isn't such a bad one," said Anastasia; "it's the fashion now to say that the Pyramids were hills of rock once, and it's a hill of rock you are looking at. It bears an Egyptian name too, though it's not what the Pyramids were made of."

"An Egyptian name?" said Bessy, looking puzzled.

"Did you never hear of Assouan, that wild town by the first Nile cataract?" said her friend. "It's odd to think that its Greek form, Syene, has been turned into a word so common on our Massachusetts ledges as syenite, which you and I are to hear twenty times to-day."

Bessy still looked mystified. "I thought our granite wasn't the real Upper Egyptian syenite," said she. "And I thought Quincy was the place for granite, and we are turning our backs upon Quincy."

"You're quite right," said her friend; "but our granite—what they call hornblende granite now—was for a long time called syenite, for all that, so the books say, and the name isn't yet worn out. And we are going to a place where there is a great deal of it. Mr. Crosby says in his State Report that probably Cape Ann exists because of a long granite wall which begins at Natick and ends at Rockport."

"But what makes you come out to examine this particular granite wall?" said Bessy. "There's plenty more granite in eastern Massachusetts; for instance, the Blue Hills, where the Quincy quarries are. You see I also have read Mr. Crosby's Report."

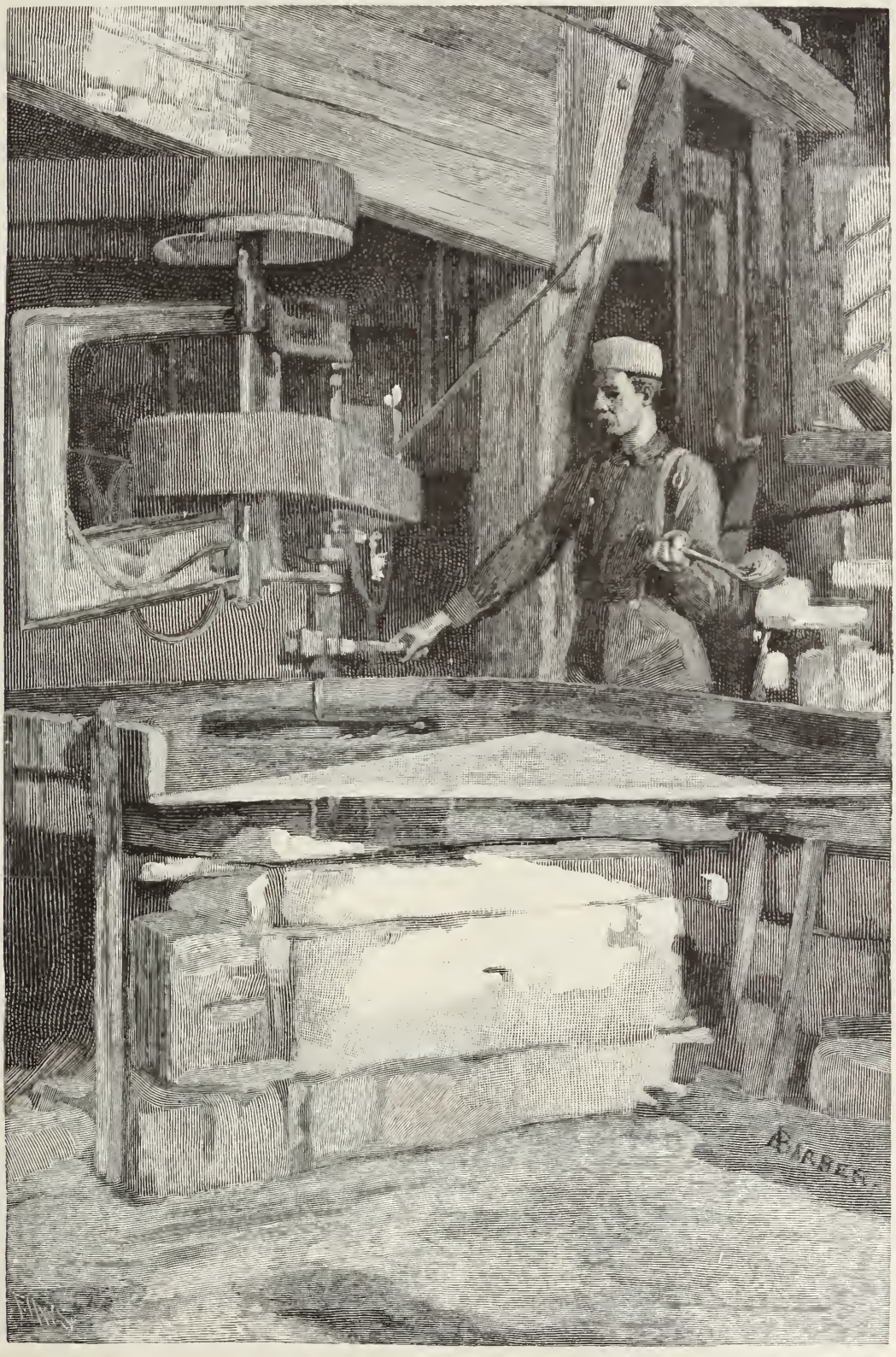
"Why, the artists who made these drawings set my mind upon coming to Rockport," said Anastasia. "They were there last summer. And when I had seen them I felt as if I must go there myself. If only I could do anything like that!"

Bessy privately wondered whether Nancy's drawings were likely to be half as good as those in her lap. She went on listening, however, with her habitual and sincere air of sympathy. "And then, besides," her friend was saying, "I've always wanted to know something about granite. You know the old saying that granite and ice are the principal natural products which we Massachusetts people export. To-day, I imagine, we shall see ice enough as well as granite."

"Is it true that our granite is so important to us?" said Bessy.

"The value of the product of the granite quarries of Massachusetts was nearly a million and a half dollars in 1875," said her friend. "There are only three agricultural products which are so valuable to our State. By-the-way, they put ice down in our State census as an agricultural product: that was worth rather over half a million in the same year. It's

a very entertaining book, that State census. The list of mines, quarries, and so forth, is edifying enough. The granite, of course, is far ahead of anything else there in the value of its product. But we have gold mines too—only they put 'supposed' before them—and asbestos mines. There are ten acres of asbestos mines in Massachusetts."



SANDING A SLAB.

"The granite and ice are more characteristic," said Bessy. "Some people think that we all of us carry them with us when-

ever we leave Massachusetts—that we are as cold as one and as hard as the other."

"Dear me! no," said Nancy. "We're cool and firm, not cold and hard. However, you must remember, if you make such comparisons, that granite is not always so hard, either. Don't you know it was melted, to begin with?—all white-hot, flowing out of the centre of the earth?"

"Some geologists think it was not," said Bessy. "However, I know, dear Anastasia, that you occasionally turn white-hot, and I'm ready to believe that the granite does. It also, I hear, explodes sometimes in case of fire."

"Yes," said Anastasia, looking into her note-book. "That's because of the unequal expansion of the parts. You're telling me all the things I meant to tell you. I've been looking them up in the encyclopædia, or rather in several different encyclopædias. Did you know, Bessy, that Mont Blanc was of granite, and the Aiguilles, which you admire so much?"

"There isn't anything of that sort at Rockport, is there?" said Bessy. "The country hereabouts doesn't promise it."

"No. I suppose these are the low, rounded hills, scantily covered with vegetation, which the *Britannica* tells about. How charming the Manchester shore is! and how the people who own all these pretty houses must hate to leave their perches on the rocks above the sea! Bessy, you can't share all my emotions here, because you have never sketched in Manchester and Magnolia and Gloucester. Magnolia Point used to be, once upon a time, the nearest approach to a French sketching town of which this shore could boast. Our easels by the road-side blew over as often as if we had been in Normandy, and to my mind the sea was much bluer and the sun brighter. I never can enter the wood by the little station without remembering the kind friends, the clever set, who used to sit on the platform here in October, with bundles of canvas, waiting regretfully for the Boston train. I used to think we had American Art herself in some of those packages."

"Cheer up, my dear impressionist, or naturalist, if that's what you call yourself," says Bessy; "remember the Gloucester etchers and sketchers, and the drawings in your bag. There's plenty of good summer work done on our cape still, and before you know it some of you will be able to paint Captain John Smith himself discovering it, and naming it, as we all know he did, after the beautiful Princess Tragabigzanda."

They had not ended their idle talk when their journey ended in the Rockport station. They took possession of the ladies' room, which Anastasia, who had seen many, pronounced a very good one. They ate their lunch, drank their coffee, after bringing it to a tolerably lukewarm temperature upon the stove, and, much heartened and refreshed, they started on their walk to Pigeon Cove, leaving behind them Rockport village, picturesque above the water.

It was not too cold a day for them to enjoy the keen air, the hard road, and the constantly changing views of the rock and sea at their right, and of the little weather-stained houses tightly shut against the frost, with here and there boats hauled up into their brown gardens. But I think they had most pleasure in feeling that they were in a country strange to them both, and that not one of the people they met knew who they were. For neither of these young ladies was insensible to the charm possessed by an unknown high-road—a charm which George Sand describes better than any one else. If the two friends had been of gypsy family, they would never have left the family profession; and it is to be supposed that it was this turn of mind which two hundred years ago had led their ancestors over the rough path of the western sea.

They came before long to the works of the Rockport Company, with its vessels lying at the dock, its long breakwater of granite extending out into the sea, and its precipitous quarry on the landward side of the road, its irregular blocks recalling to Bessy the drawing she had supposed to represent a Pyramid. Five teams of oxen were standing about, and Anastasia informed her friend that she expected to find just such a team standing under a beautiful arch hereabouts—she had a drawing of it in her bag. No such arch, however, was to be seen. The travellers made some inquiries at the office of the company, and were treated with a kindness and attention which they will not soon forget. They were taken into the depths of the quarry, where the dark rocks looked high and awful, with here and there cataracts of thick white icicles making them look darker. Here the steam-drill was at work,

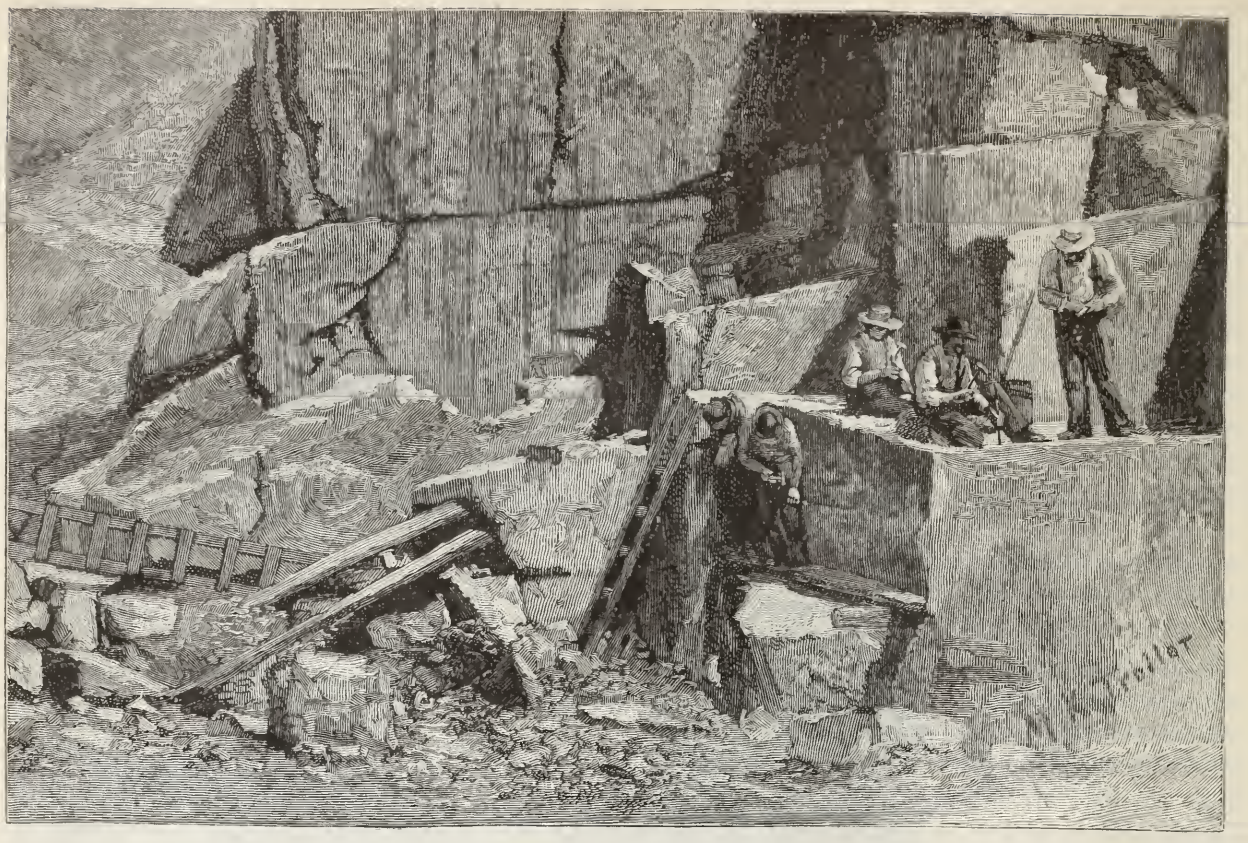
which makes in a day a hole twenty to thirty feet deep and two inches in diameter, and sometimes enables the quarrymen to loosen at one blast a mass of from five hundred to a thousand tons of granite. This great blast was the preliminary to the hand - drilling. which they could see going on busily in the quarry.

THE GREAT ARCH.

Anastasia stared about her, taking mental notes of the relations of light and shade, and trying to fix in her mind the action of the workmen. Bessy was not so cool. Something oppressed her here, and she quite lost the happy tranquillity which she had felt five minutes before, in the straggling country road among the peaceful winter gardens. She felt as if in those few minutes she had come out of the happy New England which she knew and loved—a little country which with all its faults is civilized and human enough—into the midst of some great workshop of nature outside human ways and human knowledge. Here were the dark rocks which they told her had lasted since the beginning of the world, and which had seen more frightful changes than Bessy could imagine. And here, at work among them, was a magical instrument, a giant made prisoner, who was fighting the rocks with another natural force even stronger than theirs. And if the workmen she saw were human beings, which her foolish fancy disposed her to doubt, was it human work which they were doing, the ancient healthful business for which Adam was set in the garden?

"I don't know what you mean in the least," said Anastasia, "but I have always heard that what we were put here for was to subdue the earth. There are different ways, no doubt; and it's possible that you and I shouldn't like managing a drill. But these people are subduing the earth more than either of us is likely to do. To me there is something inspiring in the atmosphere of hard work; it helps me about my own business; and many's the laboring-man I have envied, who I knew was gaining his bread, when I had not the skill to gain mine."

"It's all very well for you to talk," was Bessy's feminine answer. "You don't have to drill rocks yourself. I don't either. And it doesn't seem fair or right



AT WORK IN THE GREAT QUARRY.

that other people should have to bend their backs and smash their hands over this rough business so that we can have the fine granite buildings we're so proud of."

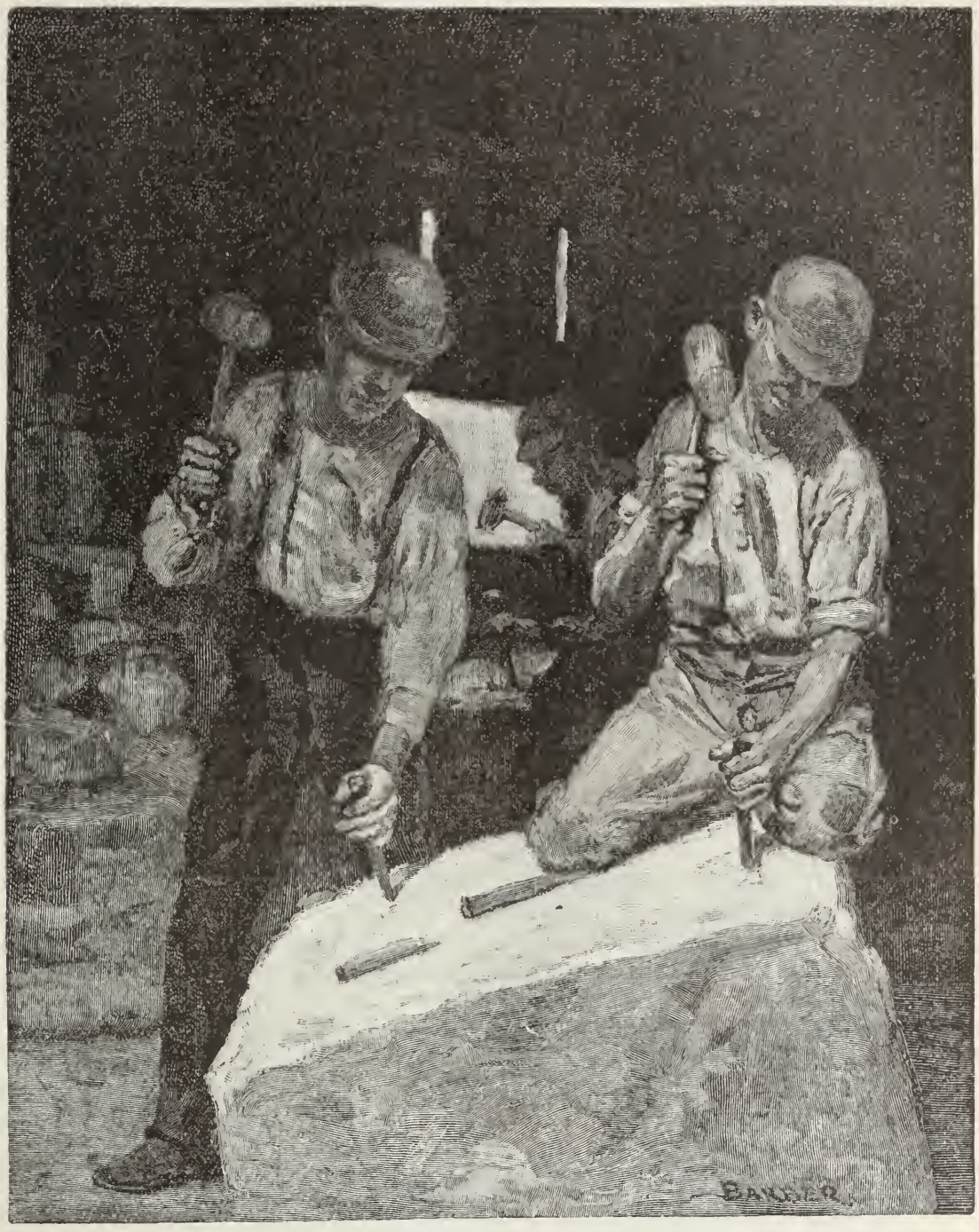
"I can't pretend to answer your hard questions," said Nancy; "but this I will say, that this business has improved since Christianity came, like most other things. Do you know how the old Egyptians used to transport their great blocks of stone? They used oxen sometimes, just as the Rockport company do, but sometimes they used men. There are a hundred and seventy-two of them in one picture dragging an enormous statue. Imagine bringing a block down in that way from Assouan to Thebes, a hundred and thirty miles! That isn't a satisfactory way to use a man, it seems to me. I think it's better to make steam and oxen do the heavy work, as they are doing here, and as they are beginning to do all the world over. The granite comes down to the shore on a steam railway at Bay View, I'm told."

Their kind guide told them that the blocks of stone which the oxen hauled down from the Rockport quarry were either sent by rail from the Rockport station or shipped from the company's pier in their five vessels. "Some of them are lying on the dock now," he said, and turned away from the cliffs to point seaward. Whereupon our sight-seers turned too, and beheld the arch for which they had been looking, supporting the road they had just now followed, and framing a charming picture of tall masts and blue sea, with a fortunately placed team of oxen for its foreground.

Anastasia now sat down on a rock and began to sketch, while Bessy asked questions. Some of the granite, she was told, was going as far as New Orleans, some of it to the nearer cities. Had she ever noticed the differences which exist in the paving-stones which are used in different places? The Philadelphians, it seems, insist upon having especially long and fair stones; the New-Yorkers are not so exacting, though they share the same general ideas; and the Bostonians are discontented with any paving-stone which is not small and square, and cut with great accuracy. Much more Bessy heard, and many facts more important than these, about much larger blocks of stone, but the individuality of paving-stones was a new idea to her, and remained firmly fixed in her memory. She remembered having seen in a Mississippi River town all the paving-stones of the lower levee taken up

carefully out of the reach of the spring floods, and she therefore took pleasure in thinking that these square-hewn countrymen of hers were to be treated with respect

"It's all the same at the bottom of the sea," said her guide; and Bessy blushed, considering that a man in the complicated India-rubber armor of which she had been



CHISELLING THE LINE.

and consideration in the Southern towns where they were going. Another of her surprises was to hear that divers were at work under the vessel yonder on this very January day, getting out pieces of granite which had accidentally fallen into the harbor. "How cold they must be!" she ingenuously exclaimed.

told was hardly likely to care whether he were in or out of the water.

"Come," cried Anastasia at last, jumping up from her work, "as people always say when they have been keeping their friends waiting, it's quite time to go, and we mustn't stay any longer. Yes, I thought I had charcoal on my face. Bessy, did

you say it was on the right cheek? I wish, sir, that I could have done your beautiful arch more justice, but I can't make the sort of drawing I showed you just now." And so with thanks and regrets they left the hospitable Rockport quarry, and walked on to Pigeon Cove.

So many people come here in summer, only to go away again in the autumn, that the village has an unusually reserved and shut-up appearance in winter. It delighted our travellers, perhaps for that very reason. Bessy forgot her low spirits, and they began a desultory series of plans for coming down here for a fortnight's winter sketching, which, though it never had any practical result, made them very happy for half an hour, and gave them a homelike feeling about this strange place. More hens than human inhabitants were to be seen. But Anastasia assembled enough of these latter to arrange with them for the hiring of a horse and carriage to take the two travellers to Bay View, the end of their journey.

The change of their mode of travel, and the dignity inherent in the back seat of what we New-Englanders call a carry-all, as well as the moral support afforded to them by the friendly though silent presence of their driver, exalted them a good deal in their own estimation. But Nancy pointed out to Bessy that they could now no longer enjoy the gypsy happiness which had been theirs when they were travelling on foot. "We are become responsible," said she; "we are now under a promise to stay but a little while at Bay View; we are, in fact, indebted to our driver for a sum which, though small, we shall have to remember to pay him."

"He'll remember," said Bessy.

"In fact," continued Nancy, "we are now in the position of capitalists. I have seldom had occasion to regret that position, but I do now. And I really wish we were once more poor tramps, despised by all the respectable farmers we meet, but feeling that, after all, such contempt has a good deal of kindness in it."

"We should be warmer," said Bessy, "but we should never get to Bay View. Besides, have you not often told me that the point of view for sketching was far better at the slight elevation a carriage gives? I know that neither the ice cascades close above the sea would compose so well if we were on foot, nor the dark willows before us, relieving their stiff grace against that dazzling snow-field. What is the peculiar charm of the willows of Cape Ann? Your friends have painted them often, but they have never made them quite as lovable as I find them."

"There's the Janesville quarry," said their driver. "That, and the Rockport, and the Pigeon Hill, and the Bay View, are the four principal companies on the Cape."

"But there are others too, surely," said Anastasia. "We hardly pass a stone wall which is not of granite, and I am continually seeing derricks above the rocks."

"Those are the smaller companies," said the driver. "Yes, there are a number of those."

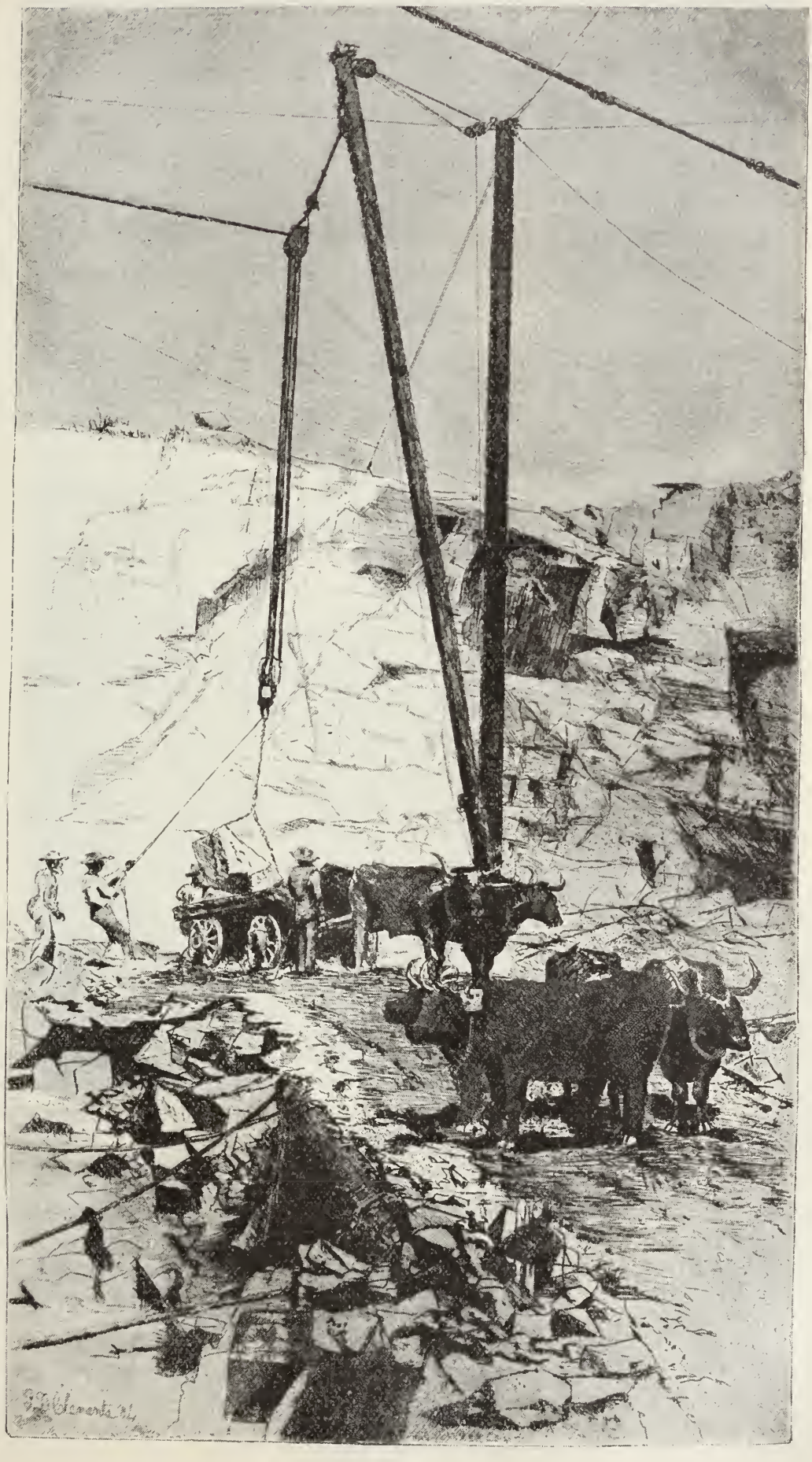
"I wonder," said Bessy, "that they don't build more houses here of granite."

"I wonder," said Anastasia, "how long we Massachusetts people are to go on building wooden houses. Till the forests are all cut down, I suppose. I have abused my fondness for stone houses as an unpatriotic one, but it's not so unpatriotic, after all, to wish that the houses in my country may last as long as her hills."

"The hills don't last so very long down here on the Cape," observed Bessy. "The quarrying goes on too fast for that. But look! see that rocky village before us. It must be Bay View."

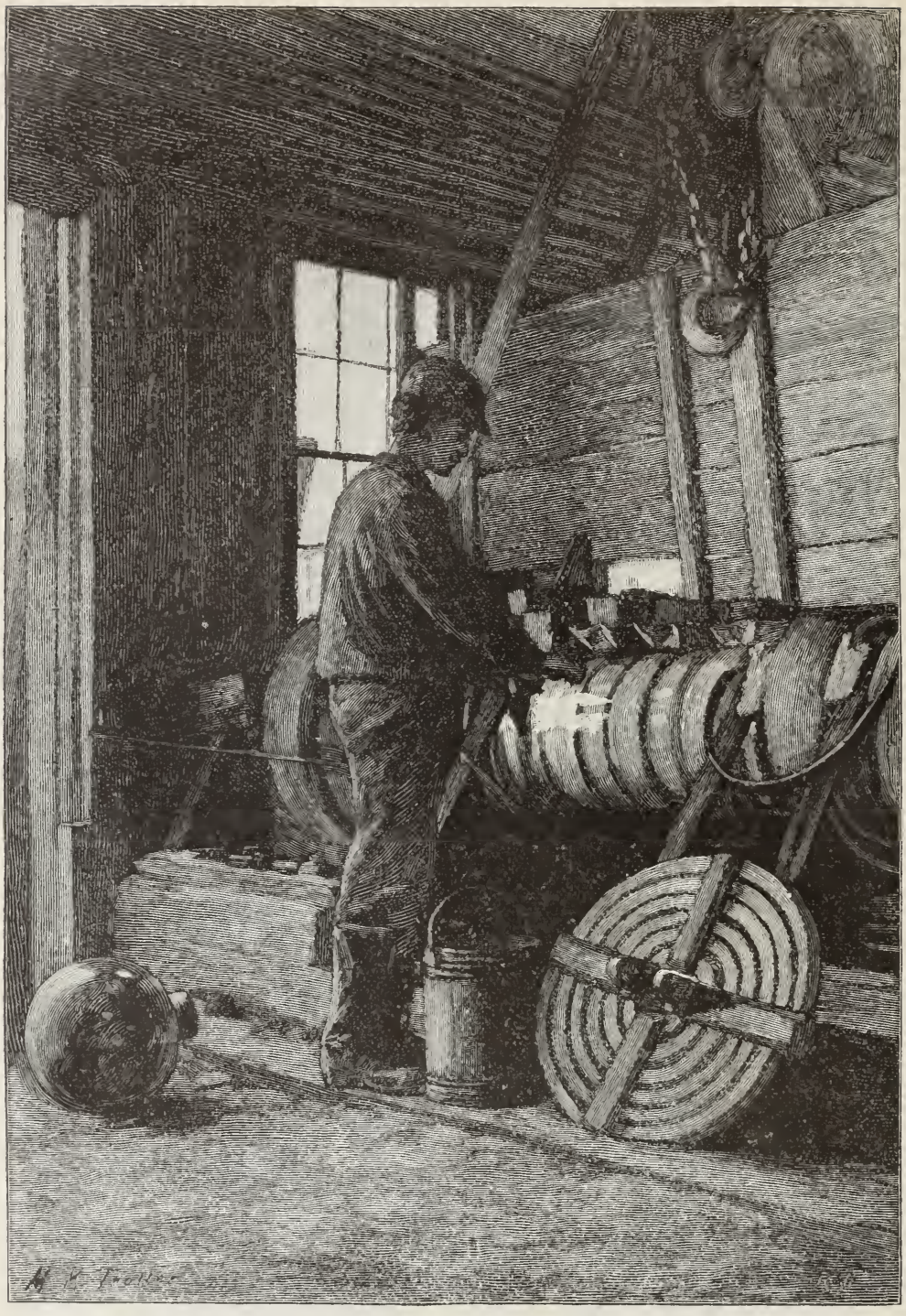
The friends had been recommended to one of the workmen of the Cape Ann Company, who was kind enough to explain to them what was going on. The quarries, he told them, were at a little distance from the village, and the stone was sent down to the shore and the cutting and polishing shops in cars drawn by steam upon the company's railroad, the only railroad where steam is used in the Cape quarries. The visitors might have gone up on the train to see the quarrying. But being pressed for time, they chose rather to watch the different processes used in working the stone, from its entrance into the shops in a rough block, till it attains the astonishingly fine polish which the workmen are able to give it.

The work was done near the water's edge in long wooden sheds, some of them open on one side, some of them with doors and windows of cotton cloth. It was cold business, the workmen said, but there were stoves in some of the shops, and the men were not too cold to keep up an industrious chipping and hammering, nor to good-naturedly explain to the visitors some of



THE DERRICK.

Reproduction of an etching by Miss G. D. Clements.



POLISHING A COLUMN.

the mysteries of their trade. They showed them how to chisel the line, how to point the stone down, and what were the differences between peen-hammers and bush-hammers. They took the bush-hammers out of their chests that the ladies might see the varieties with five, six, eight, and ten edges, which gave the granite the slightly lined or ridged appearance which they had often noticed. The point and chisel work interested them, chiefly in regard to its effects upon the workmen.

"You must be always getting the stone into your eyes," cried Bessy.

"Yes, ma'am," said the workman, composedly, "but we don't mind that as much as the splinters of steel. All our points are of English steel, you see, and that's very bad when it gets into the eyes. But then plenty of the men have a great knack at getting it out; they are as good as any eye-doctor."

"Do you use a camel's-hair pencil?" asked Anastasia.

"No; we take a broom splint sometimes, or a penknife, or a pin—not the point, but the head. A pin isn't so good, though."

As they talked, Nancy was watching the white figures in the dusty sunlight, their heads bent over their hammers, making pictures which François Millet, who knew what a working-man's life was, would have been glad to paint.

"My trade isn't an easy one," said she, "but I think theirs is harder. I wish I were that sort of workman. I mean I wish my work were as good and as direct as theirs. It makes my heart beat and my breath come quick to be in a place like this. I know that if I were to paint something here I should have a better chance for success in the midst of the steadiness and resolution and cheerful industry about me."

"You wouldn't," said the skeptical Bessy. "You'd have a headache."

"Indeed I should not, for I have tried it," said her friend. "The most inspiring neighbors I ever had while I was at work were my classmates in Paris, the next most inspiring were some iron-workers in Cambridgeport. I like to feel that I too have part and lot in the stir and rush of our hard-working republic. We are no nation of shop-keepers, we Americans, but, I think, a nation of workmen, making all sorts of new things for an old tired world."

After a vain attempt to see the steam-cutter, they entered the polishing-shops. Granite is polished first with sand, then with emery, then with putty powder and felt. Some blocks are polished by a great machine called a Jenny Lind; others by sinister-looking arrangements called pendulums, which are supported from above and run backward and forward over the granite—a sight which terrified our two friends. The finest work is done by hand. The pride of the shop at present appeared to be centred in a great crown, which with a cross was to form part of some monument, and whose ornament would admit of none but hand-work.

The granite took a beautiful polish, and in its finished state it became easy to see the differences in color and density which

AT ANCHOR.

are significant to experts. All the Rockport granite which our friends had seen was gray or grayish-green. It differs in color from that of the Quincy quarries, which is gray too, but, the travellers thought, of a lighter gray, and it differs from it in quality as well. There are different qualities of Cape granite too. The Maine granite, it appeared, is red.

The afternoon was flying away, and the two strangers had scarcely the time for a walk upon the pier, where one or two colliers were lying. They passed these vessels, and stood upon the farthest and extreme point, with the quiet winter sea about them, separating them from the rest of the world. "I think," said Bessy, "that I like this best of all. Why doesn't everybody go to the sea-side in these months? Our New England Nature is not so unkind a step-mother to us descendants of the wandering English as we are apt to think."

"Come," said Anastasia; "let us see the scow in the little harbor; we must resign ourselves to looking at the steam-engine on board it, which we don't understand, rather than at the sea, which we think we do. We must go and inquire whether all granite is packed in wood and clamps, or only the pieces we see."

This, it appeared, was the proper way of packing granite; and it was then hoisted on board ship by means of a steam-engine on the scow at which Nancy had been looking. Much of the stock, it seemed, was meant for the Baltimore Post-office; some of it, as at Rockport, was going to New Orleans. But not as much is shipped in winter as at other seasons.

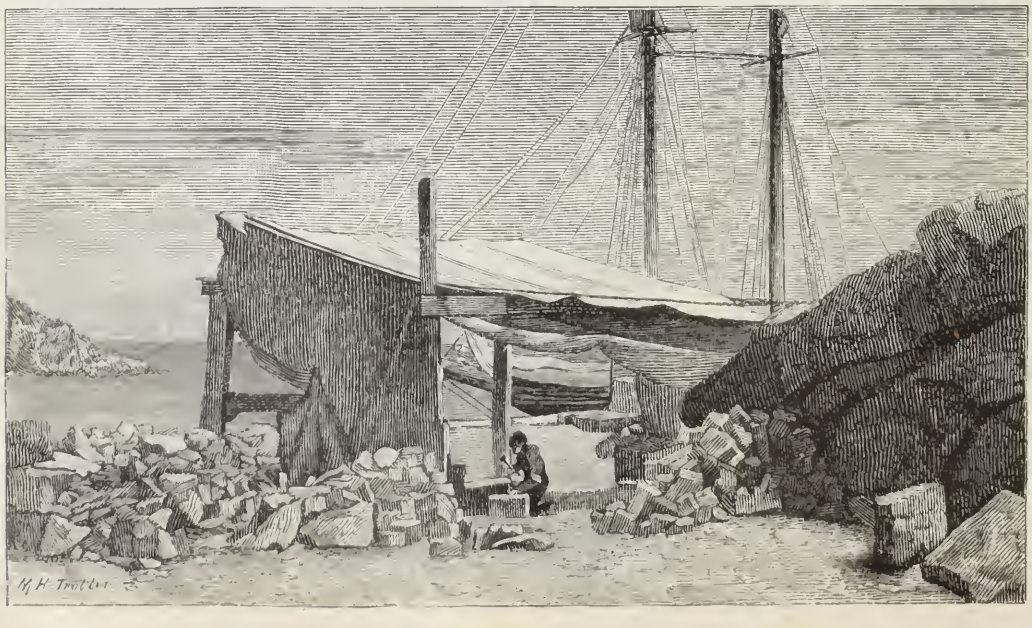
While their horse was being harnessed the travellers warmed their cold hands in the office of the company, and asked all sorts of questions, which were kindly answered. The workmen were many of them foreign, it seemed; the quarrymen, Italian, French-Canadian, and Irish; the cutters, English, Scotch, Irish, and Americans. They were a good and peaceable set, Anastasia was told, and there was not a policeman in Bay View village. So, when the carriage was ready, and the two wrapped themselves up once more for their long drive, they had not only thanks but respect for the workmen who had been so good to them. Back they drove through the late afternoon, in which the country grew more and more beautiful; past the boats in the gardens, past the children skating in an old quarry-pit, past ice cascades and willows turned golden in the late daylight, and the faithful red velvet fruit which stays all winter long upon the bare sumac-trees. Here is the Rockport station again. Once more they are in the train, and in a fiery sunset the day goes out.

"I'm glad we went," said Bessy.

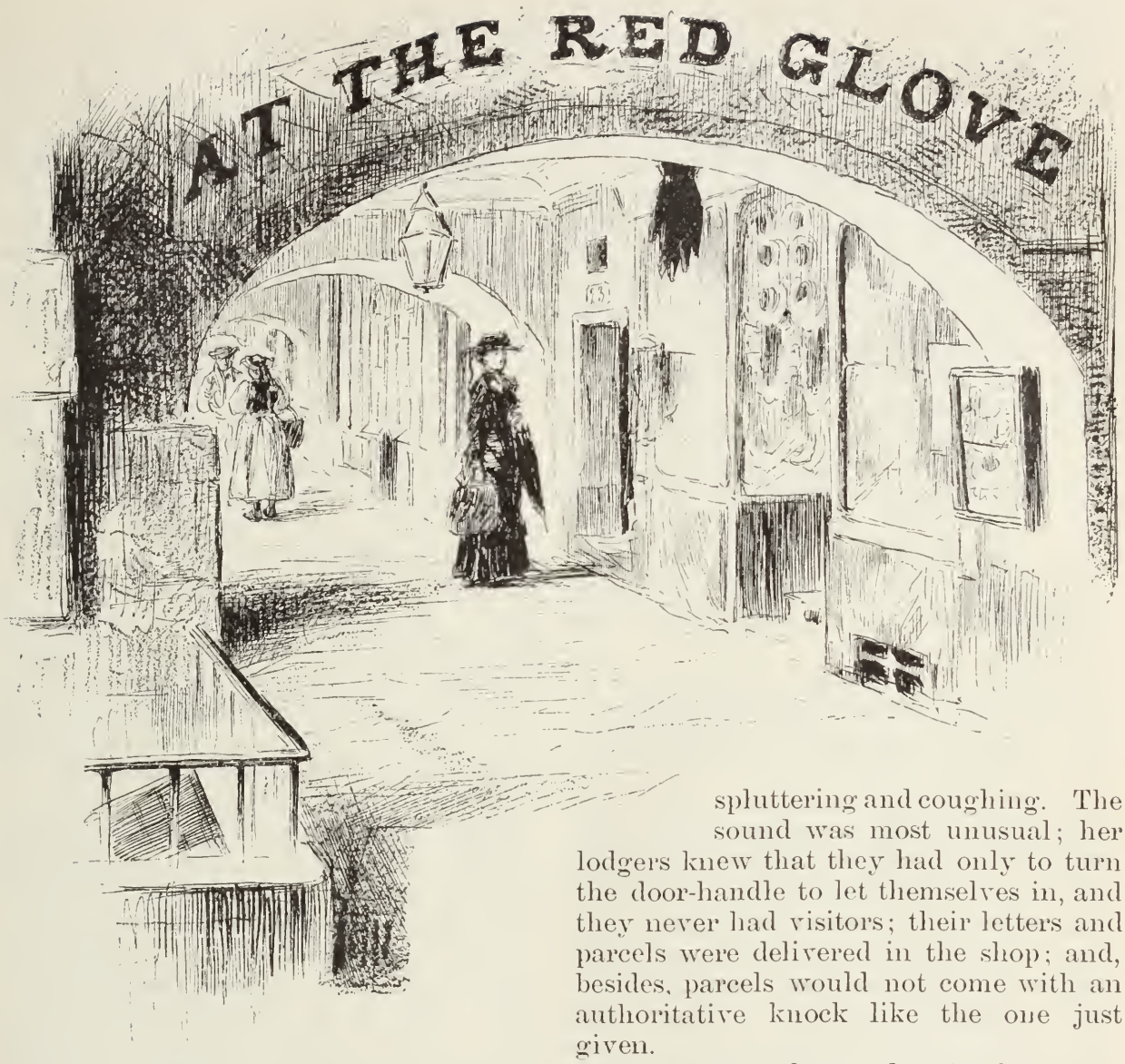
"Then you don't think I was foolish to come?" said Anastasia.

"I never was happier," said Bessy.

"Nor I," said Nancy; "but, dear me, how bad my sketches are!"



CHIPPING TENT.



CHAPTER XIV.

UNEXPECTED IN ALL WAYS.

DINNER was just over at the Red Glove. Marie had gone back to her place behind the counter; and Madame Bobineau had returned to the little room behind the shop. After pulling the curtain across her spy-window and bolting the door, she had just taken from a little cupboard the remains of her last night's supper—a cornet of pastry filled with whipped cream.

She had had a sleepless night pondering what might come of the unlucky meeting with Monsieur Engemann and of Marie's indiscreet revelations to Captain Loigerot. She had not by any means forgiven Marie, and had scarcely spoken to her; and now, as she greedily crammed the cream into her toothless mouth, she sadly wondered if it would be the last dainty she should receive from Madame Carouge.

A knock at the private door made her start and almost choke. She got up, spluttering and coughing. The sound was most unusual; her lodgers knew that they had only to turn the door-handle to let themselves in, and they never had visitors; their letters and parcels were delivered in the shop; and, besides, parcels would not come with an authoritative knock like the one just given.

By this time she stood at the door, and, turning the handle, she opened it.

There stood before her a vision that made her totter so that she leaned against the wall for support.

It was Madame Carouge, pale and grave, but looking beautiful as ever, in a charming little bonnet. She was, of course, in black, a rich lace scarf carelessly draped around her graceful shoulders.

She went forward into the dark entrance without waiting to be invited, her beauty and the costly silk and lace about her in incongruous contrast with the mean surroundings. It was as if a graceful swan were to sail proudly along some muddy ditch by the road-side.

But Madame Bobineau's wits quickly came back to her.

"This is indeed an honor, madame," she said.

She hurried after her guest, and she pushed wide open the door of her little sitting-room. "*Mon Dieu!*" she said to

herself, "what a mercy that I had eaten up the pastry!"

There was the empty plate on the table, but the room was perfectly neat.

"Ah! madame, this condescension is adorable." She drew forward her one easy-chair. "If I had only known I was to have the pleasure of this visit, I would have been prepared."

She kept her keen eyes fixed on her visitor, and she saw that although Madame Carouge smiled, there was a constraint in her manner she was not accustomed to see there.

"This visit is not to you, Madame Bobineau; I come to see your cousin. I am interested in her." Her full upper lip curved with scorn at the alarm that showed for an instant in the old woman's face. "Shall we go into the shop, or will mademoiselle come to me here?" she said, politely.

Madame Bobineau put up her hand in deprecation. "I will go and fetch her," she said; "she shall come directly if she is not serving."

"And if she is, you can take her place," the beautiful woman said. She looked round the mean room with repugnance rather than with pity. She had only called once before on Madame Bobineau, and then she had seen her in the shop. The pinched, bare aspect of the place vexed her; it took her back to the time when she too and her mother were alarmed at the rare advent of a visitor, and suffered shame afterward at having been seen in their shabby every-day gowns.

But in a moment or so Madame Carouge unbent her brows and smiled at her own disturbance. She wondered—as if she were some one else—why this fresh idea should have dawned on the trouble she had been struggling with ever since last night—a trouble which in morning light she had told herself was a folly; and then had come Lenoir's story confirming the warning her fears had given. While she sat listening statue-like before her glass, Madame Carouge had told herself that the only way to end such a folly was to uproot it.

She did not doubt Rudolf Engemann. It was an insult to him to suppose his love so light that a chance meeting with another woman could turn it away from her. While Captain Loigerot had spoken of Marie, an idea had come to her, and she resolved, if possible, to act upon it.

"Possible!"—she smiled at herself—"do not I know what young girls are like? they want liberty and ease and as much pleasure as money can give them; and a girl who has been brought up in a convent will have fewer desires than I had; she will consider me a benefactress."

Still, the expression on her face was not that of perfect content as she sat looking at the glass door. It was, however, the other door that opened, and Madame Bobineau came in, followed by Marie.

The girl was impressed at first sight by the grand-looking lady sitting opposite her. Madame Carouge half rose, bent her head slightly in acknowledgment of the girl's deferential bow, and then they looked at one another.

There was a striking contrast between them. Marie's cream-white skin, with the faintest tinge stealing into her cheeks, was like a pale Malmaison rose, while the rich color that spread over Madame Carouge's golden complexion at sight of so much beauty likened her to the flame tint of a pomegranate blossom.

There was no contrast in the feelings of these two well-grown women—each felt an instinctive dislike to the other. It manifested itself, however, in different ways.

Marie felt at once oppressed and ill at ease. She hung her head and became self-conscious, and awkward, standing there under the gaze of those brilliant eyes, and she longed to go back to the shop.

Madame Carouge forced a smile, and strove to be extra gracious.

"I hope you like Berne, mademoiselle, and that you wish to remain here. It is a charming town, is it not?"

Her courteous yet patronizing tone made Marie feel very far off indeed from her questioner.

"Yes, madame, it is a very beautiful town."

Madame Carouge smiled again. She saw that the girl was not fascinated by her, and that it was necessary to be friendly with her.

"Dear Madame Bobineau," she said, "we must all try to make Berne as pleasant as possible to your little cousin. Will you bring her to see me to-morrow evening—there will be only a few old friends. I hope mademoiselle will give me the pleasure of including her among them."

It was so pleasantly said, in that soft, mellow voice, that Marie melted.

"Thank you, madame, you are very kind;" then she remembered that she had only the brown linen gown she had worn yesterday. She looked helplessly at Madame Bobineau; the old woman was looking inquisitively at Madame Carouge; she had no belief in this sudden kindness to Marie. She was puzzled and taken by surprise; but if the widow had asked her just then to go up in a balloon, she would have consented.

"Madame is indeed kind—kindness itself. You must excuse Marie, madame. She is thinking about her dress, I fancy. You had better go back to the shop, child," she said to Marie. "I know madame will excuse you."

Madame Carouge held out her hand. "I will say *au revoir*, mademoiselle, till to-morrow. We will say eight o'clock, if you please."

Marie put her cold hand into the widow's elegantly gloved one, and disappeared through the curtained entrance with a sigh of relief.

Madame Bobineau was bursting with curiosity, but her visitor left off smiling. Her beautiful eyes were terribly angry as they looked straight at the old woman. Madame Bobineau actually crouched under this mute rebuke, and sat huddled in her chair.

"You wished to give me a surprise, I suppose. You must know as well as I, Madame Bobineau, that the girl is very handsome—that she is not fit to be in such a shop as yours is for a day. What can you be thinking of?"

Her voice was no longer mellow; it struck sharp and ringing on the reddened ears of her companion. The old woman pressed her dark, skinny hands together.

"What can I do?" she said, abjectly. "What can a poor old woman like me do? How can I help the child's looks? If madame will only have the goodness to advise."

"I did advise you, and instead of keeping the girl quiet and out of sight till I had found a husband for her, you have, I hear, been taking her into public, and allowing her to walk about with young men. *Mon Dieu*, Madame Bobineau, you are not fit to guide a young girl."

It was surprising to see how her beautiful face cleared when she had poured out her wrath in this pelting fashion; she had somewhat got rid of, in words, the vexation which oppressed her. She thought that the old woman deserved to suffer for her ingratitude to her.

Madame Bobineau pulled out a snuffy pocket-handkerchief and hid her face behind it.

"Oh! is it not too hard," she said, "that gossips should tell tales, and try to rob a poor old woman of one of the few friends she possesses? Indeed, madame" —she gave a sob—"I thought I was doing a Christian duty in giving the child amusement in taking her to see the bears, and when we met Monsieur Engemann I pretended not to see him, and turned away to avoid him. How could he or I help it, madame, when that little forward chit asked him to put her in front that she might see better?"

Madame Carouge sat silent, her eyes fixed on the ground, while the old woman kept dabbing her eyes with her handkerchief.

"If she is so forward," she said at last, very gravely, "I am afraid it will not do to propose her to Captain Loigerot. A man of his years will require very circumspect behavior in his wife."

"Captain Loigerot! Do you consider him a man likely to marry, my dear lady? Ah, what a charming bonnet you have on, to be sure! No need to ask if it comes from Paris."

But Madame Carouge would not unbend. Her voice continued to have a dry, sarcastic tone in it to which her listener was unaccustomed.

"Monsieur Loigerot has asked me to find him a wife, and he is certain to accept the person I propose to him. Of course, if you have other plans for the girl—" She rose from her seat and looked at the old woman.

Madame Bobineau's face did not show the willingness she expected. She hesitated; she was not sure that she was willing. Captain Loigerot's money paid the rent of her house, and he was always satisfied. If he took Marie away, she should lose him as a lodger, and she should have to pay a shop-girl. On the other hand, she should not have to make a provision for Marie. This last consideration had, however, little weight. Madame Bobineau could no more help hoarding than she could help breathing, and she knew that Marie was already provided for by the savings she had accumulated. Of necessity she must leave those savings behind her, but she would not yield up a centime of them toward a mar-

"STAND STILL, CHILD, WHILE I MEASURE YOUR SKIRT."—[SEE PAGE 570.]

riage portion; the very thought made her hair rise on her forehead. But it was urgent not to offend the widow. She rose when Madame Carouge did.

"Did I not say I would follow your advice, my dear, kind friend? If you will only have the goodness to sit down again, I will tell you what I think. I am only a poor, stupid old woman, and such a grand proposal as this takes my wits away."

"No, you are not stupid, Madame Bobineau, and you must see the advantage of such a marriage for Marie. Listen," she went on, impatiently. "The captain has a house and a field, two chestnut woods, an olive grove, and he has money enough to live on besides these sources of income."

Madame Bobineau's eyes glittered, and she licked her lips in a stealthy fashion; then she took a huge pinch of snuff.

"He is some years too old for Marie, is he not, madame?" she said.

"Great heavens?"—Madame Carouge tapped the floor with her foot—"if people suit in other ways, what can age signify? An old husband often makes a girl happier than a young one does; he is more easily satisfied. But I forgot myself"—she looked fixedly at Madame Bobineau's shifting, bead-like eyes—"if the girl is forward, I can not advise Monsieur Loigerot to marry her. I am sorry, for indeed I felt I was doing you a good turn."

Madame Bobineau shook her hands in desperation. "You mistook me, madame," she said; "I only meant that the girl should have waited her turn. No, indeed, she is not bold. Did I not tell you she refused to measure those gentlemen for the size of their gloves? No, no; that can not be brought against her. But, madame, my fear is that a gentleman in the position of Captain Loigerot will require a marriage portion."

The widow stood thinking; her impatient look had faded into melancholy. "I will see about that," she said; "I will talk to the captain this evening, and propose the matter to him. I can then present him formally to you and to Mademoiselle Marie to-morrow evening. You had better not speak to the girl beforehand; let the captain plead for himself." She smiled faintly. "Now I wish you good-day."

"Yes, madame."

She affected not to see Madame Bobineau's offered hand. With a graceful nod, she gathered her lace scarf round her, and walked down the dingy passage into the arcaded street. "That is settled," she said, and her beautiful face looked serene again.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WIDOW'S PROPOSAL.

Captain Loigerot had felt dull when he waked that morning. There was a weight on his spirits, and he soon became aware that it was caused by the remembrance of last night's indiscretion.

"Why in Heaven's name did I go and chatter to Madame Carouge? I might have known that it is never safe to venture too near the edge of anything. See, friend Achille, what fool-hardiness has led you into. . . . That widow's eyes blazed up like a torch, and then I knew that I looked like a fool, and I who all these years have kept clear of any quarrel. Who knows what she may not say to Engemann? I'll swear she made a guess at the truth. A woman like that is the devil."

He went every morning to be shaved by Monsieur Lenoir; usually he enjoyed the bright talk of the little bird-like hairdresser, who had a way of hopping from one subject to another in a brisk, airy way that carried out the likeness his face suggested. But to-day Lenoir's talk, instead of weighing so lightly that Loigerot had forgotten it by the time he had finished his cigar, hung upon his listener like a bag of heavy stones which he was forced to carry away with him, for Lenoir had repeated the substance of his morning interview with Madame Carouge, and feeling angry at the balk she had administered to his curiosity, the little hair-dresser described her evident vexation with much exaggeration, and declared that there was no hope that she would forgive Rudolf Engemann.

"Serve him right, too. I always said that he had no serious intentions; he is too young, and—and uninformed to be the husband of such a woman."

And the captain had answered, sighing, "Yes, yes, there is no one in Berne who is worthy of her; but I hope she will forgive Engemann."

Lenoir stopped in the act of stropping the razor with which he had been shaving.

"Ma foi, monsieur"—he drew up his little body—"Madame Carouge need not have gone far to find a suitable husband;

but for my part I do not believe she had any attachment to this silent young giant. Women are weak enough to admire carcass"—he put his head on one side and stuck out his peaked chin. "What else, I ask you, could have persuaded a comely woman like Madame Riesen, with a head of gray hair such as you seldom see, to take up with that raw-boned, cadaverous, bald-headed"—he caught sight of Loigerot's astonished face and checked himself. "You understand, monsieur, I speak of the outside only. Monsieur Riesen is my very good friend and customer—so far, at least, as a man can be called a customer who wears a mass of gray stubble which he calls a beard. Good-day, monsieur."

This was in answer to the captain's farewell. Loigerot wanted to get away from the splenetic hair-dresser, whom he was accustomed to consider as gay as a butterfly, but who was to-day as stinging as a wasp.

"His digestion is out of order; there is perhaps something amiss with the weather," the captain said, "and it disturbs Lenoir as it disturbed me."

After breakfast the captain took a long walk, his usual panacea when anything had gone amiss with him, and he came back much more cheerful than he had started. He kept away from Berne as long as he could; he did not want to see Rudolf, or Madame Bobineau, or even Marie: any one of the three would remind him of the vexation that might still be reserved for him in the shape of a quarrel between the widow and her young admirer; he felt, too, that Engemann had shown unnecessary attention to Marie, for Lenoir had watched the young couple, and had dwelt at length on the animated nature of their conversation.

"Still, that might not have been Engemann's fault," the good-natured man thought. "Marie, I believe, is always animated. I'll be bound, when she gets at her ease, she can be as frisky as a young lamb."

This last was a pleasanter reflection, and it helped to keep up his spirits through the dinner at the Beauregard till the end of the first course.

As Moritz handed him a dish of stewed peaches, he whispered that madame wished to have the pleasure of a few minutes' talk when monsieur should be quite disengaged. Loigerot lost his appetite at once; his indiscretion came back vividly, and he felt sure he was going to be mixed up in the quarrel.

"Women are the devil," he said again, "and I certainly knew that long ago." He left the table before the others, and hurried down-stairs.

Madame Carouge received him very graciously. Then, after a few words of course, she said, "Monsieur"—she gave him the rare, sweet smile which so fascinated Rudolf Engemann—"some time ago you honored me with a confidence. You said if I could find you a suitable wife you would like to marry."

"Yes, madame."

But though Loigerot spoke politely, there was no alacrity in his tone. Since he had seen Marie the idea of the "suitable" wife had lost its interest for him, had become a something for which he could wait another year or so. It would be much pleasanter meanwhile to walk and talk with this bright girl who had at present eclipsed, in his estimation, the prettiest nurse-maids on the Münster Platz.

Madame Carouge saw that he was indifferent, but she had not time to indulge in questioning. She went on, calmly:

"I have not forgotten your wish, monsieur, though it is possible I may have seemed to you slow and neglectful."

"Ah, madame—"

But the widow went on: "I rejoice to tell you I have found some one to whom I think only one objection can be made: she has no marriage portion."

The captain was a liberal soul; he had not expected money with a wife; but as he had changed his mind about marriage, this objection seemed to offer him deliverance from the widow's proposal.

"Well, madame"—he cleared his throat—"it is desirable that she should not be without a portion. I have a little property, it is true, and I hope by economy to increase its value; but, on the other hand, I might die soon after marriage, and then a lady who has been used to her comforts, and so on, would be in a better position if she had also some money of her own, and—and"—puffing out his cheeks—"in short, she might have more than herself to provide for."

Madame Carouge felt mischievous; she had studied her companion carefully during all these months, and she understood his weak points.

"It is true, monsieur. I fear I must try

again. Perhaps I was altogether wrong in my choice. If you had passed over the want of a marriage portion, you might have objected on the score of age. You desired, I think, a lady about thirty-five; now I fear the lady I am thinking of would not fit that age by seventeen or eighteen years."

Loigerot reddened, and stuffed both hands into his pockets, till he looked more like a ball than ever.

"Madame"—he bowed—"I—I named that age because it is hardly possible that a younger woman would bring herself to take me as a husband; but it is the limit; I will not marry an old woman, madame. Ciel!"—his little eyes were fierce as he stared at the widow—"the wife you suggest to me must be more than fifty—"

He stopped—his voice had been thick with anger, and now that he had blustered it out, he felt conscious that this was not quite the way in which he ought to speak to Madame Carouge. He looked shamefacedly out of the corner of his eye.

The widow did not seem affronted; she was pressing her handkerchief against her lips; but she took it away, and answered, pleasantly:

"How could it be possible, monsieur, that I should fall into such a grievous mistake as that? *You* married to an old woman! *Mon Dieu!* that would be a catastrophe. No, no, the difference of age to which I fear you may object is the other way. The young girl I am thinking of is but seventeen or eighteen; but then, as she has no money, she would not suit. But it is no matter; it was a silly fancy of mine; only I thought you would make the poor child so much happier than—than Madame Bobineau does."

The widow had been attentively watching the captain's face, and the change in it as she ended was so startling that once more she hastily pressed her handkerchief to her lips to hide a smile. His expression had changed from anger to perplexity, but as she finished, a sudden look of delight broadened his face, his eyes closed till they were mere slits, and every hair of his mustache and imperial quivered.

"Madame, is it possible that you are speaking of Mademoiselle Marie?" he said, stuttering with eager haste to get his words out. "But no; I can not flatter myself that one so young, so beautiful—"

The look of intense scorn on Madame Carouge's face stopped him.

"Monsieur," she said, gravely, "Mademoiselle Marie is not beautiful, and I was younger than she is when I married your friend Carouge."

Loigerot stared at her, open-mouthed with wonder. Sitting erect on her sofa, she looked, he thought, like a queen to whom even a noble might rightly offer homage; then he thought of loud-voiced Carouge, with his red nose and clumsy figure—he must surely have been thirty years older than his beautiful young wife. Loigerot had been puzzled when first he saw his friend's widow, and now he felt inquisitive.

"Pardon me, madame, but did you marry Carouge to please yourself?"

"Certainly, monsieur," she said, sharply; "and the little Marie will marry you for the same reason. In your case," she said, with emphasis, "she will find in her husband not only an indulgent protector who will give her liberty and luxury to which she is not accustomed, but she will also gain a pleasant and affectionate companion. Bah!"—she smiled gayly at him—"have no fear, monsieur, the little girl will adore you when she is your wife."

The captain grew red under his bronze skin, his little eyes shone with excitement; he licked some stray hairs off his lips, and rubbed his hands softly together.

"I do not know how to thank you, madame"—he put one hand on his broad chest. "But—but—will you—may I ask you to add to your goodness by taking the first steps in this matter!"

Madame Carouge put her head on one side, and looked at him curiously.

"I thought, monsieur, you said you were not now in a hurry to marry."

The captain laughed. "Pardon me"—he cleared his throat—"that was with regard to some one nearer my own age. I am not old, madame; I am not fifty yet; but I feel that I can not be too young for the charming bride you propose to me, and I should like to lose as little time as possible in making her my wife."

Madame Carouge leaned back and laughed heartily. "Bravo! it is delightful to see so ardent a lover." Then she held up a finger and shook her head reprovingly. "I am not sure that you have not been acting for yourself, monsieur, and while you pretended to be guided by me, you have actually chosen your wife. Well,

men are born deceivers, you know. Now listen, for Moritz will be here in a moment: I propose to ask Madame Bobineau, Mademoiselle Marie, and a few other friends to a little soirée to-morrow evening. I hope you will honor me with your presence, and ingratiate yourself with the young lady. If she suits you, I will tell you how to proceed further."

The captain's jocund face lengthened. "To-morrow! ah!" he sighed. "I have promised to go to Bâle for a day or two on business connected with my inheritance."

Madame Carouge was silent. Presently she said: "I am superstitious about delays, but I suppose this can not be helped. To-day is Monday: can you be back by Thursday evening?"

"On Thursday I am at your service, and I tender you my thanks in advance. But do you think Madame Bobineau will consent to this marriage?"

He looked grave, for it occurred to him that the old woman might demur to the double loss of her first-floor lodger and her shop-girl.

"You had better leave Madame Bobineau to me," said the widow, confidently. "I answer for her consent; my only doubt was whether you would condescend to marry this young, portionless girl. You are an excellent man, Captain Loigerot."

He looked at her inquiringly; he did not feel that he deserved praise, and he began to think he had been very impulsive; but the fascination of Madame Carouge's manner had carried him off his feet. "After all," he said to himself, as he stood reflecting, "I can not be held bound until I have actually proposed for the girl."

"Madame," he said aloud; "I return you my most devoted thanks"—he took the hand she offered and brushed it with his coarse mustache. "I have been thinking, however, that it will be better to say nothing to Mademoiselle Marie herself until after your soirée."

The widow was enchanted.

"Quite right, monsieur: you are as wise as you are kind," she said. "I see you understand the feelings of a shy young girl. In my opinion a formal presentation of you as her intended husband might only flutter and alarm the little Marie. Let her become accustomed to you, and then choose your own time for speaking of the marriage."

CHAPTER XVI.

MARIE'S NEW GOWN.

BEFORE Captain Loigerot left Madame Carouge she gave him a message for Madame Bobineau, informing her that the soirée to which she had been invited was deferred until Thursday evening.

This was a relief to the old woman. She felt that Marie must be properly dressed for such a great event, and she had trembled at the prospect of having to buy at least a skirt ready made. She had intended to sally forth that evening to a cheap drapery shop at the farther end of the town, so as to make as economical a bargain as possible. Now this was unnecessary. She possessed, hoarded away upstairs, a piece of soft gray cashmere which she had never had courage to make up for herself till she had become too old to wear so light a color. It had come to her husband in the way of business, and he had given it to her.

She had scarcely spoken to Marie after Madame Carouge's visit, and the girl had been unusually silent, partly from a shame-stricken consciousness of her own vehemence, and partly because she wanted to avoid any talk about the beautiful widow.

At supper-time, however, the old woman praised her visitor, and dwelt much on her condescension in including Marie in the invitation to the soirée.

The girl was silent for a while; she did not want to provoke a fresh dispute. At last she said, "I do not wish, madame, to go to this party."

Madame Bobineau looked at her severely, and her lips parted; then she checked herself; there was no use in irritating the girl when so much depended on her docility. She took a pinch of snuff.

"You are thinking of your dress, child; that is all settled; I intend to give you a new one."

Marie's eyes brightened. It would be very pleasant to have a new gown, she thought, and she felt more reconciled to the idea of the party.

"How kind you are, madame! Thank you very much." She began to wonder whether Monsieur Engemann would be at Madame Carouge's soirée; she hoped he would not be there; she could not feel at ease with him, after all Madame Bobineau had said.

As she left the house that evening it

seemed to her that the Red Glove hanging in front of the shop looked swollen and a deeper red than usual; she almost fancied the thumb pointed at her, and she hurried away shivering.

"What a goose I am!" she said.

Next morning was dull and cloudy. There was no use in going to the platform beyond her lodging, her beloved mountains would be invisible; and Marie seated herself before her little table and tried to begin a letter to the Superior of St. Esprit. She was determined to leave Berne, but she would not do anything hasty or foolish—anything that might grieve her kind friends in the convent. Her plan was to tell the Superior she wished to return to her, and then to submit to the advice she might receive. But when she had written the date at the top of her paper she put down her pen, and a warm blush rose in her face. She had actually not been a week in Berne. She had not given four whole days' trial to her new life, and already she wanted to give it up. She had reached the Red Glove on Friday morning, and this was Tuesday.

"I am only a great baby." She tried to smile, but her lips quivered so that she felt tears were not far off. She struggled for self-control. "Yes, I am silly. Because it is not all as nice as I expect at once, I want to change to something else."

She looked round her room. It might be worse. She had told Madame Bobineau about the ugly cracks, and the old woman had routed out some odd pieces of wall-paper, and had given them to Marie, with a jar of paste and a brush. It was wonderful to see the effect which this somewhat party-colored but fresh-looking decoration had produced. Marie replaced the cork in her little ink bottle.

"I will wait a whole fortnight, and then perhaps I shall be happier. It is kind of the old cousin to give me a gown."

Although she shrank from Madame Carouge's patronage, Marie had never been to a party, and she felt rather excited in looking forward to it, and it would be very pleasant to wear the new gown.

"I hope it will fit," she said. "I wonder how it will get made?"

By this time she was due at the Red Glove, and she set out quickly on her way thither. As she drew near the shop she saw Captain Loigerot issue from the house; he carried a bag. Marie checked her pace, but the captain turned in the direction of the railway station. There was no fear of meeting him, so she went on again quickly to the shop entrance.

As she reached it Monsieur Engemann came out of the house door. He stopped and held out his hand, and Marie placed hers in it.

"Good-morning, mademoiselle; I hope you are well," he said, with a bright smile that made the girl feel ashamed of her angry doubts respecting him.

She returned his greeting, but she was not at ease; the simple confidence of yesterday had gone from her manner, and Engemann saw that her eyes looked on to the shop as if she were anxious to leave him.

"She is late, I suppose," he thought, and he bowed and passed on.

Marie was not late; she was thinking of Madame Bobineau, whom she sometimes found in the shop when she reached it. She did not want to open the day with a quarrel, and she felt that the old woman might fancy this meeting had been arranged. She was relieved to find the shop empty. Her entrance, however, was noticed. The spider was on guard.

"Marie, come in here," cried Madame Bobineau, from the curtained door of her room.

Marie went in. The old woman pointed to a roll of cachemire on her table.

"What do you say to that, child?" she said. Her face was puckered with excitement, for indeed it seemed to her that she was bestowing on Marie a gift of great value.

"It is very pretty," Marie said.

"It is lovely, child; it is for you. Madame Carouge has sent to say that the party is put off till Thursday. Can you make yourself a gown of that stuff by Thursday if I mind the shop now and then, eh?"

"Oh, thank you!" The girl's eyes glistened. She was ready to kiss Madame Bobineau, but the old woman had turned away. "It is very kind of you, madame. Oh yes, I can make it. I made this one." Then she looked grave. "It is true that Sœur Monique cut it and fitted it, but I did all the sewing." Her under lip dropped, she felt nervous as she looked at the pretty stuff.

The old woman raised her eyebrows. "Those Sisters only turn out machines. Long before I was your age, Marie, I could cut, fit, and sew everything I wore. Why, Bobineau never went to a tailor after he

married me." She thought a minute. "Stand still, child, while I measure your skirt. There, that will do. You can slip off the gown presently, and I will measure the body—or, stay, I will do it at once, and then it will be done: there is little chance of a customer so early."

Marie took off her gown, and stood wondering at the old woman's rapid dexterity. It seemed to her that in less than half the time that Sister Monica had taken to cut out the body of her gown, Madame Bobineau had got both body and skirt ready for working on.

"Take this into the shop," she said, giving the body to Marie, with needle and thread. "You can tack the pieces together, ready for fitting, while I sew at the skirt."

Marie went back to the shop in a flutter of pleasure. She was so surprised she could hardly believe that the old woman had been in earnest, and she felt ashamed as she touched the soft, fine stuff, and again admired its color. Certainly she had wronged Madame Bobineau; her cousin had a bad temper, but she must be very generous.

"Well, I wonder what sort of a temper I should have had if I had not had the example of good and gentle people? I was angry enough yesterday."

Marie hung her head penitently over her work, and tacked as fast as she could. For the time the delight of the beautiful new gown had effaced her meeting with Monsieur Engemann.

He had gone on to the Beauregard. After breakfast he strolled up to the little fountain in the hall; he meant to have a chat with Madame Carouge. Loigerot was away, and he had left his two fellow-clerks still busy at breakfast. There was no fear of gossip this morning. But when Engemann looked in at the glass-fronted parlor, there was only Zizi chirping loudly. Madame Carouge was not to be seen.

Five minutes ago the young man had not been quite sure that he wished to see the widow. Now that he could not see her he felt a pang of regret. All at once it occurred to him that he had been very ungrateful in his avoidance of her. He had begun it from a praiseworthy motive, but yesterday he had been sensible of a change in his feeling toward Madame Carouge; he had passed the turning leading into the fern-shaded space beside the little fountain without any glowing wish to feast his eyes on the beautiful picture her charms used to offer to his fascinated gaze; the spell she exercised over him had seemed broken. To-day, however, he reproached himself for his indifference, and he longed to see her again.

"She knew nothing about the gossip," he said. "She must have wondered at not seeing me; she is thinking me capricious and unfriendly; and I am so. Well, I can not wait to see her now, but I will make up for it this evening."

And then as he went on to the bank he wondered whether Madame Carouge was ill. This was the first time he had ever missed seeing her in her parlor. Why had he not asked Moritz? He had behaved like a brute.

The truth was that the widow had heard his footstep—she well knew the firm tread—and she had retreated. She had not quite determined whether she would ask him to her party, and she was afraid of trusting herself with him till she had finally decided. It might cure him of any fancy for Madame Bobineau's cousin, she thought, if he understood that the captain meant to marry her.

The sight of the old glover's "little cousin" had given the widow a sharper pang than she chose to confess to. On her way home she had told herself that her own love for Rudolf Engemann made her attach undue importance to the little anecdote of his kindness to Marie. He was so good and amiable it was but natural he should try to be of use to this young stranger.

When she recalled Marie's shy awkwardness it seemed that the best cure for Engemann, supposing he had taken a fancy to the girl, would be found in seeing Marie beside herself. But this thought was only momentary. Madame Carouge loved Rudolf too dearly to have undue confidence in her power of pleasing him. Besides, it was possible—probable even—that this country girl might have been fascinated by Engemann, and that his presence might interfere with Monsieur Loigerot's success with her. When this view presented itself to Madame Carouge her hesitation about asking Rudolf ended; she had promised to help the captain, and she had no right, she told herself, to do anything to hinder the progress of his wooing.

Still it was a disappointment not to ask the young Swiss; she knew how greatly she should have enjoyed his society; but

she must be self-denying for Captain Loigerot's sake. At the same time it must be confessed that she had invited the Riesens, and although she snubbed the clockmaker, she dreaded his penetration. It would be safer not to expose Monsieur Engemann to the risk of meeting Marie under his eyes. She had asked the ex-captain to keep his own invitation a secret. She wished, she said, to have only a small, quiet gathering, and there were just a few acquaintances who might feel themselves aggrieved by being left out, etc., etc. Still, although there was little chance that Rudolf Engemann would hear of the soirée, she preferred to avoid him till it was over. But she felt sore and disappointed at having to do this, and it added to the jealousy she already felt about Marie. She had contradicted the captain's assertion, but Madame Carouge owned frankly to herself that the girl was handsome.

"She might even look beautiful if she were properly dressed," she said. "When she is Madame Loigerot I will be kind to her, and teach her how to dress. Yes, I mean to be very kind to her."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SOIRÉE.

Madame Bobineau had said to her cousin, when they left the Red Glove, "Follow me; don't look about you; and when we arrive, do exactly what you see me do."

"Yes," Marie said; but when she reached the Hôtel Beauregard she could not help looking about her.

The old woman went on quickly; she did not see the admiring glances which Moritz and a gentleman who was coming down-stairs bestowed on Marie, as the girl lingered for a moment to look at the fern-shaded fountain.

"Upstairs, ladies, if you please," said the waiter.

Moritz went on in front, and when they reached the great landing he opened a door opposite the dining-room, and ushered them into a pretty sitting-room lighted up with wax candles; there were bouquets of flowers on the tables, and on a dumb-waiter in one corner there were plates of pretty little cakes, some iced with chocolate, and some frosted with colored sugar.

Madame Carouge was alone. She had told Madame Bobineau to come early, and now she rose from a sofa and came forward with graceful dignity, her rich black silk skirt trailing behind her. While she stood shaking hands with Madame Bobineau and receiving the old woman's flow of compliments, Marie was gazing at her with delight; she had never even dreamed of beauty like this.

Madame Carouge's dress was simple enough; but to-night, for the first time since her husband's death, she had put on some of the ornaments he had lavished on her; she had chosen the most simple among them—a necklace and bracelets of plain golden scales lapped one over the other like the scales of a serpent, and sending out, as she moved, tongues of brilliant light. There was such a supple grace in this beautiful woman's movements, in the curve of her neck as she turned her head to welcome Marie, that the girl felt subjugated. It seemed to her that velvet could not be richer than the exquisite glow on the widow's cheeks; and how wondrously lustrous were the eyes bent smilingly on her own!

In truth, Madame Carouge's vivid beauty showed like some rich jewel in the dusky setting of her dark hair and sombre dress; not a mere blaze of splendor, but a living, glowing radiance.

If Madame Bobineau had watched the two women gazing into one another's eyes, she would have noted that both expressed the same feeling. Marie had followed her cousin's example, and had put her hat and her white shawl—the only bit of finery she possessed—on the table outside. And she also was a striking figure in her simple pale gown, relieved by lace frilling round her ivory throat and wrists.

Madame Carouge admired the firm round throat, and then her eyes travelled over the pure serene face, the limpid gray eyes, the creamy white of the temples, from which the soft brown hair was gathered in careless waves to a little knot at the back of the head. Madame Carouge sighed. She knew that Marie's tresses could never compare with her own magnificent wealth of dark hair, but there was an unstudied simplicity and freshness about the young girl which she envied.

She gave Madame Bobineau a charming smile as she placed Marie on a sofa beside her old cousin.

"I congratulate you," she said, lowering her mellow voice. "She is perfectly

dressed; that soft clinging stuff suits her exactly." Then going up to one of the nosegays, she pulled from it a small bunch of flesh-colored carnations. "Will you permit me, Mademoiselle Marie?" she said. "If only I had a pin. Ah! thank you, Madame Bobineau."

And just as the opening door gave warning of fresh guests, she had fastened the knot of carnations against Marie's white throat, giving her dress the tinge of color it needed.

Moritz announced Monsieur and Madame Riesen, but his voice was drowned in the gushing greeting with which that lady entered; it so matched with her appearance that it seemed as if she must have begun her speech before the door opened. And when she had at last yielded up Madame Carouge to her husband, she hurried over her greeting to Madame Bobineau that she might get at Marie.

"I am delighted to see you, my dear young lady." She kept the girl's hand in hers, beaming at her so approvingly that Marie's eyes drooped under such open admiration. "Well, well, you are indeed a salve for sore eyes—as fresh as a fountain in full play. Riesen, look here." She turned, and seeing her husband still bending over Madame Carouge's hand, she made a grimace, and spoke in a louder voice. "It is not often, is it, Madame Bobineau, that one sees—what shall I say?—two planets shining at once in Berne? You know, my dear mademoiselle, we Swiss are not famed for our beauty. Are we, Madame Bobineau?"

She glanced down as she made this remark, and thereby became aware that she was not giving universal satisfaction. Madame Bobineau's head had sunk into her neck as a turtle's sinks into its shell. And indeed, except that her face was flat instead of pointed, she did not look at that moment unlike a turtle; her small glittering eyes were quite expressionless, and her dark skin looked tough and creased, as she stared stolidly before her, quite deaf to her friend's appeal.

A gleam of malice shot into Madame Riesen's pale eyes. She bent down and whispered to Marie, so loudly, however, that the mistress of the Red Glove could not escape hearing.

"Never mind, my dear child; your cousin knows you are a beauty as well as I do, but she is afraid I shall turn your head, and"—she nodded her head significantly —"she is afraid the empress over the way may dislike that any one except herself should be flattered. But I for one have too good an opinion of Madame Carouge to suppose she could be so vain."

She had left off whispering, and there had come a pause in her husband's talk with the widow.

"Chut!" said Madame Bobineau. Then, in a tone of fawning politeness, "Will you come and sit beside me, madame?" and she made room at the end of the sofa.

Madame Riesen's last sentence had reached the quick ears of her hostess and Riesen. He was gazing in rapt admiration into Madame Carouge's beautiful eyes, and he saw that she had heard.

"Shall we have the pleasure of seeing Monsieur Engemann this evening, madame?" he said, quickly.

"Well, no, I think not." Madame Carouge did not know what to say in answer to the question which she saw in the clockmaker's face. She knew so well that he would not shrink from uttering it that she said, as if in answer: "I am expecting Captain Loigerot. By-the-bye, I want to give you a hint respecting him—in perfect confidence, you understand."

The last words were heard by Madame Riesen. She was in the act of making Madame Bobineau laugh by a mischievous imitation of Lenoir the hair-dresser, but she stopped at this.

"I am, perhaps, a little in the way," she said to the old woman, and her glance pointed her words. "Confess, now, do you not think Lorenz and our hostess would make a fine couple?" She blinked her eyes to get a tear into them. "I feel I am the only obstacle."

Madame Bobineau smiled grimly. But such talk as this in Marie's presence irritated her more than the flattery which had gone before it.

"You forget Monsieur Engemann." She knew that the jealous wife wanted to be told that she was unreasonable, but she was not inclined to indulge her. "I fancy matters are arranged between him and Madame Carouge."

The clockmaker's wife had recovered herself. The old woman's cynical manner had had the bracing effect such a manner is apt to have on excitable natures, and while wishing she had been less expansive, she registered a grudge to be paid to Madame Bobineau with interest on the first opportunity.

"Rudolf Engemann is a charming fellow indeed," she said, "but between ourselves"—she put her hand beside her mouth, speaking quite loudly enough for Marie to hear if she chose—"I should have thought him suited for something younger"—here she nudged Madame Bobineau with her sharp elbow—"not so far off neither."

But Madame Riesen was not a match for the mistress of the Red Glove. She was less clever, and she had more feeling, and her affection for her husband offered a vulnerable spot which her cynical old gossip was aware of.

Madame Bobineau opened her little eyes to their most surprised extent.

"Dear me! I thought equality of age in marriage was quite an old-fashioned idea. It seems to me that suitability of temper is far more necessary." Madame Riesen winced, but the old woman went on steadily. "Believe me, if a young man marries an inexperienced girl"—she looked at Marie—"they are sure to quarrel. He has always been accustomed to have everything done for him, and he looks for it; she is in the same case. There should be experience on one side or the other."

Madame Riesen looked at her admiringly. "You speak like a book," she said. "I dare say you are right, but in my opinion the experience should be on the side of the husband."

"Chut!" said Madame Bobineau again, for Madame Riesen had gone on talking, heedless of the opening door; and the next moment the short round figure of Captain Loigerot rolled into the room, and stood bowing before Madame Carouge as if she were a queen.

"Permit me, monsieur," she said, rising. "I wish to present you to some old friends, and also to a new one."

The captain's round face expressed unlimited satisfaction as he followed his hostess to the opposite sofa. She wished to take him at once to Marie, but Madame Riesen stopped their progress.

"Ah, Monsieur Loigerot," she said, "you have no eyes for me, and indeed who can wonder? Gray hairs are not attractive—are they, Madame Bobineau?" She nudged her neighbor, and then glancing at her flat brown head, she slightly shrugged her shoulders. "Eh, *mon Dieu*, you have no gray hair; I had forgotten."

Captain Loigerot might have repeated the hair-dresser's compliment, and this would have secured Madame Riesen's alliance; but it must be owned that the brave ex-soldier was in such trepidation at the idea of approaching Marie under these changed circumstances that the room and Madame Riesen seemed to be going round, and he had to press his feet firmly into the carpet to convince himself that he stood upright on his legs.

Madame Bobineau rose and made him a deep courtesy, and this was really helpful; her homage restored his self-respect, and the very action of shaking hands recalled to him Madame Carouge's assurance that he was doing a kindness to the girl in becoming her husband. He had not looked at her till now, and he was completely dazzled by her beauty; he had only seen her under the shadow of her straw hat, and he was not prepared for the distinction which her well-placed head and her pale ivory skin lent to the girl's other attractions. The captain grew red, while he bowed as low as he had just now bowed to Madame Carouge.

"Mademoiselle Peyrolles," said the widow, "will you permit me to present to you my distinguished friend Captain Loigerot, who wishes to make your acquaintance?"

Marie took courage at this. She looked up and smiled, first at the widow, and then at the captain.

"I"—the captain was purple under his bronze skin—"I have already had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Mademoiselle Marie." He puffed out each word more than usual.

"Yes, monsieur."

Marie did not find anything else to say. Madame Carouge's fixed gaze made her feel awkward and self-conscious. She was more shy of her hostess than she was of the captain. To her relief, after saying a few more words to Monsieur Loigerot, Madame Carouge moved on and addressed herself to Madame Riesen.

"Dear madame," she said, "I want to show you my new photograph. You must give me your opinion about it."

Then she moved gracefully across the room, so that Madame Riesen was obliged to rise and follow her.

The mistress of the Red Glove smiled approvingly. She watched the two ladies without turning her head, and when she saw Riesen go up and join them in discussing the merits of the new portrait,

she slid herself quietly into the place just occupied by the clockmaker's wife.

She noticed that Marie and the captain both seemed shy of each other, and it seemed to her they would get on better left to themselves. It is sometimes a fact that the motive power of serving one's own interest quickens perception.

"You must be tired, monsieur," she said, in the humble tones she always used to her first-floor lodger. "Will you not take this place on the sofa?" she pointed to the space between herself and Marie.

"I return you many thanks, madame." The captain made two more bows, one to Madame Bobineau and one to Marie, giving them each a full view of his pink crown, and increasing the color in his face by the exertion.

As soon as he was seated he turned to Marie. He felt in a measure screened from observation, now that his back was toward the room. This surrender of her seat had recalled to him Madame Carouge's hint that he need not look for any opposition on the part of Madame Bobineau.

He heaved a sigh of relief, but as he looked at Marie he became aware that he felt timid and unhopeful; the undertaking was very difficult.

"Courage, Achille!" he said. "Why should a woman be more difficult to win than a town! I never felt like this when I led a storming party."

At that moment the refrain of a song in which he had often joined at the *caserne* flitted through his brain and gave him courage:

"Vive le vin, l'amour, et le tabac!
C'est le refrain du bivouac, le refrain du bivouac."

It seemed to assure him that soldiers are famed for success in love, and that lovemaking was no more difficult than smoking or drinking was. Courage, then; at least he would not be faint-hearted.

"Is mademoiselle—fond—of flowers?" He glanced at the knot of carnations at her throat.

"Yes, I am very fond of flowers, monsieur."

And as she loved flowers dearly, Marie's eyes lighted up with enthusiasm as she looked at them.

The captain pulled at his imperial. "Mademoiselle will then allow me to bring her some flowers?" he said.

A smile had begun to curve Marie's lips. She was wondering why the captain puffed out his words so much more than he did at their last meeting; then she reflected that she had never been to a party before, and that perhaps this was the way in which people talked at parties. She did not like it; it made her feel strange and nervous; but when the captain offered to bring her some, her eyes again shone with pleasure.

"Oh, thank you, monsieur," she said; "you are indeed kind."

The captain was delighted; he felt that this was progress. He half closed his eyes with ineffable satisfaction, and sat blinking at Marie.

"Mademoiselle would like to have a garden of her own?" he said, presently. After all, he began to see that if he could make the girl's life very pleasant, she might be brought to prefer him to the glove shop, or even to a younger man.

Marie smiled gayly and shook her head. "Yes, monsieur, that would be a castle in Spain."

She showed her pretty teeth as she laughed, and the captain longed to kiss her. He liked every one to be merry: what a jocund life he should lead with this lively young creature!

"There is no reason why mademoiselle should not possess a garden," he said, pompously.

"No"—Marie shook her head—"I shall never have one. I think it would be like heaven to have a garden;" and she gazed pensively at the nosegay on the table near her.

Riesen had been watching them for the last five minutes. "I see that Mademoiselle Marie shakes her head at our friend," he said. "I fear that does not promise well for his success. What do you say, ladies?"

His wife's presence had for Riesen effectually destroyed the pleasure of conversation with Madame Carouge. He considered himself an excellent husband, but he also considered himself necessary to the handsome young widow; he was her mentor, the pilot who helped her to steer her course safely among the rocks and quicksands of flirtations and greedy suitors; yet he knew, although he turned his eyes away from the knowledge, that the pleasure of his talks with Madame Carouge was much like that of a school-boy in a forbidden apple-tree; certainly this evening all the special charm that characterized such talks was absent.

"Is it not so, ladies?" he repeated, for his hostess did not answer, and his wife was scrutinizing the couple on the sofa out of her pale gray eyes.

At this fresh appeal Madame Carouge said, with a smile that he felt to be sarcastic:

"Monsieur Loigerot is both discreet and judicious, monsieur; he will not say anything that Mademoiselle Marie can refuse this evening. I am sure you wish him success."

She raised her eyes to his, and Riesen was conquered.

"I wish whatever you wish." He spoke almost in a whisper, but still his wife heard him.

"The captain is surely too old, madame," she said; "he might easily be that child's father. One or other must be unhappy in such a marriage as that will be."

Riesen shrugged his shoulders and moved away. He was disgusted at his wife's want of tact, but he never rebuked her in public.

Madame Carouge, on the contrary, smiled caressingly at her offending guest, and patted her arm.

"You are so romantic, dear Madame Riesen. You must please remember that all the world are not so fortunate as you were. We can not all make love marriages on both sides." Her listener shrank away a little. "Believe me, the captain is not old, and he is very fresh for his age. Moreover, you have only to look at him to see that he is in love; it is a great chance for a poor little shop-girl to attract a man in his position. See how pleased she looks."

As she met Madame Riesen's eyes, the triumph which the captain's success had brought into her own faded. The clock-maker's wife had also a triumphant expression; but there was malice in it, and the malice of a feeble nature is always alarming.

"To look at her"—Madame Riesen gave a careless glance across the room—"you would never imagine her to be a shop-girl, would you? She is the finest girl I have seen for many a day—so fresh and youthful. And what a white skin she has!"—fixing her eyes on madame's brown throat. "How the men must admire it! They do, and I hear she is considered very handsome. Indeed, between ourselves, I have reason to know that she has a younger and far more suitable admirer than our friend the captain."

She looked at Madame Carouge, but the widow's face was expressionless; that look of malice had put her on her guard.

"Really," she said, "you interest me; but is he as well able to keep a wife as the captain is?"

"I do not know"—Madame Riesen spoke crossly. "As you say, I am romantic, my dear friend. I think of love before money in a marriage."

"Then we are agreed," said Madame Carouge, with her fascinating smile, and she moved nearer to where Marie was sitting. She felt curious to know what the captain had been saying to bring that warm glow of pleasure to the girl's cheeks.

Loigerot could hardly take his eyes off Marie, the delicate flush added so much in his eyes to her beauty, but he felt obliged to turn at last to Madame Bobineau.

"I have been asking mademoiselle if she has visited the Schänzli, madame, and she says No. I propose, with your leave, to escort you both there on Sunday evening."

Madame Bobineau turned away from Riesen, who was offering her a glass of sirop from the tray which Moritz had just placed on the table.

"Monsieur is goodness itself," she said, in her fawning voice.

"I thank you, madame." Loigerot was conscious of his power over Madame Bobineau, and he puffed out his words with extra force. "Then it is arranged that I call for you and for mademoiselle on Sunday evening: it will be delightful."

At this, Riesen, who had stood by a silent listener to this arrangement, turned to Madame Carouge.

"The idea of pleasure is infectious," he said, with a fatherly glance at Marie. "The bright anticipation I see in mademoiselle's eyes makes me feel that we too, madame, should try to have a happy day on Sunday. Shall we agree to go to Thun?"

"By all means;" and Madame Carouge for a moment looked almost as young and gay as Marie did.

"It gets late, Lorenz," said Madame Riesen; she tapped her husband's arm with her fan.

"Yes, indeed, it is late," chimed in Madame Bobineau. "Marie, it is time to say good-night."

While they made their adieux the captain whispered to Madame Bobineau, "I may walk home with you?" and the old woman nodded.

"A word with you, monsieur," said Madame Carouge.

But the gallant captain was already outside the door fingering Marie's shawl, so that he might have it ready to put it over her when she came out on to the great landing. Having done this to his satisfaction, he rolled back into the room and caught Madame Riesen sniggering at a joke she had just made at his expense, Madame Carouge, however, came forward gracefully.

"You will excuse me, my kind friend" —he was almost breathless with impatience—"the ladies await me. Good-night, dear madame, and thank you a thousand times for the happiness you have given me."

She held out her hand, and the captain raised it to his lips.

"I congratulate you," she said. "I had intended to give you a few hints as to the conduct of the affair, but it seems to me you are quite able to manage for yourself. *Au revoir*, and good success."

He kissed his fingers to her, and then nodding to the Riesens, he rejoined Marie and Madame Bobineau in such a state of excitement that he missed his footing on the staircase, and but for Moritz's timely aid would have rolled to the bottom.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A CHAT.

So far Rudolf Engemann's female acquaintances in Berne had been limited. He was only intimate with the beautiful widow, and circumstances had brought him in contact with Madame Bobineau and Madame Riesen and one or two others.

It is true that the heads of the bank in which he was a clerk had in turn asked him to dine with them in their châteaux some way out of the town, but the young fellow felt that these had been mere kindnesses shown to him, and that the gulf between him and these wealthy personages was too wide for free intercourse.

Rudolf was not ambitious, and he did not care to strain his ideas so as to force sympathy with people who looked at life from a different stand-point. Perhaps the key to his sudden interest in Marie Peyrolles, apart from the glamour created by her looks, was the fact that he met her on equal ground. She was a shop-girl, but then nothing about her recalled any faults or short-comings connected with that position. She was as modest and as gentle, Rudolf thought, as if his own mother had reared her, and this was the highest praise the young fellow could have bestowed on any woman; but the thought had never occurred to him in connection with Madame Carouge. There was another point of equality with Marie: she had no fortune; she depended on her own exertions for her living. Madame Bobineau had taken good care to make this known to every one, and it gave Engemann a sense of sympathy which he could not feel with his other female acquaintances. These were among the excuses he made to himself on the morning after the party, for he was ashamed of his keen feeling of disappointment when he looked in at the window of the Red Glove and saw that the shop was empty.

It was doubtless owing to this paucity of female friends that Engemann had remained ignorant of the soirée at the Hôtel Beauregard. He had looked in at the Red Glove shop on Wednesday, but he only saw Madame Bobineau, as Marie was sewing hard at her gown in the room behind the curtained door.

Last night when he came out from dinner he saw that Madame Carouge was again absent from her little room, and he had remarked that Captain Loigerot had a flower in his button-hole and was singularly silent. He had also remarked that Moritz drove the dinner on in a very hurried manner, and that there was far less delay than usual between the courses.

Just beyond the hotel, at the corner of the street opposite the Kornmarkt, was a flower shop. There was little show of flowers in the broad window, a plant or two, some dried grasses, and two or three wreaths of immortelles, but even a stranger like Rudolf knew that this shop had a reputation for bouquets, and he had more than once thought whether, in token of gratitude for her kindnesses, he ought not to order a nosegay there and present it to Madame Carouge.

This morning he was about to turn into the hotel to get his breakfast, when he saw Captain Loigerot coming out of the flower shop. He stood for an instant bal-

ancing himself on the door-step, his legs wide apart, and a hand deep down in each pocket; a smile of perfect but indescribable satisfaction broadened his face, while it narrowed his eyes into slits.

Rudolf felt inquisitive. What could the captain want with flowers? And then it occurred to him that it was possible that he too wished to make an offering to Madame Carouge.

He was inclined to cross the street and ask Loigerot what he had been doing, but his reserve made him hesitate. Presently the clockmaker came up and spoke to the captain, and then seeing Engemann in the hotel entrance, they both crossed over to him.

Riesen was laughing heartily, but Loigerot seemed confused.

"Well, well, my friend," the clockmaker said, "I admire you immensely; such promptitude is only to be expected from a soldier, and no one can say you are faint-hearted."

Loigerot looked redder than usual, Engemann thought.

"Why should I be faint-hearted?" the stout man answered. He had not made a confidant of Monsieur Riesen, and he did not care to be ridiculed before Engemann. "I—I"—he pulled at the tuft of hair on his chin. "It seems to me that it would be ungrateful on my part to have hesitation."

Riesen burst into another hearty laugh. "Great heavens! I beg pardon," he said. "I had no notion of your rapidity; that walk home"—he lowered his voice—"that gave the affair a lift, I fancy. Well, I congratulate you. Ha! ha!"

The captain nodded, but he looked grave, and as he walked away, Madame Carouge's parting request came back to the clockmaker, and he felt foolish.

"Pray keep this affair secret, dear friends," she had said, holding his and his wife's hand in each of hers. "People might laugh, and our captain would not submit to ridicule, I fear."

And Monsieur Riesen had solemnly promised over that soft hand that no one should learn anything from him, and now he had joked the captain before Engemann. Already he saw a question in Engemann's honest blue eyes. He must endeavor to prevent this.

"I am fortunate this morning," he said to the young fellow. "I had been planning how I could see you."

Rudolf smiled. "I am easily found. I am at the bank, or I am to be found here at this hour, and at dinner."

"Yes, yes, I know; but during the day I have my business to see to, and I hear when you leave the bank you take prodigious walks into the country."

"Yes, I am fond of a walk. I get an appetite; it gives me something to do."

Riesen gave him a smile that puzzled Engemann, it was so incredulous.

"I should have thought you might find plenty to do here."

There was the slightest movement of his eyes toward the hotel.

"You have something to tell me," Engemann said; he had often listened to the clockmaker's talk with Loigerot and others, and he was on his guard against his fashion of extracting a confidence.

Rudolf was too simple to be irritated by ridicule; he had not self-consciousness enough to apply it personally; but he shrank from any comment on his friendship for the widow.

"Yes, yes." The clockmaker smiled at the check: there was no obtuseness in Monsieur Riesen; he was fully conscious of the force of every blow which he either dealt or received. "I was about to propose to you that, as the weather now seems settled, there is, I fancy, no hinderance to our boating expedition being fixed for Sunday. What do you say? Are you able to go with us?"

"Thank you, yes; I shall enjoy it of all things. At what time do you start?"

"We are to breakfast with Madame Carouge about ten o'clock, and afterward we can all go together to the station. I will order a boat to be in readiness at Scherzlingen to take us as far as Gunten. On our return Madame Carouge wishes to land before we reach Thun, and to walk back through the woods. We can dine at the Freienhof, and come home by train in the cool of the evening. Do you approve of this programme?"

He smiled, but his voice sounded stubborn. It galled him to think that this young fellow was really master of the situation; for in making his arrangements last night with Madame Carouge, she had more than once said that they must depend on whether Sunday would suit the convenience of Monsieur Engemann.

Engemann's face was sufficient answer to Riesen's question, and it is possible that the glow of pleasure it expressed was

an extra cause of irritation to his companion.

"I think your programme is charming," the young fellow said. Then, although he was not very observant, he noticed Riesen's grave manner. "It is very kind," he added, with a smile genial enough to sweeten a cynic, "to take so much trouble to give others a pleasant holiday."

"I intend to get some pleasure out of it too, my friend"—Riesen went on in his mocking manner—"though I do not expect to reap from it the profit to which you aspire — pardon me, I am keeping you from your breakfast."

The sudden color in the young fellow's face showed him where Engemann was vulnerable. He smiled pleasantly as he nodded his farewell.

"After all," he said to himself, "if he has any sense of honor, he will not propose to her. He must know what will be said of such an unequal match. The worst of it is, she may make it impossible for the young fellow to help proposing to her. Those eyes of hers are omnipotent." He arched his eyebrows at this till they nearly reached his forehead, and letting his gray beard sink into his waistcoat, he walked thoughtfully home.

Meanwhile "the young fellow" had walked up to Madame Carouge's parlor in a happy mood. He loved boating, and it was some time since he had had a real holiday. Riesen's programme had sounded to him almost fairy-like, for he knew well how beautiful was the scenery of the Lake of Thun. He was impatient to thank Madame Carouge for the pleasure she had procured him.

The glass door was closed, and when he looked through the window he saw that the room was empty.

It was still early, and Madame Carouge had been tired out on the previous evening. This morning, instead of rising as soon as she had drank her chocolate, she had turned round and was now fast asleep. Before she came down-stairs Rudolf Engemann was on his way to the bank.

"MANIFEST DESTINY."

WE have seen how desirable it is that self-governing groups of men should be enabled to work together in permanent harmony and on a great scale. In this kind of political integration the work of civilization very largely consists. We have seen how in its most primitive form political society is made up of small self-governing groups that are perpetually at war with one another. Now the process of change which we call civilization means quite a number of things, but there is no doubt that it means primarily the gradual substitution of a state of peace for a state of war. This change is the condition precedent for all the other kinds of improvement that are connoted by such a term as "civilization." Manifestly the development of industry is largely dependent upon the cessation or restriction of warfare; and furthermore, as the industrial phase of civilization slowly supplants the military phase, men's characters undergo, though very slowly, a corresponding change. Men become less inclined to destroy life or to inflict pain; or to use the popular terminology, which happens to coincide precisely with that of the doctrine of evolution, they become less *brutal* and more *humane*. Obviously, then, the primary phase of the process called civilization is the general diminution of warfare. But we have seen that a general diminution of warfare is rendered possible only by the union of small political groups into larger groups that are kept together by community of interests, and that can adjust their mutual relations by legal discussion, without coming to blows. In the preceding paper we considered this process of political integration as variously exemplified by communities of Hellenic, of Roman, and of Teutonic race, and we saw how manifold were the difficulties which the process had to encounter. We saw how the Teutons —at least in Switzerland, England, and America—had succeeded best through the retention of local self-government combined with central representation. We saw how the Romans failed of ultimate success because by weakening self-government they weakened that community of interest which is essential to the permanence of a great political aggregate. We saw how the Greeks, after passing through their most glorious period in a state of chronic warfare, had begun to

achieve considerable success in forming a pacific federation when their independent career was suddenly cut short by the Roman conqueror.

This last example introduces us to a fresh consideration of very great importance. It is not only that every progressive community has had to solve, in one way or another, the problem of securing permanent concert of action without sacrificing local independence of action, but while engaged in this difficult work the community has had to defend itself against the attacks of other communities. In the case just cited of the conquest of Greece by Rome little harm was done, perhaps. But under different circumstances immense damage may have been done in this way, and the nearer we go to the beginnings of civilization, the greater the danger. At the dawn of history we see a few brilliant points of civilization surrounded on every side by a midnight blackness of barbarism. In order that the pacific community may be able to go on doing its work it must be strong enough and warlike enough to overcome its barbaric neighbors, who have no notion whatever of keeping peace. This is another of the seeming paradoxes of the history of civilization, that for a very long time the possibility of peace can be guaranteed only through war. Obviously the permanent peace of the world can be secured only through the gradual concentration of the preponderant military strength into the hands of the most pacific communities. With infinite toil and trouble this point has been slowly gained by mankind through the circumstance that the very same political aggregation of small primitive communities which makes them less disposed to quarrel among themselves tends also to make them more than a match for the less coherent groups of their more barbarous neighbors. The same concert of action which tends toward internal harmony tends also toward external victory, and both ends are promoted by the co-operation of the same sets of causes. But for a long time all the political problems of the civilized world were complicated by the fact that the community had to fight for its life. We seldom stop to reflect upon the imminent danger from outside attacks, whether from surrounding barbarism or from neighboring civilizations of lower type, amid which the rich and high-toned civilizations of Greece and Rome were developed. When the King of Persia undertook to reduce Greece to the condition of a Persian satrapy there was imminent danger that all the enormous fruition of Greek thought in the intellectual life of the European world might have been nipped in the bud. And who can tell how often in prehistoric times some little gleam of civilization, less bright and steady than this one had become, may have been quenched in slavery or massacre? The greatest work which the Romans performed in the world was to assume the aggressive against menacing barbarism, to subdue it, to tame it, and to enlist its brute force on the side of law and order. This was a murderous work, but it had to be done by some one before you could expect to have great and peaceful civilizations like our own. The warfare of Rome is by no means adequately explained by the theory of a deliberate immoral policy of aggression—"infernal," I believe, is the stronger adjective which Dr. Draper uses. The aggressive wars of Rome were largely dictated by just such considerations as those which a century ago made it necessary for the English to put down the raids of the Scotch Highlanders, and which have since made it necessary for Russia to subdue the Caucasus. It is not easy for a turbulent community to live next to an orderly one without continually stirring up frontier disturbances which call for stern repression from the orderly community. Such considerations go far toward explaining the military history of the Romans, and it is a history with which, on the whole, we ought to sympathize. In its European relations that history is the history of the moving of the civilized frontier northward and eastward against the disastrous encroachments of barbarous peoples.

This great movement has, on the whole, been steadily kept up, in spite of some apparent fluctuation in the fifth and sixth centuries of the Christian era, and it is still going on to-day. It was a great gain for civilization when the Romans overcame the Keltiberians of Spain, and taught them good manners and the Latin language, and made it for their interest hereafter to fight against barbarians. The third European peninsula was thus won over to the side of law and order. Danger now remained on the north. The Gauls had once sacked the city of Rome; hordes of Teutons had lately menaced the

very heart of civilization, but had been overthrown in murderous combat by Caius Marius. Another great Teutonic movement, led by Ariovistus, now threatened to precipitate the whole barbaric force of southeastern Gaul upon the civilized world; and so it occurred to the prescient genius of Cæsar to be beforehand and conquer Gaul, and enlist all its giant barbaric force on the side of civilization. This great work was as thoroughly done as anything that was ever done in human history, and we ought to be thankful to Cæsar for it every day that we live. The frontier to be defended against barbarism was now moved away up to the Rhine, and was very much shortened; but, above all, the Gauls were made to feel themselves to be Romans. Their country became one of the chief strongholds of civilization and of Christianity; and when the frightful shock of barbarism came—the most formidable blow that has ever been directed by barbaric brute force against European civilization—it was in Gaul that it was repelled and that its force was spent.

At the beginning of the fifth century an enormous horde of yellow Mongolians, known as Huns, poured down into Europe, with avowed intent to burn and destroy all the good work which Rome had wrought in the world, and wonderful was the havoc they effected in the course of fifty years. If Attila had carried his point, it has been thought that the work of European civilization might have had to be begun over again. But near Châlons, on the Marne, in the year 451, in one of the most obstinate struggles of which history preserves the record, the career of the "Scourge of God" was arrested, and mainly by the prowess of Gauls and of Visigoths whom the genius of Rome had tamed. That was the last day on which barbarism was able to contend with civilization on equal terms. It was no doubt a critical day for all future history, and for its favorable issue we must largely thank the policy adopted by Cæsar five centuries before. By the end of the eighth century the great power of the Franks had become enlisted in behalf of law and order, and the Roman throne was occupied by a Frank, the ablest man who had appeared in the world since Cæsar's death, and one of the worthiest achievements of Charles the Great was the conquest and conversion of pagan Germany, which threw the frontier against barbarism eastward as far as the Oder, and made it so much the easier to defend Europe. In the thirteenth century this frontier was permanently carried forward to the Vistula by the Teutonic Knights, who, under commission from the Emperor Frederick II., overcame the heathen Russians and Lithuanians; and now it began to be shown how greatly the military strength of Europe had increased. In this same century Batu, the grandson of Jinghis Khan, came down into Europe with a horde of more than a million of Mongols, and tried to repeat the experiment of Attila. Batu penetrated as far as Silesia, and won a great battle at Liegnitz in 1241, but in spite of his victory he had to desist from the task of conquering Europe. Since the fifth century the physical power of the civilized world had grown immensely, and the impetus of this barbaric invasion was mainly spent upon Russia, the growth of which it succeeded in retarding for more than two centuries. Finally, since the sixteenth century we have seen the Russians, redeemed from their Mongolian oppressors, and rich in many of the elements of a vigorous national life—we have seen the Russians resume the aggressive in this conflict of ages, beginning to do for Central Asia in some sort what the Romans did for Europe. The Aryan people, after attaining a high stage of civilization in Europe, are at last beginning to recover their ancient homestead. The frontier against barbarism, which Cæsar left at the Rhine, has been carried eastward to the Volga, and is now advancing even to the Oxus. The question has sometimes been raised whether it would be possible for European civilization to be seriously threatened by any future invasion of barbarism or of some lower type of civilization. By barbarism certainly not; all the nomad strength of Mongolian Asia would throw itself in vain against the insuperable barrier constituted by Russia. But I have heard it quite seriously suggested that if some future Attila or Jinghis were to wield as a unit the entire military strength of the four hundred millions of Chinese, possessed with some suddenly conceived idea of conquering the world, even as Omar and Abderrahman wielded as a unit the newly welded power of the Saracens in the seventh and eighth centuries, then perhaps a staggering blow might yet be dealt against European civilization. I will not waste precious time in considering this imagi-

nary case further than to remark that if the Chinese are ever going to try anything of this sort, they can not afford to wait very long; for within another century, as we shall presently see, their very numbers will be surpassed by those of the English race alone. By that time all the elements of military predominance on the earth, including that of simple numerical superiority, will have been gathered into the hands not merely of Europeans generally, but more specifically into the hands of the offspring of the Teutonic tribes who conquered Britain in the fifth century. So far as the relations of European civilization with outside barbarism are concerned to-day, the only serious question is by what process of modification the barbarous races are to maintain their foot-hold upon the earth at all. Where once they threatened the very continuance of civilization, they now exist only on sufferance.

In this brief survey of the advancing frontier of European civilization I have said nothing about the danger that has from time to time been threatened by the followers of Mohammed, of the overthrow of the Saracens in Gaul by the grandfather of Charles the Great, or their overthrow at Constantinople by the image-breaking Leo, of the great mediæval Crusades, or of the mischievous but futile career of the Turks; for if I were to attempt to draw this outline with anything like completeness, I should have no room left for the conclusion of my argument. Considering my position thus far as sufficiently illustrated, let us go on to contemplate for a moment some of the effects of all this secular turmoil upon the political development of the progressive nations of Europe. I think we may safely lay it down as a large and general rule that all this prodigious warfare required to free the civilized world from peril of barbarian attack served greatly to increase the difficulty of solving the great initial problem of civilization. In the first place, the turbulence thus arising was a serious obstacle to the formation of closely coherent political aggregates, as we see exemplified in the terrible convulsions of the fifth and sixth centuries, and again in the ascendency acquired by the isolating features of feudalism between the time of Charles the Great and the time of Louis VI. of France. In the second place, this perpetual turbulence was a serious obstacle to the preservation of popular liberties. It is a very difficult thing for a free people to maintain its free constitution if it has to keep perpetually fighting for its life. The "one-man power," less fit for carrying on the peaceful pursuits of life, is sure to be brought into the foreground in a state of endless warfare. It is a still more difficult thing for a free people to maintain its free constitution when it undertakes to govern a dependent people despotically, as has been wont to happen when a portion of the barbaric world has been overcome and annexed to the civilized world. Under the weight of these two difficulties combined the free institutions of the ancient Romans succumbed, and their government gradually passed into the hands of a kind of close corporation, more despotic than anything else of the sort that Europe has ever seen. This despotic character, this tendency, if you will pardon the word, toward the *asiaticization* of European life, was continued by inheritance in the Roman Church, the influence of which was beneficent so long as it constituted a wholesome check to the isolating tendencies of feudalism, but began to become noxious the moment these tendencies yielded to the centralizing monarchical tendency in nearly all parts of Europe.

The asiaticizing tendency of Roman political life had become so powerful by the fourth century, and has since been so powerfully propagated through the Church, that we ought to be glad that the Teutons came into the empire as masters rather than as subjects. As the Germanic tribes got possession of the government in one part of Europe after another they brought with them free institutions again. The political ideas of the Goths in Spain, of the Lombards in Italy, and of the Franks and Burgundians in Gaul were as distinctly free as those of the Angles in Britain. But as the outcome of the long and uninterrupted turmoil of the Middle Ages, society throughout the continent of Europe remained predominantly military in type, and this fact greatly increased the tendency toward despotism which was inherited from Rome. After the close of the thirteenth century the whole power of the Church was finally thrown into the scale against the liberties of the people, and as the result of all these forces combined we find that at the time when America was discovered government was hardening into despotism in all the great countries of Europe except England.

Even in England the tendency toward despotism had begun to become quite conspicuous after the wholesale slaughter of the great barons in the wars of the Roses. The whole constitutional history of England during the Tudor and Stuart periods is the history of the persistent effort of the English sovereign to free himself from constitutional checks, as his brother sovereigns on the Continent were doing. But how different the result! How enormous the political difference between William III. and Louis XIV., compared with the difference between Henry VIII. and Francis I.! The close of the seventeenth century, which marks the culmination of the asiaticizing tendency in Europe, saw despotism, both political and religious, firmly established in France and Spain and Italy and in half of Germany, while the rest of Germany seemed to have exhausted itself in the attempt to throw off the incubus. But in England this same epoch saw freedom, both political and religious, established on so firm a foundation as never again to be shaken, never again with impunity to be threatened, so long as the language of Locke and Milton and Sidney shall remain a living speech on the lips of men. Now this wonderful difference between the career of popular liberty in England and on the Continent was due, no doubt, to a complicated variety of causes, one or two of which I have already sought to point out. In my first lecture I alluded to the curious combination of circumstances which prevented anything like a severance of interests between the upper and the lower ranks of society; and something was also said about the feebleness of the grasp of imperial Rome upon Britain compared with its grasp upon the continent of Europe. But what I wish now to point out is the enormous advantage of what we may call the *strategic position* of England in the long mediæval struggle between civilization and barbarism. In Professor Stubbs's admirable collection of charters and documents illustrative of English history we read that "on the 6th of July [1264] the whole force of the country was summoned to London for the 3d of August to resist the army which was coming from France under the queen and her son Edmund. *The invading fleet was prevented by the weather from sailing until too late in the season....* The papal legate, Guy Foulquois, who soon after became Clement IV., threatened the barons with excommunication, but the bull containing the sentence was taken by the men of Dover as soon as it arrived, and was thrown into the sea."* As I read this I think of the sturdy men of Connecticut beating the drum to prevent the reading of the royal order of James II. depriving the colony of the control of its own militia, and feel with pride that the indomitable spirit of English liberty is alike indomitable in every land where men of English race have set their feet as masters. But as the success of Americans in withstanding the unconstitutional pretensions of the crown was greatly favored by the barrier of the ocean, so the success of Englishmen in defying the enemies of their freedom has no doubt been greatly favored by the barrier of the English Channel. The war between Henry III. and the barons was an event in English history no less critical than the war between Charles I. and the Parliament four centuries later; and we have every reason to be thankful that a great French army was not able to get across the Channel in August, 1264. Nor was this the only time when the insular position of England did goodly service in maintaining its liberties and its internal peace. We can not forget how Lord Howard of Effingham, aided also by the weather, defeated the armada that boasted itself "invincible," sent to strangle freedom in its chosen home by the most execrable and ruthless tyrant that Europe has ever seen — a tyrant whose victory would have meant the usurpation of the English crown and the establishment of the Inquisition at Westminster Hall. Nor can we forget with what longing eyes the Corsican barbarian who wielded for mischief the forces of France in 1805 looked across from Boulogne at the shores of the one European land that never in word or deed granted him homage. But in these latter days England has had no need of stormy weather to aid the prowess of the sea-kings who are her natural defenders. It is impossible for the thoughtful student of history to walk across Trafalgar Square and gaze on the image of the mightiest naval hero that ever lived, on the summit of his lofty column, and guarded by the royal lions, looking down toward the government-house of the land that he freed from the dread of Napoleonic invasion, and toward that ancient church wherein the most sa-

* Stubbs, *Select Charters*, 401.

cred memories of English talent and English toil are clustered together—it is impossible, I say, to look at this and not admire both the artistic instinct that devised so happy a symbolism and the rare good fortune of our Teutonic ancestors in securing a territorial position so readily defensible against the assaults of despotic powers. But it was not merely in the simple facility of warding off external attack that the insular position of England was so serviceable. This ease in warding off external attack had its most marked effect upon the internal polity of the nation. It never became necessary for the English government to keep up a great standing army. For purposes of external defense a navy was all-sufficient, and there is this practical difference between a permanent army and a permanent navy: both are originally designed for purposes of external defense, but the one can readily be used for purposes of internal oppression, and the other can not readily be so used. Nobody ever heard of a navy putting up an empire at auction sale, and knocking down the throne of the world to a Didius Julianus. When, therefore, a country is effectually screened by water from external attack, it is screened in a way that permits its normal political development to go on internally without those manifold military hinderances that have ordinarily been so obstructive in the history of civilization. Hence we not only see why, after the Norman conquest had operated to increase its unity and its strength, England enjoyed a far greater amount of security and was far more peaceful than any other country in Europe, but we also see why society never assumed the military type in England which it assumed upon the Continent; we see how it was that the bonds of feudalism were far looser here than elsewhere, and therefore how it happened that nowhere else was the condition of the common people so good politically.

We now begin to see, moreover, how thoroughly Professor Stubbs and Mr. Freeman are justified in insisting upon the fact that the political institutions of the Germans of Tacitus have had a more normal and uninterrupted development in England than anywhere else. Nowhere, indeed, in the whole history of the human race can we point to such a well-rounded and unbroken continuity of political life as we find in the thousand years of English history that have elapsed since the victory of William the Norman at Senlac. In England the free government of the primitive Aryans has been to this day uninterruptedly maintained, though everywhere lost or seriously impaired on the continent of Europe, except in remote Scandinavia and impregnable Switzerland. But obviously, if in the conflict of ages between civilization and barbarism England had occupied such an inferior strategic position as that occupied by Hungary or Poland, or even by France or Spain, no such remarkable and quite exceptional result could have been achieved. Having duly fathomed the significance of this strategic position of the English race while confined within the limits of the British Islands, we are now prepared to consider the significance of the stupendous expansion of the English race, which first became possible through the discovery and settlement of North America. I said at the close of my first paper that the victory of Wolfe at Quebec marks the greatest turning-point as yet discernible in all modern history. At the first blush such an unqualified statement may have sounded as if an American student of history were inclined to attach an undue value to events that have happened upon his own soil. After the survey of universal history which we have now taken, however, I am fully prepared to show that the conquest of the North American continent by men of English race was unquestionably the most prodigious event in the political annals of mankind. Let us consider for a moment the cardinal facts which this English conquest and settlement of North America involved.

Chronologically the discovery of America coincides precisely with the close of the Middle Ages, and with the opening of the drama of what is called *modern* history. The coincidence is in many ways significant. The close of the Middle Ages, as we have seen, was characterized by the increasing power of the crown in all the great countries of Europe, and by strong symptoms of popular restlessness in view of this increasing power. It was characterized also by the great Protestant outbreak against the despotic pretensions of the Church, which once, in its antagonism to the rival temporal power, had befriended the liberties of the people, but now (since the death of Boniface VIII.)

sought to inthrall them with a tyranny far worse than that of irresponsible king or emperor. As we have seen Aryan civilization in Europe struggling for many centuries to prove itself superior to the assaults of outer barbarism, so here we find a decisive struggle beginning between the antagonistic tendencies which had grown up in the midst of this civilization. Having at length won the privilege of living without risk of slaughter and pillage at the hands of Saracens or Mongols, the question now arose whether the Aryans of Europe should go on and apply their intelligence freely to the problem of making life as rich and fruitful as possible in varied material and spiritual achievement, or should fall into the barren and monotonous way of living and thinking which has always distinguished the half-civilized populations of Asia. This, and nothing less than this, I think, was the practical political question really at stake in the sixteenth century between Protestantism and Catholicism. Holland and England entered the lists in behalf of the one solution of this question, while Spain and the Pope defended the other, and the issue was fought out on European soil, as we have seen, with varying success. But the discovery of America now came to open up an enormous region in which whatever seed of civilization should be planted was sure to grow to such enormous dimensions as by-and-by to exert a controlling influence upon all such controversies. It was for Spain, France, and England to contend for the possession of this vast region, and to prove by the result of the struggle which kind of civilization was endowed with the higher and sturdier political life. The race which here should gain the victory was clearly destined hereafter to take the lead in the world, though the rival powers could not in those days fully appreciate this fact. They who founded colonies in America as trading stations or military outposts probably did not foresee that these colonies must by-and-by become imperial states far greater in physical mass than the states which planted them. It is not likely that they were philosophers enough to foresee that this prodigious physical development would mean that the political ideas of the parent state should acquire a hundredfold power and seminal influence in the future work of the world. It was not until the American Revolution that this began to be dimly realized by a few prescient thinkers. It is by no means so fully realized even now that a clear and thorough-going statement of it has not somewhat an air of novelty. When the highly civilized community, representing the ripest political ideas of England, was planted in America, removed from the manifold and complicated checks we have just been studying in the history of the Old World, the growth was portentously rapid and steady. There were no Attilas now to stand in the way—only a Philip or a Pontiac. The assaults of barbarism constituted only a petty annoyance as compared with the conflict of ages which had gone on in Europe. There was no occasion for society to assume a military aspect. Principles of self-government were at once put into operation, and no one thought of calling them in question. When the neighboring civilization of inferior type—I allude to the French in Canada—began to become seriously troublesome, it was struck down at a blow. When the mother country, under the guidance of an ignorant king and short-sighted ministers, undertook to act upon the antiquated theory that the new communities were merely groups of trading stations, the political bond of connection was severed; yet the war which ensued was not like the war which had but just now been so gloriously ended by the victory of Wolfe. It was not a struggle between two different peoples, like the French of the old *régime* and the English, each representing antagonistic theories of how political life ought to be conducted; but, like the barons' war of the thirteenth century and the Parliament's war of the seventeenth, it was a struggle sustained by a part of the English people in behalf of principles that time has shown to be equally dear to all. And so the issue only made it apparent to an astonished world that instead of *one*, there were now *two Englands*, prepared to work with might and main toward the political regeneration of mankind.

Let us consider now to what conclusions the rapidity and unabated steadiness of the increase of the English race in America must lead us as we go on to forecast the future. Carlyle somewhere speaks slightingly of the fact that the Americans double their numbers every twenty years, as if to have forty million dollar-hunters in the world were any bet-

ter than to have twenty million dollar-hunters. The implication that Americans are nothing but dollar-hunters, and are thereby distinguishable from the rest of mankind, would not perhaps bear too elaborate scrutiny. But during the present paper we have been considering the gradual transfer of the preponderance of physical strength from the hands of the war-loving portion of the human race into the hands of the peace-loving portion —into the hands of the dollar-hunters, if you please, but out of the hands of the scalp-hunters. Obviously to double the numbers of a pre-eminently industrious, peaceful, orderly, and free-thinking community is somewhat to increase the weight in the world of the tendencies that go toward making communities free and orderly and peaceful and industrious. So that, from this point of view, the fact we are speaking of is well worth considering, even for its physical dimensions. I do not know whether the United States could support a population everywhere as dense as that of Belgium, so I will suppose that, with ordinary improvement in cultivation and in the industrial arts, we might support a population half as dense as that of Belgium, and this is no doubt an extremely moderate supposition. Now a very simple operation in arithmetic will show that this means a population of fifteen hundred millions, or more than the population of the whole world at the present date. Another very simple operation in arithmetic will show that if we were to go on doubling our numbers even once in every twenty-five years, we should reach that stupendous figure at about the close of the twentieth century, that is, in the days of our great-great-grandchildren. I do not predict any such result, for there are discernible economic reasons for believing that there will be a diminution in the rate of increase. The rate must nevertheless continue to be very great in the absence of such causes as formerly retarded the growth of population in Europe. Our modern wars are hideous enough, no doubt, but they are short. They are settled with a few heavy blows, and the loss of life and property occasioned by them is but trifling when compared with the awful ruin and desolation wrought by the perpetual and protracted contests of antiquity and of the Middle Ages. Chronic warfare, both private and public, periodic famines, and sweeping pestilences like the Black Death—these were the things which formerly shortened human life and kept down population. In the absence of such causes, and with the abundant capacity of our country for feeding its people, I think it an extremely moderate statement if we say that by the end of the next century the English race in the United States will number at least six or seven hundred millions.

It used to be said that so huge a people as this could not be kept together as a single national aggregate, or, if kept together at all, could only be so by means of a powerful centralized government, like that of ancient Rome under the emperors. I think we are now prepared to see that this is a great mistake. If the Roman Empire could have possessed that political vitality in all its parts which is secured to the United States by the principles of equal representation and of limited State sovereignty, it might well have defied all the shocks which tribally organized barbarism could ever have directed against it. As it was, its strong centralized government did not save it from political disintegration. One of its weakest political features was precisely this, that its strong centralized government was a kind of close corporation, governing a score of provinces in its own interest rather than in the interest of the provincials. In contrast with such a system as that of the Roman Empire the skillfully elaborated American system of federalism appears as one of the most important contributions that the English race has made to the general work of civilization. The working out of this feature in our national constitution by Hamilton and Madison and their associates was the finest specimen of constructive statesmanship that the world has ever seen. Not that these statesmen originated the principle, but they gave form and expression to the principle which was latent in the circumstances under which the group of American colonies had grown up, and which suggested itself so forcibly that the clear vision of these thinkers did not fail to seize upon it as the fundamental principle upon which alone could the affairs of a great people, spreading over a vast continent, be kept in a condition approaching to something like permanent peace. Stated broadly, so as to acquire somewhat the force of a universal proposition, the principle of federalism is just this: that the people of a state shall have

full and entire control of their own domestic affairs, which directly concern them only, and which they will naturally manage with more intelligence and with more zeal than any distant governing body could possibly exercise; but that, as regards matters of common concern between a group of states, a decision shall in every case be reached, not by brutal warfare or by weary diplomacy, but by the systematic legislation of a central government which represents both states and people, and whose decisions can always be enforced, if necessary, by the combined physical power of all the states. This principle, in various practical applications, is so familiar to Americans to-day that we seldom pausé to admire it, any more than we stop to admire the air which we breathe or the sun which gives us light and life. Yet I believe that if no other political result than this could to-day be pointed out as coming from the colonization of America by Englishmen, we should still be justified in regarding that event as one of the most important in the history of mankind. For obviously the principle of federalism, as thus broadly stated, contains within itself the seeds of permanent peace between nations, and to this glorious end I believe it will come in the fullness of time.

And now we may begin to see distinctly what it was that the American government fought for in the late civil war—a point which at the time was by no means clearly apprehended outside the United States. We used to hear it often said, while that war was going on, that we were fighting not so much for the emancipation of the negro as for the maintenance of our federal union; and I doubt not that to many who were burning to see our country purged of the folly and iniquity of negro slavery this may have seemed like taking a low and materialistic view of the case. From the stand-point of universal history it was nevertheless the correct and proper view. The emancipation of the negro, as an incidental result of the struggle, was no doubt a priceless gain, which was greeted warmly by all right-minded people. But deeper down than this question, far more subtly interwoven with the innermost fibres of our national well-being, far heavier laden, too, with weighty consequences for the future weal of all mankind, was the question whether this great pacific principle of union, joined with independence, should be overthrown by the first deep-seated social difficulty it had to encounter, or should stand as an example of priceless value to other ages and to other lands. The solution was well worth the effort it cost. There have been many useless wars, but this was not one of them, for, more than most wars that have been, it was fought in the direct interest of peace, and the victory so dearly purchased and so humanely used was an earnest of future peace and happiness for the world.

The object, therefore, for which the American government fought was the perpetual maintenance of that peculiar state of things which the federal union had created—a state of things in which, throughout the whole vast territory over which the Union holds sway, questions between States, like questions between individuals, must be settled by legal argument and judicial decisions, and not by wager of battle. Far better to demonstrate this point once for all, at whatever cost, than to be burdened hereafter, like the states of Europe, with frontier fortresses and standing armies and all the barbaric apparatus of mutual suspicion! For so great an end did this most pacific people engage in an obstinate war, and never did any war so thoroughly illustrate how military power may be wielded by a people that has passed entirely from the military into the industrial stage of civilization. The events falsified all the predictions that were drawn from the contemplation of societies less advanced politically. It was thought that so peaceful a people could not raise a great army on demand; yet within a twelvemonth the government had raised five hundred thousand men by voluntary enlistment. It was thought that a territory involving military operations at points as far apart as Paris and Moscow could never be thoroughly conquered; yet in April, 1865, the Federal armies might have marched from end to end of the Gulf States without meeting any force to oppose them. It was thought that the maintenance of a great army would beget a military temper in the Americans, and lead to manifestations of Bonapartism—domestic usurpation and foreign aggression; yet the moment the work was done the great army vanished, and a force of twenty-five thousand men was found sufficient for the military needs of the whole country. It

was thought that eleven States which had struggled so hard to escape from the federal tie could not be re-admitted to voluntary co-operation in the general government, but must henceforth be held as conquered territory—a most dangerous experiment for any free people to try; yet within a dozen years we find the old federal relations resumed in all their completeness, and the disunion party powerless and discredited in the very States where once it had wrought such mischief.

Such has been the result of the first great attempt to break up the federal union in America. It is not probable that another attempt can ever be made with anything like an equal chance of success. Here were eleven States, geographically contiguous, governed by groups of men who for half a century had pursued a well-defined policy in common, united among themselves, and marked off from most of the other States by a difference far more deeply rooted in the ground-work of society than any mere economic difference—the difference between slave labor and free labor. These eleven States, moreover, held such an economic relationship with England that they counted upon compelling the naval power of England to be used in their behalf. And, finally, it had not yet been demonstrated that the maintenance of the federal union was something for which the great mass of the people would cheerfully fight. Never could the experiment of secession be tried, apparently, under fairer auspices; yet how tremendous the defeat! It was a defeat that wrought conviction — the conviction that no matter how grave the political questions that may arise hereafter, they must be settled in accordance with the legal methods the Constitution has provided, and that no State can be allowed to break the peace. It is the thoroughness of this conviction that has so greatly facilitated the re-instatement of the revolted States in their old federal relations; and the good sense and good faith with which the Southern people, in spite of the chagrin of defeat, have accepted the situation and acted upon it, is something unprecedented in history, and calls for the warmest sympathy and admiration on the part of their brethren of the North. The federal principle in America has passed through this fearful ordeal and come out stronger than ever, and we trust it will not again be put to so severe a test. But, with this principle unimpaired, there is no reason why any further increase of population or of territory should overtask the resources of our government.

In the United States of America a century hence we shall therefore doubtless have a political aggregation immeasurably surpassing in power and in dimensions any empire that has as yet existed. But we must now consider for a moment the probable future career of the English race in other parts of the world. The colonization of North America by Englishmen had its direct effects upon the eastern as well as upon the western side of the Atlantic. The immense growth of the commercial and naval strength of England between the time of Cromwell and the time of the elder Pitt was intimately connected with the colonization of North America and the establishment of plantations in the West Indies.

These circumstances reacted powerfully upon the material development of England, multiplying manifold the dimensions of her foreign trade, increasing proportionately her commercial marine, and giving her in the eighteenth century the dominion over the seas. Endowed with this maritime supremacy, she has with an unerring instinct proceeded to seize upon the keys of empire in all parts of the world —Gibraltar, Malta, the Isthmus of Suez, Aden, Ceylon, the coasts of Australia, island after island in the Pacific—every station, in short, that commands the pathways of maritime commerce, or guards the approaches to the barbarous countries which she is beginning to regard as in some way her natural heritage. Any well-filled album of postage stamps is an eloquent commentary on this maritime supremacy of England. It is enough to turn one's head to look over her colonial blue-books. The natural outcome of all this overflowing vitality it is not difficult to foresee. No one can carefully watch what is going on in Africa to-day without recognizing it as the same sort of thing which was going on in North America in the seventeenth century; and it can not fail to bring forth similar results in course of time. Here is a vast country, rich in beautiful scenery, and in resources of timber and minerals, with a salubrious climate and fertile soil, with great navigable rivers and inland lakes, which will not much longer be left in control of tawny lions and long-eared elephants, and negro fetich-worshippers. Already five flour-

ishing English states have been established in the south, besides the settlements on the Gold Coast, and those at Aden commanding the Red Sea. English explorers work their way with infinite hardship through its untravelled wilds, and track the courses of the Congo and the Nile as their forefathers tracked the Potomac and the Hudson. The work of La Salle and Smith is finding its counterpart in the labors of Baker and Livingstone. Who can doubt that within two or three centuries the African continent will be occupied by a mighty nation of English descent, and covered with populous cities and flourishing farms, with railroads and telegraphs and free schools and other devices of civilization as yet undreamed of? If we look next to Australia we find a country of more than two-thirds the area of the United States, with a temperate climate and immense resources, agricultural and mineral, a country sparsely peopled by a race of irredeemable savages hardly above the level of brutes. Here England within the present century has planted five greatly thriving states, concerning which I have not time to say much, but one fact will serve for an example. When in America we wish to illustrate in one word the wonderful growth of our so-called Northwestern States, we refer to Chicago, a city of half a million inhabitants standing on a spot which fifty years ago was an uninhabited marsh. In Australia the city of Melbourne was founded in 1837, the year when the present Queen of England began to reign, and the state of which it is the capital was hence called Victoria. This city, now just forty-eight years old, has a population half that of Chicago, has a public library of 200,000 volumes, and has a university with at least one professor of world-wide renown. When we see, by-the-way, within a period of five years, and at such remote points upon the earth's surface, such erudite and ponderous works in the English language issuing from the press as those of Professor Hearn of Melbourne, of Bishop Colenso of Natal, and of Mr. Hubert Bancroft of San Francisco, even such a little commonplace fact as this is fraught with wonderful significance when we think of all that it implies. Then there is New Zealand, with its climate of perpetual spring, where the English race is now multiplying faster than anywhere else in the world, unless it be in Texas and Minnesota. And there are in the Pacific Ocean many rich and fertile spots where we shall very soon see the same things going on.

It is not necessary to dwell upon such considerations as these. It is enough to point to the general conclusion that the work which the English race began when it colonized North America is destined to go on until every land on the earth's surface that is not already the seat of an old civilization shall become English in its language, in its religion, in its political habits and traditions, and to a predominant extent in the blood of its people. The day is at hand when four-fifths of the human race will trace its pedigree to English forefathers, as four-fifths of the white people in the United States trace their pedigree to-day. The race thus spread over both hemispheres, and from the rising to the setting sun, will not fail to keep that sovereignty of the sea and that commercial supremacy which it began to acquire when England first stretched its arm across the Atlantic to the shores of Virginia and Massachusetts. The language spoken by these great communities will not be sundered into dialects like the language of the ancient Romans, but perpetual intercommunication and the universal habit of reading and writing will preserve its integrity, and the world's business will be transacted by English-speaking people to so great an extent that whatever language any man may have learned in his infancy, he will find it necessary sooner or later to learn to express his thoughts in English. And in this way it is by no means improbable that, as Jacob Grimm long since predicted, the language of Shakespeare will ultimately become the language of mankind.

In view of these considerations as to the stupendous future of the English race, does it not seem very probable that in due course of time Europe, which has learned some valuable lessons from America already, will find it worth while to adopt the lesson of federalism in order to do away with the chances of useless warfare which remain so long as its different states own no allegiance to any common authority? War, as we have seen, is with barbarous races both a necessity and a favorite occupation; as long as civilization comes in contact with barbarism it remains a too frequent necessity; but as between civilized and Christian nations it is an absurdity. For example, we sympa-

thize keenly with wars such as that which Russia has lately concluded for setting free a kindred race and humbling the worthless barbarian who during four centuries has wrought such incalculable damage to the European world. But a sanguinary struggle for the Rhine frontier, between two civilized Christian nations who have each enough work to do in the world without engaging in such a strife as this, will, I am sure, be by-and-by condemned by the general opinion of mankind. Such questions will have to be settled by discussion in some sort of federal council or parliament if Europe would keep pace with America in the advance toward universal law and order. All will admit that such a state of things is a great desideratum. Let us see if it is really quite as utopian as it may seem at the first glance. No doubt the lord who dwelt in Haddon Hall in the fifteenth century would have thought it very absurd if you had told him that within four hundred years it would not be necessary for country gentlemen to live in great stone dungeons with little cross-barred windows and loop-holes from which to shoot at people going by. Yet to-day a country gentleman in Massachusetts may sleep securely without locking his front door.

We have not quite done away with robbery and murder, but we have at least made private warfare illegal; we have arrayed public opinion against it to such an extent that the police court usually makes short shrift for the misguided man who tries to wreak vengeance on his enemy. Is it too much to hope that by-and-by we may similarly put public warfare under the ban? I think not. Already in America, as we have seen, it has become customary to deal with questions between States just as we would deal with questions between individuals. This we have seen to be the real purport of American federalism. To have established such a system over one great continent is to have made a very good beginning toward establishing it over the world. To establish such a system in Europe will no doubt be difficult, for here we have to deal with an immense complication of prejudices, intensified by linguistic and ethnological differences. Nevertheless the pacific pressure exerted upon Europe by America is becoming so great that it will doubtless before long overcome all these obstacles. I refer to the industrial competition between the Old and the New World, which has become so conspicuous within the last ten years. Agriculturally Minnesota, Nebraska, and Kansas are already formidable competitors with England, France, and Germany; but this is but the beginning. It is but the first spray from the tremendous wave of economic competition that is gathering in the Mississippi Valley. Presently, as with increase of population labor grows cheaper in America, the competition in manufactures also will become as keen as it is now beginning to be in agriculture, as the recent industrial history of New England abundantly proves. Now this economic pressure exerted upon Europe by the United States will very soon become so great that it will be simply impossible for the states of Europe to keep up such military armaments as they are now maintaining. The disparity between the United States, with a standing army of only twenty-five thousand men, and the states of Europe, with their standing armies amounting to two or three millions of men, is something that can not be kept up. The economic competition will become so keen that European armies will have to be disbanded, the swords will have to be turned into ploughshares, and thus the victory of the industrial over the military type of civilization will at last become complete. But to disband the great armies of Europe will necessarily involve the forcing of the great states of Europe into some sort of federal relation, in which congresses will become more frequent, in which the principles of international law will acquire a more definite sanction, and in which the combined physical power of all the states will constitute (as it now does in America) a permanent threat against any state that dares for selfish reasons to break the peace. In some such way as this, I believe, the industrial development of the English race outside of Europe will by-and-by enforce federalism upon Europe. I do not ignore the difficulties that grow out of differences in language, race, and creed; but we have seen how Switzerland has long since triumphantly surmounted such difficulties on a small scale. To surmount them on a great scale will soon be the political problem of Europe, and it is America which has set the example and indicated the method.

Thus we may foresee in general how, by the gradual concentration of physical pow-

er into the hands of the most pacific communities, we may finally succeed in rendering warfare illegal all over the globe. As this process goes on, it may, after many more ages of political experience, become apparent that there is really no reason, in the nature of things, why the whole of mankind should not constitute politically one huge federation, each little group managing its local affairs in entire independence, but relegating all questions of international interest to the decision of one central tribunal supported by the public opinion of the entire human race. I believe that the time will come when such a state of things will exist upon the earth, when it will be possible (with our friends of the Paris dinner party) to speak of the United States as stretching from pole to pole, or with Tennyson to celebrate the "parliament of man and the federation of the world." Indeed, only when such a state of things has begun to be realized can civilization, as sharply demarcated from barbarism, be said to have fairly begun. Only then can the world be said to have become truly Christian. Many ages of toil and doubt and perplexity will no doubt pass by before such a desideratum is reached. Meanwhile it is pleasant to feel that the dispassionate contemplation of great masses of historical facts goes far toward confirming our faith in this ultimate triumph of good over evil. Our survey began with pictures of horrid slaughter and desolation; it ends with the picture of a world covered with cheerful homesteads, blessed with a Sabbath of perpetual peace.

A SOUVENIR.

"NANCY, why don't you show Paulina *that*?"

"Now, Charlotte, it ain't worth showing."

"Now do show me what it is: you've got my curiosity all roused up," said Paulina. She cocked up her face at the other two women, who were taller. She was very small and lean; she wore her black hair heavily frizzed, and had on a fine black silk dress, and a lace bonnet with some red flowers on it. Charlotte, otherwise Mrs. Steadman, was very proud to take her about, she was so airy and well dressed. She was Mrs. Jerome Loomis, an out-of-town lady, a cousin of her late husband's, who was visiting her for a few days. She had taken her over to call on her sister Nancy, Mrs. Weeks, this afternoon. She herself had on nothing better than a plain black and white checked gingham. It was a warm afternoon, but she had realized keenly her reflected grandeur as she had walked up the street with her well-dressed guest. She was a tall, spare woman, and usually walked with a nervous stride, but to-day, all unconsciously, she nipped, and teetered, and swung her limp gingham skirts with just the same air that Paulina did her black silk one. It was a nervous imitation. Mrs. Steadman was incapable of anything else: she was not a weak woman. Her mind, being impressed, simply produced a reflex action in her body. She would have despised herself if she had known it, because of the very pride which led her into it.

The call had been made, and the three women were standing in Mrs. Weeks's entry taking leave.

Paulina went on, coaxingly: "Now do show it to me. What is it? I know it is something beautiful, or your sister wouldn't have said anything about it."

Paulina had a protruding upper jaw, and when she smiled her mouth stretched far back. She smiled a good deal when she talked. She jerked her head too, and moved her eyes. She affected a snapping vivacity of manner, or else she had it naturally. She did not know which it was herself, but she admired it in herself.

Mrs. Weeks, who looked a deal like her sister, except that she was paler, and her hair was grayer, and she wore spectacles, colored up faintly.

"'Tain't worth seein'," said she, deprecatingly; "but as long's Charlotte's spoke of it, I don't mind showin' it to you."

Then she opened the door opposite the sitting-room, and with an air at once solemn and embarrassed, motioned her callers to precede her in.

Paulina bobbed her head about engagingly. "Dear me, which is it? There are so many pretty things here I never could tell which you meant."

Mrs. Weeks was innocently proud of her best parlor. She had so much faith in its grandeur that she was almost afraid

of it herself. Every time she opened the door its glories smote her freshly, and caused her to thrill with awe and delight. She had been used to the commonest and poorest things in the way of furniture until the last two years; indeed, this parlor had not been finished and plastered till lately. To have it completed and furnished had been the principal longing of her life; now it was accomplished by dint of the closest work and economy; it was the perfect flower, as it were, of all her wishes and fancies. When she had her parlor she had always meant to have something good, she had said, and now it was superlatively good to her simple eyes. There was a gilded paper on the walls, and a Brussels carpet with an enormous flower pattern on the floor. The furniture was covered with red plush—everybody else in town had hair-cloth, plush was magnificent audacity. Every chair had a tidy on its back; there was a very large ruffled lamp mat for the marble-top table; there were mats for the vases on the shelf, and there was a beautiful rug in front of the fire-place.

Paulina darted toward it, her silk and her stiff white skirt rattling. "*Is* this it?"

"*This*," said Mrs. Steadman, pointing impressively at the wall.

"Oh! Why, Mrs. Weeks, where did you get it? who made it?"

"She made it," said her sister; "an' she wa'n't long about it either."

"Why, you don't mean it! How could you ever have had the patience? All those little fine, beautiful flowers are made of—"

"*Hair*. Yes, every one of 'em. Jest look close. Thar's rose-buds, an' lilies, an' pansies, an' poppies, an' acorns, besides the leaves."

"I see. Oh, that *dear* little rose-bud in that corner made out of sandy hair! And that acorn is so natural! and that sprig of ivy! Mrs. Weeks, I don't see how you can do such things."

Even Nancy Weeks's mild nature could not hinder her from straightening herself up a little out of mere self-respect as she gazed at her intricate handiwork with her admiring guests.

"I made the whole wreath," said she, "out of my folks' hair—out of the Wilsons'—Charlotte an' me was Wilsons, you know. I had a good many locks of 'em 'way back. I had some of my great-grandmother's hair, an' my grandmother's. That little forget-me-not in the corner's made out of my great-grandmother's—I didn't hev much of that—an' that lily's grandmother's. She was a light-favored woman, an' her hair turned a queer kind of a yeller-gray. I had a great piece of it mother cut off after she died. It worked in real pretty. Then I had a lot of my mother's, an' some of my sister's that died, an' a child's mother lost when he was a baby, and a little of my uncle Solomon White's, mother's brother's, an' some of my father's. Then thar's some of the little boy's that Charlotte lost."

"They're all dead whose hair is in it?" said Paulina, with awed and admiring interest.

Nancy looked at her sister.

"Well, thar's one in it that ain't dead," said Charlotte, hesitatingly, returning her sister's look. "Nancy wanted some hair that color dreadfully. None of the Wilsons' was sandy. That reddish rose-bud you spoke of was made out of it."

"Whose was it?" asked Paulina, curiously.

"Oh, well—somebody's."

"Well," said Paulina, with a sigh, "it's beautiful, and it must have been a sight of work. I don't see how you ever had the patience to do it. You're a wonderful woman."

"Oh no! It wa'n't so very much to do after you got at it."

"It's such an ornament, and apart from that it must be such a comfort to you to have it."

"That's what I tell Nancy. Of course it makes a handsome picture to hang on the wall. But I should think full as much of keepin' the hair so; it's such a nice way."

"That oval frame is elegant, too."

After her callers had gone, Nancy thought over what they had said with simple pleasure and self-gratulation. This innocent, narrow-minded, middle-aged woman felt as much throbbing wonder and delight over her hair wreath as any genius over one of his creations. As far as happiness of that kind went she was just as well off as a Michael Angelo or a Turner; and as far as anything else, she was just as good a woman for believing in hair wreaths.

She had toiled hard over this one; seemingly, nothing but true artistic instinct, and delight in work, could have urged her on. It was exceedingly slow, nervous work, and she was a very delicate woman.

Many a night she had lain awake with her tired brains weaving the hair roses and lilies which her fingers had laid down.

Paulina spoke to Charlotte on their way home about her sister's looking so frail.

"I know it," said Charlotte. "Nancy never had any backbone, an' she's worked awful hard. I s'pose it's more'n she ought to do, makin' all those fancy fixin's; but she's crazy to do 'em, can't seem to let 'em alone; an' she does have a real knack at it."

"That hair wreath was beautiful," assented the other; "but I should have been afraid it would have worn on her."

When they got home, Mrs. Steadman's daughter Emmeline had got tea ready. She was a capable young woman; she took in dress-making, and supported herself and mother, and had all she could do. She was rather pretty; tall and slender like her mother; with a round face, and a mouth with an odd, firm pucker to it when she talked, that strangers took for a smile; she had very rosy cheeks.

There was a prayer-meeting in the church vestry that evening, and after tea Mrs. Steadman proposed going, with her company and her daughter. Emmeline demurred a little. She guessed she wouldn't go, she said.

"Why not?" asked her mother, sharply. She still kept a tight rein over this steady, dutiful daughter of hers. "You don't expect anybody to-night?"

Her mother said "anybody" with a regard for secrecy; she meant Andrew Stoddard.

Emmeline colored very red. "No, I don't," she said, quickly; "I'll go." She was not engaged to the young man, and felt sensitive. It seemed to her if she should stay at home for him, and he should not come, and her mother and her cousin should suspect her of it, she could not bear it; besides, she did not really expect him; there was nothing but the chance he might come to keep her. So she put on her hat, and went to the meeting with her mother and Mrs. Loomis.

She wondered when she got home if he had been there, but there was no way of finding out. He had to drive from a town six miles further up the river to see her. He was the son of the county-store-keeper there, and acted himself as head clerk. He was a steady, fine-looking young man, though he had the name of being rather fiery-tempered. People thought he was a great catch for Emmeline. He had been to see her some six weeks now. She hoped he would ask her to marry him: she could not help it; for she had grown fond of him.

Her mother was sure he would—in fact, she hardly knew but what he had. Emmeline herself was not so sure; she had never a very exalted opinion of herself, and was more certain of her own loving than she was of anybody else's.

When Sunday night came she staid at home from meeting, without any comment from her mother, who put on her decent best bonnet and shawl, and went alone. Paulina Loomis had gone home the day before.

Emmeline had put the little front room, which served alike as dress-maker's shop and parlor, in the nicest order. It was a poor little place, anyway. There was a worn rag-carpet, some cane-seated chairs, and one black wooden rocker covered with chintz. An old-fashioned bureau stood against the wall; and of a week-day a mahogany card-table, made square by having its two leaves up, in the centre of the room. Emmeline used this last for cutting.

To-day she had put down the leaves, and set it back against the wall, between the two front windows. Then she had got the best lamp out of the closet, and set it on it. It was a new lamp, with a pretty figured globe, one she had bought since Andrew began coming to see her. She had picked a bunch of flowers out in her garden, too, and arranged them in a gilt and white china vase, and set it beside the lamp. There were balsams, and phlox, and larkspur, and pinks, and some asparagus for green. She had tucked all her work and her patterns out of sight in the bureau drawers, swept and dusted, and got out a tidy to put on the rocking-chair. Then she had put on her best dress, and sat down to wait. She thought, perhaps, he would come before her mother went to church; but he didn't. So she sat there alone in the fading light, waiting. Every time she heard a team coming, she thought it was his; but it would roll past, and her heart would sink. At last the people began to flock home from meeting, and her mother's tall stooping black figure came in through the gate. She thought Andrew was there, so she went straight through the long narrow entry to the kitchen; Emmeline knew why she did. After a while she opened the door from

the kitchen cautiously, and peered into the dark room: she had a lamp out there.

"There's nobody in here, mother," said Emmeline; "you needn't be afraid."

"Didn't he come? I thought I didn't hear any talkin'."

"No; nobody's been here."

"Why, I wonder what's the reason?"

"I s'pose there's some good one," replied Emmeline, puckering up her lips firmly. "I'm tired; I guess I'll go to bed."

If she felt badly she did not show it, except by her silence at her mother's wondering remarks; but she had always been very reticent about Andrew, not often speaking his name. She did not cry any after she went to bed—indeed, she could not, for her mother slept with her; her father was dead.

The weeks went on, and Emmeline got ready for Andrew a good many times, half-surreptitiously. She would put sundry little ornamental touches to the room, or herself, hoping her mother would not observe them; but he never came. The neighbors began to notice it, and to throw out various hints and insinuations to Mrs. Steadman. They never said anything to Emmeline. She was so still, they did not dare to. Her mother met them frostily. Emmeline didn't care if Andrew Stoddard didn't come. She guessed she should laugh to see *her* fretting over him. She even hinted, in her rampant loyalty, that p'haps there was some reason folks didn't dream of why he didn't come. Mebbe he'd been given to understand he wasn't wanted.

One afternoon she came home from one of the neighbors' with some news. She had seen a woman who lived next to the Stoddards, and Andrew had gone West.

"Has he?" said Emmeline, and went on sewing.

"You're a queer girl," said her mother. She liked Emmeline to be dignified and reticent about it to other people, but she felt aggrieved that she did not unbend and talk it over with her.

About this time her sister Nancy was taken sick with a slow fever. She lingered along a few weeks; the fever left her, but she had no strength to rally; then she died. It was a hard blow to Charlotte. She had been very fond of her sister, and had an admiration for and pride in her which was somewhat singular, since she herself was much the stronger character of the two. She had seemed to feel almost as much satisfaction in Nancy's fine parlor and fancy-work as if they had been her own. Perhaps she consoled herself in that way for not having any of her own, and maintained to herself her dignity amongst her neighbors.

After her sister's death she began to think that some of these fine things ought, by right, to belong to her.

"Nancy earned 'em jest as much by savin' as Thomas did by workin'," she told Emmeline. "It wouldn't be nothin' more'n fair for her sister to have 'em." But Thomas Weeks had capabilities of action in him that people generally did not suspect him of.

He was a little, spare, iron-gray, inoffensive-looking man, but he had been a small tyrant over his mild-visaged, spectacled wife. Now she was dead he had definite plans of his own, which matured as soon as decency would permit, and which did not include his giving his deceased wife's sister his fine red plush furniture. She visited him often and hinted, but he smiled knowingly, and talked about something else.

Nancy had been dead about six months, when, one afternoon, Mrs. Steadman saw him drive past in a shiny buggy with a lady. Her suspicions were aroused, and she talked, and worried, and watched. She found out he had a new hat and coat, and was having the house painted, and the sitting-room and kitchen papered. Everybody said he was going to get married, but nobody seemed to know to whom. At last it came out. He came to church one Sunday with his bride—a short, stout, sallow woman in middle-aged bridal finery, no more like poor Nancy than a huckleberry bush is like a willow sapling. She was a widow from a neighboring town, and reputed to have quite a snug little property—four or five thousand dollars.

Emmeline and her mother sat just across the aisle from the newly wedded couple. Mrs. Steadman had given one startled, comprehensive glance at them when they turned into the pew. After that she did not look at them again, but sat straight and rigid, holding her chin so stiffly against her long neck that it looked like a double one, pursing up her lips as if to keep back a rushing crowd of words which were clamoring behind them.

She told Emmeline, when they got home, that it was all she could do not to

speak right out in meeting and tell Thomas Weeks just what she thought of him.

"I'd like to get right up," said she, "an' ask him 'f he remembered it was hardly six months since my poor sister was laid away, an' 'f he'd ever heerd of such a thing as common decency an' respect for folks' memory, an' 'f he didn't think it was treatin' some folks pretty hard to bring another woman in to use their dead sister's things, when he'd never given them a penny's worth of 'em."

As far as the results went, Charlotte might just as well have spoken out in meeting, and accused her recreant brother-in-law openly. She had always been a woman who talked a great deal, and could not help making funerals for all her woes, and now there was not a woman in the town whom she did not discuss Thomas's second marriage with, and detail her own grievances in connection therewith to. They all sympathized with her: women always do in such cases.

She warmed up on the subject to everybody who came into the shop. Emmeline kept quietly sewing, giving her opinions on her work when asked for them, but not saying much besides. Her mother did not understand her; privately she thought her unfeeling. Emmeline had not heard a word from Andrew Stoddard all this time. For a while she had had a forlorn hope of a letter, but it had died away now. Outwardly she was living just as she always had before he had come; but the old homely ways, whose crooks she had thought she knew by heart, were constantly giving her a feeling of pain and strangeness. She was not imaginative or self-conscious; she never really knew how unhappy she was, or she would have been unhappier. She kept steadily at work, and ate and slept and went about as usual; she never dreamed of its being possible for her to do anything else, but the *difference* was all the time goading her terribly.

Her mother's fretting over the affair had disturbed her actively more than anything else; she was almost glad now to have it turned into another channel. And this new one threatened to be well worn indeed before Mrs. Steadman should leave it. She scolded and cried in it. She was divided between grief and indignation.

Poor Nancy's few articles of finery rankled in her mind more and more. She pilgrimed up to Thomas's house evening after evening to see if there was a light in the best parlor; report said that they used it common now. She came home trembling: there was one.

"To think of their usin' poor Nancy's best plush furniture like that!" she said; "settin' in them stuffed chairs every evenin' jest as if they was wooden ones: they won't last no time at all. An' to think how hard she worked an' saved to get 'em, an' how choice she was of 'em. Then thar's all them tidies an' mats an' rugs, an' that beautiful hair wreath made out of my folks' hair!"

This last seemed to disturb Charlotte more than anything else. She had not a doubt, she said, but what working on it had hastened Nancy's death, and to think that that other woman should have it!

One Friday evening Mrs. Steadman started for meeting. Emmeline did not go. She had some work she was hurrying on, and her mother, contrary to her usual habit, did not urge her to; indeed, she rather advocated her staying at home.

About half an hour after her mother left, Emmeline laid down her work—it had grown too dark for her to see without lighting a lamp. As she sat at the window a moment in the dusk, she saw a figure hurrying up which she did not think could be her mother's, it came so fast and flurriedly; besides, it was not time for meeting to be out.

But when the gate opened she saw it was. Her mother scuttled up the steps into the entry, and opened the shop door cautiously.

"Emmeline, anybody here?"

"No."

She came in then. She had something under her arm. "Light the lamp, Emmeline—quick! See what I've got!"

Emmeline got up and lit the lamp. "Why, mother!" said she, aghast. Her mother was holding the hair wreath, in its oval gilt frame, with an expression of mingled triumph and terror. "Why, mother, how did you get it?"

"Get it? I walked into the house an' took it," said Charlotte, defiantly. "I don't care; I meant to have it. Nancy made it, an' worked herself 'most to death over it, an' it's made out of my folks' hair, an' I had a right to it."

"Why, mother, how did you ever dare?"

"I peeked into the vestry, an' saw 'em both in thar on one of the back seats. Then I run right up to the house. I knew,

unless they did different from what they used to, I could git in through the shed. An' I did. I went right through the kitchen an' sittin'-room into the parlor. It made me feel bad enough. That plush furniture's gettin' real worn, usin' it so common; the nap's all rubbed off on the edges, an' the tidies are dirty. I saw a great spot on that Brussels carpet, too, where somebody'd tracked in. It don't look much as it used to. I could have sat right down an' cried. But I was afraid to stop long, so I jest took this picture down an' come off. I didn't see a soul. I s'pose you think I've done an awful thing, Emmeline?"

"I'm afraid you'll have some trouble about it, mother."

"*I* ain't afraid."

In spite of her bravado, she was afraid. She tucked away the wreath out of sight upstairs, and when Thomas Weeks came to the door the next day, she answered his ring with inward trepidation. She had an inclination to run out of the back door, and leave Emmeline to encounter him, but she resisted it.

She came off victorious, however. Even Thomas Weeks succumbed before the crushing arguments and the withering sarcasms, tumbling pell-mell over each other, which she brought to bear upon him.

"He says I may keep it," she told Emmeline when she went in. "He guesses Mis' Weeks don't set no great by it, an' he don't care. He was awful toppin' at first, but he begun to look kind of ashamed, an' wilted right down after I'd talked to him awhile. I told him jest what I thought of the whole business from beginnin' to end."

The hair wreath was hung up in state in the front room after that, and openly displayed. Everybody upheld Charlotte in taking it, and she felt herself quite a heroine. Nothing delighted her more than to have people speak about it and admire it.

One day she was descanting on its beauties to one of the neighbors, when a question arose which attracted Emmeline's attention.

"Whose hair is that reddish rose-bud made out of?" asked the woman.

Mrs. Steadman gave a warning "Hush!" and a scared glance at her daughter. Emmeline saw it. After the woman had gone she went up to the wreath, and looked at it closely. "Mother," said she, "whose hair is in that rose-bud?"

Mrs. Steadman shrank before her daughter's look.

"Mother, you *didn't* go to my drawer and take that out! I missed it! How did you know I had it?"

"Now, Emmeline, thar ain't no reason for you to get so mad. I went to your drawer one day for something, an' happened to see it. An' poor Nancy wanted some hair that color dreadfully, an' she didn't really want to go out of the family, an' we all thought—"

"Mother, did *he* know it?"

"Now, Emmeline, it's ridiculous for you to fire up so. I s'pose he did. You remember that last Friday night when Paulina was here last summer, an' we all went to meetin'? He came that night, and we warn't to home, and Nancy was settin' on her door-step when he drove by, an' she had to call him in an' show him the wreath. An' I s'pose she let on 'bout his hair bein' in it. I told her she was awful silly; but she said he kinder cornered her up, an' she couldn't help it. I scolded her for it. She said he seemed kinder upset."

"Mother, that was the reason."

"Reason for what?"

"The reason he stopped coming, and—everything."

"Emmeline Steadman, I don't believe it. 'Tain't likely a fellar'd get so mad as that jest 'cause somebody'd made a rose-bud out of his hair to put in a wreath; 'tain't reasonable. I should think he'd been rather pleased than anything else."

"Oh, mother, don't you see? He—gave it to me, and he thought that was all I cared for it, to give it to Aunt Nancy to put in a hair wreath. And he is awful sensitive and quick-tempered."

"I should think he was, to get mad at such a thing as that; I can't believe he did!"

"I *know* he did!"

"Well, there ain't any call for you to feel huffy about it. I'm sorry I did it: I'm sure I wouldn't if I'd dreamed it was goin' to make any trouble. I didn't have any idea he was such a fire an' tow kind of a fellar as that. I guess it's jest as well we didn't have him in the family; thar wouldn't have been no livin' with him."

That night Emmeline wrote a letter to Andrew Stoddard. She sat up for the purpose after her mother had gone to bed, pretending she had some work to finish. She wrote the sort of letter that most New England girls in her standing would have

written. She began it "Dear Friend," touched very lightly on the subject of the hair, just enough to explain it, then decorously hoped that if any misunderstanding had interrupted their friendship it might be done away with; she should always value his very highly. Then she signed herself his true friend "Emmeline E. Steadman."

Nobody knew what tortures of suspense Emmeline suffered after she had sent her poor little friendly letter. She sewed on quietly just as usual. Her mother knew nothing about it.

She began to go regularly to the post-office, though not at mail times. She would make an errand to the store where it was, and inquire if there was a letter for her quietly and casually after she was through trading.

One morning she came home from one of those errands, dropped down in a chair, and covered her face with her hands. Her mother was frightened: she was mixing bread: they were both out in the kitchen.

"Emmeline, what *is* the matter?"

Emmeline burst into a bitter cry: "He's married. Mrs. Wilson told me just now. Mrs. Adams told her: she lives next to his folks."

"Why, Emmeline, I didn't know you cared so much about that fellar as all that!"

"I didn't!" said Emmeline, fiercely; "but I—wrote to him, an' what's he goin' to think? I'd died first, if I'd known. Oh, if you'd only let that lock of hair alone! You brought all this trouble on me!"

"Well, Emmeline Steadman, if you want to talk so to the mother that's done for you what I have, on account of a fellar that's showed pretty plain he didn't care any great about you, you can."

Emmeline said no more, but, with a look of despair, rose to go upstairs.

"I've told you I am sorry I took it."

"I think you'd better be," said Emmeline, as she went through the door.

She did no more work that day; she staid upstairs, and would see nobody: she did not care what people thought now. Mrs. Steadman grew more and more conscience-stricken and worried; she went for the night mail herself, with a forlorn hope of something, she did not know what.

When she got back she came directly upstairs into the room where Emmeline was. "Emmeline," said she, in a shaking voice, "here's a letter for you; I guess it's from *him*."

Emmeline took it and opened it, her face set and unmoved; she had it all settled that the letter was to tell her of his marriage. She read down the first page, her face changing with every word. Her mother watched her breathlessly, as if she too was reading the letter by reflection in her daughter's face.

At last Emmeline looked up at her mother. She was radiant; she was trying to keep from smiling, lest she betray too much; but she could not help it. She looked blissful and shamefaced together.

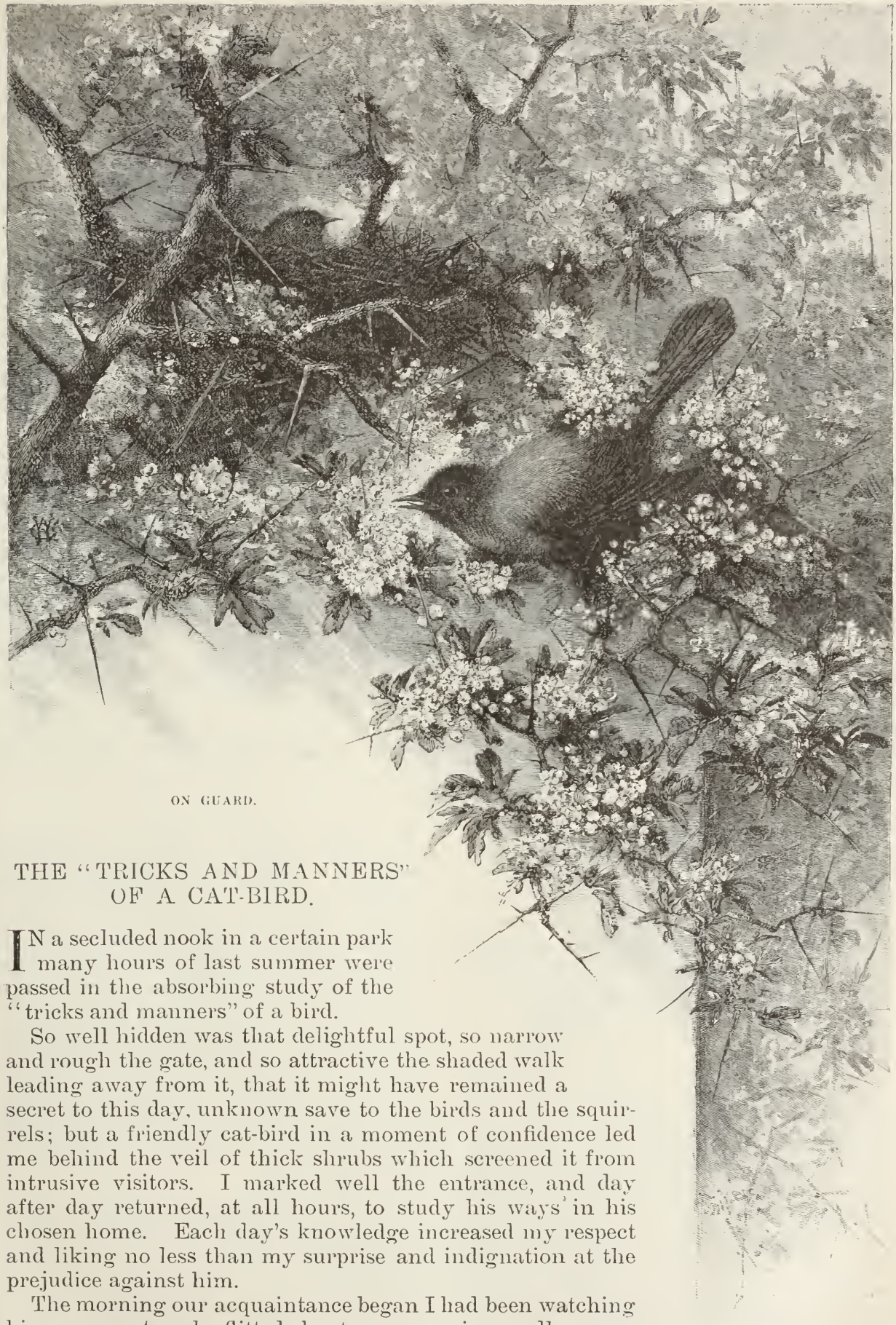
"Mother—he ain't married after all; and he says it's all right about the hair; and—he's coming home!"

Charlotte's face was as radiant as her daughter's, but she said, "Well, what do you think now? After you've been such an ungrateful girl, blaming your mother, an' talkin' to her as you did this mornin', I should think you'd be ashamed. You don't deserve it!"

Emmeline got off the bed; with her letter in her hand she went over to her mother, and kissed her shyly on her soft old cheek. "I'm real sorry I spoke so, mother."

THE SUCCORY.

OH not in ladies' gardens,
My peasant posy,
Smile thy dear blue eyes;
Nor only—nearer to the skies—
In upland pastures,
Dim and sweet;
But by the dusty road,
Where tired feet
Toil to and fro,
Where flaunting sin
May see thy heavenly hue,
Or weary sorrow look from thee
Toward that tenderer blue.



ON GUARD.

THE "TRICKS AND MANNERS" OF A CAT-BIRD.

IN a secluded nook in a certain park many hours of last summer were passed in the absorbing study of the "tricks and manners" of a bird.

So well hidden was that delightful spot, so narrow and rough the gate, and so attractive the shaded walk leading away from it, that it might have remained a secret to this day, unknown save to the birds and the squirrels; but a friendly cat-bird in a moment of confidence led me behind the veil of thick shrubs which screened it from intrusive visitors. I marked well the entrance, and day after day returned, at all hours, to study his ways in his chosen home. Each day's knowledge increased my respect and liking no less than my surprise and indignation at the prejudice against him.

The morning our acquaintance began I had been watching his movements as he flitted about, now running madly across the walk, as though a legion of enemies were after him, now pausing on the edge to see what I would do next, then retiring to a short distance under the trees, and having a lively frolic with last year's leaves, digging into them with great spirit, and throwing them far over his head.

Suddenly he rose on wing, and flew with tail wide spread across the walk, into an althea bush, where he disappeared.

I was about to pass on, when fancying I heard a faint twittering in the shrub, I approached quietly till near enough to put my hand on him before I saw him. There he sat on a branch about as high as my head, looking at me very sharply with his intelligent black eyes, but not in the least agitated. I stood still, and he went on with his song.

It was a most extraordinary performance. The sweetest notes, given with every trill and turn the bird can execute, with swelling throat and jerking tail, yet not a note louder than a whisper! I had to listen to catch the sound, although I could touch him where I stood. It was a genuine soliloquy. When he had finished he flew out the other side of the bush, and pushing my way between the althea and a close-growing weigela, I found myself in his nook, a charming sunny spot, running down to the lake.

Though burdened with an undeserved and offensive name, and having somehow become an object of suspicion and dislike to many persons, the cat-bird—*Mimus carolinensis*—is one of the most intelligent and interesting of our native birds. No bird makes closer observation, or more correctly estimates one's attitude toward him. As I sit motionless in his nook he will circle around me, hopping from bush to bush, at a distance of ten or twelve feet, looking at me from every side, and at last slip behind a low shrub, and come out boldly upon the grass with an unconcerned air, entirely different from that with which he had kept me under surveillance for the last ten minutes.

The cat-bird has an inquiring mind; nothing escapes his eye, and everything is of interest to him. Far from being satisfied to accept anything as "mysterious," he wishes and intends to know the why and the wherefore of everything new or strange. After one has won his confidence, to induce him to show himself on the grass it is only necessary to place there something new—a bit of paper, a small fruit, or anything unusual. From behind his screen of leaves he sees it, is at once seized with intense curiosity, and if not afraid he will almost instantly come down to inspect it. This he does by trying to stab it with his sharp black bill, jumping off the ground and pouncing on it, when it happens to be hard, till one fears he will break his bill. A bit of apple treated by him is full of minute stabs or gashes like dagger thrusts. His manner, however, is not one of vulgar curiosity, but always of philosophical inquiry into the nature of substances, and his look is as grave and thoughtful as though he were studying some of the problems of human or bird life.

He has also a sense of humor. I had the fortune to see from my own window in the city an amusing exhibition of this quality. Hearing the sweet song of a cat-bird, I seized an opera-glass and looked over the neighboring yards till I found him perched on the roof of a pigeon-house, singing with great energy. Several pigeons were also on the roof, and seemed interested in the stranger entertaining them, stupidly—in pigeon fashion—walking about and looking at him, turning their heads from side to side in their mincing way. Suddenly, in the middle of a burst of song, the minstrel darted like a flash among them, evidently for pure fun, for he did not touch one of them, and returned instantly to his song. Wild panic, however, seized the pigeons, and although he was a mere atom among them, they flew every way, and would have shrieked with terror had they been able.

Then the sparrows began to observe him. They gathered near, in a cherry-tree and a lilac bush, chattering and scolding, and plainly questioning the right of the stranger to intrude upon their grounds. After a while one of them flew rapidly past the apparently unconcerned cat-bird, who interpolated one scolding note, without pausing in his song. This insult not being resented, the sparrow grew bolder, returned, and alighted on the roof near him. Wishing to finish his song, the cat-bird merely scolded a little, and put himself in an attitude of "going for him," when the sparrow considered it prudent to retire.

For a few minutes there was great chattering in the cherry-tree, and the sparrows, having made up their minds that he could do nothing but scold, plainly resolved to mob him in true sparrow fashion. One led the way by flying down to the roof about two feet from the singer, all bristled up ready for fight. This was too much; the song ceased, and with a fearful war-cry the singer fairly flung himself

"A BALLAD TO HIS MISTRESS'S EYEBROW."

after that sparrow, who disappeared in a panic, and the whole party of mobbers with him. They very evidently appreciated their mistake, and saw that the stranger was willing as well as able to take care of himself, for neither sparrow nor pigeon came near him again, and when he returned to his perch, light as a feather and unruffled as a summer morning, he finished his song at his leisure, and had the roof to himself as long as he chose to stay.

No bird is more graceful than the cat-bird, and in spite of his sober dress of slate-color and black, none is more beautiful. His plumage may be grave of hue, but it is like satin in sheen and texture, and always in the most perfect order, for he takes the daintiest care of himself. To see him make his toilet for the night is well worth staying late and eating a cold dinner. For an hour steadily will he plume himself, carefully dressing each feather many times over, combing his head with his claws again and again, and shaking with violent effort every atom of the day's dust from him. Then when all is arranged to his mind, and every feather in place, he fluffs himself out into a ball, draws one slate-colored foot up out of sight into its feather pillow, and is ready for one to say good-night and leave him to his repose.

Another sight, for which one must lose his breakfast—though it will be well exchanged—is his bath. The cat-bird loves water, and he plunges in, fluttering and spattering in a way to delight the soul of a "cold-water" hobby-rider, wings and tail and head all hard at work, sprinkling everything for yards around, till when he steps out he looks like an animated rag-bag, and the long, careful toilet of the evening is repeated.

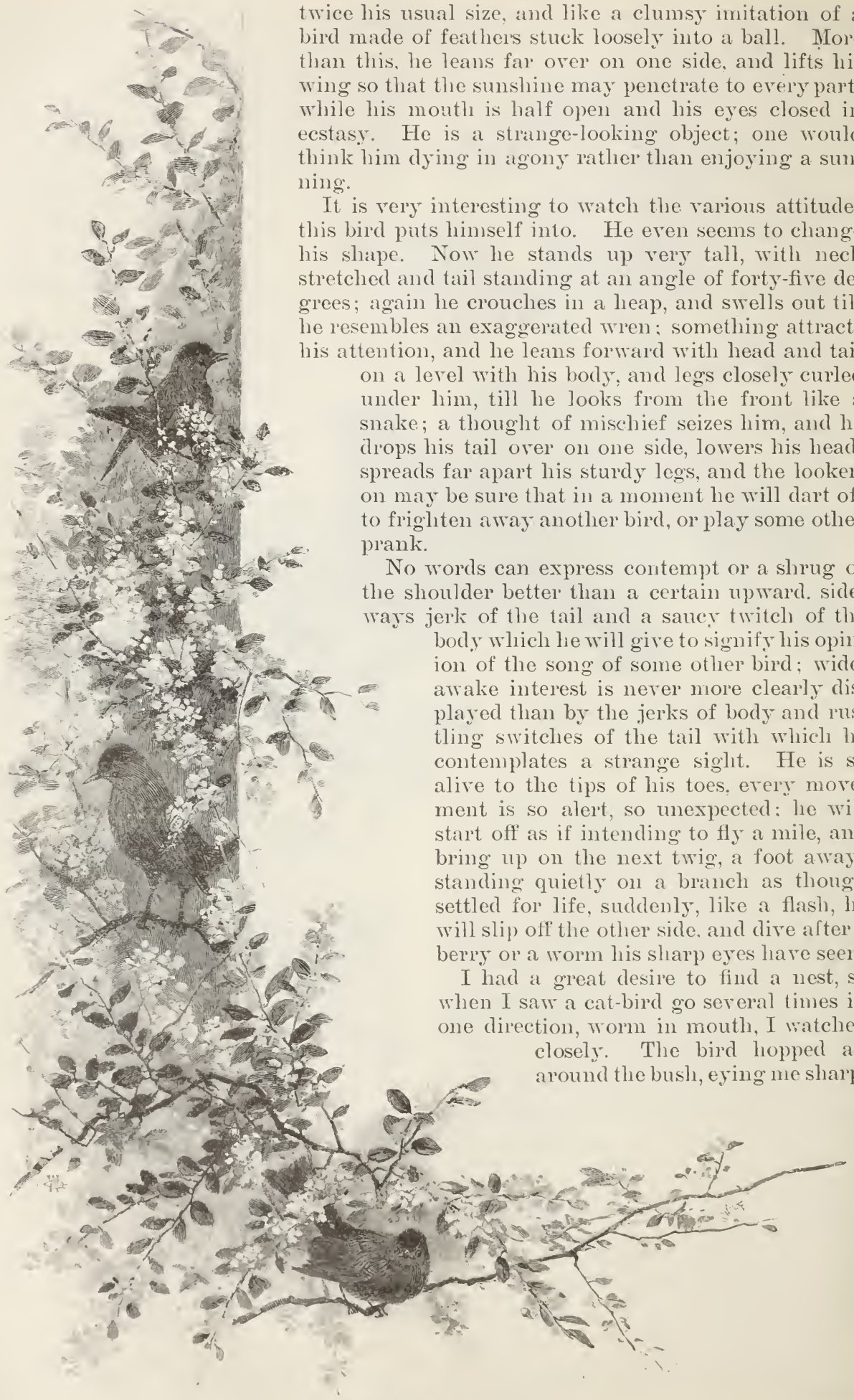
But the rarest of all is to see him take a sun-bath, and one is fortunate indeed to catch sight of him and not disturb him in his luxurious enjoyment. Each particular feather stands on end, even to the small ones of his crown, till he looks

twice his usual size, and like a clumsy imitation of a bird made of feathers stuck loosely into a ball. More than this, he leans far over on one side, and lifts his wing so that the sunshine may penetrate to every part, while his mouth is half open and his eyes closed in ecstasy. He is a strange-looking object; one would think him dying in agony rather than enjoying a sunning.

It is very interesting to watch the various attitudes this bird puts himself into. He even seems to change his shape. Now he stands up very tall, with neck stretched and tail standing at an angle of forty-five degrees; again he crouches in a heap, and swells out till he resembles an exaggerated wren; something attracts his attention, and he leans forward with head and tail on a level with his body, and legs closely curled under him, till he looks from the front like a snake; a thought of mischief seizes him, and he drops his tail over on one side, lowers his head, spreads far apart his sturdy legs, and the looker-on may be sure that in a moment he will dart off to frighten away another bird, or play some other prank.

No words can express contempt or a shrug of the shoulder better than a certain upward, sideways jerk of the tail and a saucy twitch of the body which he will give to signify his opinion of the song of some other bird; wide-awake interest is never more clearly displayed than by the jerks of body and rustling switches of the tail with which he contemplates a strange sight. He is so alive to the tips of his toes, every movement is so alert, so unexpected; he will start off as if intending to fly a mile, and bring up on the next twig, a foot away; standing quietly on a branch as though settled for life, suddenly, like a flash, he will slip off the other side, and dive after a berry or a worm his sharp eyes have seen.

I had a great desire to find a nest, so when I saw a cat-bird go several times in one direction, worm in mouth, I watched closely. The bird hopped all around the bush, eying me sharp-



SOME FAVORITE ATTITUDES.

ly, and at last jumped upon the lowest branch, gave me one last glance, slipped to the ground on the other side, and returned in a moment without the worm.

"Now," I said, exultingly—"now I have you!"

Carefully I crept up and parted the branches, while the disturbed bird hopped from twig to twig, saying "Quit! quit!" I looked in, confidently expecting to see the low nest I knew so well. No nest was there. Then I searched the neighboring shrubs, and even the grass around, but no sign of his home could I find, while the bird, who had watched and followed me, plainly chuckled in a way that said, "Humph! you missed it, didn't you?" and I firmly believe that the saucy fellow ate the worm himself, and went through all that pretense of mystery to mislead me and rebuke my prying curiosity.

The singing of the cat-bird is as characteristic as anything else about him. No song of his ever comes from the top of a tall tree, where the robin delights to pour out his inspiring notes, but out of the deepest shade of the thickest shrub his music salutes the ear. It is the most charming of songs, exquisite in quality, and of compass and variety. His common chirp as he goes about in the bushes is soft as rain-drops plashing into a quiet lake, and his low chatter to his friends has the same liquid character. But he has harsher notes; he has a sharp "tut, tut," like the robin, and he has the cry from which he is named, which at a little distance somewhat resembles the "mew" of a melancholy cat, but closer sounds more like the cry of a young baby. Then, also, when his anger is roused, and he flies furiously almost in one's face, he gives utterance to a harsh, grating sound that one finds it hard to believe can come out of his mouth, like "Crack-rack-rack." In fact, I do not know a bird possessing a greater variety of sounds.

When a cat-bird stands up three feet from you, not in the least flustered or disturbed, calmly looking you full in the face with both his bright black eyes, not turning his head from side to side in the way common to birds, you recognize in him something like intelligence and reason, and you can not resist the conviction that he has his opinions, and could express them if only you could understand his language.

IN AN OLD VIRGINIA TOWN.

FREDERICKSBURG, now of historic fame from the battle fought in its midst December 13, 1862, was named by solemn act of Council, in 1727, after Frederick, son of George I. English royal names and personages were held in high repute in the colony of Virginia, and it is scarcely surprising that so many counties and streets in the present State bear the names and titles of the three Georges and other princes, one of said counties passing under the compound appellation of "King and Queen."

We are told—be this myth or not—that Captain John Smith, the ubiquitous hero of the Pocahontas legend, ascended the Rappahannock River in a small boat as far as the falls, opposite the site upon which to-day stands the town of Fredericksburg, discovering there merely a wigwam village of the Indian tribe known as the "Rappahannocs." About a century later the site was surveyed and settled by a few hardy adventurers who were not afraid to have for neighbors the Rappahannocs, "most formidable savages," according to Smith. The new town decreed by law in 1727 was, following the usual incipiency of colonial towns, a straggling collection of houses built entirely of wood, even to the chimneys, a custom which was afterward condemned by law as threatening the life of the settlement. From the date of that prohibition sprang brick chimneys, and the easy, modest existence continued through a century and a half, down to our own day.

Rich in landmarks and traditions connected with the colonial and Revolutionary era of Virginia, Fredericksburg was a distinguished contributor to the founding of the republic. It proudly lays claim to the honor of having been the scene of Washington's early life, the home of his mother until her death, and finally the place of her burial. To the charm and prestige arising from its early history may be largely attributed the moderate amount of prosperity which kept the town alive in spite of manifold disadvantages. Its

more brilliant phase ended with the stirring times of Washington's career; during this century its name has occasionally sounded at the front, though for the most part its life has been passed in retirement. Dickens, in his *American Notes*, dubbed it a "finished town," but it is notorious that the novelist was in the habit of writing from a Pickwickian stand-point. At no time "finished," the old town is to-day very much improved, and looks forward to a bright future, especially in manufactures, despite its abandonment by many of the young men, who went South and West "to grow up," in consequence of the immediate losses inflicted by war.

The stand which the little town took at an early date in behalf of independence is the chief glory of its citizens to-day. Its leading men were the very first in Virginia to adopt the principle that the colonies ought not only to be exempt from mother-country taxation, but ought to be free and independent states. At a time when many of the ablest Virginia statesmen, such as Richard Bland, Robert Carter Nicholas, Edmond Pendleton, George Mason, Thomas Ludwell Lee, Carter Braxton, and Benjamin Harrison, were shrinking back from the thought of attempting to achieve independence, the sturdy burghers were far in advance in accurately forecasting the future. The evidence on this point is conclusive. When, in April, 1775, one day after the battle of Lexington, the news of Lord Dunmore's removal of twenty barrels of gunpowder from the public magazine in Williamsburg reached Fredericksburg, measures were speedily devised for collecting and arming the people, and six hundred men, well armed and disciplined, assembled at once. Delegates were dispatched to ascertain precisely the condition of affairs at Williamsburg, and a public meeting, held on April 29, 1775, adopted a series of resolutions which were in form and substance tantamount to a declaration of American independence. Though deprecating civil war, yet, considering the liberties of America to be in danger, the delegates to the meeting pledged themselves to re-assemble at a moment's warning, and by force of arms to defend the rights of "this or any sister colony," and concluded with the sentence, "God save the liberties of America!" These resolutions were passed twenty-one days before the celebrated Mecklenburg declaration in North Carolina, and one year and sixty-five days before the Declaration of Independence of the American Congress.

Yet at the date of this declaration the town's council had not been organized. The first court was incorporated only one year before the close of the Revolutionary war, and some of the first acts of this court furnish a commentary on the epoch. Five persons were authorized to keep taverns—the name "hotel" being then unknown in Virginia—and a regular tariff of prices was fixed, "the same not to be exceeded by the tavern-keepers" under severe penalties. It is noteworthy that the limits were not given for a wine-glassful or even for a tumblerful of fermented beverages, but for a gallon! The prices established were: "West India rum, $3 34; apple brandy, $1 67; whiskey, $1; strong beer, 67 cents; rum toddy, $1 67; brandy toddy, $1 25; rum punch, $2 50; brandy punch, $2; rum grog, $1; brandy grog, 84 cents; Madeira wine, per bottle, $1 25; port-wine, per bottle, 67 cents. This port could hardly have been the genuine article of Oporto, but must have been some domestic precursor of the present port-wine of California. Having thus limited the prices on drinking, the authorities next proceeded to take upon their shoulders to limit the prices for eating, and they fixed the cost of a single "diet" at 25 cents—certainly quite a moderate figure, according to our modern standards. These dietary laws remained in force till the end of the century, and some of the taverns for which they were drawn up lapped over far into the present century, and the keepers told many an anecdote in regard to the distinguished personages who had lodged in them during the Revolution. In addition to regulating the diet of their guests, the court undertook to appraise property held in legal subjection for debt. The inventory and appraisement of the personalty of a citizen who died during the Revolution stand as follows on the court record: one silver watch, $26 67; one cow and yearling, $16 67; one suit broadcloth clothes, $13 34; one other suit broadcloth, $6 67; three blue coats, $10; seven pair of white breeches, $11 67; five white vests, $11 67; one shirt, 67 cents; six pair of stockings, $1 67; two pair of shoes, $3; three hats, $3; one stock buckle, 50 cents; three brushes, 50 cents.

By the modern visitor the principal at-

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.

traction of the place is found in the cherished relics relating to the residence of the youthful Washington and of his mother. They consist of the house within the corporate limits in which both dwelt and in which she died; the tomb over her grave; the site, opposite the town, across the river, upon which stood the house in which he first lived after his removal from Westmoreland, and the grounds adjoining, which were the theatre of his renowned boyish exploits. Thirty years ago the town contained dozens of "old citizens" who personally had known Washington and his mother, many of them as kin; they have all passed away, but their recollections and impressions, received at first hand, were of course stamped on the minds of their children who are still living. The information so handed down by persons of noted veracity and accuracy is none the less authentic because it has never sought the publicity given by type.

The account of the early life of Washington written by Mason L. Weems was in a great measure a fanciful performance; his budget of anecdotes with a moral tendency was palmed off on the world simply because he was the first to take the field with a life of the great man.

Though most of Weems's anecdotes must be taken as fabrications—the medium of a species of moralizing chaff addressed to the young—it is undeniable that his work was instrumental in preserving certain items in regard to his "divinity" that otherwise would never have been published. Zealous to serve his own advancement through an enthusiastic adoration of the hero, it became for him an easy task to portray the latter as a demigod. The following bit of grandiloquence might serve as a model for many a rural paper even of this advanced age: "We do not look for a whale in a mill-pond, but in the main ocean. On the same rule must we not look for Washington in America, that greatest continent, which, rising from beneath the frozen pole, stretches far and wide to the south, running almost the whole length of this vast terrene, and sustaining on her ample sides the roaring shock of half the watery globe? And equal to its size is the furniture of this vast continent, where the Almighty has reared His cloud-capped mountains, and spread His sea-like lakes, and poured His mighty rivers, and hurled down His thundering cataracts, in a style of the sublime so far superior to anything of the kind in the other continent that we may fairly conclude that great men and great deeds are designed for America."

The *Life of Washington* was Weems's main work, based on the fact of his having been "Rector of Mount Vernon Parish." It was written in 1809, and was during

many years afterward peddled by him in person throughout Virginia, meeting, however, with a very scanty sale. He was the first book canvasser that ever traversed the State. In his way he was quite a character, according to the picture drawn by a gentleman now living in Fredericksburg, who in his youth knew him. "I have often seen him," said this gentleman, "endeavoring to sell his books about town and on court greens. He was a Prince William [County] man, and a minister of the Episcopal Church, though all his children became Methodists. It was his custom to travel about in a small vehicle selling, in addition to his *Life of Washington*, his *Life of Marion*, and two pamphlets entitled *The Drunkard's Looking-Glass* and *The Swearer's Prayer*. Now and then he would scatter short moral pieces in doggerel, and printed on slips of paper. He was extremely fond of playing the violin, and used it also as a means to draw attention to his wares. Being a parson, and hence indisposed to exhibiting himself as a fiddler in public, he was accustomed to conceal himself, while handling the instrument, in a species of booth made by means of blankets stretched on poles. On one occasion, while thus engaged, the wind blew down the side of his booth against which his back was turned, exposing him to the full view of a gaping crowd. Unconscious of the accident, he kept fiddling away, till the crowd, no longer able to restrain its tittering, burst forth in a roar of laughter which instantly forced him to see himself as others had been seeing him. His annoyance was tremendous, and he forthwith decamped from the ground, amidst a hurricane of derisive remarks showered upon him by the rough multitude."

Washington's paternal grandfather settled in Virginia in 1657, and his maternal grandfather emigrated in the same year to the same neighborhood. Augustin, the father of George, first married Miss Jane Butler, who died after giving birth to two sons, Lawrence and Augustin. "Fully determined still," says Weems, "that 'it is not good for man to be alone,' he renewed for the second time the chaste delights of matrimonial life. His consort was Miss Mary Ball, a young lady of fortune, and descended from one of the best families in Virginia. From his intermarriage with this charming girl it would appear that our hero's father must have possessed either a very pleasing person or highly polished manners, or perhaps both; for, from what I can learn, he was at that time at least forty years old, while she, on the other hand, was universally toasted as the belle of the Northern Neck, and in the full bloom and freshness of love-inspiring sixteen. Those overdelicate folk who are ready to faint at thought of a second marriage might do well to remember that the greatest man who ever lived was the son of this second marriage."

Writing only ten years after Washington's death, or in 1809, Parson Weems thus refers to the famous homestead opposite Fredericksburg: "Little George had scarcely attained his fifth year when his father left Pope's Creek, Westmoreland, and came up to a plantation which he had in Stafford, opposite to Fredericksburg. The house in which he lived is still to be seen. It lifts its low and modest front of faded red over the turbid waters of the Rappahannock, whither to this day numbers of people repair, and, with emotions unutterable, looking at the weather-beaten mansion, exclaim: 'Here's the house where the great Washington was born.' But it is all a mistake. The first place of education to which George was ever sent was a little 'old-field school' kept by one of his father's tenants on the Stafford farm, an old man named Hobby, who acted in the double character of sexton and school-master. Hobby lived to see his pupil in all his glory. In his cups—for though a sexton he would sometimes drink, particularly on the General's birthdays—he used to boast that 'twas he who between his knees had laid the foundation of George Washington's greatness."

It was on the Stafford farm that Weems locates the scene of the accident to that cherry-tree, cited "as a case in point"—*i. e.*, George's love of truth—"too valuable to be lost, too true to be doubted, and communicated to me by the same excellent lady to whom I was indebted for the last. 'When George,' said she, 'was about six years old he was made the wealthy master of a hatchet,'" etc. It was on this farm, also, that the father of Washington died, when he was sent down to his native place on Pope's Creek, Westmoreland, to school, and his mother moved into the house she occupied in Fredericksburg until her death. At the age of fifteen George left school, "of Latin understanding as little as Balaam's ass," quoth Parson

PARSON WEEMS'S MISHAP.

Weems, to become a surveyor on Lord Fairfax's estate.

The farm consisted of only 1200 acres, though his father's estate in the two counties of Stafford and Westmoreland amounted to 25,000 acres. The house in which Washington lived with his parents disappeared a half-century ago, but a frame dwelling now stands on its site, and erected on the same stone foundation, its only visible relic. When this old foundation was being excavated by the present occupant of the locality a number of wine bottles and clay pipes were the sole tokens of grandeur discovered among the débris. The modern house, about three hundred yards below the railway bridge, is on the top of a hill, and is one hundred yards from the river. It is a very modest one-story building, surrounded by a few shade trees, and is kept in neat order by a small farmer, very proud of the high honors attaching to the spot, as it seemed to a party of three of us who trespassed on his premises to satisfy our curiosity. On entering his little "parlor," the eye was at once attracted over the mantel-piece to the engraving representing "The Courtship of Mrs. Martha Custis by General Washington," and as we gazed on the prim uniformed young man in top-boots seated beside the widow and her two lolling children, the picture appealed to the fancy with unwonted liveliness. This was the only Washingtonian memento visible. The field surrounding the house, which is rarely visited nowadays either by strangers or natives, was pleasant to behold under its high state of cultivation.

Descending from the brow of the hill in a straight line (amidst regrets that the art of photography did not exist in 1742), we reached the ferry, which was located at precisely the same point in that year. It was here that, according to the traditional belief of the towns-people, the ten-year-old hero threw a stone across the river, though the exploit is by a few double-dyed skeptics in the town as strenuously pooh-poohed as the little hatchet affair. Biographer Weems says: "Colonel Lewis Willis, his playmate and kinsman, has been heard to say that he has often seen him throw a stone across the Rappahannock at the lower ferry of Fredericksburg. It would be no easy matter to find a man nowadays who could do it. Indeed, his father before him was a man of extraordinary strength." The distance across the river by the ferry-boat is now

one hundred and fifty yards, but it was greater then, according to old citizens, who recollect when the stream was much wider and deeper. At the close of the last century large barks and schooners heavily laden were able to ascend a mile above, as far as Falmouth, where they received return cargoes of wheat and tobacco. Falmouth, now a decayed hamlet, was then such a thriving town that its prominent merchants furnished exchange on England to Baltimore. At the time of Washington's exploit the distance across must have been nearly two hundred yards, and hence his throw was a greater triumph of muscular strength and dexterity than such a performance would be to-day. A merchant standing in his warehouse on the Fredericksburg side assured the writer that, instead of a stone, the Father of his Country threw a silver dollar across the river—verily "the dollar of the daddies"—"and," added this gentleman, "they afterward found the dollar." This is an entirely new version, and our only wonder is that we do not meet it on the pages of Parson Weems. Judging from the amount of stone-throwing indulged in by the small boys at the expense of the solitary ferryman as he poles his bark to and fro, one fancies that they, at least, are fully persuaded the great man in his boyhood threw a stone across the Rappahannock.

The house in which Mrs. Washington lived in the town is situated on Charles Street, and is preserved almost as it was in her day. It contains only two rooms and a dark hall on the ground-floor, and one small attic room, reached by a winding staircase from the hall. The walls, thinly plastered on the inside, appear stained and dingy from age; the worn plank floors, the wide wooden mantel and fire-place, and the narrow windows carry one back at sight to the olden time. The foundation, partly of brick and partly of large stones, is remarkably solid for such a slight superstructure, clad in narrow strips of weather-boarding, lately repainted; the roof, thatched with round-pointed shingles, and over which rises a tall brick chimney, is steep on the street side, and sloping to the rear in the form of a shed over the exit into the large garden, which contains a diminutive "kitchen." The garden formerly embraced the adjoining five blocks, now built over. The modern coat of paint given the old house at first leads one to doubt its antiquity, but a closer inspection, within and without, soon attests its great age. The genuine structure has been joined to a two-story building with ample porch, from which the entry is now made to the corridor of the Washington mansion.

The house as it looked in 1783, according to a picture on an old map hanging in one of the hotels, tallies with its present appearance. It is occupied by a small family, the members of which are occasionally called upon to show its points to patriotic strangers. The present tenant's wife, when exhibiting it to us, pointed to the corner near the window in the front room and remarked, "It was right there in that corner that George used sometimes to sit on a bench and straighten out his mother's accounts." That Mrs. Washington was a diligent worker is attested by both oral and written memoirs. She attended in person to her garden and dairy, milking and churning with her own hands; but the statement that she sold milk, butter, and eggs is erroneous, both because there was no market for them in the neighborhood and because she was under no need of making money, being always kept well supplied by her son George, never more dutiful than in his conduct toward her. Before, during, and after the Revolutionary war it was his frequent practice to visit her in this famous little house. During his visits, when a young man, dancing parties were often given by his mother, and at these all the belles of the town were invited to assist. The floors, not then worn, were smoothly waxed, and the front room was large enough to hold several dancing couples at once, as they went through the stately minuet or the more lively "Virginia reel," to the music of a single negro fiddler. At one of these parties a young belle was honored with the General's hand for a dance. As he led her out on the floor he remarked, "I didn't know I had such a pretty black-eyed cousin!" This young partner when an old lady would fondly boast of this triumph, and putting her hands to her eyes, smilingly say, "And they are bright yet!" The old lady was evidently pleased to picture herself as on the day when Washington danced with her.

On one occasion during the Revolution Washington called, and, finding his mother working in the garden, went out to greet her. Looking up and discovering

THE FERRY.

him coming toward her, she laughingly exclaimed, "Well, George, haven't they caught you?" His reply was to hand her a bag of silver, a commodity scarce in that era of Continental paper, and then to escort her back into the house for a chat. An old citizen of Fredericksburg who witnessed this interview, and frequently heard her give expression to her sentiments during the war, used to say of her: "She was a high old piece! George got a great deal of his character and majesty from her. She was looked upon as leaning to the Tory side in politics." Doubtless in the beginning it was as grievous in her eyes to see her favorite son in the American army as it would have been to have seen him in King George's navy, from entering which he had only been dissuaded by his high appreciation of her devoted love.

Mrs. Washington lived very happily in this little house, and within its walls her last moments were passed. Twenty years ago a military company paraded in the streets on every 22d of February, invariably commencing the day's festivities by marching to the front of the house and firing a salute. The ceremony is now omitted, of course, as there is no parade of the soldiery on that day. The death of Mrs. Washington, which occurred several years before that of her illustrious son, was the occasion of an immense turn-out of the citizens in the neighboring counties and villages. The funeral was a very plain one, entirely adapted to the expressed wishes of the deceased lady, though the procession to the grave she herself had chosen—about a half-mile distant on the plain—was unavoidably large, owing to the great respect and love which all classes entertained for her.

The exact spot of her grave, on a rocky crag, was selected by her, as she declared, "because it never could be cultivated." There in 1832 was laid the corner-stone of the monument since erected over her grave, under the eye of President Andrew Jackson, with an imposing military and civic display. It was during his trip from Washington to Fredericksburg to attend this ceremony that the nose of "Old Hickory" was pulled for the first and last time in his life. According to the account of

an eye-witness, as the steamboat conveying the Presidential party down the Potomac touched at Alexandria, a dismissed office-holder deliberately went up to the President and tweaked his venerable nose. The by-standers immediately seized the intruder and had begun to pummel him, when the General, lifting his redoubtable cane, cried out: "Let him alone; I'm able to defend myself against the scoundrel!" Thereupon the "scoundrel" was hustled off the boat, and the Presidential dignity was saved.

The erection of a monument to "Mary the Mother of Washington" was proposed and undertaken by the citizens of Fredericksburg; but for some reason the job was delayed, until Silas E. Burrass, a New York merchant who was at the time courting a member of the Washington family, asked as a favor to be allowed to defray the entire expense. His offer was accepted by the building committee, and he at once furnished them with the means to proceed in the undertaking. The work was nearly completed, thanks to his liberality, the drafts made on him having been regularly paid, when his failure in business put a sudden stop to the erection, and the monument was left in the unfinished condition in which it stands to-day. At this juncture of affairs, moreover, his offer of marriage was declined by the lady. Fortunately the monument only lacked its shaft. There is no doubt that this small lacking was an advantage, from an æsthetic point of view, seeing that the monument was a little gem precisely as left by the workers, and could only have been disfigured by a disproportioned shaft. It would, in fact, have been difficult to hit upon a more suitable design for a monument to the memory of Washington's mother than the one actually carried out; its elegant simplicity and graceful proportions are entirely in accord with the canons of good taste.

The monument stands on the crag mentioned in the midst of the wide plain between two long parallel ranges of hills, one on the Stafford side, and the other on the Spottsylvania side, or at the beginning of the superb valley extending many miles down the Rappahannock River. The site could not have been more aptly selected, the view from the crag being very fine: from out of the middle of the plain, covered with rich greensward and dotted with sheep, the monument is visible as a central point of attraction within a wide area of hill and dale. Its cost was $10,000. It consists of solid, uncarved marble blocks inclosing a "filler" of cemented granite stones, the whole forming a square measuring twelve feet at the base and ten feet at the top. The blocks are so placed as to inclose broad tablets for inscriptions—though there is not a single word on them—and above these tablets small fluted columns, two on each side, extend to the top frieze. Only four of the columns remain, the other four having been broken and removed. The entire height is twenty-five feet; the quadrangular shaft which was to have "crowned the edifice," and which now lies in the rough about ten feet away on the ground, is twenty feet long and four feet square at the base. Both the shaft and the blocks used in the structure were brought from Carrara.

An appropriation was recently made by Congress for the completion of the monument. Certainly no better design could be suggested than the one adopted in 1832 by the citizens of Fredericksburg—always omitting the shaft, as they in effect omitted it. The design might be carried out on a more extensive and costly scale without any very objectionable loss; but the substitution of any loud, gorgeous "pile" for the present modest memento would be a mistaken kindness both from a patriotic and an artistic stand-point. After all, the best monument to Washington, let us hope, is the veneration of each succeeding generation of Americans. There is a small private grave-yard, walled in and planted with a few willow-trees, within three feet of the monument, adding to rather than detracting from its appearance. The promenade across the grassy plain to the monument is a favorite one with the young ladies and gentlemen of the town.

There are in Fredericksburg and the neighboring counties many families who trace up their blood-relationship to the house of Washington. In Westmoreland and Lancaster counties the Ball side of the house is still strongly represented. A grandnephew of the General, bearing his name, resides in Stafford, and though sixty years old, gains a humble livelihood by selling fire-wood. Naturally, a relationship to the Father of his Country is proudly claimed by all who can put in a genuine patent; but there are no longer in the vicinity, as of yore, old negro women boasting of having nursed the great

"WELL, GEORGE, HAVEN'T THEY CAUGHT YOU?"

man in his infancy, and not a single chair in which he sat is now heard of. "Have you a chair in which the General at any time sat?" was gently queried of one of the burghers. "No," was the reply; "but we have a chair in which he would have sat had he visited at our house." According to a turf authority of high rank, the lineage of many of the horses around Fredericksburg is traced up to Washington's fine stock bred at Mount Vernon. The General truly was a great lover of horses, and raced as well as bred them.

"Kenmore" is the name of the old mansion in which Washington's sister Betty dwelt, not far from his mother's house. Betty was very anxious to be the mistress of a fine house, and so, to satisfy her, her husband had Kenmore constructed. Their son was for a long time mayor of the town. The mansion is large and well preserved outside, though the interior decorations decayed at an early date. The original frescoing of walls and ceilings, which so pleased Madam Betty's æsthetic taste, was the work of an English soldier captured during the Revolution, and sent for safe-keeping to Fredericksburg. The tradition in the family was that immediately after finishing his work he accidentally fell from the scaffold and was killed. The old building has recently been purchased by a gentleman from Baltimore, and he has undertaken to restore its former splendor.

"Lodge No. 4" of the Masonic fraternity of Fredericksburg is quite famous from having at various times embraced in its membership many eminent men. It was the fourth lodge established in colonial Virginia, and was organized in 1735. Among its early members was Washington, who received the first degree November 4, 1752, the second degree March 3, 1753, and the third degree August 4, 1753. The Bible used in these ceremonies, still in good preservation, is the richest treasure of the lodge; it was printed at Cambridge, by John Field, in 1668. The Bible is always borne "in state" during the grand performances of the Masons. By order of the lodge, and subscriptions raised

by its exertions to the amount of $5000, a very beautiful and faithful statue of Washington in white marble was wrought by the sculptor Hiram Powers, and was safely transported from Florence; ere it could be erected the war came on, when it was sent to Richmond for safe-keeping, but was destroyed there in a conflagration.

The first church in the town was erected in 1732, and Rev. Patrick Henry, uncle of the great orator, was the first preacher to fill its pulpit, from which the doctrines of the Church of England only were allowed to issue. The church was the only one, indeed, in the whole of "St. George's parish," which at that time included half a dozen of the present counties. The great orator, when a boy, was a frequent hearer of his uncle's eloquent sermons, and it is said that they first inspired him with the fancy of becoming a public speaker. The parish still exists, but of the original rough church not a trace remains. Of the dozen churches at present existing in the town two belong to the Episcopalian creed—one being "High" and the other "Low" Church. In the olden times many of the Fredericksburg divines were noted for quaint ways and sayings, in and out of the pulpit. Soon after the inauguration of General Andrew Jackson as President, an old Methodist parson named Kobler, a stanch Whig, while offering up prayers in his church, took occasion to exhibit his uncompromising notion of honest, plain dealing. After praying for the new President's health, happiness, and the success of his administration, he added, solemnly, the words, "though Thou, O Lord, knowest that we did not want him!" Another of these outspoken clergymen, a man of great stature, strength, and of highly strung passions, was accustomed to rule his vestry with a rod of iron. Wishing to have something done which only the vestry could do, he found that a majority of them were unwilling to vote as he wished. A quarrel ensued; high words were speedily followed by blows, and in this pugilistic encounter the clergyman, thanks to his gigantic strength and skill as a bruiser, got the better of the recusant vestrymen, mauled them unmercifully, and drove them from his presence. The affair having naturally created great excitement, he rose to explain on the following Sunday, and, desiring to justify his conduct by Holy Writ, preached a virulent sermon from the text: "And I contended with them, and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair."

The fame of General Hugh Mercer, the hero of the battle at Princeton, of whom Washington spoke in such high praise, is one of the rich heirlooms of Fredericksburg. The house of his son, "Colonel Mercer," is pointed out as one of the sights. The colonel was educated at government expense, on account of his father's gallant service, and on leaving West Point rose to be a colonel in the army. After his retirement he was during thirty years president of a bank, though its operation, it is said, was a sealed book to him, owing to the unfinancial turn given his mind by a long military career. He was a mere figure-head president, according to our modern parlance. His lack of "practicability" was as notorious as that of Chief Justice Marshall, who, riding in his gig one day near Fredericksburg, called to a darky to cut down a sapling which had arrested the wheel of the vehicle, and was greatly surprised when the darky, by simply backing the gig a couple of feet, enabled him to proceed on his way.

During the first half of this century several wild schemes for making rapid fortunes, after the "South-sea Bubble" style, were set afloat in Fredericksburg, quite turning the heads of all save the steadiest old citizens. Upon the discovery of gold in Spottsylvania County a craze arose for mining proportionately equal to the California fever of '48–'49. Greedy, inexperienced speculators sold all their possessions to secure mining capital. On being informed of their proceedings a noted old Scotch merchant, who had amassed a million penny by penny, replied: "For every sax shillings they get out of it they'll put in saven and saxpence!" And his judgment proved to be correct: the mines ruined all who invested in them, and for a long time were neglected, though of late years they have been properly worked, and have yielded moderate gains. Another craze sprang up afterward for the production of silk. This "multicaulis" or mulberry mania still furnishes a world of humor to the "elders," while narrating their vivid reminiscences of its various phases. Cocooneries were started at every supposed available point, and a rage prevailed to plant mulberry slips in garden and farm. As

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL'S DILEMMA.

high a price as twenty-five cents was paid for a single bud. After a while the bubble burst, and the speculators were again caught without any margin. A lady investor, who had rented the garden of the old Scotch merchant mentioned, was short on the rent, and threw herself on his mercy. "Yes," solemnly said the old man, "I'll release you from the rent, but on one condition only, and that is that you grub up every multicaulis plant on my ground before night!"

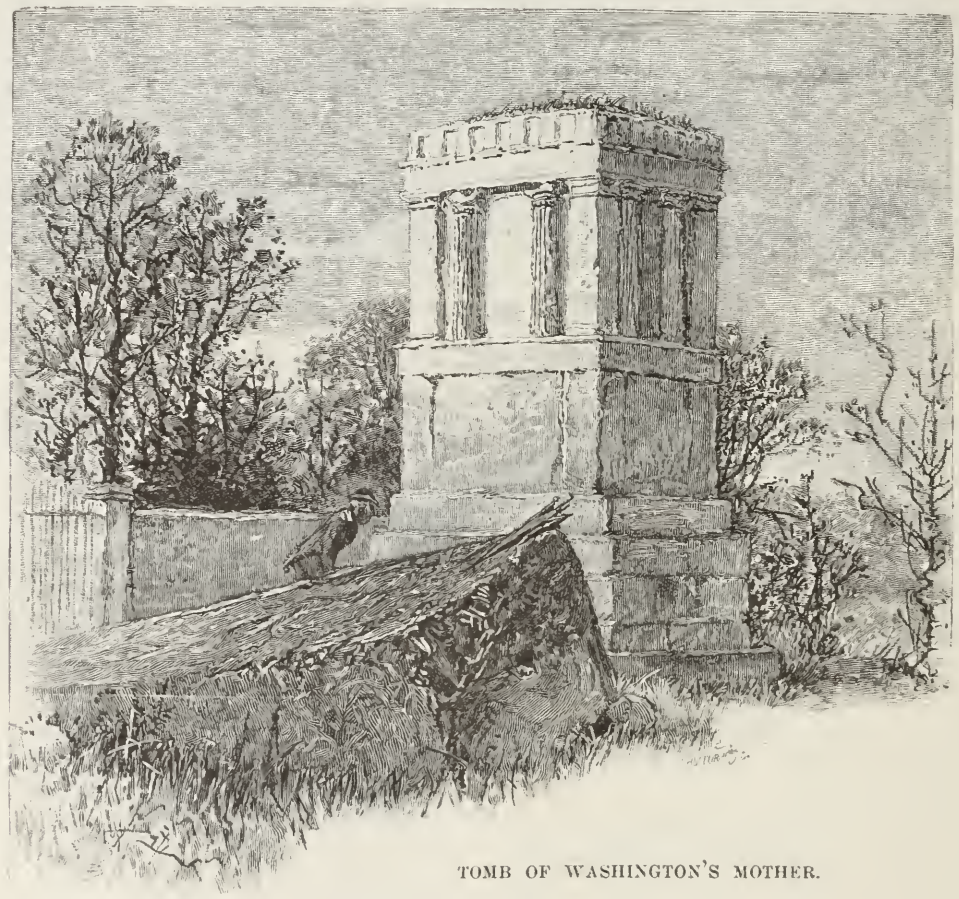
The sites of an iron furnace and of a gun factory that supplied arms during the Revolution are points of attraction in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg. They were of such importance that General Washington detailed soldiers to guard them from British raiding parties. Nothing save a few crumbled walls overrun with briers and honeysuckles, a few foundation stones, is left to show where these establishments existed. Prior to the Revolution the iron-works of the vicinity were the most extensive in the colony of Virginia. They were inaugurated by the colonial Governor Spotswood, who found his profit in supplying the King's American subjects with home-made agricultural implements, and ovens, skillets, pans, and pots for the kitchen, at reduced rates. While attending to his iron interests Spotswood erected a magnificent mansion in the county of Spottsylvania (named in his honor). Still inhabited by one of his descendants, it is in excellent preservation, though over a hundred years old, and compares favorably with the modern residences around it.

On Marye's Heights, within a stone's-throw of the Washington and Richmond Railway, there is now a national cemetery. It was laid out in 1865, and completed in 1868, and in it are buried the remains of the soldiers and officers killed in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, and North Anna; that is to say, all the bodies the military authorities could recover. The total number of interments is 15,257: known, 2487; unknown, 12,770.

The sides of the hill have been sloped in terraces, which are planted with small trees. A handsome brick wall incloses the cemetery, through which run tracks for vehicles and walks for pedestrians, and an avenue crossing the plain to the town is soon to be built. In the beginning there was established in the inclosure a conservatory in which flowers were

grown for decking the graves on the anniversary of each of the battles, but it was afterward abolished as involving an unnecessary expense. Immediately in the centre, on the summit of the hill, four large old-fashioned smooth-bore cannons, surrounded by several small pyramids of balls, are erected, with their butt ends resting on granite foundations, a ball in each muzzle. One of these guns bears a brass shield, with the appropriate dedication. In the midst rises the lofty flagstaff, upon which a small flag is always kept hoisted, except on national festivals, when a large banner is floated in the breeze. In a neat cottage at the entrance, contiguous to a part of the stone wall that served as a breastwork at the foot of the hill during the battle, dwells with his family the guardian, who keeps the ledger of this little city of the dead, and gives to the passing stranger all requisite information concerning them. In the number of its interments this cemetery rates third, those of Vicksburg and Nashville leading it. Only seventy-six of the national cemeteries are in charge of regularly appointed keepers, and the total number of dead buried in all is 308,331.

Of the houses that stood between the town and Marye's Heights on the day of the battle only three remain, but the intervening plain is now much more thickly built over than it was then. Of the shot and shell, grape and musket-balls, which were strewn on the field, there have been gathered many wagon-loads, and the small boy still to-day finds a ready source of pocket-money in the lead to be picked up on the broad expanse, now green with varying crops and meadows smiling in daisies. Indeed, excepting the cemetery itself, it is hard to find a trace of the battle's havoc, such is the remedial power of time; earth-works were long since levelled, and new houses in the town itself replace those that were burned or battered during the bombardment. A single cannon-ball is allowed to remain imbedded in the rear wall of a drug shop on the main street as a curiosity, or rather a freak in the dynamics of war. On the neighboring field of Chancellorsville only one house now stands, and no one would ever imagine from the unscarred locality that the deadly encounter of two great armies took place there twenty years ago.



TOMB OF WASHINGTON'S MOTHER.

CHAPTER IV.

LATER in the evening Mrs. Rutherford was sitting with her nephew on the piazza of her new residence, the little house he had engaged for her use during her stay in Gracias; they were looking at the moonlight on the lagoon. The little house had piazzas for all lights, for the morning sunshine and the western sunset, as well as for the moonlight on the lagoon. They were not the usual piazza; they were included within the house walls, and under its roof, like the Italian loggia.

The little residence had but one story, and that story was a second one. It had been built above an old passageway of stone, which had led from the Franciscan monastery down to the monks' landing-place on the shore. This passageway made a turn at a right angle not far from the water, and this angle had been taken possession of by the later architect, who had rested his square superstructure solidly on the old walls at the south and west, and had then built a light open arch below to support the two remaining sides, thus securing an elevated position, fine air, and a beautiful view of the sea beyond Patricio at comparatively small expense for his high foundation. An outside stairway of stone, which made a picturesque turn on the way, led up to the door of this abode, and, taken altogether, it was an odd and pleasant little eyrie on a pleasant shore.

Evert Winthrop, however, when he secured it for his aunt, had not been thinking so much of its pleasantness or its oddity as its freedom from damp, Mrs. Rutherford having long been of the opinion that most of the evils of life, mental, moral, and physical, the lack of beauty, and the origin of crime, could be directly attributed to the condition of cellars. "You will observe, Aunt Katrina, that there *is* no cellar," he remarked, as she took possession. "You can live up here on this high platform like fish spread out to dry. I suppose there is nothing in the world quite so dry as a well-dried cod."

The eyrie had but one fault, and that was a fault only if people were disposed to be sentimental: the old walls beneath, built by the monks long before, had the air of performing their present duty with extreme unwillingness. Coming up from the water, they passed under the modern house reluctantly; they supported its southern front under protest, and were felt to turn and go onward on the west side with a disapproval that came through the floor. Mrs. Rutherford declared that it made her feel uncanny. But the sentiments of Minerva Poindexter, avowed in reply to her mistress's declaration, were of an entirely different nature.

"I *admire* to hev 'em there," said this rigid Protestant; "I admire to *know* they're under my feet, and tromple 'em down!" For though she had been over the entire civilized world, though she could adapt Paris fashions, and was called Celestine, Miss Poindexter had never in her heart abated one inch of her original Puritan principles, and as she now came and went over the old monks' passage her very soles rejoiced in the opportunity to express their detestation of the entire monastic system; she ground them deeply into the straw mattings on purpose.

The little plaza of Gracias-á-Dios was near the eyrie. On one side of it stood the rambling old inn, the Seminole House, encircled by a line of stout posts for the use of its patrons, who for the most part came mounted, for in that country there was very little driving; all rode. There were horses of many grades, mules, and the little ponies not much larger than sheep that browsed in the marshes. To walk was beneath the dignity of any one; the poorest negro had his sorry animal of some sort to save him from that. As to walking for pleasure, that crazed idea had not yet reached Gracias.

The Seminole had agreed to send lunches and dinners of its best cooking to the house on the shore, and its best cooking, though confined to the local ingredients, was something not to be despised. It owed its being to the perfect culinary intuitions of Aunt Dinah-Jim, a native artist, who evolved in some mysterious way from her disorderly kitchen the dishes for which she was celebrated at uncertain hours. But if the hours were uncertain, the dishes were not.

The old black woman sent the results of her labors to the eyrie in the charge of Telano Johnson, a tall, slender colored boy of eighteen summers, whose spotless white linen jacket and intense gravity of demeanor gained him the favor of even

Celestine. "He has manners like the Governor of Vermont and all his staff, I do declare," was the secret thought of this good woman. Telano, who had never seen a white servant before, treated Celestine with profound respect. His inward belief was that she was a witch, which would account for her inexplicable leanness, the knobbiness of her spine, and the conciseness of her remarks, the latter most singular of all to Telano, who had the usual flowery fluency of his race. He carried a Voudoo charm against her in his vest pocket, and brandished it when she was not looking. In addition, he often arranged, swiftly and furtively, in a corner of the dining-room, when he came to lay the cloth, a little pile of three minute twigs, crossed in a particular fashion, and sprinkled with unknown ingredients, which he also took from his pocket, the whole a protection from her supposed incantations against him. Minerva meanwhile had no suspicion of these pagan rites. She continued to be pleased with Telano, and even had a plan for teaching him to read. The boy sang with the charming sweetness so common among the Africans, and once, after listening, duster in hand, in spite of herself, for a quarter of an hour, as he carolled over the dishes he was washing in his pantry, she went so far as to appear at his door, and asked him briefly if he knew a favorite song of her youth, "The Draggle-tail Gypsies, Oh!" Telano did not know it. And she said she would sing it to him some day. Whereupon Telano, as soon as possible afterward, took flight in his long white apron back to the Seminole House for a fresh charm against her. He was convinced that the singing of this grim woman would finish him, would be the worst spell of all.

"That's a very good black boy we've got to wait at table and do the chores," Celestine remarked approvingly to her mistress, as she brought a shawl of different thickness suitable to the dew in the air to put round her. "He's a deal sight more serious-minded than most of the rantum-scootum boys one has to put up with in a wanderin' life like this. He's spry, yet he's steady too; not gallivantin'. And he sings like a bobolink, though his songs are most *dreadful* as to words. There's one, 'O Lord, these *bones* of mine! O Lord, these BONES of mine! O Lord, these BONES of mine!'"—Celestine sang this quotation in a chanting voice, with her eyes closed and her face screwed up tightly, which was her usual expression when musical. "And I suppose it refers to rheumatism," she added, descending to her ordinary tones; "but it's very irreverent. He doesn't know 'The Draggle-tail Gypsies,' nor yet 'Barbara Allen,' nor yet 'I'll Make You a Present of a Coach and Six'; but I'm going to sing 'em to him some day. I feel that I must do my duty by him, poor neglected African. Have you any objections to my teaching him to read?"

"No, provided he doesn't read my books," Mrs. Rutherford answered.

"He will read in McGuffey's Third Reader," responded Celestine.

Winthrop had retained his bachelor quarters at the Seminole: the house over the old monks' passage was not large, and Mrs. Rutherford was fond of space. She liked open doors in all directions; she liked to have several sitting-rooms; she liked to leave her book in one, her fan in another, her scent-bottle or handkerchief in a third, and then send some one to get them.

"I do not detect in you, Aunt Katrina, any signs of the ruin you mentioned," her nephew said, as they sat together, the first evening, on the piazza.

The light from the room within shone across Mrs. Rutherford's face and the soft waves of her silvery hair as, with a pink shawl thrown round her, she sat leaning back in an easy-chair. "Celestine repairs the breaches so cleverly that no doubt I continue to present a fair appearance to the outside world," she answered, drawing the shawl more closely round her shoulders, and then letting her hands drop in her silken lap.

Mrs. Rutherford's hands always took statuesque positions; but probably that was because they were statuesque hands. They were perfect in shape according to sculptors' rules, full and white, one ringless, its beautiful outlines unmarred, the other heavily weighted with gems, which flashed as she moved.

"But pray do not imagine, my dear boy," she continued, "that I enjoy my ill health, as so many women do. On the contrary, I especially dislike it—dislike it so much that I have even arranged with Margaret that she is never to ask me (save when we are alone) any of those invalid questions that cut so mercilessly across conversation nowadays—whether

I have slept well, how my cough is, if there isn't a draught, and that sort of thing. I used to think that talking with a mother when her children were in the room was the most trying task, conversationally: she gives you one eye, while the other follows Johnny; she lends you one ear, while the other listens to Tottie; your most pathetic description is hopelessly blighted by a sudden irrelevant smile over her baby's last crow; your best story falls flat, because she loses the point (but pretends she hasn't) while she separates Maud and Ethel, who have come to blows. This is certainly discouraging. But I have come to the conclusion lately that invalid questions are even worse, because they are not confined to nurseries and to the hours when children are about. They abound at afternoon visits; they penetrate to dinner parties; I have even heard them at balls. And so I have given Margaret my directions."

"Which are to be mine too, I suppose," said Winthrop, smiling. "Mrs. Harold looks well."

"Yes; Margaret always looks the same, I think. She has not that highly colored, robust appearance that some women have, but her health is absolutely perfect; it's really quite wonderful," said the aunt. She paused; then sighed. "I almost think that it has been like an armor to her," she went on. "I don't believe she feels little things as some of us do, some of us who are perhaps more sensitive. She is never nervous, never disturbed. Her temper is so even that it is almost exasperating. She thinks as well of everything, for instance, in an east wind as in any other."

"A great gift in some climates. Here it will have less play. Gracias air isn't easterly. It bends toward one—yields, melts."

"I wish Margaret could yield, melt," said Mrs. Rutherford, with another sigh. "You see that my mind still broods upon it, Evert; seeing you, my other boy, brings it all back."

"I do not know, but I suppose you do, whether Lanse has made any overtures lately?" said Winthrop, after a moment or two of silence.

"I know nothing. She is the most reticent woman living. But it would not be like him. With his pride—you know his pride—he would never speak first, never urge."

"A man might speak first to his wife, I should suppose," replied Winthrop, a stern expression showing itself for a moment in his gray eyes. "It need not be urging. It might be a command."

"Lanse would never do that. It would show that he cared—and, well, you know his disposition."

"I used to think that I knew it. Of late years I have doubted my knowledge."

"Do not doubt it, Evert," said Mrs. Rutherford, earnestly, laying her hand on his arm; "he is just what you think, just what he always was. We understand him, you and I; we comprehend him. Unfortunately, Margaret can not."

"I have never pretended to judge Mrs. Harold," answered Evert Winthrop (but he looked as if he might have, if not a judgment, at least an opinion); "I know her too slightly."

"Yet you have seen a good deal of her since you came back from Europe," remarked his aunt.

"I have seen enough to know that she is, at least, a very good niece to you," he answered.

His feeling against Margaret Harold was strong; it was founded upon some of the deepest beliefs of his nature. But these beliefs were his own; in their very essence they were personal, private; he could not have discussed them with any one. Especially would he never have discussed them with his aunt, because he thought that she did not, even as it was, do full justice to Margaret Harold, and he had no wish to increase the feeling; on the contrary, he thought that full justice should always be scrupulously awarded to that lady, and the more scrupulously if one did not happen to personally like her. He himself, for instance, did not like her. On that very account he was careful always, so he would have said, to keep in clear view a just estimate of the many good qualities which she undoubtedly possessed.

In response to his suggestion that Margaret had proved herself a good niece, Mrs. Rutherford answered, in a voice somewhat softened, "Yes, she is very devoted to me." Her conscience seemed to stir a little, for she went on: "Regarding my health, my personal comfort, she is certainly most thoughtful."

Here a door within opened, and she stopped. They heard a light step cross

the floor; then a figure appeared in the long window that opened upon the piazza.

"Ah, Margaret, is that you? You have finished the letter?" said Mrs. Rutherford. "She has been writing to my cousins, to tell them of my safe arrival; I did not feel equal to writing myself," she added, to Winthrop.

He had risen to bring forward a chair. But Margaret passed him, and went to the piazza railing, which came solidly up as high as one's elbows, with a broad parapet to lean upon; here she stood looking at the water.

"I believe now all I have heard of this Florida moonlight," she said, her eyes on the broad silvery expanse of the ocean, visible beyond the low line of Patricio. She had turned her head a little as she spoke, and perceiving that a ray from the room within was shining across Mrs. Rutherford's face, she stepped back through the window, changed the position of the lamp, and returned.

"Thank you, dear. I did not know how much it was teasing me until you moved it," said Mrs. Rutherford. Perhaps she still felt some twinges of conscience, for she added, "Why not go out with Evert and take a look at the little old town by moonlight? It's not yet nine."

"I shall be most happy if Mrs. Harold is not too tired," said Winthrop. He did not rise. Probably he was waiting for her consent.

"Margaret is never tired," said Mrs. Rutherford, making the statement with a wave of her hand—a wave which drew a flash from all her gems.

"Yes, that is one of the things quite understood and settled—that I am never tired," observed Mrs. Harold. She still stood by the parapet. There was no indication in her tone whether she agreed with the understanding or not.

"Do go," urged Mrs. Rutherford. "You have been shut up with me for six days on those slow-moving Southern trains, and you know how you enjoy a walk."

"Not to-night, Aunt Katrina."

"You say that because you think I shall not like to be left alone in this strange house on the first evening. But I shall not mind it in the least; Celestine is here, and that black boy."

At this moment the door of the room within was opened by Celestine, and there followed a quick, and what seemed to be from the sound, a voluminous entrance, and a hurried weighty step across the floor. "My dearest darling Katrina!" said Mrs. Carew, pausing at the long window (which she filled), her arms extended in anticipative welcome, but her eyes not yet certain which of the three figures on the piazza should properly fill them.

Mrs. Rutherford rose, with cordial if less excited welcome. "Is that you, Betty?" she said. And then she was folded in Betty's capacious embrace.

Hand in hand the two ladies went within to look at each other, they said. Mrs. Harold and Winthrop followed.

"Now, Margaret," said Mrs. Rutherford, after the first greetings were over, "you surely need feel no further scruples about leaving me; Betty and I have enough to say to each other for a half-hour, I am sure."

"For a half-hour, Katrina? For days! weeks! months!" cried Betty, with enthusiasm. And she began upon what was evidently to be a long series of retrospective questions and answers.

"Why not go for a while, if, as you say, you are not tired?" said Winthrop, in pursuance of his system of showing always a careful civility to Margaret Harold.

"It was not I that said it," replied Margaret, smiling a little. "I will go for a quarter of an hour," she added, as though compliance were, on the whole, less trouble than a second refusal. She took a white shawl which was lying on a chair, made a veil for her head of one corner, while the rest of its fleecy length fell over her dark dress. They left the room and went down the outside stairway to the street below.

It was called a street, and had even a name—Pacheco. But as it had been forced to come to an end at the eyrie on account of the monks' passage, which had been built directly across it in the days when a monk's convenience was of more importance than any public right of way, it had long ceased to be a thoroughfare, and was now covered with a mat of the low-growing, small-leaved vines and diminutive shrubs which spread themselves over the ground in Florida as grass does at the North. A little path wound through this green; Winthrop and Margaret followed it.

"It has such an odd effect to me, all this low-lying country on a level with the

water," said Margaret. "The whole land is like a sea-beach, a sea-beach with trees growing on it."

"Do you like it? or do you think it monotonous?"

"I think it very beautiful—in its own way."

"I will take you to the Benito," said Winthrop.

At the end of Pacheco lane they passed under an old stone archway into the plaza. Clear in the moonlight rose the old buildings round this little public pleasure-ground, the long low Government House, the two churches, the market, and the rambling Seminole; the side toward the water was bounded by a low sea-wall. The central space was open, and was thickly shaded by orange-trees; paths ran irregularly through this grove, and there were stone benches here and there. On the north, the gray-white façade of Our Lady of the Angels rose high above the trees, giving, as had been long conceded, architectural majesty to the plaza and to the town. This majesty was perhaps somewhat impaired (if one were foolishly critical) by three arched apertures which the architect of the preceding century had naïvely placed like three windows, one below the other, under his pointed apex; for the daylight and the moonlight, shining through these openings, betrayed to this same too curious looker-on that this impressive façade was but a thin screen fastened to the front, rising far above the roof of the low main building that stretched out behind, simple, plain, and strong. But too curious observers seldom came to Gracias. And when they did, they were of small consequence. The residents admired Our Lady of the Angels; that was quite enough.

The uncertain Gothic of St. Philip and St. James came next, much lower as to height, much younger as to age. But the glory of St. Philip and St. James lay not in its height or its years; it lay in the flying buttresses, of which it had no less than eight, four on each side. These flying buttresses were, of course, a great feature. They supported nothing in particular—which was perhaps fortunate, as they had themselves to support, and very little in the way of foundation to do it with, so little, indeed, that one might almost have been afraid lest in a northerly gale they should take to flying themselves—in fragments and a wrong direction. So far, however, this had not happened; and Mrs. Penelope Moore, the rector's wife, had trained vines over them so thickly that they looked like ecclesiastical arbors. Mrs. Penelope, however, had a better name for them than that; she called them "the cloisters."

The west side of the plaza was occupied by the long front of the old Government House, the residence of crown officials during Spanish days. Over its low height of stone, palmetto-trees lifted their ostrich-plumed foliage high in the air from the large garden behind. At one end there rose above the roof a lookout tower, which commanded a view of the harbor. Here had floated for two hundred years the flag of Spain; here also had hung the bell upon which the watchman had struck the signal when the beacon on Patricio opposite had flamed forth from its iron cage the tidings that a ship was in sight, a ship from Spain. The bell had long been gone, and nothing floated from the old staff now save twice a year, when on the Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday the postmaster, who used the old Government House for his post-office, unfurled there, with official patriotism, the Stars and Stripes of the United States.

As Winthrop and his companion on their way across the plaza came out from the shade of the orange-trees, some one spoke Winthrop's name. It was Dr. Kirby, who was entering the grove by another path which intersected theirs. Garda Thorne was with him, and a little behind them appeared the dark countenance of De Torrez. The Doctor stopped and extended his hand. It was not the Doctor's custom to pass his friends without speech. Winthrop therefore stopped too. And then, as the Doctor seemed to expect it, he presented him to Mrs. Harold. The Doctor paid his respects in his best manner, and introduced his "young friend, Miss Thorne, of Gracias-á-Dios." After that, "Mr. Ernesto de Torrez, of Cuba, *and* Spain." He had been with Miss Thorne (who was spending a day or two with his mother, Mistress Kirby) to pay an evening visit to Mistress Carew. But they had not found Mistress Carew at home.

"She is with my aunt," said Winthrop; "the two ladies having a past of forty years to talk over, Mrs. Harold and I came out for a little stroll."

"Ah, a first impression, I conjecture," said the Doctor, standing, hat in hand, be-

fore the Northern lady. "You find our little town, I fear, rather old-fashioned."

"I like old-fashioned things," replied Margaret. "I have been looking at something more old-fashioned still—the sea."

"You are going to the Benito—I divine it!" said Garda, eagerly, in her soft tones, tones which contrasted with those of Mrs. Harold, equally low, but much more reserved, and more clear. She came forward and stood beside the Northern lady, scanning her face in the moonlight with her beautiful eyes. "Please let me go with you," she said, urgently; "I want to go so much. It is so long since I have been on the Benito by moonlight!"

Mrs. Harold smiled at her earnestness; and Garda, speaking to the Doctor now, though without turning her head, said: "Of course you will come, won't you, Doctor? Do; I want to go so much."

The Doctor hesitated, then sacrificed himself. In the cause of the Thorne family pedestrianism seemed to be required of him. But Benito was long; he made up his mind that he would not go one inch beyond a certain old boat which he remembered, drawn up on the sand at not more than a quarter of the distance to the end of the point.

"We will go *ever* so far," said Garda, taking Mrs. Harold's arm. "To the very end!"

"Certainly," replied the Doctor.

They all walked on together through the St. Luz quarter, De Torrez following. De Torrez was accustomed to following. He had no idea where they were going, nor why the direction of their walk had been changed. But this was a frequent condition of things with him in Gracias; and, besides, it did not trouble him. A De Torrez was not curious; he wished to go, therefore he went.

The little streets here were not more than eight feet wide. Garda kept her place beside Mrs. Harold, and Dr. Kirby followed with Winthrop. De Torrez, joining no one, walked by himself, five or six yards behind the others.

"That young man seems fond of acting as rear-guard," said Winthrop, glancing back as they turned a corner, and noting the solitary figure advancing stiffly in the moonlight.

"Garda is the only one of our present party whose conversation he really enjoys," answered the Doctor. "When he can not talk to her, he prefers, I think, to be alone. At least I have gathered that impression from his manner."

"His manner is his strong point," said Winthrop. "It's very picturesque."

"It strikes you as picturesque?" said the Doctor, looking up at him with his quick bird glance.

"It's a little feudal, isn't it?" replied Winthrop. "But I am afraid you will think my comparisons very fantastic. I have treated you to a good many of them."

"Sir," responded the Doctor, courteously waiving the question of accuracy, "what I notice is your command of language. It would never have occurred to me to say feudal. I admire your affluence."

"And I am ashamed of it," said Winthrop. "I am ashamed of myself for staring about and applying adjectives in this self-satisfied way to the people and scenery here, as though it were a foreign country. It ought to be as much a part of me, and I of it, as though it were the valley of the Connecticut, or Massachusetts Bay."

But this view of the subject was beyond the Doctor's comprehension. To him the difference between New England and the South was as wide, whether considered geographically, psychologically, or historically, as that between the South and Constantinople or Japan. Nothing could have made him, Reginald Kirby, feel a sympathetic ownership in Massachusetts Bay. And he saw no reason why this Mr. Evert Winthrop should be claiming proprietorship in a distinctively Spanish and Carolinian shore. The singular views of these Northerners were apparently endless! In this case, however, being purely visionary, they could do no harm. Florida and South Carolina would remain Florida and South Carolina to the end, visions notwithstanding. Beyond the little low stone houses of St. Luz, they crossed a common, and gained the open shore. The coast here bent sharply to the east, and went out to sea in a long point. The beach which fringed this point was called the Benito. The party of strollers walked down the Benito's firm white floor, with the quiet sea breaking in little lapping wavelets at its edge, and the moonlight flooding land and water with its wonderful soft radiance. The beach was wide enough for forty. But it was not wide enough for De Torrez. He appeared to require the whole expanse for himself, and had even the air of wishing for more.

Winthrop and the Doctor had now joined the ladies. But Garda kept her place beside Mrs. Harold, and talked only to her. She seemed fascinated with something in the Northern lady's face. Or was it something in her words? In either case Winthrop could not fail to observe that her interest in this new companion was of the same sort as that which she had originally bestowed upon himself, being apparently a species of curiosity, curiosity, however, which made no effort (this girl never made efforts), but showed itself frankly in her interested, often amused, dark eyes. He could see that Margaret Harold had excited this feeling in Garda more strongly than he had done. He said to himself that Margaret Harold was not interesting, and that Garda would find it out before long. But she had not found it out as yet. And in the mean time it entertained him to see how completely this Florida girl did as she pleased. It entertained him even though her pleasure seemed to include for the moment the liberty of forgetting the existence of Mr. Evert Winthrop.

But he was not alone; she forgot the Doctor also. And the patient, lonely De Torrez behind.

It may as well be mentioned here that the Doctor went as far as the old boat he remembered. And that then he went farther. He went to the end of the point, a mile away.

"Surely you have not been gone a half an hour?" said Mrs. Carew, as Margaret and Winthrop re-entered the eyrie's little drawing-room.

"Two hours, nearly," answered Winthrop, looking at his watch.

"Betty is *so* demonstrative," said Mrs. Rutherford to her niece, in a plaintive tone, when they were left alone together. "I verily believe, Margaret, that she has kissed me during this one call at least twenty times. She always had the best heart in the world. Poor Betty!"

"She is very stout, isn't she?" she resumed, after a meditative pause. "Her figure is all gone; she's like a meal-sack with a string tied round it."

Her eyes wandered to the mirror, which gave back the reflection of her own erect, shapely person in its rich, perfectly fitting attire. "And how she was dressed!—did you notice? That old-fashioned glacé silk that shines, made with a plain skirt, gathers, and a hem. I don't know *when* I've seen a hem before!"

She spoke with much seriousness; her mind was slowly measuring the gulf that separated this friend of her youth from herself. After a while her eyes moved up to the reflection in the mirror of her own silver-gray locks, arranged in their graceful waves above her white forehead.

"She has the old-time ideas, poor Betty!" she murmured. Then, gravely and impartially, as one who chronicles a past historical epoch: "She still colors her hair!"

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Carew's candles, in the old candelabra, hung with glass prisms, were all lighted. In addition, her astral lamp was shining on a table in the back drawing-room, and near this lamp she was standing.

The two rooms were large, square, separated by folding-doors, which were held open by giant sea-shells placed upon the carpet as weights. Wide doors led also from each room into the broad hall, which was lighted by a hanging lamp in a pictured porcelain shade. From the back drawing-room a second door led into the dining-room behind, which was also entered by a broader door at the end of the hall.

"Now, Pompey," said the mistress of the house, "are you quite sure you understand? Tell me what it is you are to do."

Pompey, a small, yellow-skinned, gray-headed negro, whose large, orb-like, heavily wrinkled eyelids (underneath which but a narrow line of eye appeared) were the most prominent features of his flat face, replied, solemnly: "W'en eberyting's ready, I fuss slips inter de hall, steppen softly, an' shets *dish* yer do', de back parlo' do' inter de hall. I nex' announces suppah at de *fron'* parlo' do'. Den, wiles de compahny's parsing inter de hall, I hurries roun' tru *dish* yer do', de do' from de *dinin'*-room, gits out dat ar lamp moughty quick. an' has it onter de middle ob de suppah table befo' de *fuss* head ob de compahny appeahs at de hall do'. An' I follers de same course *ob*wersed w'en de compahny retiahs."

"Very well," said Mrs. Carew. "Now mind you do it."

Hearing the gate latch fall, she hurried into the front room to be ready to receive her dearest Katrina. But it was only Mrs.

Thorne, who, with Garda, entered without knocking; the evening was warm and the hall door stood open, the light from within shining across the broad piazza, and down the rose-bordered path to the gate. Mrs. Carew herself accompanied her friends upstairs, and stood talking while they laid aside their light wraps; these guests were to spend the night, having come up from East Angels in their boat, old Pablo rowing.

"We shall be ten," said their hostess. "A good number, don't you think so? I shall have whist, of course, later; whist and conversation." Here Mrs. Thorne, having taken from her basket a small package, brought forth from their careful wrappings two pairs of kid gloves, one white, the other lavender; they did not appear to be new.

"You are not going to wear *gloves?*" said Mrs. Carew, interrupting herself in her surprise. "It's only a small tea party."

"No entertainment given by you, dear friend, can be called small; it is not a question of numbers, but of scope, and your scope is always large," replied the mistress of East Angels, beginning to cover her small fingers with the insignia of ceremony. "Our only thought was to do you honor. We are very glad indeed to have this little opportunity."

Garda put her gloves in her pocket. She had the white ones.

"My daughter," said Mrs. Thorne, admonishingly.

"But, mamma, I don't want to wear them; I don't like them."

"We are obliged, in *this* world at least, my child, to wear many things, gloves included, which we do not especially like," said Mrs. Thorne, with the air of expecting to wear only the choicest garb (gloves again included) in the next. "Do not interfere with my little plan for doing honor to our dear friend."

Garda, with a grimace, took out the gloves and put them on, while the dear friend looked on with much interest. There was not a trace of jealousy in her glance; a Gwinnet, in truth, could not have cause for jealousy. She was really admiring the little New England woman's inspiration. "Gloves have never been worn here at small tea parties," she said to Evert Winthrop afterward. "But she thought that your aunt and Mrs. Harold, coming as they do from New York, would have them, and so she unearthed those two old pairs. There is really *no* limit to that woman's energy; I verily believe that if an East Indian prince should be wrecked off Gracias, she would find an elephant to receive him with! Her courage is inexhaustible, and if she had any money *at all*, she'd move the world—like Archimedes, wasn't it, who only wanted a point for his lever? To be sure, that is the great thing—the point, and Mr. Carew used always to say that I forgot mine. I told him that he could pick them all up and put them in himself if he missed them so much. But he said that anybody could put them in, but that it took a real genius to leave them out, as I did." Here the good lady laughed heartily. "But that was only his joking way, of course," she added; "you see, Mr. Carew was a lawyer."

The gloves having been duly put on, the three ladies descended to the front drawing-room, where Mrs. Thorne seated herself in an attitude which might have been described as suggesting a cultured expectation. Her little figure remained erect, not touching the back of her chair; her hands, endued with the gloves, were folded lightly; her countenance expressed the highest intelligence, chastened by the memory of the many trials through which she had passed. That, at least, was what she intended it to express.

The fall of the gate latch was now heard again.

"Had we not better be standing?" suggested their hostess, in a hurried whisper. It was so many years since she had opened her old house for what she called "evening company" that she felt fluttered and uncertain—embarrassed, as imaginative people always are, by the number of things that occurred to her, things she might do.

"I think not, dear friend," answered Mrs. Thorne, with decision. "We are too few. It would have, I fear, the air of a tableau."

Mrs. Thorne was above flutter; a whisper she scorned. As the approaching footsteps drew nearer, the listening silence in the drawing-room, whose long windows stood open, became in her opinion far too apparent. She coughed, turned to her daughter, and, in her clear little voice, remarked, "I have always esteemed the pearl the most beautiful of precious stones. The diamond has more brilliancy, the ruby a richer glow, but the pearl—" Here the steps, entering the hall without ceremony,

showed that the new-comers were not the expected Northern guests, since they, of course, would have gone through the form of raising the knocker upon the open door. It was Dr. Kirby who entered, followed by the Reverend Mr. Moore.

The Doctor offered his salutations in his usual ceremonious fashion. He made a compact little bow, and a formal compliment, over the head of each of the ladies in turn. He was dressed in black, but still looked like a canary-bird—a canary-bird in mourning.

After some minutes, again came the sound of the gate latch. Mrs. Carew, who was talking, stopped short; even Dr. Kirby's attention flew to the gravel-path. There was danger of another pause. But bravely Mrs. Thorne came to the rescue a second time. "The emerald," she observed, to the unlistening Kirby, "is clear, and even one may say translucent. And how profound it is! How deep the mysterious green which—" The new-comers had crossed the piazza, touched the knocker, and entered the hall without waiting for Pompey's appearance; this showed acquaintance, though not the familiar intimacy, of the first guests. It was Manuel Ruiz, and with him De Torrez.

But now came the sound of wheels. Mrs. Carew listened eagerly. "A carriage!" she murmured, turning to the Doctor, as the sound stopped before her house. He nodded and twirled his thumbs. This time there could be no doubt, the strangers were coming up the path.

But silence had again attacked the little group, and Mrs. Thorne, feeling that graceful conversation was now more than ever imperative if the strangers were to be properly impressed with the ease and distinction of Gracias society, was again about to speak, when Garda, with a merry gleam in her eyes, exclaimed, with sudden enthusiasm, to Manuel, "Sapphires, oh, beautiful sapphires, how I wish I had a tiara of them!" Manuel, though somewhat surprised by the unexpectedness of the topic, gallantly answered that she was worthy to have her floors paved with them if she should wish it; nay, that he himself would become a sapphire for such a purpose as that. And then by the formal knock and the delay, all felt that the strangers were at last within their gates. A few minutes later they entered the drawing-room, Mrs. Rutherford, Margaret Harold, and Evert Winthrop. Mrs. Thorne's eyes turned toward her daughter with one quick single beam of triumph: the ladies wore gloves.

Mrs. Carew seated herself beside her dearest Katrina, and Dr. Kirby bore them company. The Reverend Mr. Moore and Mrs. Thorne gave their attention to Mrs. Harold. Evert Winthrop took a seat which had the air of being near enough to the first group for conversational purposes, but which was in reality a little apart. Garda and Manuel were on the opposite side of the room, with De Torrez standing near them. Manuel was talking, but Garda gave him a divided attention: she was looking at Evert Winthrop. At length she rose and went across to his chair.

"Did you have a pleasant ride to-day?" she asked, standing with the simplicity of a child before him, her hands clasped and hanging.

"Yes; I went down the King's Road," he answered, rising. "I like a King's Road. We have no King's Roads at the North."

"Why not?" said Garda.

"We abolished kings more completely than you did, perhaps, in 1776."

"What happened then? Something at the North?"

"Oh, a small matter, quite local and unimportant. It didn't include Gracias-á-Dios."

"It might have; I don't pretend to know the history of Gracias-á-Dios," replied Garda, rather loftily. "All I know is the history of my own family. In 1776 my grandmother Beatriz was five years old; and even then, they say, water could run under her bare insteps."

"Why did they keep the poor child in such wet places? It must have been very unhealthy. Won't you have this chair?"

"I'm so tired of chairs."

"You have probably been asleep in the hammock all the afternoon."

"I have," confessed Garda. "But do I show it so plainly? It's not polite to look sleepy at a party."

"Let us walk up and down for a while; that will waken you," he said, offering his arm.

"Do people walk up and down when the party is such a small one? Is that a Northern custom?"

"I am a Northerner, certainly; and it's my custom," he answered.

As they entered the back drawing-room, "I did not mean that you looked sleepy,"

he added, "but the contrary; the walking will be of use as a sedative."

"You need not be afraid. I shall not do anything out of the way. Don't you see that I have on white gloves?" And she extended her hands for his inspection. "They are not mine, as you may well imagine. I never had a pair of white gloves in my life. They are mamma's, and ever so many years old. She wore them when she was married."

"I wish I could have seen her; she must have looked like a little blossom of the May flower."

"Yes," answered Garda, "I am sure that mamma must have been very pretty indeed when she was young." She spoke with seriousness. Winthrop imagined that she had given the subject much consideration. They reached the end of the second room, and turned to come back.

"I should never have asked the señorita to do that," said De Torrez in Spanish to Manuel.

"Very likely not. But do at least sit down; people don't stand up against the wall all the time at tea parties, like wooden sentinels."

"It is my method," replied De Torrez. "I have always my own method about everything."

"Change it, then; do. At least for this evening," suggested his New World companion.

"If they do not, as you say, stand, it appears that they walk. And continue to walk," remarked the Cuban, after a moment, his eyes still upon Garda and Winthrop.

"Of course they do, if they wish to," replied Manuel, who was at heart as much surprised by Winthrop's proceeding as De Torrez had been, but, if surprised, quick also to seize and appropriate to his own use any advantages which new and Northern codes of manners might offer. "But you can not walk all alone—don't try that, I beg. Take something and look at it, if you don't sit down; a book; daguerreotypes. There's a Chinese puzzle; take that."

Thus adjured, De Torrez stepped forward, took the puzzle from a table, and returned with it to his place. Here he stood still again, holding his prize solemnly.

"Play with it," said Manuel. "I never saw such a fellow! Move the rings up and down."

"I took it because you wished me to do so," replied the Cuban, with dignity. "But to play with it is impossible. Why should I play with an ivory toy? I am not a child."

Here the gray head of Pompey appeared at the front drawing-room door. The old servant waited respectfully until he had caught his mistress's eye; he then made a low bow, with his hands folded before him. "Miss C'roo am sarbed."

Dr. Kirby offered his arm to Mrs. Rutherford, Mr. Moore offered his to Mrs. Harold; Mrs. Carew waved Winthrop toward Mrs. Thorne, while she herself took the arm of Manuel Ruiz. Garda was left to De Torrez, who, thus unexpectedly made happy, accompanied her into the hall, still bearing his puzzle.

"What in the world are you carrying?" she asked, laughing.

"It is a toy of ivory which Manuel insisted that I should take. With your permission I will now lay it aside." And he deposited it carefully upon a chair.

The little procession now came to a pause, Mrs. Carew having asked her dearest Katrina to look at a portrait upon the wall. "It was taken the year after my marriage," she explained, watching for the increased glow through the dining-room door which should proclaim to her anxious eyes the arrival of the astral lamp in its destined place.

"I do not need a portrait, Betty. I have one in my memory," replied Mrs. Rutherford, graciously. She could not see the picture without her glasses, but she gazed at the gilt frame with an interested air, looking at it with her head now a little on one side, now on the other, as if to get the right light, which did quite as well.

"I have never considered this portrait a faithful representation of our friend," observed Dr. Kirby, who could not see even the frame, but gazed at the wall instead with sage disapprobation. "It quite fails to give her vivacity, which is so characteristic a feature. But what painter's brush, what limner's art, can fix upon canvas that delicate, that, I may say, intangible charm which belongs to the fairer portion of our humanity? It is, and must always be, a hopeless task."

Mrs. Rutherford admired the Doctor's way of expressing himself. It was the fine old style. She herself had kept pace with the new, as she kept pace with everything. But the old style was more state-

ly, and she had always preferred it. For one thing, she understood it better. Mrs. Rutherford liked conversations to have a beginning, a middle, and an end. Now the Doctor's conversations, and even most of his sentences, had all three.

The increased glow now showed itself through the distant door, and Mrs. Carew moved on; the little company passed down the hall and into the dining-room, where stood a bountifully decked table, with the astral lamp radiant in the centre, and Pompey, so dignified under his responsibilities that he actually looked tall, in attendance. It was an old-fashioned repast; they were all seated round the table as though it had been a dinner. But the hostess did not place them in the order in which they had proceeded through the hall. Having paid what she considered due acknowledgment to etiquette, she now arranged them for the long repast in the way which she thought would please them best, which is quite another matter. Winthrop found himself between Garda and Mrs. Harold. Mrs. Harold had upon her left hand Manuel Ruiz, and Garda upon her right the happy De Torrez, who, however, in spite of happiness, looked more rigid and solemn than ever as the soft horizontal light of the lamp, shining above the central plum-cake, illumined his long neck and thin dark face.

"You remember, of course, that he does not speak English," Garda said to Winthrop, under cover of an eloquent monologue upon the genius of Mr. Addison with which the Doctor was entertaining the elder ladies. She was alluding to her right-hand neighbor, De Torrez.

"Does that mean that you intend to speak Spanish to him?" said Winthrop. "He has quite enough as it is in being next you. You should not give too much."

"I like generosity."

"That would not be generosity, but pure squandering. You should never bestow at random."

"Poor Mr. De Torrez isn't at random. But I believe you are trying to instruct me?" she said, looking at him with surprise.

"Would it displease you if I were?" said Winthrop, falling back upon his age, or rather upon hers.

Garda paused, as if considering the point. "You might try it," she answered. "It would at least be new, and I generally like new things."

"That is bad for me; all my things are very, very old."

Manuel, meanwhile, was bringing forward his finest powers for the entertainment of Mrs. Harold, by whose side he had been placed; and if he talked in a somewhat more decorated strain than was prevalent in the conventional circles from which she had come, it was carried off easily by his youth, his handsome face, his foreign name, his animated manner. Winthrop overheard occasionally his fervid little speeches. He did not admire them. But it was only occasionally, for he himself was fully occupied. Garda talked to him, or listened to him, during the entire time they remained at the table. And this was over two hours. There were many delicious things to be eaten, or at least tasted, for Mrs. Carew's Cynthy, having been one of the good cooks of the old days before the war, was still in possession of a remnant of her former skill. As these "old days" lay but six years back, it would seem that Cynthy must have worked hard to forget all but a remnant in so short a time. She had, however, succeeded perfectly in her endeavor, and only upon great occasions, like the present, would she condescend to revert to her ancient knowledge, as a favor to "Miss Betty," whose fortunes were so sadly fallen. Cynthy and Pompey had accompanied their young mistress from her Georgia home to the new one in Florida many years before; they now remained with her for the excellent reason that, owing to age and infirmities, it would have been impossible for them to have found a home or employment elsewhere. This, however, they never acknowledged, but spoke of their fidelity as a weakness of which they were rather ashamed; but "dat poor Miss Betty, she nebber get 'long widout us nohow, Pomp, dat's a fac'." In reality, they adored Miss Betty, and would have pined and died in a month if taken from her kindly, indulgent rule, and from the old Carew kitchen, with its disorder and comfort, where they had reigned so many years.

The superior table manners of Mrs. Thorne were never more apparent than upon this occasion. In this lady's opinion, when one was required to turn from intellectual occupations to the grosser employment of supplying nourishment to the body, one could at least endeavor to etherealize it as much as possible by confining one's self to that refined implement, the

fork. In accordance with this theory, she scarcely touched her knife. Once, under protest as it were, she delicately divided with its aid the wing of a wild-duck; but that was all. She encountered difficulties: slices of cold tongue evinced a remarkable tenacity of fibre, and portions of broiled chicken evaded her wonderfully, manifesting a most embarrassing slipperiness of demeanor under the silver tines as she tried to divide them or roll them up. But she persevered in her efforts to the end, and succeeded, though her small fingers became, toward the last, deeply dented by the force she was obliged to exert.

When the meal was at length over, Mrs. Carew, with a bow to Mrs. Rutherford as her most distinguished guest, rose. Garda called Winthrop's attention, as they also rose, to the fact that she had scarcely spoken six sentences of Spanish during its entire continuance. "See how well I have obeyed you," she said.

"Surely I did not venture a command?"

"I think you did. At least you came as near it as you dared; and you are very daring."

"I? Never in the world! You are quite mistaken, Miss Thorne; I am the exact opposite of that," he answered, laughing.

"But I should think you would like me to at least believe you so," responded Garda, looking at him with wonder.

"Believe me to be daring? We probably use the word in a different sense. It is not a word I am fond of, I confess; but I think you would not find me lacking in any emergency."

"Oh, emergencies! They never come to Gracias. Now please don't say, like the dear old Doctor, 'May they never come to *you*, my dearest child!'"

"I will say, then, may I be present when they do!"

"But you won't be," responded Garda, her tone suddenly changing. "You will go away, Mrs. Harold will go away, everybody will go away, and we shall be left alone here again, mamma and I, upon this *desolate* shore!"

"But you have seemed to me very happy here upon your desolate shore," said Winthrop, in a tone which he could not keep himself from making indulgent as well as comforting, she had looked so young, so like a child, as she made her complaint.

"So I have been—until now. But now that I have seen you, now that I have seen Mrs. Harold, I—I don't know." She looked at him wistfully. He thought he saw a mist in her beautiful eyes.

This little conversation had gone on while they were all returning through the hall to the front drawing-room. Manuel, however, who was with Mrs. Harold, had a plan of his own. He turned boldly aside toward the closed door of the back drawing-room, his intention being to establish himself with the charming Northern lady upon a certain sofa which he remembered at the extreme end of that broad apartment. If isolation were a Northern fashion, he would be isolated too. But Mrs. Carew (with the returning lamp on her mind) saw his hand upon the knob, and summoned him in haste: "Mr. Ruiz! Mr. Ruiz!"

When he obeyed her call, she begged him fervently to promise to sing for them that "sweet little air" which it seemed was "such a favorite" of hers, though when he asked her to define it more clearly, she was unable to recall its name, the words, or any characteristic by which he could identify it. However, by this effort of the imagination the door of the back drawing-room was kept closed, and her guests were piloted safely to the front room by the way they had come. The lamp was in position; only the retreating legs of Pompey were visible through the dining-room door. The mistress of the house, unused to strategy, sank into a chair, and furtively passed her handkerchief across her brow.

Manuel was already tuning the guitar.

"Does he like to sing so soon after—after tea?" said Mrs. Rutherford.

But the handsome youth could sing as well at one time as another. He looked about him, found a low ottoman, drew it toward the sofa where Mrs. Harold was sitting, and thus placing himself as nearly as possible at her feet, struck a chord or two, and began. He had a tenor voice (as Winthrop would have said, "of course"), and the voice had great sweetness. He sang his little love song admirably.

Garda was standing near one of the windows with Winthrop. When the song was ended, "How old is Mrs. Harold?" she asked, abruptly; that is, abruptly as regarded subject; her voice in itself had no abrupt tones.

"I don't know," Winthrop answered.

"Isn't she your cousin?"

"She is my aunt's niece by marriage. Mr. Rutherford was her uncle."

"But if you have always known her, you must know how old she is."

"I have not always known her, and I do not know. I suppose her to be about twenty-seven or twenty-eight."

"She is over thirty," said Garda, with decision. "Do you think her handsome?"

"She is considered handsome."

"But do you think her so?"

"That is rather a close question, isn't it?"

"It doesn't seem so to me. People are handsome or not handsome; we have nothing to do with it. It's not a matter of opinion, but of fact. If you persist in denying the fact as regards any particular person, why, you have no eye for beauty, that's all. And that is what I wanted to find out, whether you have or not. Mrs. Rutherford, for instance, is handsome; Mrs. Carew is not. Manuel is handsome; Mr. De Torrez is not."

"And Miss Thorne?"

"She hopes she is. But she isn't sure," replied Garda, laughing merrily. "It's not sure, to be thought handsome by the four persons about here. And she can't find out from the only stranger she knows, because his eyes tell nothing; they have no expression whatever. It's most unfortunate."

"For him—yes. It's because he's so old, you know."

"How old are you?"

"I am thirty-five."

"You look younger than that," said Garda, after scanning him for a moment.

"It's my Northern temperament; that keeps me young and handsome."

"Oh, you're not handsome! But in a man it's of little consequence," she added, consolingly.

"Very little. Or in a woman either. Don't we know that all beauty fades as the leaf?"

"The leaf fades when it has had all there was of its life; it doesn't fade before. That is what I mean to do, have all there is of *my* life, and enjoy it all out. I have told mamma so. It seems to me that it's principally a question of choice. Some people will worry; mamma has always worried, for instance. But I never shall. I said to mamma more than a year ago, 'Mamma, what are our pleasures? Let us see if we can't get some more'; and mamma answered, 'Edgarda, pleasures are generally wrong.' But I do not agree with mamma; I do not think them wrong. And I intend to take mine wherever I can find them; in fact, I do so now."

"And do you find many?"

"Oh yes," replied Garda, confidently. "There are our oranges, which are excellent; and Carlos Mateo, who is so amusing; and the lovely breeze we have sometimes; and the hammock where I lie and plan out all the things I should like to have —the softest silks, beautiful laces, nothing coarse or common to touch me; plenty of roses in all the rooms, and the garden planted full of sweet-bay, so that all the air should be dense with perfume."

"And not books? Conversation?"

"I don't care much about books. They all seem to have been written by old people. I suppose when I am old myself, I shall like them better. As to conversation—yes, I like a little of it; but I like action more—great deeds, you know. Don't you like great deeds?"

"When I see them. Unfortunately, there are very few of them left nowadays walking about waiting to be done."

"I don't know; let me tell you one. The other day a young girl here—not one of our society, of course—was out sailing with a party of friends in a fishing-boat. This girl had a branch of wild-orange blossoms in her hand. Suddenly she threw it overboard, and challenged a young man who was with her to get it for her again. He instantly jumped into the water. There was a good deal of sea; they were at the mouth of the harbor, and the tide was going out. They were running before a fresh breeze, and having no oars with them, they could not get back to him except by several long tacks. He could not swim very well, and the tide was strong. They thought he certainly would be carried out. But he kept up, and at last they saw him land, ever so far down Patricio; he was only a black dot. He walked back, came across to Gracias in a negro's dug-out, and just as he was, without waiting to change his clothes or rest, he brought her the wet flowers."

"It is the old story of the Glove. Did he throw them in her face?"

"Throw them in her face!—is that what you would have done?" said Garda, astonished.

"Oh, I should never have jumped overboard," answered Winthrop, laughing.

During this interval, De Torrez, wishing to show himself a man of conversation after his own method, had propounded no

less than three questions to the Reverend Mr. Moore, who understood something of Spanish. He had first requested information as to the various methods of punishment, other than the whip, which had been in use on the plantations in the Gracias-á-Dios neighborhood before the emancipation, and which of them had been considered the most effective. His next inquiry, made after a meditative silence of some minutes, was whether, in the Reverend gentleman's opinion, the guillotine was not on the whole a more dignified instrument for the execution of justice than the noose—one more calculated to impress and improve the minds of the lower classes. Finally, he wished to know whether the clergyman supposed that a person suffered more when an arm was amputated than he did when a leg was taken off, the arm being nearer the vital organs. And whether either of these operations could be compared, as regarded the torture inflicted, with that caused by a sabre wound (such as one might receive in a duel with swords) which had cut diagonally, say across the breast.

"That is a very blood-thirsty young man. His style of conversation is really extraordinary," said the clergyman to Dr. Kirby, when De Torrez, having exhausted all his topics, and not having understood one word of the rector's Spanish in reply, returned gravely to his place on the other side of the room.

"He is blood-thirsty because he is forced to be so dumb," answered the Doctor, with one of his sudden little grins—grins which came and went so quickly that, were it not for a distinct remembrance of about twenty-four very white little teeth which he had seen, the gazer would scarcely have realized that it had been there at all. "No one here besides yourself and Manuel (of whom he is probably dead tired) can talk Spanish with him but Garda, and Mr. Winthrop has kept Garda talking English every moment since he came. I don't wonder the youth is blood-thirsty; I'm afraid that at his age I should have called the Northerner out."

But now Winthrop and Garda joined the others. Winthrop was addressed by Mrs. Thorne.

"I have been begging Mrs. Rutherford and Mrs. Harold to pay us a visit at East Angels some day this week; I hope, Mr. Winthrop, that you will accompany them."

Winthrop expressed his thanks. He put forward a hope in return that she would join them for an afternoon sail, before long, down the Espiritu. Mrs. Thorne was sure that that would be extremely delightful. She was sure that his yacht (she brought out the word with much clearness: no one had ventured to call it a yacht until now) was also delightful; and its name, the *Emperadora*, was so charming!

She was perched, by some fatality, on a high-seated, straight-backed chair, so that (Winthrop suspected) her little feet did not touch the floor. She did not look like a person who would enjoy sailing, who would be able to undulate easily, yield to the motion of the boat, or find readily accessible in her store-house of feelings that mood of serene indifference to arriving anywhere, at any particular time, which is a necessary accompaniment of the aquatic amusement when pursued in the lovely Florida waters. But "I enjoy sailing of all things," this brave little matron was again declaring.

"I am afraid there will be little novelty in it for you. You must know all these waters well," observed Winthrop.

"It is not the novelty, it is the pleasure of congenial society," replied Mrs. Thorne. "We have lived somewhat isolated, my daughter and I; it will be a widening for us in every way to be with you—with Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Harold, and yourself. I have sometimes feared," she went on, looking at him with her bright, anxious little eyes, "that we should become, perhaps have already become, too motionless, unprogressive, in our intellectual life down here, my daughter and myself."

"Motionless things are better than moving ones, aren't they?" answered Winthrop. "The people who try to keep up with everything are apt to be a panting, breathless set. Besides, they lose all sense of comparison in their haste, and do not distinguish. Important things and completely unimportant they talk about with equal eagerness; the only point with them is that they should be new."

"You console me—you console me greatly," responded Mrs. Thorne. "Still, I feel sure that knowledge, and important knowledge, is advancing with giant strides outside, and that we, my daughter and I, who can not stride, are left behind. I have seen but few of the later publications—could you not kindly give me just an outline? In geology, for instance, al-

ways so absorbing, what are the latest discoveries with regard to the Swiss lakes? And I should be so grateful, too, for any choice thoughts you may be able to recall at the moment from the more recent essays of Mr. Emerson. I can say with truth that strengthening sentences from Mr. Emerson's writings were my best mental pabulum during all the early years of my residence at the South."

"I—I fancy that Mrs. Harold knows more of Emerson than I do," replied Winthrop, reflecting upon the picture of the little New England school-teacher transplanted to East Angels, and supporting life as best she could on a diet of Mr. Emerson and "Paradise Lost."

"An extremely intelligent and cultivated person," replied Mrs. Thorne, with enthusiasm. "Do you know, Mr. Winthrop, that Mrs. Harold quite fills my idea—quite—of a combination of our own Margaret Fuller and Madame De Staël."

"Yet she can hardly be called talkative, can she?" said Winthrop, smiling.

"It is her face, the language of her eye, that gives me my impression. Her silence seems to me but a fullness of intellect, a fullness at times almost throbbing. She is a Corinne mute, a Margaret dumb."

"Were they ever mute, those two?" asked Winthrop.

Mrs. Thorne glanced at him. "I see you do not admire lady conversationalists," she murmured, relaxing into her guarded little smile.

Dr. Kirby, conversing with Mrs. Rutherford, had brought forward General Lafayette. On the rare occasions of late years when the Doctor had found himself called upon to conduct a conversation with people from the North, he was apt to resort to Lafayette.

The Reverend Mr. Moore, stimulated by Mrs. Carew's excellent coffee, advanced the opinion that Lafayette was, after all, "very French."

"Ah! but Frenchmen can be *so* agreeable," said Mrs. Carew. "There was Talleyrand, you know; when he was over here he wrote a sonnet to my aunt, beginning 'Aimable Anne.' And then there was little Dumont, Katrina; you remember him? How well he danced! As for Lafayette, when he made his triumphal tour through the country afterward he grew so tired, they say, of the satin sheets which Gratitude had provided for him at every town that he was heard to exclaim, 'Satan de satin!' Not that I believe it, because there are all those beautiful memoirs and biographies of all his lady relatives who were guillotined, you know, poor things! though, come to think of it, one of them must have been saved, of course, to write the memoirs, since naturally they couldn't have written them beforehand themselves, with all those touching descriptions of their own dying moments and last thoughts thrown in. Well, they are all so *extremely* pious, those memoirs, that I don't believe he ever swore in the least; he simply *couldn't* in that atmosphere. What a singular thing it is that when the French *do* take to piety they out-Herod Herod himself! And I reckon the reason is that it's such a novelty to them that they're like the bull in the china shop, or rather like the new boy at the grocer's, who is not accustomed to raisins, and eats so many the first day that he is made seriously ill in consequence. Clear raisins *are* very trying."

"The French," remarked Dr. Kirby, "in spite of their worldliness, have often at the same time a preponderance of enthusiasm in other directions which takes them far, very far indeed. It was an enthusiasm, and a noble one, that brought Lafayette to our shores."

"*Such* a number of children as were named after him, too," said Mrs. Carew, starting off again. "I remember one of them. He had been baptized Marquis de Lafayette (Marquis de Lafayette Green was his full name), and I didn't for a long time comprehend what it was, for his mother always called him 'Marquisdee,' and I thought perhaps it was an Indian name, like Manatee, you know; for some people do like Indian names *so* much, though I can't say I care for them, but it's a matter of taste, of course, like everything else, and I once knew a dear sweet girl who had been named Ogeechee, after our Southern river, you remember; Ogeechee—do you like that, Katrina?"

"Heavens! no," said Mrs. Rutherford, lifting her beautiful hands in protest against such barbarism.

"Yet why, after all, is it not as melodious as Beatrice?" remarked Mr. Moore, meditatively, his eyes on the ceiling.

Gracias society was proud of Mr. Moore; his linguistic accomplishments it regarded with much respect. Mrs. Carew, divining the Italian pronunciation of Beatrice,

glanced at her dear Katrina to see if she were properly impressed.

Garda, upon leaving Evert Winthrop, had joined Mrs. Harold, at whose feet Manuel still remained, guitar in hand. "Do you sing, Mrs. Harold?" the young girl said, seating herself beside the Northern lady, and looking at her with her usual interest—an interest which appeared to consist, in part, of a sort of expectancy that she would do or say something before long which would be a surprise. Nothing could be more quiet, more unsurprising, so most persons would have said, than Margaret Harold's words and manner. But Garda had her own stand-point; to her, Mrs. Harold was a perpetual novelty. She admired her extremely. But even more than she admired, she wondered.

"No," Mrs. Harold had answered, "I do not sing; I know something of instrumental music."

"I am afraid we have no good pianos here," pursued Garda; "that is, none that you would call good.—I wish you would go and talk to Mr. De Torrez," she continued, turning to Manuel.

The young Cuban occupied a solitary chair on the other side of the room, his method apparently having allowed him to seat himself for a while; he had not even his ivory puzzle, but sat with his hands folded, his eyes downcast.

"You ask impossibilities," said Manuel. "What! leave this heavenly place at Mrs. Harold's feet—and yours—for the purpose of going to talk to that tiresome Ernesto? Never!"

"But I wish to talk to Mrs. Harold myself; you have already had that pleasure quite too long. Besides, if you are very good, I will tell you what you can do; cards will be brought out presently, and then it will be seen that there are ten persons present, and as but eight are required for the two tables, I shall be the one left out to talk to Mr. De Torrez, as he can neither play nor speak English. In this state of things you can, if you are watchful, arrange matters so as to be at the same table with Mrs. Harold; perhaps even her partner."

"I will be more than watchful," Manuel declared; "I will be determined!"

"I play a wretched game," said the Northern lady, warningly.

"And if you should play the best in the world, I should never know it, absorbed as I should be in your personal presence," replied the youth, with ardor.

Mrs. Harold laughed. Winthrop (listening to Mrs. Thorne's remarks upon Emerson) glanced toward their little group.

"People do not talk in that way at the North. That is why she laughs," said Garda, explanatorily.

"And do I care how they talk at their frozen North!" cried Manuel. "I talk as my heart dictates."

"Do so," said Garda, "but later. At present, go and cheer up poor Mr. De Torrez. He is fairly shivering with loneliness over there in his corner."

Manuel, who, in spite of his studied attitude at the feet of Mrs. Harold, was evidently the slave of whatever whim Garda chose to express, rose to obey. "But do not in the least imagine that Ernesto needs cheering," he explained, still posing a little as he stood before them with his guitar. "He entertains himself perfectly, always. He is never lonely. He has only to think of his ancestors, and as they are numerous, and he considers them his equals, he is immediately surrounded by a large company. Ernesto is, in fact, a very good ancestor himself already; he's very ancestral. As to his shivering, that shows how little you know him. He is a veritable volcano, that silent one! Still, I obey your bidding, and go."

"What do *you* think of him?" said Garda, as he crossed the room toward the solitary Ernesto.

"Mr. De Torrez?"

"No; Mr. Ruiz?"

"I know him so slightly, I can not say I have formed an opinion."

Garda looked at the two young men for a moment. Then, "They are both boys," she said, dismissing them with a little wave of her hand.

"But Mr. Winthrop is not a boy," she went on, her eyes returning to the Northern lady's face. "How old is Mr. Winthrop?"

"I don't know."

"Isn't he your cousin?"

"Mr. Winthrop is the nephew of Mrs. Rutherford, who is only my aunt by marriage."

"But if you have always known him you must know how old he is."

"I have not always known him. I suppose he is thirty-four or five."

"That is just what he said," remarked Garda, reflectively.

"That I was thirty-four or five?"

"No; but he began in the same way. He said that he did not know; that you were not his cousin; that you were the niece of Mr. Rutherford; that he supposed you to be about twenty-seven or eight."

"I am twenty-six," said Margaret.

"And he is thirty-five," added Garda.

"I suppose they both seem great ages to you," observed Margaret, smiling.

"It's of very little consequence in a man, his age," replied the young girl. "I confess that I thought you older than twenty-six; but it's not because you look old, it's because you look as if you did not care whether people thought you old or not, as if you were indifferent about it, and generally it's only women who are really old, you know, over thirty, like mamma and Mrs. Carew, who have that expression. Don't you think so? And I fancy you don't care much about dress, either," she went on. "Everything you wear is very delicate and beautiful. Still, I don't believe you really care about it. Yet you would carry it off well, any amount of it, you are so tall."

"I think you are as tall as I am," said Margaret, amused by these unconventional utterances.

"Come and see," replied Garda, suddenly. She took Margaret's hand and rose.

"What is it we are to do?" inquired Margaret, obeying the motion without comprehending its object.

"Come," repeated Garda.

They passed into the back drawing-room, and Garda led the way toward a large mirror.

"But we do not wish to survey ourselves in the presence of all this company," said Margaret, pausing.

"Yes, we do. They will not notice us, they are talking; it's about our height, you know," answered the girl. She held Margaret's hand tightly, and drew her onward until they both stood together before the long glass.

Two images gazed back at them. One was that of a young girl with bright brown hair curling low down over wonderful dark eyes. A white rose was placed, in the Spanish fashion, on one side above the little ear. This image in the mirror had a soft warm color in its cheeks, and a deeper one still on its slightly parted lips, which were very lovely in outline, with short, full, upward-arching curves and a little downward droop at the corners. The rich beauty of this face, and, indeed, of the whole figure, was held somewhat apart from indiscriminate appropriation by all gazers' eyes by the expression of indifference which accompanied it. It was not the indifference of experience; there was no weariness in it, no knowledge of life; it was the fresh indifference rather of inexperience, like the indifference of a child. Yet it seemed, too, as if it would always be there, as if that face would never grow eager or anxious, no matter how much expansion of knowledge the years might bring to it; but though very possibly demanding more of life in every way as it passed, would yet always remain serenely careless and unconcerned.

The mirror gave back, also, the second image. It was that of a woman older—older by the difference that lies between sixteen years and twenty-six. This second image was tall and slender. It had hair of the darkest brown which is not black—hair straight and fine, its soft abundance making little display. This hair was arranged with great simplicity, too great, perhaps, for, brushed smoothly back and closely coiled behind, it had an air of almost severe plainness—a plainness, however, which the perfect oval of the face, and the beautiful forehead, full and low, marked by the slender line of the dark eyebrows, with the additional contrast of the long dark eyelashes beneath, could bear. The features were regular, delicate. The complexion a clear white, of the finest, purest grain imaginable; the sort of texture which gives the idea that the bright color will come and go through its fairness. This expectation was not fulfilled; the same controlled calm seemed to hold sway there which one perceived in the blue eyes and round the mouth.

As Winthrop had said, Margaret Harold was considered handsome. By that was meant that she was in possession of a general acknowledgment that the shape and poise of her head were fine, that her features were well cut, that her tall, slender form was charmingly proportioned, her movements graceful. Winthrop himself would have said (but only to one or two persons) that he did not admire her; she was too cold and formal, too restricted. It was true that in one thing she was not restricted, namely, her good opinion of herself.

She had undoubtedly a quiet, reserved

sort of beauty. But other women were not made jealous by any especial interest in her, by discussions concerning her, by frequent introduction of her name. She was thought cool, unsympathetic; but as she never said the clever, cutting things that unsympathetic women sometimes know how to say so admirably, she was not thought entertaining as well—as they often are. Opinion varied as to whether she could say these things, but would not, or whether it was the contrary, that she would have said them if she had been able, but simply could not, having no endowment of that kind of wit. One thing alone was certain, namely, that she continued to not say them.

Her dress, as seen in the mirror, had much simplicity of aspect. But this was owing to the way she wore it, and the way in which it was made, rather than to the materials, which were ample and rich. The soft silk, gray in hue, lay in folds over the carpet which Garda's scanty skirt barely touched; it followed the lines of the slender figure closely, while Garda's old muslin, which had been many times washed, was clumsy and ill-fitting. The gray robe came up smoothly round the throat, where it was finished by a little ruff of precious old lace, while the poor Florida gown, its fashion a reminiscence of Mrs. Thorne's youth, ended at that awkward angle which is neither high nor low.

But all this made no difference as regarded the beauty of Garda. Of most young girls it can be said that richness of attire spoils them, takes from their youthfulness its chief charm. But of Garda Thorne it could easily be believed that no matter in what she might be clad, poor garb, as at present, or the most sumptuous, she herself would so far outshine whichever it happened to be, that it would scarcely be observed.

"You are the taller," said Garda. "I knew it!" The outline of the head with the smooth dark hair was clearly above that crowned by the curling locks.

"You are deceptive," said Margaret. "You look tall, yet I see now that you are not. Are there many more such surprises about you?"

"I hope so," answered Garda. "I love surprises. That is, short ones. I don't like surprises when one has to be astonished for ever so long, and keep on saying 'oh!' and 'dear me!' and 'is it possible!' over and over again. Everything long is tiresome; I found that out some time ago."

Winthrop had watched them pass into the second room. He now left his place, and joined them.

"We came to see which was the taller," said Garda, as his face appeared in the mirror behind them. Margaret moved aside; but as Garda still held her hand, she could not move far. Winthrop, however, was not looking at her, his eyes were upon the reflection of the younger face; perceiving this, her own also came back to it.

"You two always look so solemn," said Garda, breaking into one of her sweet laughs. "Standing between you, as I do in the glass, I appear like Folly itself. There was an old song of Miss Pamela's:

> 'Reason and Folly and Beauty, they say,
> Went on a party of pleasure one day.'

Here they are in the glass, all three of them. Mrs. Harold is Beauty."

"I suppose that means that I am that dull thing Reason," said Winthrop. "Didn't he fare rather badly in the song? He generally does in real life, I know, poor old fellow!"

Garda had now released Mrs. Harold's hand, and that lady turned away. She found herself opposite an interesting collection of Florida paroquets, perched upon a bough fastened to the wall. She devoted her attention to ornithology for a while, the birds, in their various attitudes, returning her gaze with the candid eyes contributed by the taxidermist.

Dr. Reginald now came in search of her, to conduct her to the whist table. Pompey had arranged these tables with careful precision upon the exact figures of the old carpet which his mistress had pointed out beforehand. But though Pompey had thus arranged the tables, the players were not arranged as Garda had predicted. Mrs. Rutherford, Dr. Kirby, Mrs. Thorne, and the Reverend Mr. Moore formed one group. At the other table were Mrs. Harold, Manuel Ruiz, and Mrs. Carew, with a dummy. Evert Winthrop did not play.

This left him with Garda. But De Torrez was also left. The three walked up and down in the broad hall for a while, and then went out on the piazza. Here there was a hammock, toward which Garda declared herself irresistibly attracted. She arranged it as a swing, and seated her-

self. Winthrop found a camp chair, and placed it near her as she slowly swayed in her hanging seat to and fro. De Torrez remained standing—according to his method. He stood with folded arms in the shadow, close to the side of the house, but without touching it. He stood there one hour. It is possible that he found the occupation somewhat tedious, unless, indeed, the picture of Garda in the moonlight was sufficient for his entertainment. Certainly there was very little else to entertain him. Garda and Winthrop talked English during the entire hour.

"Ernesto," said Manuel, on their way home, giving a rapier-like thrust in the air with his cane, "that Northerner, Wintup, is simply unendurable."

"He is a matter of indifference to me," replied De Torrez.

"What, when he keeps you out there on the piazza for two hours in perfect silence? I listened, and you never spoke one word. He talked to Garda himself all the time."

"*That*—I suffered," said De Torrez, with dignity.

"Suffered? I should think you did! Are you going to 'suffer' him to buy East Angels too?"

"He may buy what he pleases. He can not make himself a Spaniard."

"The mother, you remember, is a Northerner," said Manuel; "that makes a great difference."

"I remember perfectly," replied the Cuban. "The señorita will always do—"

"What her mother wishes?"

"What she pleases," answered De Torrez, serenely.

SEVEN GOLD REEDS.

SEVEN gold reeds grew tall and slim,
Close by the river's beaded brim.

Syrinx, the naïad, flitted past;
Pan, the goat-hoofed, followed fast.

Oh, such a race was joy to see,
Swift as the flight of bird or bee.

As lightly beat the girl's white feet
They made strange music low and sweet;

So heavily trod the lusty Pan
His hoofs clashed loudly as he ran.

He spread his arms to clasp her there
(Just as she vanished into air),

And to his bosom, warm and rough,
Drew the gold reeds close enough.

Then the wind's low voice began
To hum in the furry ears of Pan.

Out of green bark he made a tether,
And bound seven joints of the reeds together,

And blew a tune so sweet and clear
That all the wild things came to hear.

* * * * *

So, to this day, the poet's fire
Springs out of his unslaked desire,

When Love on winged feet has fled,
And seven gold reeds are clasped instead!

THE BRAIN OF MAN, ITS ARCHITECTURE AND REQUIREMENTS.

SOME thirty-six years ago, by a premature explosion of gunpowder, an iron bar three and a half feet long, one and a quarter inches in diameter, and weighing thirteen and a quarter pounds, was shot completely through a man's head and perforated his brain. This man walked up a flight of stairs after the accident, and gave his account of how it happened. Although his life was despaired of for some time, he developed no paralysis, nor did marked impairment of his intellectual faculties follow convalescence. Eventually he recovered his health. Twelve years elapsed before his death, during which time he worked as a laborer on a farm.

The "American crowbar case" at once became famous. It startled the minds of the reading public, and confounded the medical fraternity. No satisfactory explanation of the remarkable features of the case could be given. Some prominent medical men pronounced it "an American invention," and laughed at the possibility of such an occurrence. The skull was exhumed, however, after death, and is to-day in the medical museum of Harvard University.

This case may be said to have been the starting-point of a new epoch in medical science. It rendered untenable all previous hypotheses that had been advanced regarding the organ of the mind. It proved conclusively that little, if anything, was known at that time respecting the architecture of the brain of man, and the functions of its component parts.

Since then a large number of observers have published the results of various forms of experiments upon animals, made with a view of determining the physiology of the brain; but for some years the conclusions drawn from such investigations were contradictory, and nothing was definitely established. We now are aware that serious defects existed in the early methods of research. By great ingenuity these have been gradually eliminated. We owe, however, to the discoveries of Türck, Fritsch and Hitsig, Waller, Flechsig, and Gudden most of our knowledge of new methods of research which have simplified the study of the nervous system during life and after death. These have settled many points in dispute. They have also made our knowledge more accurate, and in accord with clinical observations.

The last decade has enabled us to bring most of the results obtained by vivisection into perfect harmony with pathological data. Those who have claimed that conclusions drawn from experiments upon animals are not applicable to man are to-day confronted with unanswerable facts to the contrary. Nature, through the agency of disease processes, is constantly performing experiments upon human brains, and the symptoms so produced may be recorded during life, and compared with the changes found in the brain after death. Physiology and pathology have thus added much to our knowledge in this field.

To-day the "crowbar case" is no longer a mystery to specialists in neurology. Bullets have been shot through the brain since then without loss of motion, sensation, or intellect; and in some cases they have been known to remain buried in the brain substance for months without apparent ill effects. Three years ago a breech-pin of a gun, four and three-quarter inches long, was forced into the brain of a boy nineteen years old, through the orbit, and its presence was not suspected for some five months. It was discovered during a surgical attempt to repair the facial deformity that resulted from the accident. Death followed the removal of the foreign body from the brain, in consequence of inflammation, created apparently by its extraction. This case is quite as remarkable as the crowbar case, but it excited less interest in neurological circles because we are in possession of new facts.

We know to-day that if even a needle be thrust into one region of the brain (the medulla oblongata, Fig. 1), immediate death may follow, while a crowbar may traverse another portion of the organ and recovery be possible. The effects of injury to the brain depend rather upon its situation than its severity.

In the light of our present knowledge the brain must be regarded as a composite organ, whose parts have each some special function, and are to a certain extent independent of each other. One limited part is essential to vital processes; hence its destruction causes death. Another part presides over the various movements of the body; hence paralysis of motion is the result of destruction of any portion of this area. A third part enables us to appreciate touch, temperature, and pain;

and some disturbance of these functions will be apparent when this region is injured or diseased. A fourth region presides over sight; blindness may follow disease or destruction of this area, in spite of the fact that the eyes escape. In the same way smell and hearing are governed by distinct portions of the brain, and also the sense of taste. When a combined action of different parts is demanded—as in the exercise of the reason, judgment, will, etc.—the knowledge gained by means of the special senses can be contrasted and become food for thought.

The skilled neurologist can often tell to-day, by the symptoms exhibited during life, the situation and extent of disease processes that are interfering with the action of certain parts of the brain. So positive is the information thus afforded in many cases that surgical operations are now performed for the relief of the organ. A patient who had lost the power of speech from an accumulation of pus within the brain was lately cured by the removal of a button of bone from the skull over the seat of the pus, and its prompt evacuation. Epileptics who suffer in consequence of brain irritation may sometimes be cured of their fits by the mechanical removal of the cause. Paralysis can occasionally be cured by a removal of a clot of blood from the surface of the brain through a hole in the skull. Only a few months ago a bullet, which had been shot into the head during an attempt at suicide, was removed from the skull, in one of our hospitals, by means of a counter-opening. The labors of such men as Meynert, Charcot, Nothnagel, Ferrier, Wernicke, and others, have made neurology a science that would exceed the comprehension of its founders. Our ability to localize disease within the substance of the spinal cord is even more remarkable than in the case of the brain. This important organ can not, however, be discussed here.

The theme of this article is one upon which it is proper as well as important that all should be generally informed. When we consider that it is by means of our nervous systems that we move, feel, see, hear, smell, taste, talk, and swallow; that in our brains are stored all the memories of past events; that we digest and assimilate our food partly by the aid of nerves; and that, in fact, we perform every act of animal life by the same agency, the utility of such information becomes apparent at once.

The nerves are but telegraphic wires that put the brain and spinal cord in direct communication with the muscles, the skin, and the various organs and tissues. The nervous centres are therefore to be compared to the main offices of a telegraphic system, where messages are being constantly received and dispatched. Every message sent out is more or less directly the result of some message received. So it is with our nerve-centres. We are constantly in receipt of impressions of sight, smell, taste, hearing, and touch. These are called *afferent* impulses. As the result of the information so gained we are constantly sending out *efferent* or motor impulses to the muscles. These create movements of different parts of the body. Respecting this view, Michael Foster expresses himself as follows: "All day long and every day multitudinous afferent impulses from eye, and ear, and skin, and muscle, and other tissues and organs, are streaming into our nervous system; and did each afferent impulse issue as its correlative motor impulse, our life would be a prolonged convulsion. As it is, by the checks and counter-checks of cerebral and spinal activities, all these impulses are drilled and marshalled and kept in hand in orderly array till a movement is called for; and thus we are able to execute at will the most complex bodily manœuvres, knowing only *why*, and unconscious or but dimly conscious *how*, we carry them out."

Sometimes, however, the motor impulses sent out by the brain in response to sensory impressions take place in spite of our volition. Let us cite an instance in the way of illustration: a timid person sees, perchance, some accident in which human life is possibly sacrificed, or the sensibilities are otherwise shocked. His feelings overcome him, and he faints. How are we to explain it? Let us see what takes place. The impression upon the brain made by the organ of sight creates (through the agency of special centres in the organ of the mind) an influence upon the heart and the blood-vessels of the brain. This results in a decrease in the amount of blood sent to the brain, and causes a loss of consciousness. In the same way persons become dizzy when looking at a water-fall, or from a height, through the effects of the organs of sight upon the brain.

Again, if a frog be deprived of only the upper part of the cerebral hemispheres, he is still capable of voluntary movement, breathing, swallowing, croaking, and all the other manifestations of frog life. But when we observe such an animal with attention we shall see that he is only a pure automaton, and that he differs from the normal frog in his behavior when left to himself and when disturbed. He will swim when placed in water, but only until he reaches a spot where he can safely repose. Then he relapses into quietude, evincing no desire to hop (as a normal frog would do), or to escape from his tormentor. Every time that his back is stroked the frog will croak. The same irritation will produce the same result over and over again. Such a frog, if placed upon a board which can be tilted, will climb up the board (in case he perceives that his equilibrium is endangered) in a direction necessary to render his position secure. Otherwise he remains motionless. He is no longer a frog endowed with the normal attributes of that animal in health. He does not attempt to escape. He experiences no apparent alarm at surrounding objects. His movements can be predicted and repeated again and again at the will of the experimenter. He has been transformed into a machine in which every muscular movement can be traced directly to some stimulating influence from without.

Before we go farther, let us examine in a cursory way the anatomical elements of which the brain is composed. These are practically the same in all animals of the higher grades. We can then review the grouping of these elements, and study some of the structural details of that organ in man. These have baffled all attempts at investigation until of late.

We may start with the statement that the brain consists of two distinct anatomical elements—brain cells and nerve fibres. The number of brain cells in the cerebrum alone may be estimated at many thousands. Each cell, by means of its nerve fibres and the processes that spring from it, may be considered as a central station of an electric system. It can receive messages from parts more or less distant. It can dispatch messages in response to those received. Finally, it can store up such information as may be carried to it for future use, affording us, at the same time, memories of past events. It will simplify

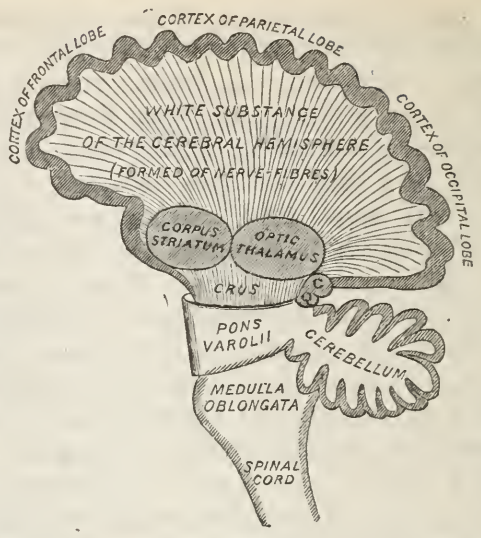


FIG. 1.—A DIAGRAM DESIGNED BY THE AUTHOR TO ELUCIDATE SOME OF THE COMPONENT PARTS OF THE HUMAN BRAIN.

The lettering upon the figure will be explained in the text of the article. C, Q. The corpora quadrigemina, or optic lobes.

description if we consider each of the anatomical elements of the brain separately.

The brain cells are placed chiefly upon the exterior of the organ, which is thrown into alternating ridges and depressions, somewhat like a fan when half closed. The ridges are called the "convolutions." The depressions are termed "sulci," or "fissures," when deeper than the rest. The gray matter upon the exterior of the brain is called the "cortex." The cerebral cortex is alone associated with consciousness and volition. Like gray matter found in other regions of the organ, the cortex consists of brain cells and a cement (formed of connective tissue elements) that binds them together. This is called the "neuroglia."

Masses of brain cells are found imbedded within the substance of the organ; but their functions are less well determined than those of the cortical gray matter. The corpus striatum and the optic thalamus are perhaps the most important of these ganglionic masses. (See Fig. 1.)

If we study the appearance of these minute organs under the microscope, we find that different convolutions of the brain are peopled with cells that have individual characteristics of form and construction; hence we are justified, from an anatomical stand-point alone, in attributing different functions to individual areas of the cortex. This view is sustained, furthermore, by physiological and pathological investigation. We may consider each cell within the brain as pos-

sessing an individuality. Each is intrusted with and controls some particular function. Each is in telegraphic communication with other cells, and participates constantly in the growth and development of some special region of the body, acting in harmony with its fellows. Luys, who has investigated the structure of these minute bodies, says of them: "Imagination is confounded when we penetrate into this world of the infinitely little, where we find the same infinite divisions of matter that so vividly impress us in the study of the sidereal world; and when we thus behold the mysterious details of the organization of an anatomical element, which only reveal themselves when magnified 700 to 800 diameters, and think that this same anatomical element repeats itself a thousandfold throughout the whole thickness of the cerebral cortex, we can not help being seized with admiration, especially when we think that each of these little organs has its autonomy, its individuality, its minute organic sensibility, that it is united with its fellows, that it participates in the common life, and that, above all, it is a silent and indefatigable worker, discreetly elaborating those nervous forces of the psychic activity which are incessantly expended in all directions and in the most varied manners, according to the different calls made upon it, and set it vibrating."

In the cortex of the brain we find the brain cells arranged in superimposed strata. The number of these strata varies in different areas of the brain surface. Each stratum is composed of cells that have identical shapes, and whose structure is apparently the same. Delicate hair-like processes are given off from the body of each cell, many of which subdivide like the branches of a tree, and become closely intermingled with those given off from neighboring cells. Some of these processes unquestionably serve to connect the cells that compose the various strata of the cortex; others serve as a means of attachment of nerve fibres to the cells. By means of these processes molecular movements generated within any individual cell can probably be transmitted to other cells in the same stratum of the cortex, or to those composing other strata. Thus the different layers of cells can probably act independently or in conjunction with others.

We may generalize respecting the purposes for which these minute bodies have been constructed, as follows:

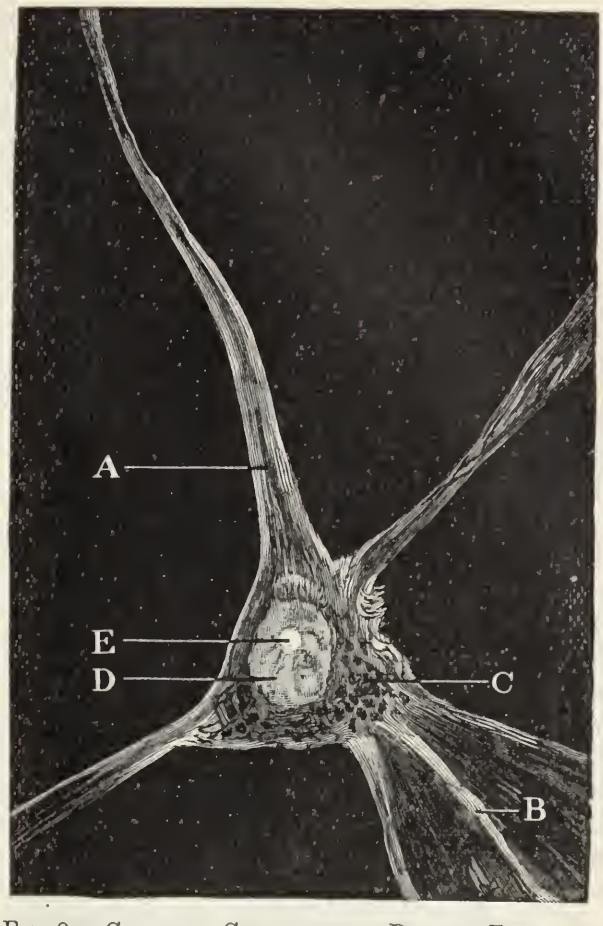


FIG. 2.—CORTICAL CELL OF THE DEEPER ZONES, AT ABOUT EIGHT HUNDRED DIAMETERS.—(LUYS.)

A section of the cell is made through its greater axis, its interior texture being thus laid bare. A. Represents the superior prolongation, radiating from the mass of the nucleus itself. B. Lateral and posterior prolongations. C. Spongy areolar substance, into which the structure of the cell itself is resolved. D. The nucleus itself seems only to be a thickening of this areolar stroma; it sometimes has a radiated arrangement. E. The bright nucleolus is itself decomposable into secondary filaments.

1. Some cells are unquestionably capable of *generating nerve force*, just as the electric battery, for example, generates electricity for the purpose of telegraphy.

2. Some are designed to *promote muscular contraction*, and thus to cause voluntary movements. They are enabled to do this by the nerve fibres. These conduct the current from the cells to definite muscles of the body. When, therefore, from any cause, the generating power of motor cells or the conducting power of motor fibres is interfered with, we have a symptom produced known as "motor paralysis." Tumors or inflammatory deposits sometimes press upon the motor cells to such an extent as to impair their function; inflammatory conditions may affect them directly, and cause their dis-

integration; blood may escape into the brain substance, and plough up the delicate fibres that convey the impulses to the muscles (the condition known as "apoplexy"); and many other pathological conditions may derange or destroy this elaborate system of wires and batteries. Let me impress upon the reader that paralysis of motion is not a disease, as most people suppose. It is but one of the manifestations of disease.

3. Some cells of the cerebral cortex serve as *receptacles for nervous impressions.* Let us cite some examples. At birth the brain may be likened to the sensitized photographic plate before it has been exposed to the action of the lenses of the camera. Nothing has yet been recorded upon it. It may subsequently be beautified or disfigured by the impressions that are to be made upon it from without. At first the child stares stupidly about, unable to appreciate or properly interpret the pictures that are constantly being formed upon the retina by light. Loud noises frighten it, and softer sounds fail to attract its attention. It has not yet learned to determine the direction from which a sound comes. The appreciation of distance has not yet been acquired. The tiny hands are stretched out alike at remote and near objects.

Now mark the change that occurs when sufficient time has elapsed to allow the brain cells to accumulate memories of past events in numbers sufficient to admit of comparison with each other, and to form the basis of judgment. The child soon begins to recognize familiar faces. It learns to discriminate between the voice and touch of the mother or nurse and that of a stranger. When only a few weeks old it begins to estimate distance, and to make voluntary efforts to grasp surrounding objects. Gradually its brain learns the meaning of articulate sounds, and by associating such sounds with definite objects it acquires a knowledge of language. The power of speech is developed later than the knowledge of language, because the complicated movements of the tongue, lips, and palate are difficult to perform properly, and also because articulation must of necessity be based upon a memory of the various sounds employed. Thus for many months the brain of a child is simply receiving and storing up in these wonderful receptacles, the brain cells, the impressions of the external world that reach it chiefly by means of the organs of sight, smell, hearing, taste, and touch.

These facts become even more mysterious than they might at first appear to the reader when we reflect that the eye, for example, telegraphs the outline, coloring, and other details of every picture focussed by its lenses upon the retina to the cells in the cortex of the occipital lobes of the cerebral hemispheres, and that these cells retain these impressions in such a manner that they can be recalled by a voluntary effort again and again as memories of what we have seen. The eye can thus go on taking photographs of external objects forever without fear of losing what it so elaborately duplicates. We have positive evidence to prove the accuracy of these statements. If the occipital lobes of animals be destroyed, the sense of sight is lost immediately, in spite of the fact that the eyes have not been injured by the operation. I have to-day under my care two patients who have been rendered totally blind in a lateral half of each eye by brain-disease, the other half retaining its normal power of vision. It is equally well proven that the memories of our conscious perceptions of odors, sounds, taste, and touch are stored within the cells of different areas of the cerebral cortex, whose limits are already determined with approximate accuracy. These memories, as we all know, can be recalled at will with unimpaired vividness, just as picture after picture can be struck off the same negative when once made indelible upon a glass plate.

Professor Ferrier, of London, has mapped out, by means of a series of experiments upon the monkey tribe (the nearest approach to the type of man), a chart of the brain, which shows the situation of certain groups of cells or "centres" in the cortex that preside over particular functions. The cut introduced and its descriptive text will make some of the conclusions of this author intelligible to the reader.

Most of the conclusions of this investigator (excepting those relating to the visual centres, in which I think he is in error) have been verified upon man. It may interest the reader to know how these conclusions have been verified, since vivisection upon the human race is impracticable.

In the first place, a careful study has been made of cases where Nature has performed the experiment of destroying limited portions of the cortex of man, and

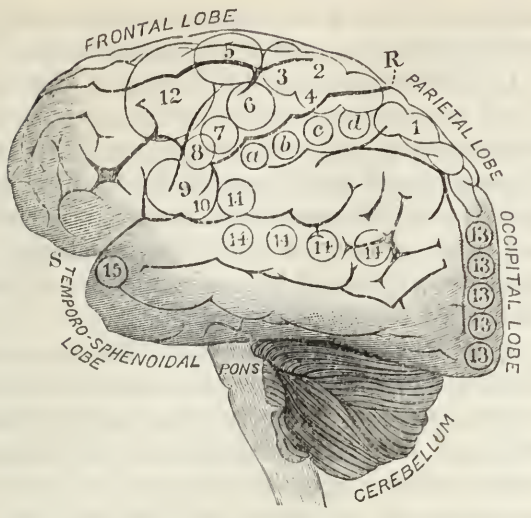


FIG. 3.—SIDE VIEW OF THE BRAIN OF MAN, AND THE AREAS OF THE CEREBRAL CONVOLUTIONS.—(MODIFIED SLIGHTLY FROM FERRIER.)

R. Fissure of Rolando. S. Fissure of Sylvius, dividing into its two branches. 1 (on the postero-parietal [superior parietal] lobule). Advance of the opposite hind-limb as in walking. 2, 3, 4 (around the upper extremity of the fissure of Rolando). Complex movements of the opposite leg and arm, and of the trunk, as in swimming. *a*, *b*, *c*, *d* (on the ascending parietal [posterior central] convolution). Individual and combined movements of the fingers and wrist of the opposite hand; prehensile movements. 5 (at the posterior extremity of the superior frontal convolution). Extension forward of the opposite arm and hand. 6 (on the upper part of the antero-parietal or ascending frontal [anterior central] convolution). Supination and flexion of the opposite fore-arm. 7 (on the median portion of the same convolution). Retraction and elevation of the opposite angle of the mouth by means of the zygomatic muscles. 8 (lower down on the same convolution). Elevation of the ala nasi and upper lip with depression of the lower lip on the opposite side. 9, 10 (at the inferior extremity of the same convolution, Broca's convolution). Opening of the mouth, with 9, protrusion, and 10, retraction of the tongue—region of aphasia, bilateral action. 11 (between 10 and the inferior extremity of the ascending parietal convolution). Retraction of the opposite angle of the mouth, the head turned slightly to one side. 12 (on the posterior portions of the superior and middle frontal convolutions). The eyes open widely, the pupils dilate, and the head and eyes turn toward the opposite side. 13, 13. Centres of vision in the occipital lobes. 14 (of the infra-marginal, or superior [first] temporo-sphenoidal convolution). Pricking of the opposite ear, the head and eyes turn to the opposite side, and the pupils dilate largely (centre of hearing). Ferrier, moreover, places the centres of taste and smell (15) at the extremity of the temporo-sphenoidal lobe, and that of touch in the gyrus uncinatus and hippocampus major.

where the opportunity has been afforded of examining the brain after death. The clinical records of such cases have been collected from all reliable sources, and critically analyzed by competent medical men.

Again, a large number of subjects who have suffered amputation of limbs, and who have survived the operation for some years, or who have manifested an arrested development of limb, have been made to bear indirect testimony to the accuracy of the facts gained by vivisection and pathological research. When any part of the body is deprived of exercise, it will waste gradually from disuse. On this basis of reasoning Bourdon and others have sought to determine the centres of motion of the limbs, by examining the cortex of the cerebral hemispheres of such subjects after death, with a view of determining the existence and exact seat of atrophy of definite groups of brain cells.

A third line of investigation, which has yielded brilliant results, consists in tracing the origin, course, and ultimate distribution of separate bundles of nerve fibres within the brain and spinal cord. Some important discoveries have been made of late which enable us to do this with accuracy—a feat that was impossible by the older methods employed. A knowledge of the peripheral connections of certain groups of brain cells has shed much light upon their probable functions.

Finally, much has been learned by a microscopical study of the different layers of the cortex, and the character of cells that compose them. It has been proven that the form and arrangement of the brain cells afford some clew to the special functions over which each presides.

Now, when we find that all of these methods lead us to an identical conclusion concerning any point in cerebral physiology, that conclusion becomes a fact beyond the possibility of dispute. Unfortunately for science, much still remains to be determined regarding this mysterious mechanism; but, on the other hand, much has been positively proven. Perhaps the day may never come when the human mind can fathom all of its mysteries.

Before we pass to the consideration of the second anatomical element of nervous tissues—the nerve fibres—let me call the attention of the reader to the general form of the brain, and to a classification of the convolutions that is now generally adopted. This will enable him to gain a clear insight into the functions of different areas of the cerebral cortex. Fig. 4 should be compared with Fig. 3, as each will help to interpret the other.

The LOBES of the cerebrum are named respectively the frontal, parietal, occipital, and temporal, from the bones with which they lie in contact. They are demarcated from each other by fissures or clefts that are clearly defined and more definitely placed than the sulci. The fissures of Roland and of Sylvius, and the parieto-occipital fissure, are of special importance.

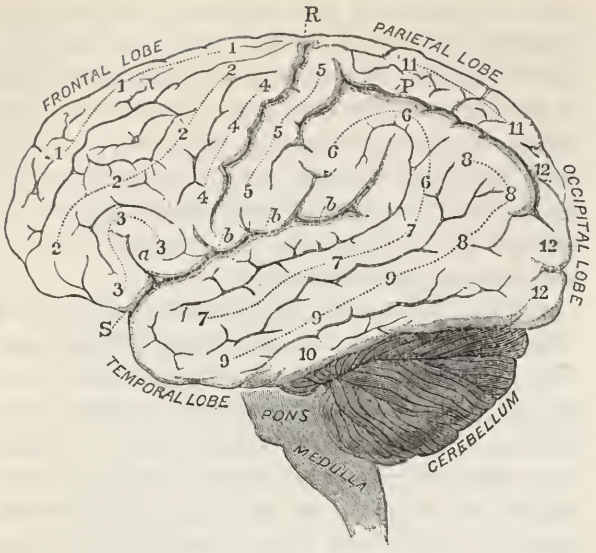


FIG. 4.—A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE CEREBRAL CONVOLUTIONS.—(MODIFIED FROM DALTON.)

S. Fissure of Sylvius, with its two branches *a* and *b*, *b*, *b*. R. Fissure of Rolando. P. Parieto-occipital fissure. 1, 1, 1. The first or superior frontal convolution. 2, 2, 2, 2. The second or middle frontal convolution. 3, 3, 3. The third frontal convolution, curving around the ascending limb of the fissure of Sylvius (centre of speech). 4, 4, 4. Ascending frontal (anterior central) convolution. 5, 5, 5. Ascending parietal (posterior central) convolution. 6, 6, 6. Supra-Sylvian convolution, which is continuous with 7, 7, 7, the first or superior temporal convolution. 8, 8, 8. The angular convolution (or gyrus), which becomes continuous with 9, 9, 9, the middle temporal convolution. 10. The third or inferior temporal convolution. 11, 11. The superior parietal convolution. 12, 12, 12. The superior, middle, and inferior occipital convolutions, called also the first, second, and third (the centres of vision). It is to be remembered that the term "gyrus" is synonymous with "convolution," and that both terms are often interchanged.

The diagram shows that the frontal and parietal lobes have four *convolutions* each, and the occipital and temporal lobes three each. It must be remembered that the cerebrum has two hemispheres—a right and a left, only one of which is seen in profile. The right hemisphere is associated chiefly with the left lateral half of the body, and the left hemisphere with the right lateral half. Disease of one hemisphere of the brain may produce, therefore, a disturbance of some or all of the functions of the opposite side of the body below the head. There are exceptions to this rule, but it is a safe one to follow in the majority of cases.

The diagram Fig. 5 shows certain areas of the surface of the brain that are believed, in the light of our present knowledge, to preside over special functions, as, for example, those of speech, muscular movements of the extremities, sight, hearing, smell, and touch.

In summary, we are justified in drawing the following conclusions respecting the cells of the cerebral cortex from the results obtained by experimentation, clinical experience, and pathological data:

1. The *surface of the brain* is the seat of all conscious mental action. It is the receptacle of all impressions made upon the organs of smell, sight, taste, hearing, and the tactile organs of the skin. Here, and only here, do such impressions become transformed into a conscious appreciation of external objects.

2. The *mental powers* are the result of different combinations of memories of past events and the activity of groups of cells that are probably situated in the frontal lobes. Although the integrity of the entire organ is necessary to the unimpeded action of the higher mental faculties (such as judgment, will, self-control, reason, etc.), the cells of that portion of the frontal lobes that lies in front of the motor centres are perhaps more closely associated with these faculties than those of any other area.

3. The *central convolutions* of the brain (a part of the frontal and parietal lobes of each hemisphere) preside exclusively over motion. The upper part governs the legs chiefly, the middle part controls the upper extremity, while the lower part presides over the complex movements of the tongue and lips necessary to speech. The memories of muscular acts are probably stored within the cells of the motor area.

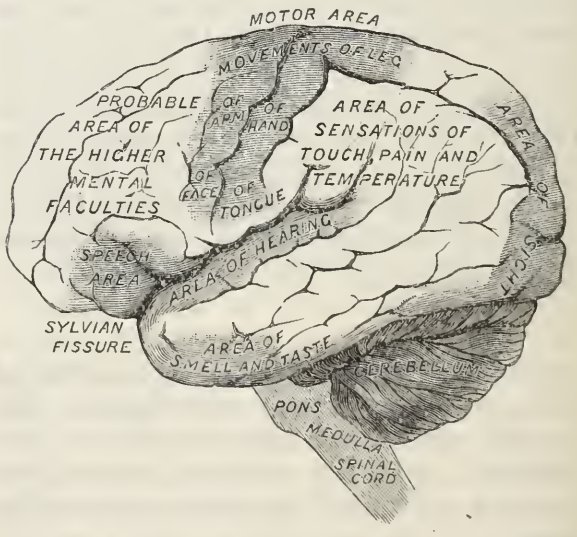


FIG. 5.—A DIAGRAM DESIGNED BY THE AUTHOR TO ILLUSTRATE THE FUNCTIONS OF DIFFERENT AREAS OF THE CEREBRAL CORTEX.

4. The *occipital lobes* preside over the sense of sight and the memories of sight pictures. The recognition of familiar objects by the eyes depends on the activity

of the cells in the cortex of these lobes. Hallucinations of vision point strongly toward a disturbance of the function of these cells. An inability to recognize familiar objects, such as faces, letters, words, etc., is one of the prominent symptoms of disease of the occipital region, provided the eyes are capable of performing their normal functions. Colored perceptions of objects and other ocular spectra often accompany irritation of these lobes. If the whole of the occipital lobe be not destroyed, the unimpaired part may slowly accumulate new sight memories, and the sense of vision may thus be slowly regained. This has been proven upon the dog by Professor Munk.

5. That part of the *parietal lobes* which is not occupied by special centres of motion is probably associated with the conscious perceptions of various tactile impressions, and the associated memories of touch, temperature, degrees of pressure, and pain.

6. The *temporal lobes* are the seat of our conscious appreciation of sounds, odors, and taste. When these lobes are diseased, the memory of spoken words may be obliterated, and hallucinations of hearing, or deafness, may be developed. I once encountered an interesting case where hallucinations of smell (imaginary odors) existed in consequence of disease involving the apex of this lobe. Cases of persons who were suddenly deprived of their ability to appreciate a question when spoken, but who would reply promptly to the same question if written before their eyes, have been reported. In such the memories of sound have been obliterated by disease of the temporal lobe, but the memories of the form and meaning of letters have remained intact, because the occipital lobes were not involved. These patients can often be made to repeat mechanically word upon word, in a parrot-like way, but the memory of their meaning has gone forever.

7. The *power of speech* (when regarded as a merely mechanical performance) seems to be governed by the inferior frontal convolution and the area adjacent to it around the lower part of the fissure of Sylvius. But it must be remembered that our remarks are usually called forth by some form of excitation, such as a spoken question, an impression upon the eye, or some form of irritation of the sensory nerves, as in the case of pain, tickling, etc., for example. Disease of this limited area of the brain surface causes patients to frequently interpolate wrong words in conversation, in spite of the fact that they grasp the meaning of all that transpires about them, and have the memories of past events perfectly at their command. Such a subject could write a reply to any spoken or written question with perfect accuracy, although he might speak it incorrectly. If he were asked to repeat words selected as a test of co-ordinate movements of the tongue and lips, he would probably fail to do so with his accustomed facility.

8. That we are endowed with *memories of muscular movements* is well illustrated by a case observed by Professor Charcot, of a gentleman who was rendered incapable, by disease of his brain, of recognizing either printed or written language, but who could grasp the meaning of both with ease by tracing out the curves with his fingers. The habit of writing had impressed the mind with the symbols of thought, through the agency of the muscles.

9. Some collections of cells within the deeper parts of the brain (the corpus striatum and optic thalamus of each cerebral hemisphere) are probably *distributing centres* for all impulses that pass either to or from the cerebral cortex. They act as middle-men, as it were. They are capable, as illustrated in the case of the mutilated frog previously referred to, of an automatic control over movements; but, as far as we know, there is no reason to think that they are associated in any way with the attribute of consciousness.

10. The functions of the cerebellum, the pons Varolii, and the medulla oblongata (see Fig. 1) are too complex to be discussed here. Their cells are called into action in a reflex manner, rather than by volition. There is reason to believe that the cerebellum is an "informing depot" for the cerebrum, and a "store-house for nerve force." The medulla oblongata presides over acts that are chiefly outside of the domain of the will, such as the beating of the heart, the worm-like movement of the intestine, the regulation of the calibre of the blood-vessels to the wants of the different organs, the modifications of blood-pressure, and other functions that are essentially vital.

We now come to the second anatomical element of nervous tissues—the nerve fibres. If we pull a brain apart so as to

expose its central portions, we shall be able to see that distinct bundles of extremely delicate white threads compose each "crus cerebri," or the legs of the brain (Fig. 1), and that the thousand filaments which form each bundle diverge within the hemisphere and pass to its surface. There each of these threads becomes united to a cell of the cortex. These are the nerve fibres. Each of these threads is insulated by a protective covering so as to prevent the diffusion of its currents to other fibres. The white substance of the brain is composed exclusively of fibres.

Of those that constitute the central portion of the cerebrum, one set serves to connect the cells of different areas of the cortex (the "*associating fibres*"). These do not cross the mesial line of the skull. They allow of comparison of different memories, etc., and are probably essential to the higher mental faculties. The areas of sight, hearing, smell, motion, general sensibility, and taste of each cerebral hemisphere are thus brought into communication with each other.

A second set serves to join the cortical cells of homologous parts of the two hemispheres of the cerebrum. They are evidently designed to promote a simultaneous action of the two hemispheres upon corresponding parts of the body, as illustrated in rowing a boat with two hands, swimming, etc. These are called "*commissural fibres.*"

A third set comprises those fibres that pass from each hemisphere into the spinal cord. These are known as the "*peduncular fibres,*" because they help to form the stem of the brain, or the crus cerebri (see Fig. 1).

A fourth set may be said to comprise those fibres that are associated directly with the organs of special sense, the nose, eye, ear, tongue, and skin.

Finally, a fifth set, known as the fornix, serves to connect the cortical cells of the temporal lobe of each cerebral hemisphere with a mass of cells buried deeply within the corresponding hemisphere, known as the optic thalamus (shown in Fig. 1). The function of these peculiarly arranged fibres is not yet determined with positiveness.

We have already discussed the *rôle* which the nerve fibres play in connection with the brain cells. They are the channels of transmission of nerve impulses. Some carry impressions of a sensory character; hence their currents travel from peripheral parts to the cells of the brain. Others convey motor impulses from the brain cells to the muscles.

We have been able to trace the course and terminations of the separate bundles with exactness by means of methods lately discovered. Nature, under certain conditions, makes the dissections during life, and we, after death, can study out the details of her work. In this way we have learned facts that no human dissection could have determined. The discovery of Türck that nerve fibres degenerated throughout their entire length when severed from the nerve cells enables us to investigate the results that follow destruction of limited areas of the cortex of man by disease or mechanical injury. When sections across such a brain are made and examined under a glass (proper staining reagents being employed), the area of the degenerated fibres becomes as clearly depicted from that of healthy brain fibres as would an ink spot upon a table-cloth. An examination of continuous sections enables us to trace the course of the fibres that were originally connected with the cells of the diseased area to their peripheral connections. Some years after Türck's original paper, Flechsig opened another field of investigation. He showed that during the development of the embryo certain bundles of nerve fibres in the brain and spinal cord became completely formed before others. By sections of embryotic brains he and his followers have been able to confirm many of the facts made known to us by Türck's method. Finally, Gudden has lately proven that extirpation of the eye and some other organs, as well as division of some nerve tracts, in the newly born animal, is followed by a proximal degeneration of the fibres connected with the organs affected.

Let me remark here that every nerve impulse sent to the brain does not travel along a continuous wire to reach the cell of the cortex that is capable of receiving it, and the same holds true of all motor impulses dispatched from the brain to the muscles. All impulses are passed from cell to cell by means of connecting fibres. In this way they eventually reach the cerebral cortex, just as water buckets are passed up a ladder in case of fire, to use an illustration borrowed on account of its aptness. The object of this arrangement is to allow of an independent action of certain collections of cells (that are subservient to the

cortical cells of the cerebrum), in case the required response does not necessitate volition or consciousness. Many of the vital processes (such as the beating of the heart) are governed by what is known as "reflex action." We can not check them by the will, and, as a rule, we are unconscious that they are constantly going on.

There are a few practical remarks that might be made to the reader with benefit in the light of what has been already stated concerning the organ of the mind.

1. This wonderful organ, although delicately constructed, will bear abuse only for a longer or shorter period. Eventually, when overtaxed, it will break down beyond recovery. Mental efforts should not be too long concentrated upon any special line of thought during each day, because it calls into play one group of brain cells to the neglect of others. It is the habit of some of our greatest scholars to seek recreation and rest of the mind by changing to some form of mental exercise out of their regular line, such as an hour of mathematics, the translation of a chapter in the Greek Testament, etc. A horse will travel over a rolling country longer than over a plain, because different sets of muscles are employed in going up and down hills.

2. Sleep is essential to health of the brain, as well as of the body. Normal sleep should not be disturbed by dreams, and should afford a sense of fitness for the day's work. In these days business anxieties, that have deprived many a man of sleep for months, are too often the exciting cause of an attack of paralysis, or of some incurable disease of the brain. I regard anxiety as perhaps the most prolific cause of brain troubles in our large cities. Eight hours of healthy sleep each night will do more to guard against nervous derangements than medicines will to relieve them.

3. There is a close relationship between the thoracic and abdominal viscera and the nerve centres. Daily physical exercise, care in respect to diet, and good hygienic surroundings conduce toward health of mind as well as of the body. Nothing is more common than to see a well-formed head (with every indication of mental acumen) poised upon a puny or bent frame, with small muscles, a contracted chest, and a complexion that indicates a disordered state of the visceral functions. I have patients say to me constantly, "It is useless to talk about two hours of exercise and recreation each day, as my business will not admit of it." To such I would say here, "Remember that the time may come when your health will not admit of business."

4. I would urge upon my readers the importance of sunlight in their offices, and of pure air. Who can expect to have a healthy brain or body when the blood that feeds both is daily poisoned by carbonic acid gas and foul vapors in the air they breathe for eight or ten hours a day, and when sunlight never enters the windows of their counting-rooms or offices? Do the heads of large houses count the sacrifice of health that they impose upon their clerks when they oblige them to write all day in close rooms by gas-light, day after day and year after year? Some of the illuminating gases consumed in our own city produce, during the process of consumption, products that are extremely detrimental to health. The eyes also are liable to be seriously injured by the flicker of the light, and the brain may be indirectly affected by the eye trouble.

5. The abuse of stimulants, in the form of alcohol, tobacco, tea, and coffee, is a prominent factor in producing many of the nervous diseases that are so frequent in large cities. Some men can smoke constantly without bad results, while others can not use the weed at all without feeling ill effects. Alcohol tends to slowly produce a brittle condition of the arteries, especially when taken between meals or in excess. The arteries of the brain are thus rendered liable to rupture, and the blood that escapes may terminate life instantly, or in milder cases render the subject a paralytic, and possibly destroy his intellectual faculties. An out-of-door life unquestionably tends to counteract, to some extent, these deleterious results, but it is far better to shun a danger than to court it. I do not take the stand that total abstinence is essential to health, but I would caution my readers against habits of excess in stimulants that are to-day very common and deplorable.

6. The habitual use of drugs should be avoided. Our insane asylums draw many of their inmates from devotees to the opium and chloral habit. When the system demands medicinal agents, advise with your physician, and rely upon his judgment respecting the drugs employed and the frequency of the dose.

A MAN AND A BROTHER.

A WESTERN EPISODE.

THE chief told the story. He said it was true; and whatever else might be said of him, no one had ever accused him of telling a falsehood willfully in his life. A rigid disciplinarian, and something of a martinet in the service of the great trading company at whose head he stood in America, in his own house he was simply the perfect host, the most courteous and the most hospitable of men. When his subordinate officers came from the interior to the capital, his residence was their natural resort of an evening when the business of the day was done. Twice I heard him tell the story that I am about to narrate here, each time with the same words and with the same gestures. I believe it to be true, and when he said he witnessed the incident which is the centre of it, I have no doubt whatever but that he did see it. It is a story finely touched with that human interest which appeals to all hearts. I have never thought of it without feeling that there is a grandeur and a dignity in life that go far to counterbalance its too apparent meannesses and its too evident sins.

The story itself takes us back about a dozen years or more, to somewhere about 1870, when the Northwestern States and provinces of this continent were in the first dawn of the day of that amazing vigor which has surprised and astonished the world. Chicago, standing on the eastern edge of this vast territory, had not yet triumphantly emerged from its baptism of fire. The smoke of Milwaukee hung like a cloud over the western shores of Lake Michigan. St. Paul and Minneapolis, young twin giants of lusty growth, were rapidly rising into importance in the higher waters of the Mississippi, while four hundred and fifty miles north of them, Fort Garry, on the banks of the Red River, had hardly as yet begun to show the promise that its descendant, Winnipeg, more than fulfills of being the capital of Central Canada.

That day of beginnings had features of its own, some of which have disappeared already, and all of which are fated eventually to pass away. For one thing, the "Western man" is fast dying out: the railways, rather than the saloons, have killed him. To some extent he still survives in the cow-boy of Montana and the Rocky Mountains; but no writer has so far had either the temerity or the strength of imagination to invest him with the picturesque and sometimes tender coloring of that romance in which the Westerner has been painted for us.

Among these features so rapidly passing away none was more constantly a part of the scene, and none more characteristic and noticeable, than the flat-bottomed, heavy-looking, stern-wheel propeller—the true pioneer in the West of civilization when as yet railways were not. Creeping up the shallow waters of some stream hardly broader than the steamer itself, crashing through the overhanging branches, shooting rapids and jumping sand banks, never safe from "snags," with its driving-wheel gashed and mangled by the floating drift-timber, it held bravely on its way, carrying supplies for the distant settlements. Time was no great object, so long as it got *thar*. The present writer well remembers in 1874 spending three days in getting over sixty miles of the snaky bends and tortuous twists of the Red Lake River from Crookston to Grand Forks, in northern Dakota, in just such a steamer. Now the railways have driven it away far northward and westward, north as far as the Saskatchewan and the Peace River, and west as far as the smaller tributaries of the Yellowstone and the Missouri.

During the summer of 1870, we will say, one of these steamers was making its way down the Red River of the North for Fargo. In design and appearance it was of the usual Western type. And the Red River is of the same general order as most streams of the West—a shallow zigzag of a stream, apparently going nowhere in particular, but, for all that, in its own leisurely fashion, knowing its own business very well as it heads northward for Lake Winnepeg, now wide, now narrow, with here a bluff of poplar or oak upon its banks, and there a belt of willows bending down into the yellow-brown waters, while a few solitary log shanties at wide intervals tell of the settler's presence.

There are but few passengers on the cabin deck of the steamer—one or two officers of the Hudson Bay Company going on to their posts in the wilderness, a

number of farmers and emigrants intending to take up homesteads in Manitoba. One of the Hudson Bay Company's officers has with him his young wife and a child, a tiny girl three years old—a pretty, prattling, fearless, fascinating young woman. She is everybody's pet, from the rather dandy wheelsman, who tries to entice her up to his pilot-box, which towers above the vessel, down to the grizzled, grimy deck hands, whose acquaintance she has somehow or other made on the lower deck.

On the floor of this lower deck, whither she has been taken by her nurse, she has seen three men lying bound, chained hand and foot. They are on their way to be tried at Fargo, and the sheriff, who has effected their capture, never leaves them, for they are known to be desperate. Certainly there is no lamb-like innocence about them. They constantly talk to one another, and to the sheriff, whom they call Bill, and who, to do him justice, enters fully and sympathetically into all the exploits of the "boys." They are confessed ruffians and bullies, and they don't seem ashamed of it. They guess the game is up, and they accept their fate, not cheerfully, but as a matter of course. They swear, in a copious and characteristic vocabulary of their own, against their ill luck; but they have got *thar* at last, and they know it.

The little child came to them and looked at them curiously; they looked silently at her. They had probably never seen anything so dainty or so sweet before. She saw nothing in them to frighten her. So she advanced and spoke to them in her broken words; she even touched the fetters on the hands of one of them, and smiled in his face, and asked him what they were. The man smiled too, without replying, and the child moved away. As she walked there was a sudden quick jerk of the whole ship, its further side ground jarringly against some unyielding substance hidden in the water; it tilted over slightly, the child lost her balance, and, with a scream, fell over the side into the water. The vessel for an instant was stationary. The three prisoners saw her disappear. The prisoner to whom she had spoken, and whose handcuffs she had for a moment touched, exclaimed, "God! don't ye shoot, Bill!" Then quickly rolling himself over and over, he dropped into the water beside the child. As his hands were bound behind him, he caught the child's dress in his teeth, and *treading the water with his fettered feet*, kept the child above-water until help came. As everybody's attention was diverted to the opposite side of the steamer, it was some time before the boat from the vessel reached them. But the child was saved.

"Splendid," said the chief, with flashing eyes.

Yes, it was splendid, magnificent, noble. Needless to relate the thankfulness of the poor young mother or the gratitude of the father.

"I guess you air a white man, Rik, after all," said the sheriff.

A purse was made up among the passengers for the man, whose name was Erikir, a Scandinavian by birth.

It was afterward learned that the sheriff told the story to the "jedge," and the judge, with Western freedom, and that admiration for a gallant act which covers a multitude of sins, so arranged that when it was found that Erikir had mysteriously disappeared, nothing was done beyond a little official bluster, and he escaped.

It would be interesting to know what was the result of the episode upon the man. Was the mission of the child to reclaim the man? It often is so. But nothing has ever since been heard of the fate of Erikir.

THE LOST BATTLE.

TO his heart it struck such terror
That he laughed a laugh of scorn—
The man in the soldier's doublet,
With the sword so bravely worn.

It struck his heart like the frost-wind
To find his comrades fled,
While the battle-field was guarded
By the heroes who lay dead.

He drew his sword in the sunlight,
And called with a long halloo,
"Dead men, there is one living
Shall stay it out with you!"

He raised a ragged standard,
This lonely soul in war,
And called the foe to onset
By shouts they heard afar.

They galloped swiftly toward him.
The banner floated wide;
It sank; he sank beside it
Upon his sword, and died.

Editor's Easy Chair.

SIR HENRY WOTTON'S familiar description of an ambassador as an honest man sent to lie abroad for the commonwealth has certainly not been illustrated by Mr. Lowell in England. Instead of lying abroad, no man has ever shown himself more vigilant in truth-telling for his native land, and he has been in the best sense her Minister by showing what is best in her thought, her character, and her patriotism. There was, indeed, at one time some apparent misapprehension concerning him. It seemed to be supposed that he somehow represented the Irish and not the American republic. But this illusion has been dispelled, and how distinctively it is the American republic that he represents has been demonstrated in nothing more clearly and more nobly than in his address upon Democracy at the Midland Institute in Birmingham last October.

An American sees with great satisfaction that the names of American literary men are among the most justly noted upon the diplomatic roll. That of Joel Barlow first catches the eye, and Washington Irving, Edward Everett, Bancroft, Motley, Bayard Taylor, and Lowell follow, with others of less distinction in the literary guild. As Emerson said that our college holidays are simply friendly signs of the survival of the love of letters among a people too busy to give to letters any more, so it may be said that diplomatic honors are paid to literary men in the republic which has no peerages or pensions and no other public rewards so fitting for them.

Sir Henry Wotton's description was not merely an epigram. Diplomacy in his time and long afterward, possibly even to-day in some quarters, was a system of smooth lying and overreaching. The diplomatic cabinet, or council, or congress, was another form of the gambler's table, at which the welfare of nations was the stake. Or if Louis the Fourteenth without his magnificent periwig and ample robes and crown and sceptre was but a puny manikin, how often the laced and complaisant ambassador seems but a highly decorated sharper, and his business really fraud! Mr. Jay's recent admirable address at the Historical Society's centennial celebration of the peace negotiations of 1782–3 reveals, from recently disclosed documents, the double-dealing of Vergennes; and Parkman's glance at political Europe, in the opening of his lately published *Montcalm and Wolfe*, shows an eager game of unprincipled intrigue.

And if the negotiation of a treaty is still but a courteous trial of wits between clever agents, each striving to secure the chief advantage for his principal under pretense of a common benefit, there is a higher function of the ambassador which sharp and clever agents do not always, or generally, fulfill. There is a common saying that all international business can be now transacted by mail and telegraph, and undoubtedly there is much business that can be readily transacted in that way. But for the constant amicable common understanding which ought to be maintained among great nations, personal intercourse among the high officers who represent and administer the governments of such nations is most desirable. Such intercourse is the sensitive conductor which disperses accumulating electricity without a shock. A personal representation of another government, of fitting character and invested with adequate dignity, is one of the best peace-makers in the world. Besides, it is much cheaper for any people to maintain an envoy than an army or a navy.

It is seldom, however, that an envoy can do what Mr. Lowell did at Birmingham. Last year, when he delivered the address at the unveiling of Fielding's bust at Taunton, it was remarked by the English papers that no Englishman could have discharged the duty so satisfactorily. Mr. Lowell's discourse at Taunton was properly a critical estimate of Fielding's genius. But at Birmingham he spoke of the genius of Democracy in a strain which has not been surpassed by any one who ever treated the theme. Such a discourse was an event, and an event without precedent. A foreign Minister stating, in the country to which he is accredited, the most radical political views, and asserting that they are the ultimate logical result of the political constitution of the country in which he speaks, and which repudiates such a conclusion, yet to do this with a temper, an urbanity, a moderation, a precision, and courteous grace which charm doubt into acquiescence, and wonder into a tribute of unfeigned admiration and acknowledgment of a great service to political thought greatly done—this is surely an unprecedented event in the annals of diplomacy, and this is what Mr. Lowell did at Birmingham.

It is impossible to read his masterly, uncompromising, wise and witty, and thoroughly accurate declaration of the essential principle and reason of popular government, and his resistless defense of it as a practically efficient system, without smiling to think that this is the man who has been sometimes suspected of being a little denationalized and un-Americanized. No American Minister in any country at any time has ever made so clear and comprehensive and philosophic a statement of the American principle. He is like a knight cheerily riding around the lists, armed cap-a-pie, and maintaining the honor of his Queen of Liberty against all comers. He does not say a word that could have jarred the Tory nerves of Sir Roger de Coverley, yet no English radical was ever so radical as this. There is no discussion of measures or of politics in the address, nothing to which the most sensitive propriety or taste could demur, yet it has never entered into the mind of the most sav-

age censor of Mr. Lowell to conceive so free and equal and lofty and humane an America as he depicts.

Burke, in his magnificent rhetoric, has described constitutional England. But it is England seen by imaginative enthusiasm. Lowell's tone is free from every art of the orator except that of severe accuracy and the raciness of the simple and fitting phrase. It is plain and strong truth-telling. It is not the unattainable goddess whom the glowing aspiration of the anchorite perceives; it is the creature not too bright and good for human nature's daily food, who smiles upon the lover. In these days of Lent—for such they are, not in the ecclesiastical system alone, but in the serious industrial depression everywhere—is he not in good faith an American Minister who sets forth that Democracy is simply the practical application of Christianity to life, and who shows us how it is so?

A wise observer once said of an English ambassador, "He is a charming man, but he does not represent the England that I know." The good man was only an agent of the Foreign Office. But the foreign friend of America who knows her most truly would say, upon reading the Birmingham address, "This man represents the best America, and none of her children have read her secret more shrewdly."

When a Legislature is compelled to pass an act for the demolition of houses unfit for human habitation, such as the British Parliament passed in regard to houses in London sixteen years ago, it is a pitiful revelation of the suffering of a large class of human beings. As such an act and the necessity of it are carefully pondered, it is easy to understand the deep and impatient discontent of Carlyle with the condition of England forty years ago. He had been immersed in the study of the French Revolution, and his vivid and powerful imagination had re-created the terrible tragedy of France at the close of the century. He saw that "man's inhumanity to man," which Burns had deplored just as the Revolution was ripening, an inhumanity born of utter selfishness and repudiation of sympathy with fellow-men, was the source of all that monstrous upheaval, and around him in English life and society, and in the London in which he lived and daily walked and meditated, Carlyle saw the signs of the same spirit, and was forced to anticipate the same result. *Chartism*, and *Past and Present*, and the *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, were the Cassandra cry that he raised.

Doubtless his temperament counted for much, and his constant ill health. But the response of the time, and of intelligent and thoughtful England, was not in answer to a troubled stomach, but to a discerning brain and a protesting conscience. In the case of such a voice, and of what follows, it is never easy to say how much is cause and how much effect. That is to say, it is not clear how far it is the general perception of the situation and the general desire to improve it which find expression in such a cry as Carlyle's, and how far it is an individual instinct which inspires it. The single voice generally speaks for a sentiment which is more or less general. The "spirit of the age," as we call it, is revealed by the expression, and the expression stimulates and increases it, but that spirit itself is the result of a general awakening. The song of chanticleer is the earliest salutation of the dawn. But the dawn is already breaking when chanticleer begins to sing.

The results of a wide-spread human sympathy, the spirit which is the most opposed to that which the "age of Louis the Fourteenth" and the superb inhumanity of the old *régime* represent, were very evident in England and elsewhere long before Carlyle died. But he was always disposed to sneer at them as a kind of Mrs. Partington endeavor to mop up the Atlantic. He had a knack for getting on the wrong side of good efforts, and, oddly enough, for undervaluing moral forces. Probably he would have been little patient with the organized charity which springs from the quickened public interest in the relief of poverty. John Howard and Sir Samuel Romilly and Edward Denison at Stepney would hardly have been among Carlyle's heroes in history. But they were heroes of humanity.

The labors of Miss Octavia Hill are of the same kind. They put in practice the doctrines which Carlyle was always preaching. The Carlyle gospel is "doing, doing." Don't palaver, he says—in about thirty volumes—don't gabble and profess and promise and perorate about the beauty of holiness, but *be* holy by *doing* good. It is not evident, we say, that he very warmly praised those who followed his advice. But certainly there has been a great doing of good of late years, both in this country and in England, in a way which shows how large a number of the best part of every community spurn the cruelty of the *laissez faire*.

Mr. Adler, one of the commissioners to inquire into the condition of the tenement-houses in New York, recently gave an interesting account of Miss Hill's labors. She took fourteen of the worst of the houses of this kind in London. The squalor and brutality and utter degradation of life in them were such as are described among the worst of the French poor on the eve of the Revolution. The details are loathsome. The tenants treated her with every disrespect short of personal violence. They had only the semblance of humanity left. But she has wrought a miracle. There are now comparative cleanliness and order, and welcome and regard for her. Her spell has been simply intelligence and courage—the wit to see what to do, and the firmness to do it. Sentimental charity is the well-meant attempt to extinguish fire by pouring on oil. The Christian injunction to

give is interpreted to mean, Give money without inquiry and without common-sense. But Miss Hill did not preach, nor exhort, nor give alms. She knew—and the knowledge is the corner-stone of effective and regenerating charity—that self-respect is the beginning of relief. She repaired the houses, drained, scrubbed, put them in proper order, and required prompt payment of the rent. The result has been the awakening of self-respect among the tenants, and the strongest regard for Miss Hill as a friend—and five per cent. interest upon her money invested.

The personal presence and interest are of the most vital importance in such a scheme, and in all organized charity this is contemplated. The common and popular sneer at it as "machine" charity and vicarious Christianity arises from misconception of its character. The system of visitors is not intended to preclude, nor does it preclude, all the personal visiting that now takes place. It is designed to make such visiting effectual by preventing the perversion of alms to increase poverty, suffering, and crime.

The same intelligent humanity which characterizes Miss Hill's enterprise is evident everywhere, and it is interesting to see how much of the great contemporary work of wise charity is due to the earnest efforts and supervision of women.

> "Why are the virtues, every one,
> Pictured as women be,
> If not to show that they in worth
> Do more excel than we?"

Miss Hill insisted that the state was as much bound to prohibit the renting of unfit rooms as to prohibit the sale of adulterated food. Indeed, the tendency of the whole humane movement of the time is to reverse the moral indifference and everybody-for-himself theory that came in with the misunderstanding of the Bentham philosophy. There is a decided disposition to require a liberal interpretation of the just powers of government. If it may lay a tax for schools, and regulate or forbid the sale of ardent spirits, and require proper sanitation and the removal of nuisances, and seize private land for public use, in the name of the common welfare, it is the judge of what the common welfare demands.

The effects of this view are visible everywhere in England. Thirty years ago Bristol was one of the uncleanest towns in the kingdom, and the death rate was twenty-eight per thousand. Since that time Bristol has laid one hundred and fifty miles of new drains, and several millions of dollars have been spent in improving its general sanitary condition, in thorough care of its poorest quarters, and in supplying abundant water. Landlords have been compelled to purify and improve, and the death rate of the city has fallen from twenty-eight to nineteen. Glasgow is another of the rapidly improving cities. Conscience and common-sense are hard at work in relieving the conditions which breed despair and anarchy. There are moral forces to redeem as potent as dynamite to destroy.

Indeed, the old fable has an endless timeliness of application. Indifference, impatience, scorn, anger, and trust in the laws of political economy without perfect knowledge of those laws, which has not yet been vouchsafed, are the ever higher wind swelling into a gale which blew upon the traveller, and merely deepened his instinct to withstand the blast. But the sun melted his resolution and stripped him of his defenses. It was not a wise Farmer-General in France who said that the people might eat grass. But it was the highest wisdom which declared that peaceful and orderly human relations require some other rule than that of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

THE London *Times* has just completed its hundredth year. But it is not as old as our Newport *Mercury*, upon which Dr. Franklin did journey-work in his 'prentice days. It is not a graceful salutation to a centenarian journal to recall Jefferson's remark in a letter written in 1807, that "nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper. Truth itself becomes suspicious by being put in that polluted vehicle. The real extent of this misinformation is known only to those who are in situations to confront facts within their knowledge with the lies of the day. I really look with commiseration over the great body of my fellow-citizens who, reading newspapers, live and die in the belief that they have known something of what has been passing in their time; whereas the accounts they have read in newspapers are just as true a history of any other period of the world as of the present, except that the real names of the day are affixed to their fables. I will add that the man who never looks into a newspaper is better informed than he who reads them, inasmuch as he who knows nothing is nearer the truth than he whose mind is filled with falsehood and errors. He who reads nothing will still learn the great facts, and the details are all false."

These extremely pessimistic remarks upon a power which calls itself the fourth estate of the realm, and which, as Thackeray said of a certain gentleman, thinks no small potatoes of itself, occurs in a letter to Mr. John Norvell, replying to a request to mention a good elementary work upon civil government. Jefferson mentions Locke, Sidney, Priestley, Chipman, and the *Federalist*, with Beccaria, Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, and Say's *Political Economy*, which he says is not yet translated into English. The observations upon the press are by far the most pungent and energetic in the letter, and they show—for it was toward the end of his second term—that Jefferson had felt the thrusts of the Federal newspapers. But Jefferson had also taken a hand in the game. While he was still Secretary of State he made Philip Freneau translator in the State Department, and Freneau's paper assailed Washington and

Hamilton, and, as was understood, not only with the countenance, but with the aid of the Secretary.

The reader perceives also that Jefferson winds up with this tremendous *feu de joie* against the falsity and worthlessness of newspapers a letter in which he recommends, among the few sources of sound knowledge upon the subject of civil government, a series of newspaper essays. The *Federalist* was composed of the triune "Publius," whose papers appeared in the *Independent Journal* or the *General Advertiser*, which was issued in Hanover Square semi-weekly. "Publius" was the giant in the crowd of a hundred names that filled the newspapers—"Cato," "Centinel," "Brutus," "Brutus Junior," and "Cincinnatus," "A Son of Liberty," "Observer," "An Officer of the Continental Army," "Medium," "A Countryman," "A Citizen," "An Old Whig," "One of the Common People," and more of the same strain, whose essays would not have seemed to Jefferson false or fabulous or malignant, because they opposed the adoption of the Constitution, of which he also was exceedingly distrustful.

Jefferson's impatience and injustice are as old as the modern newspaper itself, which dates from the time when it ceased to be a mere gazette of events, and began to comment upon events, and advocate and oppose public policies, and to discuss all public questions. In his censure Jefferson confounds two things —the actual news, or reports of occurrences, and the remarks upon them. When he says that a man deludes himself if he supposes because he has read the papers that he knows what has "passed in his time," he means that he has lost its significance if he has allowed the gazette to interpret the news for him. Without the record of current events a man would be singularly uninformed. Of course, however, even the editor of a newspaper may sometimes share the frailty of common humanity, and, misled by a passionate preference for his own view and his own objects, he may dexterously color or "cook" the news, in order, as it were, to turn it against itself, or spike its own guns.

Thus, if he disbelieves in the sea-serpent, and the telegraph announces from Nantucket that yesterday afternoon at four o'clock the serpent was distinctly seen lying or swimming upon the surface of the water with a gently undulating motion, its head raised and of about the size of a barrel, etc., etc., the able editor can relieve his feelings by saying that it was a string of old hogsheads rolling upon the water, and that the reporter of the spectacle was in that condition which all good reporters ought carefully to avoid. In like manner the newspaper which states the fact of a discourse by Hortensius can always slyly turn the fact against the orator by observing that the effort was far from what was expected, that the audience was small and cold, and that there was no applause. These last observations might fall under the head of what Jefferson calls lies. But certainly the reader would know that Hortensius had spoken.

A general onslaught upon the press, like that by Jefferson, is as droll as a similar vituperation of the weather; for the press will always reflect the time and the community in which it exists. The London *Times* has been for a century the most famous and, upon the whole, the most powerful of journals, and its power has lain in the ability with which it apprehended and expressed the controlling opinion of the day. It has not always seized it accurately. But the average English view was to be found in the *Times*. It has not been guilty of the petty and futile folly of attempting to "edit" the news, but has published the simple facts as they occurred, and made such comments as it believed would be acceptable to the great mass of its readers.

This course proceeds upon the theory that it is not the function of the press to mould and direct public opinion, but to follow it. Yet it is obvious that such a course is by no means negative. Public opinion is influenced by nothing more strongly than by the conviction that a certain view is the general view, and a journal which has proved that it has the acuteness to detect the drift of that view will do much by its mere expression to determine the drift.

If Jefferson's remarks upon the press were correct, the hundred years of the London *Times* have been useless or worse, and all the esteemed American contemporaries of the Easy Chair are mere nuisances. In the universal judgment of those contemporaries, this would be a revolting proposition, and it can not be held to be one of those "Jeffersonian principles" which it is the duty of all good Americans to accept.

The sorrow of the young girl who discovered that the loveliest doll in the last analysis is merely sawdust is but a feeble symbol of the feeling of the student who finds romantic tradition ruthlessly excluded from history. Niebuhr began the devastation by discrediting the lupine foster-mother of Romulus and Remus. Under that blow the whole series of Roman legends reeled. Then William Tell and Robin Hood were resolved into survivals of sun myths or of fables of an unknown antiquity, and now an alarmed correspondent writes to ask if it be true that Mr. Parkman, in his *Montcalm and Wolfe*, to which we have elsewhere alluded, has really scattered the glamour with which the genius of Longfellow has irradiated the story of Acadia. Even if we can spare the Roman wolf, and submit to the ruthless dissipation into baseless rumor of the "gray-haired champion" of Hadley, which Mr. George Sheldon has effected, how, asks our correspondent—how can we surrender "Evangeline"?

It is some years since the series of Mr. Parkman's narratives comprising the history of

France in the New World began. The *Montcalm and Wolfe* is, in time, the last of the series, and leaves but one more, to treat of the period of 1700 to 1748, which will complete one of the most admirable and scholarly works in American literature—a history which deals with an epoch of decisive events upon this continent—events of the highest magnitude and importance in the history of the world. The subject was singularly fresh and picturesque, and Mr. Parkman has treated it not only with entire mastery, but in a literary manner so charming that the work will never again be attempted. None of the narratives is more interesting than the last, which describes the famous seven years' "French and English war," which ended in the exclusion of France from the New World.

It was in this war that the incident upon which Longfellow founded his poem of "Evangeline" occurred, the only American poem which was received with the same kind of immediate and general enthusiasm which hailed a new poem of Scott's or Byron's half a century before. Its pensive idyllic charm is exquisite. It is one of the purest of love tales and of pastorals, and it touches into undying beauty the vast and various landscape of the New World. The tragical event which it records, the dispersion of the French Acadians, is one of the most pathetic in American annals, and brings home to every fireside with startling force the relentless cruelty of war. It depicts the English redcoats, also, like Attila's host, as an exterminating horde.

In the pages of this Magazine last autumn Mr. Parkman told the actual story as it is now told in the *Montcalm and Wolfe*. It is, in brief, that the French Acadian peasants were not so Arcadian as is generally supposed; that, under the lead of cruel and fanatical priests, they were a constant menace to the English settlers; that the English relied upon the Acadian oaths of loyalty to the English King until incessant Acadian treachery proved them to be totally worthless; and that, in the inability to provide an adequate military force to hold the whole Acadian peninsula, good faith to their own colonists, whom the British government had sent out, required it to defend them by the most effective means. From this necessity came the terrible order and the terrible execution of it, and the sad consequences of it which Longfellow relates in the mournful poem.

Let no lover of "Evangeline," however, be dismayed. The humane historian does not touch with the least disillusion the romance of the poet. The historic causes of the dispersion do not in the least affect the essential truthfulness of the poem. Even if Acadian life was not idyllic, the life and loves of Gabriel and Evangeline were so. Even if Acadia had broken faith, the lovers of Grand Pré were true. The tragedy is not less a tragedy in the fate of the two Acadians upon whom the poet fixes our hearts. The poem is not less one of the most beautiful and imperishable of poems.

"Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

New-Year's Day was like an April day. The mercury marked sixty degrees on New-Year's Eve, the old summer heat of Fahrenheit. A week of fog and soft air had melted all the snow of the white Christmas. The swelling of twigs and buds, and even the blossoming of shrubs, were reported from the more secluded and sunny dells in the woods, and except for Vennor, who died prophesying abundant snow, and the old saw, "When the days begin to lengthen, the cold begins to strengthen," the loiterer upon New-Year's Day might have believed that spring, not "long delaying," was about to "dip down upon our northern shore."

But was there ever a "loiterer" upon New-Year's Day in the Knickerbocker city? The question is natural for the old New-Yorker who recalls his hundred calls before dinner, and remembers when the upper part of the city was filled all day with the eager, hurrying crowd of visitors, and when elaborate collations were spread at houses famous for good cheer, and exhaustless libations of rum punch and claret punch, milk punch and eggnog, were poured for every comer. But that New-Year's is past almost as completely as the old afternoon promenade along Broadway from the City Hotel to the Battery, or the old opera in Chambers Street, or at the corner of Church and Leonard! The golden youth might as well hope to hear Caradori or Miss Shirreff again as to renew the social New-Year that was possible when Union Square was up-town.

But indeed the golden youth, with polite thanks, do not in the least regret the ancient day, and would disdain to engage in any performance of the kind. The queer provincial bucks and swells of an earlier period, even their own well-meaning parents in their youth, are persons to be patronized with good-humor, not emulated, by the golden youth of the hour. Those youth look down upon preceding dandies with the same ineffable sense of superiority with which those elder dandies regarded their predecessors—the same, indeed, with which the swells and bucks of 1925 will smile upon those of this year. For this newest of years will soon be old times, and these airiest of youths old covies and fogies, and these moulds of form old-fashioned and queer.

Indeed, there is always the congenital trouble with what is called fashion that it changes and grows old, and, like many other old things, it is then merely grotesque. The

cleverest of the golden youth is undoubtedly clever enough to perceive that fashion, in the usual sense, is the god Proteus, who has one form to-day and another to-morrow. Is he also clever enough to know that there are fashions which are unchangeable, and that the worship of them is more satisfactory? The form of New-Year's festivity may change. Calling and eggnog and New-Year's cookies may disappear. But the serious thought, the hearty greeting, the consciousness of advancing life, which are the true New-Year feeling—these are beyond caprice of fashion and change, and will remain so long as periods of time are marked.

He is a wise golden youth who, sitting in the club window, happens to reflect that his threescore-and-tenth New-Year will be a thousandfold happier if from his twentieth New-Year onward he should find himself worshipping the fashions that do not change—fashions of modesty, simplicity, truthfulness, temperance, and charity. It is an old homily, but what is so old as a New-Year?

Editor's Literary Record.

THE full scope of Mr. Parkman's latest historical work, *Montcalm and Wolfe*,[1] is not clearly discernible from its special title, from which we might naturally infer that it is merely a monograph of the lives and services of these intrepid commanders, each of whom was a fit representative of the characteristic traits and qualities of his country and people. Its sketches of these heroes, however, form a small part only of its rich and valuable contents, and it is not until very near the close of the first volume that Montcalm enters upon the stage, while the appearance of his great opponent, Wolfe, is deferred until the second volume is well under way.

This sterling work embraces a wide field of our early American history. It opens with a comprehensive general survey of the condition, policy, strained relations, and attitude toward each other in the Old World and in the New of the two powerful nations, France and England, which were about to enter upon a long and bloody struggle for the possession and sovereignty of North America. This survey includes an outline of the strongly contrasted systems of colonization, government, and military policy and organization in America of the rival nations, and a sketch of the important results that attended these, affecting the destinies of that broad expanse which stretched from the Gulf and River St. Lawrence and the great lakes and their tributaries on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and from the Alleghanies on the east to the Mississippi on the west. These are followed by a similarly comprehensive but more minute recital of the gradual intrusion of the Anglo-American colonists westward beyond the Alleghany and the Monongahela to the Ohio, into the territory claimed by the French on the ground of prior discovery and acquisition, and of the counteracting efforts put forth by the French government, and their civil and military officers in Canada, under the inspiration and guidance of far-seeing and enterprising priests and missionaries, assisted by their savage converts and allies.

After these preliminary sketches, essential to give us a view of the field and of the contestants for its possession, Mr. Parkman gives a precise history of the events of the war that was waged between the British and their colonies on the one side, and the French, the Canadians, and the savages on the other, beginning in 1749 with the conflict for the West, and culminating in 1760 with the defeat of Montcalm, the conquest of Canada by the British, and the demolition of French power and influence in northern North America. Mr. Parkman's narrative is exact, graphic, and dispassionate. He trusts nothing to unsupported inference, but sustains his versions of policies and occurrences, his judgments of men and his estimates of results, by convincing evidence, much of which is now first brought to light as the fruit of his researches among the archives of France and England, or of his indefatigable gleanings from the unpublished letters and diaries of officers and men on either side who participated in the long and fluctuating struggle. His style is concise and dignified without becoming cold or labored, and his arrangement of the order of events, and his elucidation of their bearing upon each other, are so clear and unambiguous as to leave no room for uncertainty in the mind of an attentive reader. Portions of the narrative have a profound interest, not only because of the intrinsic consequence of the occurrences chronicled in them, but likewise because of the fullness, picturesqueness, and exciting nature of their details, the vividness of their descriptions of particular scenes, exploits, actions, and critical movements and campaigns, and the breadth of the generalizations that are broached in them. Especially vigorous and profuse of incident are Mr. Parkman's description of the siege and reduction of Louisburg by the English, in which Wolfe first appears upon the scene, and was the most conspicuous figure; his sketch of the cession of Acadia to Great Britain, and of the causes that led to the exile of its people; and

[1] "France and England in North America." A Series of Historical Narratives. Part Seventh. *Montcalm and Wolfe.* By Francis Parkman. In Two Volumes, 8vo, pp. 514 and 502. Boston: Little, Brown, and Co.

his accounts severally of the movements and campaigns which had the vicinity of Fort Duquesne for their objective point, of the investment and capture of Fort William Henry, Oswego, and Ticonderoga by the French, and of the prolonged operations that culminated in the final struggle on the Plains of Abraham, where the genius and perseverance of Wolfe triumphed over the skill of his great antagonist, and put an end forever to the dream of a French empire in North America.

The episode in Mr. Parkman's first volume relating to Acadia will be a great surprise to those who have accepted the versions of poets and romancers as accurate statements of historical fact, and will oblige them to revise the severe verdicts they have been wont to pass upon the British for their alleged cruelty and injustice to the Acadians. Mr. Parkman shows very conclusively that the Acadians were less deserving of sympathy, and the British far more humane, considerate, and forbearing, than has been popularly believed. And that, in truth, for many years prior to the treaty by which Acadia was ceded to Great Britain by France, its people had been deprived of their rights and property, sent into exile, and treated generally with infinitely greater severity by the affiliated French than they ever experienced from the English. He further demonstrates that the Acadians brought their expatriation by the British upon themselves, by their restless disaffection, their persistent and obstinate refusal to acknowledge allegiance to the British, and by repeated murders, treacheries, aggressions, and acts of open or secret hostility. It was not until they had exhausted the forbearance of the British, whose treatment of them seems to have been uniformly kindly, tolerant of their religious scruples, and regardful of their personal rights and rights of property, that they were expelled from the country, of whose peace and security they were a constant menace. Mr. Parkman's conclusion is that while calling themselves neutrals, they were, in fact, an enemy encamped in the heart of the province; and that whatever judgment may have been passed on the cruel measure of wholesale expatriation, it was not put in execution till every resource of patience and persuasion had been tried in vain.

It is probable that the great majority of intelligent Englishmen and Americans who have come upon the stage within the last generation either have never heard of John Wilson Croker, or only know of him as the editor of an edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* that was petulantly assailed by Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review* for September, 1831. Those who have derived their impressions of Croker from Macaulay's trenchant but manifestly vindictive review have doubtless set down Mr. Croker as an obscure and insignificant individual, alike ignorant, careless, inaccurate, incompetent, and the possessor only of such mean literary tastes and abilities as are traditionally accredited to the purveyors of literature for Grub Street. And yet nothing could be more remote from the truth. For although Mr. Croker was not a man of genius or of resplendent intellectual powers, and although he never rendered his country as great and signal services as were rendered by Pitt or Wellington, nor held positions as lofty as those that were filled by Canning, Percival, Gray, Peel, Derby, and others of his friends and contemporaries, he was a vigorous thinker, an indefatigable worker, a singularly practical and clear-sighted man of business, and an able and accurate writer—in the political field one of the ablest, and, as the leading spirit of the *London Quarterly*, perhaps the most redoubtable and most influential writer of his day. Moreover, as Secretary to the Admiralty for more than twenty years he manifested administrative abilities of the first order; as a member of Parliament for a still longer period he acquitted himself with distinction at a time when he had giants for colleagues both among his political friends and opponents; and for more than fifty years, as well after he had retired from the Admiralty and from public life as when he was active in both, and notwithstanding that he had no endowments of wealth or rank, he was the admitted peer, the trusted adviser, confidant, and friend, and the valued social intimate of many of the greatest nobles and commoners of England, and materially influenced their political acts by his wise counsels, his tact, his industry, his energy, and his cool and sagacious judgment. Rarely has England had a more intelligent or a more capable, and never a purer and more impeccable public servant than was Mr. Croker for the twenty-one years that he was the animating spirit of the Board of Admiralty. And like his celebrated predecessor in that department, Samuel Pepys, who also rose from small beginnings, his worth was so conspicuous, and his usefulness so universally conceded, that he retained office in the face of numerous cabinet changes, and enjoyed the confidence of successive administrations, until he finally voluntarily resigned the position under the promptings of feelings of delicacy that were as rare and as honorable in his day as they are in our own. There are other points of resemblance between the two Secretaries of the Admiralty. Both were industrious and extensive correspondents and diarists; and their letters and diaries throw a flood of light upon the times in which they lived, upon the lives and characters of the eminent men among whom they moved, upon the springs and motives of the policies with which they were identified, and upon the inner and secret history of many of the great political movements and revolutions that they witnessed. Mr. Croker's correspondence is much fuller, more confidential, and infinitely more largely contributory to an insight of the

history of his times than was the correspondence of Pepys to that of the Restoration. And although the diaries of Croker lack the many curious, amusing, gossipy, and naïf details of men and manners that characterize the diaries of Pepys, they are incomparably richer in important historical materials, and introduce us much more intimately to the influential men and movements of the day. *The Correspondence and Diaries*[2] of Mr. Croker, admirably edited by Mr. Louis J. Jennings, and now published in this country by the Messrs. Scribner, admit the reader behind the scenes of English official, court, and public life for nearly half a century, and enable him to put his finger on "the very pulse of the machine." In these reliques of a public functionary who was intrusted with the administration of a most important department of the government, and who never ceased to be a watchful and acute observer of men and affairs, we are given a close view not only of the public events of the period of which he writes, but of the men who controlled or inspired them, and who were active agents in the great political evolution that has transformed England within this century. Mr. Croker was on confidential terms with George the Fourth, as well when he was Prince of Wales and Regent as when he became King, with the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Canning, Lord Liverpool, Lord Sidmouth, Chancellor Lyndhurst, and others, and on friendly terms with Earls Grey and Derby, Lords Palmerston, Brougham, and Melbourne, Bishop Wilberforce, Sir Walter Scott, and indeed with nearly every man of note who figured in public life in England from 1809 to 1857; and his correspondence with them, or the entries he makes in his diaries concerning them, are rich in authentic facts, and in personal anecdotes and reminiscences. Especially full and interesting are Mr. Croker's correspondence with and entries relative to the Duke of Wellington, with whom he was on terms of the most unreserved intimacy, and whose friendship he enjoyed uninterruptedly for nearly fifty years. Not only did the Duke impart to him and consult him concerning his most cherished and most secret plans and purposes relative to civil and political affairs, but he confided to him many highly interesting and hitherto unpublished facts connected with his military services, particularly with reference to the Peninsular battles and campaigns, the battle of Waterloo, and the restoration of the Bourbons. Another feature of signal interest is the large number of entries relative to George the Fourth, among them being one entry of great length and historical value, now first published, in the form of a statement dictated to him by the King while he was the guest of royalty at Windsor, touching upon many topics of cardinal interest, including, among others, the King's vindication of himself from Tom Moore's imputation of having unfeelingly neglected Sheridan in his last illness and left him to die in want, an explanation of his attitude toward Catholic Emancipation and the Regency question, his version of his reputed marriage to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and many interesting details explaining his relations with his father and mother in their last years, and the policy that he pursued toward them and the ministry, and toward public affairs generally, in conformity with the advice of his quasi-cabinet counsellors, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and their associates.

SAMUEL PEPYS and James Boswell will be long held in grateful remembrance as the most delightful of gossips and the most engaging of minute chroniclers. Boswell is better continuous reading than Pepys, but the latter is far more quaint and genial than the former, and his *Diary*[3] has the charm, that is often missing in Boswell's *Johnson*, of perfect candor, the most ingenuous unreserve, the most confidential garrulousness, and the utmost conversance, not with a single central figure around whom all others revolve, but with multitudes of men and women in all ranks and stations, from the link-boy to the King, and from the scullion-maid to the noblest gentlewomen and the most dazzling royal wantons. It is the book of books to dip into at random, to rummage for things curious and entertaining, to ransack for the light it throws on contemporary men, manners, morals, and society, and to consult for the valuable historical facts it discloses, and the interesting public and private events and occurrences it describes. A wonderful mosaic of things, great and small, in church and state, in politics and affairs, in business and society, in the world of scandal and intrigue, in art, science, and literature, and in the daily and household life and customs of artisans, merchants, gentry, nobility, and even of royalty itself: nowhere else can be found so complete a bird's-eye view of the England, or rather the London, of the last days of the Rump and the first nine years of the Restoration, as in the unique diurnal jottings of this prince of gossips and most indefatigable of reporters.

Greatly as this delightful Diary has been prized for generations by scholars, historians, and lovers of curious or polite literature, it has never hitherto been published in its integrity, the transcript of it by Lord Braybrooke, by which it has been heretofore known,

[2] *The Croker Papers.* The Correspondence and Diaries of the late Right Honorable John Wilson Croker, LL.D., etc., Secretary to the Admiralty from 1809 to 1830. Edited by LOUIS J. JENNINGS. In Two Volumes, 8vo, pp. 584 and 572. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[3] *Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, Esq., F.R.S.* From his MS. Cipher in the Pepysian Libary. With a Life and Notes by RICHARD, LORD BRAYBROOKE, Deciphered, with Additional Notes, by Rev. MYNORS BRIGHT, M.A. In Ten Volumes, 12mo. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

having been a fragment only—a large fragment, it is true, but still a fragment. An examination of the original cipher manuscript in the Pepysian Library, made some three or four years ago by the Rev. Mynors Bright, president of Magdalen College, Cambridge, revealed the fact that large and important omissions had been made by the previous editors, and led him, after having twice carefully gone over the original short-hand in which it was written, to undertake the decipherment afresh, with the view to its full publication, with the exception of such portions as should prove obviously immaterial or unfit for publication. The result is before us in a new edition of the *Diary and Correspondence of Pepys*, containing about one-third more matter than was ever published, the new matter being no less characteristic and entertaining than that already in the possession of the public. Mr. Bright has also corrected numerous errors that defaced the former editions, and perverted or obscured the meaning of the diarist. At the same time, while availing of the judicious historical, biographical, and explanatory notes of Lord Braybrooke, he has supplemented these by numerous additional notes, clearing up many points that Lord Braybrooke had left dark or ambiguous. This new and complete edition, which will doubtless become the standard one, is printed in ten convenient and serviceable, as well as exceedingly handsome, volumes, averaging some 350 pages each; and besides what we have already specified, it contains the excellent biographical memoir prepared for his edition by Lord Braybrooke, and many valuable maps, plans, diagrams, and drawings illustrating places and things referred to in the text as they existed in the lifetime of Pepys.

Nineteenth-century readers are far more familiar with the phrase "Marlowe's mighty line" than they are with the "mighty line" itself. And it is highly probable that, for the most part, they will remain so, since the present state of literary taste and its obvious future tendencies are such as to render it almost impossible that Marlowe's dramatic writings should ever become generally popular. His style is so remote from that which the taste of to-day approves, it is so overloaded with bombast, hyperbole, and other pronounced and robust qualities that offend the ears and irritate the susceptibilities of those who have been trained in the quiet and correct mediocrity of the modern school of poetry, as to make us insensible or antipathetic to its rugged grandeur, its resounding musicalness, and its fierce intensity. And yet there is no dramatist of that creative age—scarcely excepting Shakespeare—whose works will more amply reward perusal and study than his, not only because they are in advance of the time, and mark an era in English literature as the first instances of that more perfect dramatic form which he introduced, and which was adopted by his successors, but also because of their great intrinsic beauties and excellences, among which we may enumerate the loftiness of their aim, their marvellous power of exciting pity or terror, their life and movement, their sonorous majesty, their pathos and tragic force, and their exhibition of that "fine madness which rightly should possess a poet's brain."

However it may be with superficial readers, scholars and poets must ever regard Marlowe with profound interest for the important service he rendered to English literature in his brief span of thirty years. For although he was not the first writer of English tragedy, Sackville's *Gorboduc* having been written about 1560, some four years before he was born, he was the "first to compose tragedies that should have a lasting interest for men, and should serve as models for succeeding dramatists from Shakespeare to our own day." And although he was not the first to introduce blank verse into our literature—that honor belonging to Surrey, whose translation of the second and fourth books of the Æneid into blank verse was made in 1556, but who had no comprehension of its large capabilities, and small faculty, or even inclination, for proving its strength and flexibility—he was the first one to perceive its power and expressiveness, the first to apply it to dramatic composition in our tongue freed from the shackles of classical models, and, as has been justly said by Mr. Bullen, the capable editor of a new and elegant edition of Marlowe's works, to which we shall presently advert, "it was Marlowe who created, in the true sense of the word, English blank verse, and constituted it the sole vehicle for dramatic expression for all time." A faultless edition of *Marlowe's Works*,[4] intended as the first installment toward a collective edition of the dramatists who lived about the time of Shakespeare, has been prepared by Mr. A. H. Bullen, an English scholar who is peculiarly fitted for the task by the soundness of his judgment and his familiarity with the early dramatists. The text of this edition has been carefully corrected by the early editions, after an exhaustive reading and collation of Marlowe's recent editors and commentators, and it is printed in full-page line on paper of perfect texture and quality. Prefixed to the text is a scholarly introduction by Mr. Bullen, partly biographical and partly bibliographical, in which all the obscure or debated points as to Marlowe's life, and the order and authorship of the works ascribed to him, are carefully considered. This fine edition is in three handsome octavo volumes, and is limited to 350 copies. It is in all respects the most desirable one yet published for the libraries of scholars or men of literary taste.

[4] *The Works of Christopher Marlowe.* Edited by A. H. Bullen, B.A. In Three Volumes, 8vo, pp. 328, 376, and 360. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

Mr. Hamerton's thoughts on any subject, more especially if it be one associated with art, are always sure to be full of matter, always fresh, original, and suggestive, and always clothed in choice and nervous English. On whatever topic he writes he has something to say that is worth saying, and therefore worth hearing. He has the faculty of seeing things that are invisible to the careless eye, and it is his wont to regard them from points of view and under lights and aspects that invest them with interests that escape the attention of less close and practiced observers than himself. Seldom have the powers of observation and description of this vigorous writer been displayed to greater advantage than in his latest work, *Paris in Old and Present Times.*[5] In this beautiful volume he invites attention to many particulars in the history of the French capital, relating to its topography and architecture, which have an intrinsic interest to the historical scholar and the lover of art, but which the great body of English and American visitors and tourists regard with sublime indifference. To be duly appreciated the work requires an amount of previous historical, antiquarian, and artistic knowledge, and a degree of interest in each, which are rarely possessed by average Parisians, or by the myriads from other lands who throng their gay city. But even these will find much to entertain and delight them in Mr. Hamerton's noble folio. The work consists of twelve studies, nearly evenly divided between the old city and the new. Under the first division Mr. Hamerton gives an interesting sketch of ancient Lutetia, and of the more modern mediæval city that crystallized around the original site, in which he marks out the boundaries and topography of each, and describes their architectural characteristics at various eras, as exemplified by buildings having a historical reputation, of which there are trustworthy pictures or existing remains. In the course of these sketches he shows the difference between the ancient and modern architectural forms, and traces the influence that the older exerted upon the later forms as exhibited in some of the more recent and imposing erections. The second division is appropriated to sketches of the Paris of to-day, its streets, more notable buildings, and peculiar features of its street and social common life. The work is splendidly bound and printed, and is brilliantly illustrated with numerous fine plates and vignettes, reproduced from rare old prints, drawings, and paintings, or prepared after original designs, all of them executed by the eminent French artists A. Brunet-Debaines, H. Toussaint, M. Lalanne, G. P. Jaconet Hood, Amand Durand, A. P. Martial, A. Lalanze, and Léon Lhermitte.

[5] *Paris in Old and Present Times.* With Especial Reference to Architecture and Topography. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, *Officier d'Académie.* With Many Illustrations. Folio, pp. 94. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The close kinship that exists between the arts of poetry and painting has been made very happily manifest by the elegant illustrated edition of the *Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes*[6] that has just been published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. The poems that have been chosen for illustration are twenty-nine in number, and comprise his finest lyrics, ballads, and narrative, historical, and humorous pieces, among them being "Old Ironsides," "On Lending a Punch-Bowl," "Dorothy Q," "The Organ Blower," "A Ballad of the Boston Tea Party," "Lexington," "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle," "Bill and Joe," and "The Wonderful One-hoss Shay." Upon these and their companions in this luxurious volume twenty artists have expended the wealth of their genius, with the result of seventy felicitous drawings thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the poet. That Dr. Holmes's verse should prove so rich in pictorial suggestiveness will not be surprising to those who are most familiar with it; but none the less does the fact bear witness to its poetical excellence. Subjected to a like test, there are few of our minor poets from whose verse the sister art could glean as rich a harvest. The poems are prefaced by a tender retrospective poem, now first published, in which the poet alludes with cheerful pensiveness to the "dim November's narrowing day" that symbolizes his own advancing years, and bids his "pictured rhymes," for loving readers meant, go and bring back the smiles their jocund morning lent, and warm their hearts with sunshine yet unspent. The volume is one of the most elegant and tasteful of the year.

Mr. William Martin Conway has earned a title to the gratitude of bibliophilists and lovers of art, and more especially of artists in wood-engraving, by his exhaustive and carefully executed account of *The Wood-Cutters of the Netherlands in the Fifteenth Century.*[7] The work is in reality a historical sketch of the infancy of the art of engraving on wood in the Low Countries from the date of the introduction of movable types in the Netherlands down to the end of the year 1500, and is the result of prolonged research and a patient study of all the early examples of wood-cuts executed in Holland and Belgium within the period named. The work comprises a complete list of all the wood-cuts falling within these limits as to time and place, an identification of their authors, a verification of the dates of their production, a description of the subjects treated in them, and critical estimates of their technical and artistic merits, and of the comparative originality and

[6] *Illustrated Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes.* With Illustrations by George F. Barse, Frederick Crowninshield, Frances Houston, William F. Halsall, Howard Pyle, William H. Shelton, William T. Smedley, William L. Taylor, S. A. Schoff, Ross Turner, etc. Folio, pp. 89. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[7] *The Wood-Cutters of the Netherlands in the Fifteenth Century.* In Three Parts. By William Martin Conway. 8vo, pp. 359. Cambridge: University Press.

graphic skill displayed by their authors or producers. Mr. Conway describes the course of the art from the rude and simple wood-cuts on blocks in the old block books prior to 1475, until the increased technical perfection of wood-cuts and their larger manifestation of the pictorial element led to their introduction into printed books as illustrations. His treatise naturally falls into three parts, in each of which prominence is given in turn to the wood-cutter, the wood-cuts, and the printer. The first part is a brief general history of the art in the Netherlands during the period we have designated, as illustrated by the works and workmanship of the early wood-cutters; the second exemplifies the early associated history of printing and wood-cutting by a descriptive catalogue of the single cuts or sets of cuts made by each of the early wood-cutters, with the order and dates of their printing and publication and the names of the books in which they appeared; and the third is devoted to a descriptive list of the earliest books containing wood-cuts, accompanied by the dates when they were published, the names of the presses on which they were printed, and the names of the places or collections where such of them as are extant are still preserved. While broadly following the order of time, Mr. Conway has brought the several workmen or schools of workmen together by a grouping in sections or chapters, so that the rise, development, and decay of a local school of wood-cutting may be easily followed. First come the block books, which are treated only as affording materials for the later printer who wished to illustrate his books. Then come the workers in pure line, and, closely linked to these, the workmen employed by Gerard Leen at Gouda and Antwerp, the Haarlem workman Jacob Bellaert and his school, early connected with Leen, and the foreign wood-cuts introduced by Leen from France and Germany. After this are four chapters successively devoted to the work produced at Zwolle, and the workmen who practiced the art there and at Delft, Brussels, Louvain, Gouda, Deventer, Leyden, and Schoonhoven. The history closes with a chapter on the late Antwerp wood-cuts, belonging almost wholly to the last decade of the fifteenth century, and with an appendix in which an account is given of the productions of Arend de Keysere's wood-cutter at Ghent, from 1480 to 1490. Mr. Conway's zeal as an antiquarian, his wide bibliographical knowledge, and his scrupulous accuracy are visible in every section of his recondite monograph.

A GOOD illustration of the tireless activity of human thought in its search for and accumulation of knowledge, and also of the endless change and incessant movement that are going on in the world, is afforded by the installment of the Supplement to McClintock and Strong's *Cyclopædia*[8] *of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature*, which has just issued from the press of the Messrs. Harper. When the earlier volumes of this comprehensive work were published, it was generally conceded by scholars that they were practically exhaustive of the information that was then attainable in the important departments of literature to which their titles were devoted. Seventeen years only, or a little over the half of a generation, has elapsed since the first volume of the work was published; but in the interval, so active have been the labors and investigations of scholars, so numerous and important their publications, and so vast the accumulation of new material, or of that which was then undiscovered or unattainable, that even before the completion of the final volume of the work, covering all the letters of the alphabet, it was discovered that a Supplement would be needed in order to bring all the departments of the Cyclopædia thoroughly abreast of the present state of knowledge. Accordingly, the surviving editor, Rev. James Strong, S.T.D., and his collaborators, set themselves afresh to its preparation, and with commendable promptitude they have now completed a large octavo of 993 pages, comprising nearly 12,000 titles, from A to CN, containing valuable additions in Biblical topography, ecclesiastical archæology, church history and literature, Christian art, and mythological literature, brought down to the latest dates. They have also incorporated with the general titles a dictionary of religious biography much more comprehensive than any that has been hitherto attempted, in the form of brief sketches not only of eminent but also of comparatively obscure individuals, some acquaintance with whom is essential to a full view of church history, religious doctrine and literature, and the movement and development of modern religious thought. These biographical entries occupy about one-eighth of the volume. Although the volume contains many articles of considerable length, these are exceptional, one of its most valuable features being the great brevity of the large majority of its titles, and the large amount of recondite or practically useful information that is condensed in a few lines. It will be observed that this first volume of the Supplement disposes of less than one-third of the letters of the alphabet. This, however, is due to the fact already adverted to, of the enormous accumulation of material since the publication of the corresponding letters in the main Cyclopædia some seventeen years ago. As the editors proceed the additions will be less extensive. The Cyclopædia and Supplement combined form the most comprehensive work of the kind, adapted to popular as well as professional use, that has yet been published.

[8] *Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature.* Prepared by the Rev. JOHN MCCLINTOCK, D.D., and JAMES STRONG, S.T.D. Supplement. Vol. I.: A-CN. Royal 8vo, pp. 993. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 19th of January.—In Congress bills were passed as follows: Liquor Traffic Commission, Senate, December 22; Naval Appropriation, $6,120,155 48, Senate, December 23, House, January 10; Oregon Central Land Forfeiture, Senate, January 6; Piegan Indians Appropriation, $50,000, House, January 6; Pension Appropriation, $59,976,000, House, January 6; Reagan Interstate Commerce, House, January 8; Hawley resolution on the Sherman-Davis letter, Senate, January 13; placing General Grant on the retired list of the army, Senate, January 14; French Spoliation claims, House, January 14; Chinese Indemnity, House, January 14.

The official figures of the late Presidential election, as reported by the Librarian of Congress, are as follows: Total vote cast, 10,040,868, Cleveland receiving 4,910,975; Blaine, 4,845,022; St. John, 151,443; Butler, 133,428. Cleveland's plurality over Blaine is 65,953. Northern Democratic vote, 3,194,832; Southern Democratic vote, 1,716,143. Total Republican vote in Republican States, 2,599,331; total Republican vote in Democratic States, 2,246,091. St. John vote in Republican States, 99,082; in Democratic States, 52,369. Butler vote in Republican States, 93,127; in Democratic States, 40,301. Democratic vote in Democratic States, 2,719,098; Democratic vote in Republican States, 2,191,777. Northern Republican vote, 3,589,056.

The House, January 5, refused to name a day for considering the Bankruptcy Bill, and rejected Mr. Hiscock's bill to reduce the internal taxes on tobacco, etc., by about $40,000,000. The Mexican War Pension Bill, with the Senate amendments, also failed of a two-thirds vote in the House. Mr. Buckner's bill to suspend the issue of standard silver dollars was tabled in the House January 7.

Both Houses of Congress took a holiday recess from December 24 to January 5.

Hon. John P. Jones was re-elected United States Senator from Nevada January 14.

Governor Grover Cleveland, of New York, resigned January 6, and Lieutenant-Governor Hill was sworn in as his successor.

The Connecticut Legislature, January 7, elected Henry H. Harrison, the Republican nominee, Governor, no candidate having received a majority at the November election.

The French Senate, December 27, adopted the entire budget by a vote of 174 to 34, including a clause establishing the principle of the taxation of religious bodies.

In the elections in France December 21, the complete Autonomist list of Senatorial delegates was chosen in Paris. The Opportunists were successful at Dijon and Grenoble, and the Irreconcilables at Lyons.

Advices from Ha-Noi assert that after the defeat of the 6000 Chinese near Chu by General Negrier, 12,000 Chinese returned and resumed hostilities. General Negrier attacked them, penetrated their positions defended by forts and tiers of batteries, and repulsed and routed the Chinese, who, after an active resistance, abandoned their positions. The Chinese lost 600 killed and large numbers of wounded. The French losses in both battles were three officers wounded, nineteen men killed, and sixty-five wounded.

Another attempt upon the life of the Czar was made by the Nihilists December 7, by loosing the rails of the track over which his train was passing on the way to St. Petersburg. Fortunately the plot was discovered in time to prevent its consummation.

DISASTERS.

December 18.—Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, St. Mark's and Albany avenues, Brooklyn, burned. Twenty-three children and one Sister of Charity lost.

December 23.—Theatre Comique, Broadway, New York, destroyed by fire.

December 27.—Earthquake in Spain. Great loss of life and much property damaged.

January 12.—Many vessels wrecked and lives lost in a gale off the British coast.

January 15.—Steamer *Admiral Moorsom* sunk in collision off Holyhead. A number of lives lost.—Forty-eight men killed by a colliery explosion at Liévin, France.

January 18.—Seventeen maniacs burned to death in a hospital at Kankakee, Illinois.

OBITUARY.

December 25.—In New York, Professor William Darling, aged seventy-nine years.

January 3.—In Brooklyn, E. D., George D. Bennett, founder of the Brooklyn *Times*, aged sixty-one years.

January 4.—In Brooklyn, New York, Rev. Dr. Noah Hunt Schenck, aged sixty years.—In Portland, Maine, Ex-Governor Abner Coburn, in his eighty-second year.

January 7.—At Bordentown, New Jersey, George M. Wright, State Treasurer, aged sixty-seven years.

January 9.—In New Orleans, Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, aged seventy-eight years.

January 12.—In Rome, Italy, John B. Jervis, builder of the Croton Aqueduct, in his ninetieth year.

January 13.—At Mankato, Minnesota, Schuyler Colfax, ex-Vice-President of the United States, aged sixty-two years.—In New York, Isaiah Rynders, aged eighty-one years.

January 14.—In New Haven, Connecticut, Professor Benjamin Silliman, aged sixty-eight years.

January 17.—In Paris, Edmond François Valentin About, aged fifty-seven years.

Editor's Drawer.

THE Drawer would like to know, and like to have a communication from, the young man who has just attained his majority who will, at a date we need not now fix, be President of the United States. The young man exists somewhere, and we hope he is in training for his high office. On the 8th of January last Prince Edward of Wales, who is predestined, if all goes well with him, to be King of England, came of age. He is marked and set apart; he is under certain bonds of behavior; his education to be a king must seriously begin, and all England is interested in it; it will watch every action and criticise every tendency. He is no longer a free man, and he can not be self-supporting; there is no occupation he can enter on for gaining a livelihood consistent with his coming dignity. The government must vote him an annual supply of money, and he must have an establishment, and begin to play his rôle. If he is a lad of spirit, he must chafe under this espionage, this restraint, and the limitations of his dependent condition. His subjects hold the purse-string; his subjects demand that he shall be this and shall not be that; his subjects have now the ballot, and can cut him off with a shilling, or put him one side altogether. Subjects? To what, alas! has the king business come in this nineteenth century?

Our American lad—who may be reading this paragraph about himself, for we trust that he can read, and has not, like Andrew Johnson, put off this elegant accomplishment till after his majority—is under no such limitations as his English brother, Edward of Wales. Bill of the United States—for we have no fiction by which he would be called by some fictitious title, for instance, Bill of Nicaragua—is probably unconscious of his high destiny. By the time he takes the chair at Washington, or wherever the chair then stands, he will be the ruler, more potent for four years than the King of England, over 100,000,000 of people, and have to execute the affairs of the most vigorous empire in existence. If he now expects this honor, it is safe to say he will be disappointed, for the voters nowadays never choose a man who lays pipes for the place in advance. It is safe to say that he is ignorant of his destiny.

If it were otherwise, if we all knew the young fellow just come of age who is to be President by-and-by, what an embarrassment it would be for us and for him! What a life he would lead with the reporters of the newspapers! How could he escape the snares laid for him by the mothers who would like to be the mothers-in-law of a President? If he is in college, how self-conscious the tutors would be when they marked him, and how impossible it would be for him to acquit himself well at foot-ball with the eyes of the nation on him! With what content could he humbly follow a mule on a canal tow-path, which he may at this moment be doing, with credit to himself, and with an eye to the appearance of this achievement in his biography. Is the young man a deputy-sheriff? Is he waiting for clients with his heels on the table in some country law-office? Is he just beginning to concern himself with ward politics with the idea that the "gentleman in politics" is to be the winning card in the future? Is he teaching school with a view of discharging his college debts? or is he running up college debts without any view of teaching school to discharge them? Or has he gone into farming in the West, in order to come forward as Cincinnatus at the right moment, leaving his steam gang-plough in the furrow?

All roads in the United States lead to the Presidency, and it is impossible to tell what road our young man is travelling. But if we knew him, how uneasy we should be about him! If he is poor—and the chance is that he is poor, and at a serious disadvantage about his education—would Congress vote him $15,000 a year in order to put him in training for his great place, so that the nation need not be ashamed of him when he comes into the White House? The President of the United States ought to be able to write English, and to speak three or four languages besides his own—at least French and German and Spanish. Prince Edward of Wales is being educated for his position. The probability is that he is not any brighter than our expected President, who is struggling along unknown and unaided, but he is being trained in the knowledge that will be most useful to him. It would be very mortifying to us if we knew how ignorant our young man may be at this moment, as ignorant of history and politics as of social usages. We should all want a hand in his education; we should want to mark out his career. We should probably spoil him.

Lightly as it may be treated, this is really a very serious matter. The young man is living here, and is well known to some of us. And as no decent young man can be sure that he is not the man, what follows? Why, that every young man ought to conduct himself in such a manner that his biography, when his campaign life is written, will be pleasant reading, and so that he will be in some measure fitted for the office to which he is to be elected. This is not a piece of moralizing; it is a matter of common-sense. In order to carry on a republic successfully, the general average of conduct and ability must be high. If we were able to pick out our man now and set him apart and train him, we could get on as well as they do in England, and it would not be much matter what became of the other young fellows. But the risks of our position are much greater. It is useless for us to say that the ballot is our protection, and that at the proper time we shall elect the best man. The

fact is that the man we shall elect (at the time that it is unnecessary to name) is already designated by a decree certain, and he is sure to come to his position, whereas Prince Edward of Wales may never be King of England. But if the Drawer knew his name it would carefully conceal it from him and from the public.

It seems not unnatural that a Boston correspondent should make a Chicago man the hero of this incident in what is called real life:

A prominent merchant of one of our Western cities, who counts his dollars with seven figures, but who, in the ardent pursuit of wealth, has neglected such frivolities as literature and art, was recently visiting Boston with his family, and seeing the sights of "the Hub." In the course of his wanderings he entered the Museum of Fine Arts, and after gazing superciliously around at the contents thereof, his attention finally rested upon some fine paintings by Gustave Doré, which were at the time the pride of the city. These seemed to interest him, for, turning to his guide, he said, "G. Doré? G. Doré? are these by G. Doré?"

On receiving an affirmative response he continued, "It seems to me that he has improved greatly of late, hasn't he?"

The guide, remembering that the artist had been dead some time, struggled awhile with the desire to be truthful, but delighted that the great man had at last found something to interest him, finally doubtfully answered that perhaps he had.

Then the Westerner called his son to him: "John, see these pictures by G. Doré. Yes, it certainly seems to me he has improved very much. G. Doré? G. Doré? *Why, he painted our house in Chicago!*"

Why should such a simple republican incident as this seem amusing?—

On a very hot day last July a plain old Philadelphia millionaire was standing in front of the Continental Hotel, on Chestnut Street, holding his hat in his hand, and wiping the perspiration from his brow. A passer-by, taking him for a beggar, dropped a nickel in his hat; and the millionaire looked in his hat, and simply stared at the retreating philanthropist with open mouth.

Will the bestowal of this nickel be credited to the giver at the last day?

The æsthetic growth of this country since the Philadelphia Exposition has been phenomenal. There is no town so remote from the sea-board as not to have felt the art impulse, scarcely one that has not an art establishment that would shine in the Rue de la Paix. In going through one of these establishments in a Western city, the reporter (who is a college graduate) of the thriving daily discovered the following treasure: "They also have a number of the works of the more prominent authors illustrated for the holiday trade. Something new in this line is the *Longfellow Portfolio*. This is a special edition, and is limited to five hundred copies. The engravings are by the eminent French artist De Luxe."

THE TRIBUTE TO THE "MINOTAUR."

...."'Twas thus I dreamed," said my friend to me.
"More girls for Minotaur!" said he.

But where, said I, is the galley fair,
With gilded oar, the wave dividing,
And mast enwreathed with roses rare,
'Tween banks of blossomed myrtle gliding?....
Its hapless freight their sad eyes hiding—

"By different routes," said my friend to me,
"They travel—all wide-awake!" said he.

But where, said I, is the high-walled town,
Its cruel gates behind them closing,
Its deaf, white temples looking down
On the pale victims, some reposing,
In terror's death-like stupor dozing?

"The cities *they* leave," said my friend to me,
"Are built in a different style," said he.

And where, said I, is the monster's own
All-hideous den? with black steps leading
Up 'neath the gloomy arch of stone?
With foul and flapping vultures feeding—
Where is that horrible place exceeding?

"In a brown-stone front," said my friend to me,
"M. Taur, Esquire, lives now," said he.

What, said I, is the man-beast's guise?
Joins he to glorious form celestial
Hot bellowing mouth, and mad brute eyes,
And curled ferocious forehead bestial?—
Loathliest of all on globe terrestrial!

"Poole makes his coats," said my friend to me,
"And Sanders and Johnson his hats," said he.

And oh! said I, yon delicate maids,
In happy homes long fondly tended,
So fair beneath their glinting braids,
So young, so meek, all undefended—
Must they in merciless maw be rended?

"You're behind the times," said my friend to me;
"He doesn't eat 'em now," said he,
"As did the original old M. T.
He'll marry one of the lot—'twill be
The match of the season, decidedly.
....The rest?—they'll be picked up, don't you see,
By friends of Taury, presently;
And they'll all have out trousseaux from Worth,"
said he.

NEMO.

The following story is not inserted on account of its truth, although it is vouched for by the most trustworthy man in Maryland, nor as a contribution to natural history, though it has value in that regard, but simply as an illustration of the character of the "East Shore" people:

Captain Green, a typical representative of the Eastern Shore of this State, and hospitable and genial as the days are long, says that years ago, when he was a schooner captain trading in the Chesapeake Bay and tributaries, when off Patuxent River in a dead calm he killed a coot, a species of wild-duck proverbial for their toughness and their tenacity in holding on to life. When fired at they will always dive at the flash of a gun, and being very quick in their movements, it is exceedingly difficult

to hit them. Having secured his coot, he instructed his colored cook to put it in the pot with some potatoes and make a stew of it for dinner. Shortly after (this was nine o'clock in the morning), a breeze sprang up, which soon increased to a gale, so much so that it was three o'clock in the afternoon before Green had a chance to get his dinner. As he was going into the cabin (the schooner was now off Sharp's Island) he saw some coots ahead in the water. Getting his gun (a flint-lock) as quickly as he could, he took aim at the coots and pulled trigger. "And, boys," he said, "you may believe me or not, but when that coot in the pot saw the flash in the pan of the gun, he dived down in that pot, kicking off the lid, and sending more than half of the potatoes on the galley floor."

A DEVOUT and worthy gentleman is the clergyman of a parish not twenty miles south of Chicago. His congregation was somewhat amused at the singularity of one of his announcements on the evening of December 5, which was as follows:

"Remember our communion service next Sunday forenoon. The Lord will be with us during the morning services, and the bishop in the evening."

UNDER A SEA-SPELL.

Oh! dear Clark Russell, come sail with me,
And we'll climb the "comb" of the "yeasty sea";
You'll "gaff" the "lee scuppers" "taut" and fast,
And "fly" the gay "helm" from the "locker" mast.
We'll sit on the "spanker" in "boom"-ing weather,
And smoke the "bo's-un's" "pipe" together;
We'll sup on "pannikins" rich and brown,
And with "coppers" of "spuds" will wash them down;
While *you* "clew up" the "sextant" with "binnacle" "stays,"
I'll fill the "studding-sails" with "haze."
When the "scuttle-butts" are "yawping" wide,
We'll sit on the "port" "log" side by side;
We'll pace the "halyards" with happy feet,
While the "futtock shrouds" and the "ratlines" meet;
We'll "sight" the "grampus" "athwart" the sea,
And "gig" him "astern" the "bows" "N.E.";
We'll "royal"-ly dine on the "cable" at ease,
And pluck the fruit from the full "cross-trees."
And in the "vang" of the pale moonlight
We'll lounge on the "dog-vane" and "box" his "bight."
The "mate" will "batten" the "deck" to the "tiller,"
And "let fly" the "cuddy" so the breeze will "fill her."
As the "star flakes" pulse in the "gray-green" air
We'll kindle the "compass" and get up a "flare";
While you "keep watch" in the "skipper's" "keel,"
I'll "go below" and "brace" the "wheel."
Oh! never fear to "ship" with me,
Your yarns have made me "jam up"—on the sea!

MEL R. COLQUITT.

A CENTURY or more ago, what is now the thriving little city of Manchester, New Hampshire, with its thirty-seven thousand inhabitants, was a "howling wilderness." Just how much it was in the habit of howling, I know not; but it was certainly a wilderness. The soil was largely sand; the remainder was rock. But if the soil furnished them a scanty supply of food, the Merrimac River was quite generous. In the spring it teemed with fish, and then was their harvest of meat. Salmon, shad, alewives, and lamper-eels ascended the river. At this time all other business was dropped, and enough fish were caught and salted down by every family to last until the next spring should bring more fish. It was so important to begin when the first fish came in sight that a man was often stationed on the bank of the river to watch for the first appearance of shad, and "fish" was first in the thoughts of every one.

One of the first settlers was one McClintock, a Scotch-Irishman, who built him a house near the falls of Amoskeag. One day his son John accidentally fell into the river just above the falls, and was carried down through the foaming water over the rocks to the calm water below, but being accustomed to the water, and a strong swimmer, he came through all right, and swam ashore none the worse for his involuntary bath. His mother came rushing to the river-bank as he crawled out, and cried out in her peculiar Scotch-Irish accent, "John! John! did ye see any fash in yer doon-coomin'?"

"The de'il tak' ye, mither," was his reply. "Do ye think I went that way sakin' fash?"

IT takes a child—the age of four appears to be the limit—to make a straight moral application of Gospel truth. Witness:

Sarah, aged four, is a devout little Christian. She has a child's book of *Gospel Stories Illustrated*, which she studies faithfully. Lucinda, her sister, aged ten, has been telling what she will do when "her ship comes in." She becomes indignant at some of Sarah's misdeeds, when the following occurs:

LUCINDA. "Sarah, you shall not ride in my carriage when I am grown and married."

SARAH (to whom the carriage and rich husband for her sister are very real). "Can't I, teester?"

LUCINDA. "No."

SARAH (after a long pause, and very thoughtfully). "Never mind, teester; you keep your carriage and horses. I see in the Gospel book where the *wich* man went *stwait* to the debil, and the poor man was carried to Abraham's bosom. You keep carriage; I don't want to wide in it."

SWEET to us are the stories of "veterans." Uncle Lem Spooner, a veteran of the war of 1812, had a considerable local reputation, due as much to his great age as to his original character.

I remember (says a correspondent) perfectly a story he related of his war exploits. He was then in his ninety-seventh year, and although addicted to telling wonderful tales, all drawn from his own vast experience, I had

never been fortunate enough to hear him. One evening in the old Eagle Hotel I found Uncle Lem talking as usual to a large company. The conversation turned on the great age, good health, and astonishing activity of the veteran. By degrees the old man was led to talk of his youthful days, and finally volunteered to relate the following adventure:

"When I was a young man I enlisted in the army as a private, but in a little while the captain come to me and said, 'Spooner, we want to make you corporal.' Says I, 'Captain, I enlisted as a private, and I intend to stick her through as a private to the end.' He went off, but in a few days come back, and several officers with him, and insisted that I should act as corporal for six months. Says I, 'Gentlemen, if it will be any satisfaction to *you*, I will consent to act as corporal for six months.' So they put the shoulder-straps (?) on me, and if I *do* say it, I was about as smart as any on 'em in them days, and I acted as corporal.

"Well, one night the captain sent for me, and told me to take a squad of men and go up to a house near by to search for prisoners. So I took the men, and marched up to the house and surrounded it. I rapped on the door, and a lady come, and says I, 'Madam, if there is any soldier in this house of any kind whatsoever, conduct me to him.' She saw it was no use to resist, so we come to where a feller and his gal was together, and, gentlemen, he was a-huggin' her an' a-kissin' her an' a-huggin' her an' a-kissin' her. Says I to him, 'Come with me,' and he came. I called my men, and says I to them, 'Men, if this man offers to git away, or abscond in any manner whatsoever, *all fire to onst.*'

"Well, we hadn't gone but a little way when my men cried, 'He's a-gittin' away! He's a-gittin' away!' Says I, 'Fire!' And they all fired to onst. And, gentlemen, that was the last I ever heard of that man from that day to this whatever, I vow."

Uncle Lem had a great antipathy to a family in the neighborhood, and one day consulted a lawyer with a view to having one of them arrested.

"Which one of them is it?" said the lawyer.

"Any on 'em, squire; it don't make no difference."

"Well, what is the allegation?"

"Anything, anything, squire, in the whole catalogue of crime; you can't hit 'em amiss."

One evening, at family prayers, Mr. M—— read that chapter which concludes with, "And let the wife see that she reverence her husband." After the exercises had closed he quoted it, looking meaningly at his wife, who said: "I am willing to follow the new teaching on that subject. The Revised Edition is softer; I will be guided by that."

The Revised Testament was produced, and her chagrin may be imagined as Mr. M—— read, "And let the wife see that she *fear* her husband."

PROVING AN ALIBI.

A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon which one of his auditors commended.

"Yes," said the gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it."

This was told to the preacher. He resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract what he had said.

"I am not," replied the aggressor, "very apt to retract my words, but in this instance I will. I said you had stolen the sermon; I find I was wrong, for on my return home, and referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it there."

A WINTER SCRAP.

The following quaint epitaph was written on the tombstone of a youth at Frith, in Derbyshire, England. The comparison is seasonable.

Our life is but a winter's day.
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay and are full fed;
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day;
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

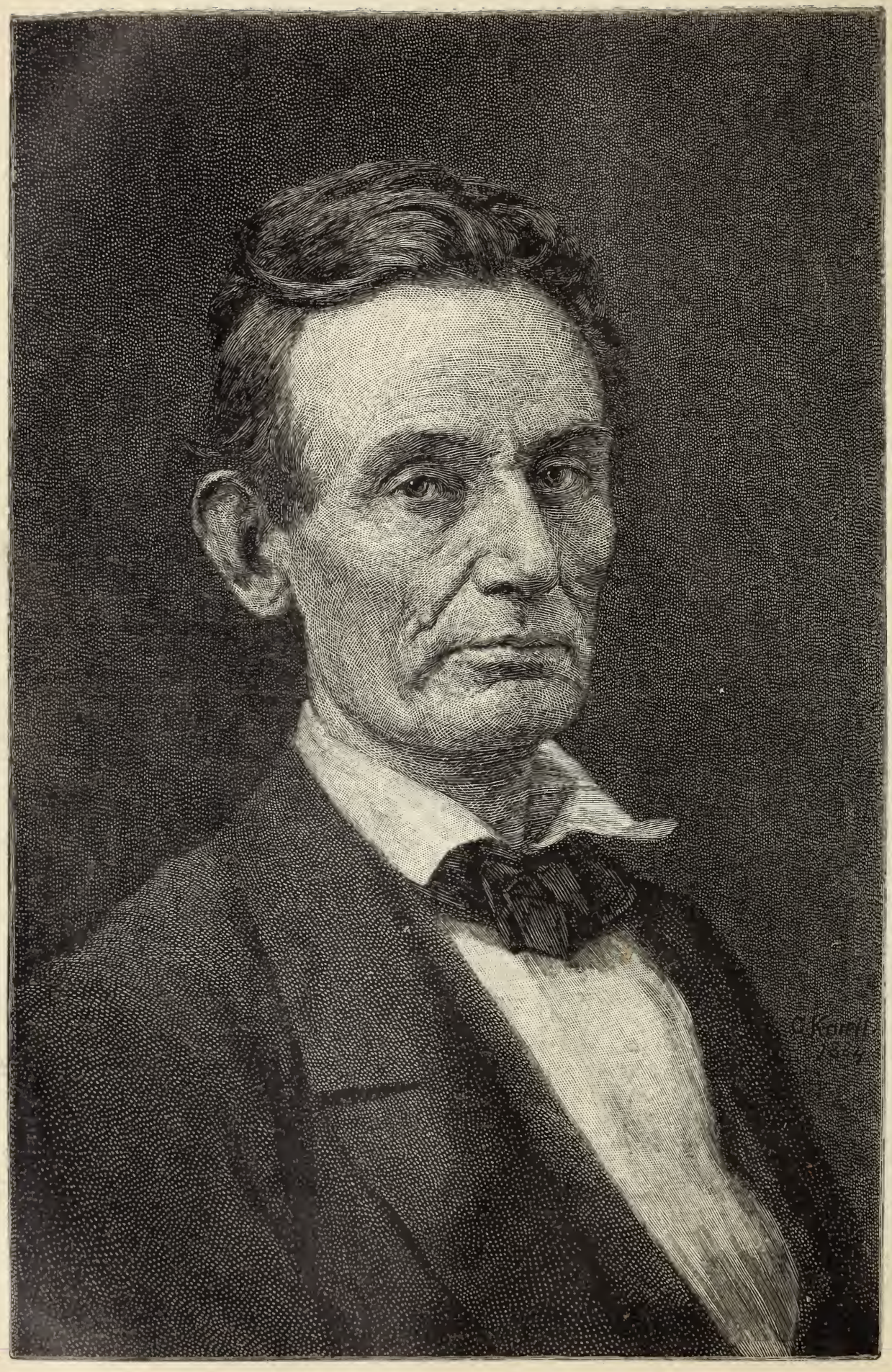
In one of the small towns of Wisconsin, a short time since, the vestrymen of the town's church busied themselves in soliciting contributions for the purchase of a church organ. One of the wealthiest business men repelled all their solicitations—he had no money to throw away on church organs; and finding there was nothing to be gained there, they left Mr. Brown in disgust, but stole a march on him by calling on Mrs. Brown, who immediately subscribed her name for two hundred dollars. Going to Mr. Brown for collection, he, of course, was very angry, and squirmed considerably, but to no purpose, since he was obliged to come down.

Later, at a meeting of the vestrymen, it was decided to hand the names of the contributors down to posterity and fame by naming the pipes of the organ after them. After the christening had been going on for some time, and there being no signs of a recognition of Mrs. Brown's gift, one of the vestrymen rose and expressed his opinion that under the circumstances, Mrs. Brown having contributed two hundred dollars, the largest sum given by any one, they should in justice name one of the pipes "the Brown pipe."

The Chairman, with a few words condemnatory of haste, said that they had provided for this case, as it had been decided to name the bellows "the Brown bellows."

The appropriateness of this was fully appreciated, and there is no doubt the bellows will retain its personality for some time to come.

A SLIDE.—From Drawings by C. G. Bush.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
From a photograph in possession of W. P. Garrison, Esq.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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A WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

I.—THE RISE.

"WHAT a pity we didn't bring some funny man along!" was the remark of the sleepiest of our small party, as we rushed on in the train, through the monotonous but richly cultivated section of southern Holstein between Hamburg and Lübeck. No sooner had the speaker uttered his complaint than he had abundant cause to regret his rashness, for there began such a flood of stale and imbecile puns, idiotic nursery rhymes, and moss-covered conundrums from the further corner of the compartment that the rest of us took refuge for the fiftieth time in the red-covered guide-book, and re-read what we knew perfectly by heart: "Lübeck on the Trave (population 36,998), the first free Hanseatic town, still partially surrounded by ramparts, has externally preserved many indications of its importance in the Middle Ages, when the powerful Hanseatic League was conducted hence (1260–1669), and its fleet lay at anchor under its walls. The picturesque towers and pinnacles, the ancient gabled houses, the fortified gates, the Gothic churches, and the venerable Rathhaus are reminiscences of that period," etc. The joker in the corner at last ceased to fire his shots at his defenseless companions, but we could hear him muttering to himself, with a far-off expression, "Hans—attic—attic—hans—gable," and we knew he was meditating some more harrowing conundrum than he had yet perpetrated. From our side of the train we shortly saw through the trees a charming silhouette of slender spires and quaint towers against a lovely summer sky, and we knew that our deliverance was near. The moment the train stopped we bolted from the carriage and awaited our friend in the station. He had a dazed look in his eyes as, laden with painting traps enough to take out a copyright on the whole landscape of northern Germany, he staggered into the waiting-room and gasped out: "I suppose they called it the Hanseatic League because the—" We dashed out of the door, corralled a porter, and shipped our great miscellaneous collection of luggage to the hotel.

From the railway station at Lübeck are seen, beyond a pleasant garden, the twin towers of the Holstein Gate, a fine brick structure of late fifteenth century, flanked by the more distant spires of two churches, tall, slender, and tapering. Step gables and red-tiled roofs fill up the background, and complete a picture as rare in these days of restorations and modern improvements as it is agreeable to the artist's eye. We could scarcely wait to see our porter on the way to the hotel before we plunged enthusiastically into the heart of the mediæval picture before us, and strolled through the narrow streets, crowded with projecting stories and carved doorways, and rich in beautiful wrought-iron ornaments. We explored our way to the hotel, and arrived excited and exhausted as if we had hurried through some grand museum of ancient art.

We were professedly in search of the picturesque in dress, landscape, or architecture, with a majority of the party—two to one, in fact—in favor of the first. Like the Irish emigrant who did not stoop to pick up a silver dollar which he saw shining in the street, as he landed in New York, because he expected to find plenty of gold lying around further up-town, we did not pause at Hamburg, where the curious costumes of the peasants and the interesting architecture would have furnished us with a season's work. We reasoned that if in Hamburg, where half the city has been built since the fire forty years ago, and where commercial intercourse with America is rapidly changing the whole character of the place—if in such a city

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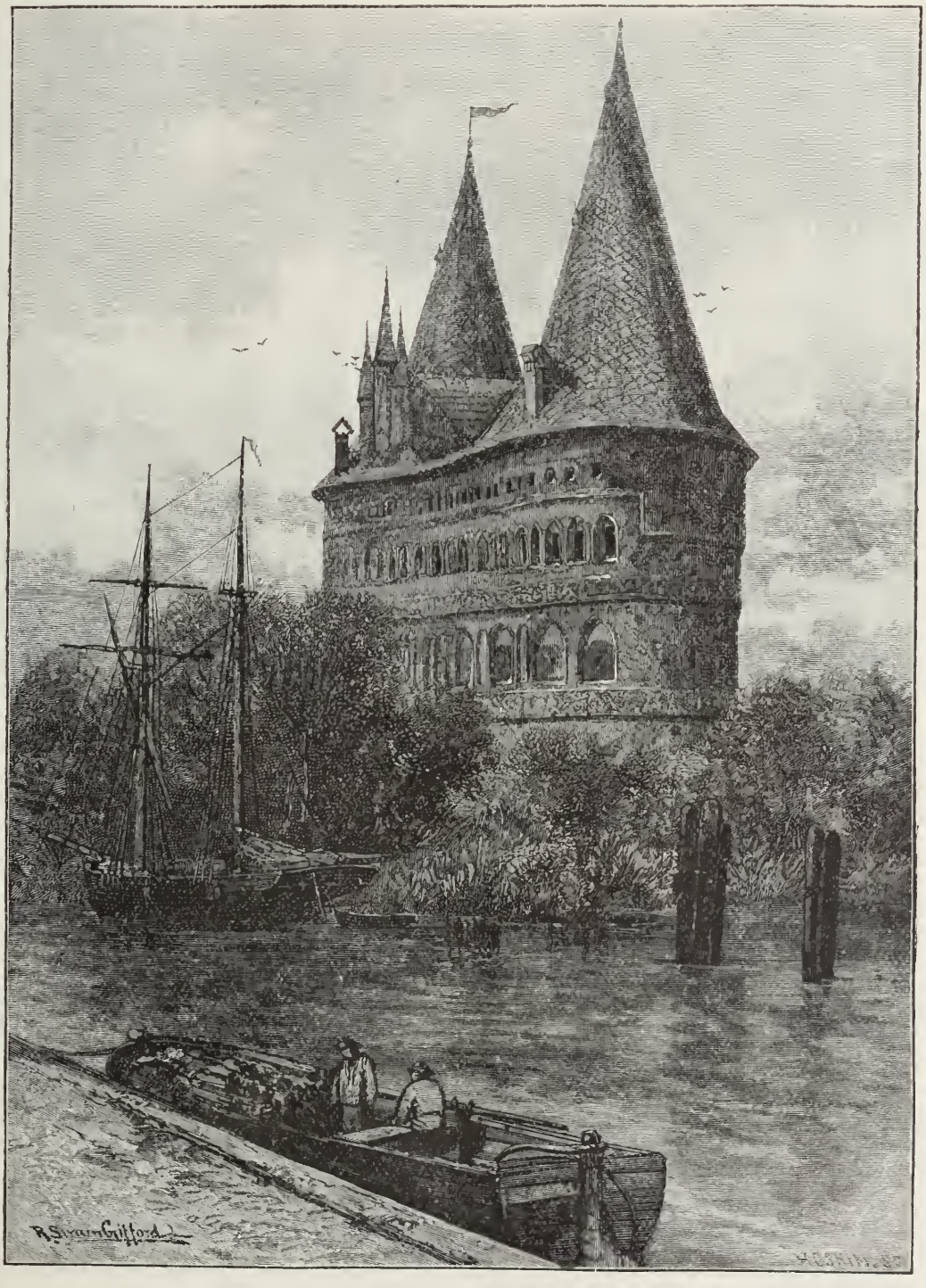
HANSEATIC WAREHOUSES.

we find attractive material, how much more shall we discover in the smaller cities somewhat removed from levelling influences of commerce? This reasoning, joined with the attractive mystery which surrounded the remoter Hanseatic towns, decided us to direct our course northward along the shores of the Baltic. The lazy one of the party, of course, objected that it would be a wild-goose chase, but the ripe wisdom and logical arguments of the others soon convinced him of the existence of Elysian fields of picturesqueness yet unexplored by the artist somewhere between the amber-bearing beaches of classic fame and the Ultima Thule of Denmark. His imagination was strong, and he yielded.

The picturesqueness of Lübeck is, on near acquaintance, of a somewhat conscious order. The hand of the restorer has been busy on all sides, and although the work has been skillfully and intelligently done, there is a polished and well-kept look about most of the important monuments of architecture which shows at once that they owe their immunity from the destruction threatened by commercial enterprise to their value as subjects of interest to the outside world. The city lies on a low hill running north and south between the narrow river Trave on the west side and the broad, shallow Wakenitz, a continuation of a series of lakes near by, which have an outlet into the Trave at this point. The city is thus surrounded by a natural moat, except at a narrow neck of land at the north, the vulnerable point in the fortifications, which was successfully forced by Napoleon's generals in 1806. Here stands the second great gate of the town, the Burgthor, of little earlier date than the Holsteinthor, supported by a number of curious houses which once formed part of the wall. These two gates, with the church of St. Mary and the Rathhaus, are the four wonders of Lübeck. They are all of brick. The last two are adjacent, and present a lively contrast. The former is simple in lines, and with no superfluous ornament. The twin spires run up 430 feet, and the narrow arches of the nave and transepts are about one-third this height. The latter is long and low; has curious perforated and pinnacled screens on each façade and along the northern end, glittering with glazed brick and painted coats of arms. This remarkable structure represents in distinct parts every period of the history of the Hanseatic League. The plain substructure stands on low arches, with solid stone columns, and but for the screen, which carries the façade up to a disproportionate height, and confuses the eye with its multitude of details, its general character would be dignified and appropriate. The Rathhaus divides the market-place from the principal street of the town, and both façades are of similar character, constructed of alternate

courses of glazed black and red brick, and surmounted by fine slender pinnacles. The front façade has besides this abundance of ornament two excrescences of gray stone



THE BURGTHOR, LÜBECK.

Renaissance construction, a stairway, and a projecting window, both elaborately carved and beautiful in detail, making an agreeable contrast to the metallic lustre of the glazed brick-work. The stairway leads to the so-called Kriegsstube, or Hanseatic

war-office, the walls of which are covered with marquetry panels and carving. This is the only portion of the original interior which remains as it was, the great assembly hall, where the delegates from the eighty-five towns composing the league held their sittings, having been long since divided into small offices. The market-place is a large quadrangle, entered only by narrow passageways at the corners and

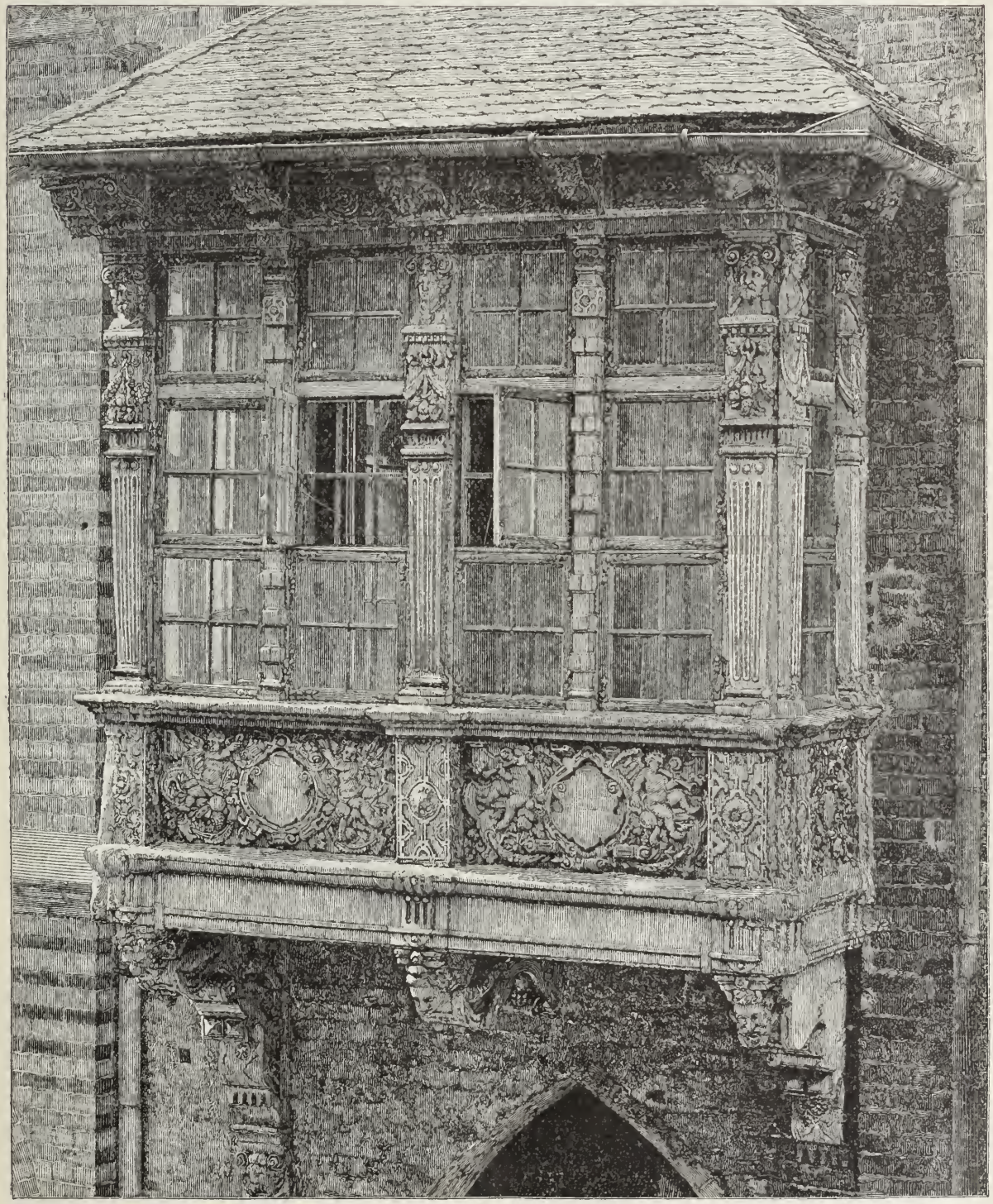
THE RATHHAUS AND MARKET-PLACE, LÜBECK.

through the colonnade under the Rathhaus. The scene in this inclosure is, every morning of the week, a very characteristic and lively one. The pavement is covered with farm produce and merchandise of all descriptions. Robust peasant women sell the freshest of vegetables and the most delicious dairy produce; fish-women ranged in rows, each with her feet and petticoat hem tucked away in a box to keep the draughts off, attract by their vigorous cries customers to select from their stock of live fish swimming about in trays; carts are crowded together in one corner, piled full of great loaves of bread; pigs squeal and fowl clatter in pyramids of cages; tables creak with a burden of quivering cheeses that thicken the surrounding air: it is a Babel of sights and sounds and odors, which the multitude appear to enjoy and thrive upon, while the stranger, if at all fastidious, holds his ears and his nose, or takes a speedy flight. At noon-time the shadows of the house gables fall upon a clean-swept pavement, with only a couple of fruit booths to remind one of the tumult of the early morning. This is the hour to sit on the well-worn bench under some overhanging story and imagine the scene when merchants of every important town, from Novgorod to Bergen, from Wisby to London, sought this their commercial capital, in the days before the discovery of the New World, with its immeasurable resources, gave a new direction to trade, and made the greatest commercial partnership in history no longer a necessity. A Lutheran priest in long black robe and high ruff hurrying through the colonnade completes the illusion of the past induced by this unique picture of its grandeur. Two little children in latest Paris fashions trip along with their nurse, and the spell is broken.

In the midst of the wealth of artistic detail that the city affords we scarcely regretted that we did not find the elaborate local costume which we had anticipated. Silly-looking hats worn by the market-women seem to be the sole distinctive article of costume among the peasantry. The uniform worn by the porters, a blouse and

small-clothes of gray-blue linen, is, with the exception of the dress of the servant-girls, the only characteristic attire to be seen in the city. The latter are distinguished by a black velvet jacket with short puffed sleeves, a green and red striped petticoat, an oval ruche of lace on the back of the head, and low slippers on the feet. The arms are bare almost to the shoulders, and in justice to the class it must be said that fair round arms are the rule, and coarse or ugly faces the exception.

With the perverseness of human nature, the joker, the only landscape painter of the trio, began the moment we arrived to sketch figures. We thought, of course, it was only a bad joke of his, but when he began to make a landscape of the prettiest

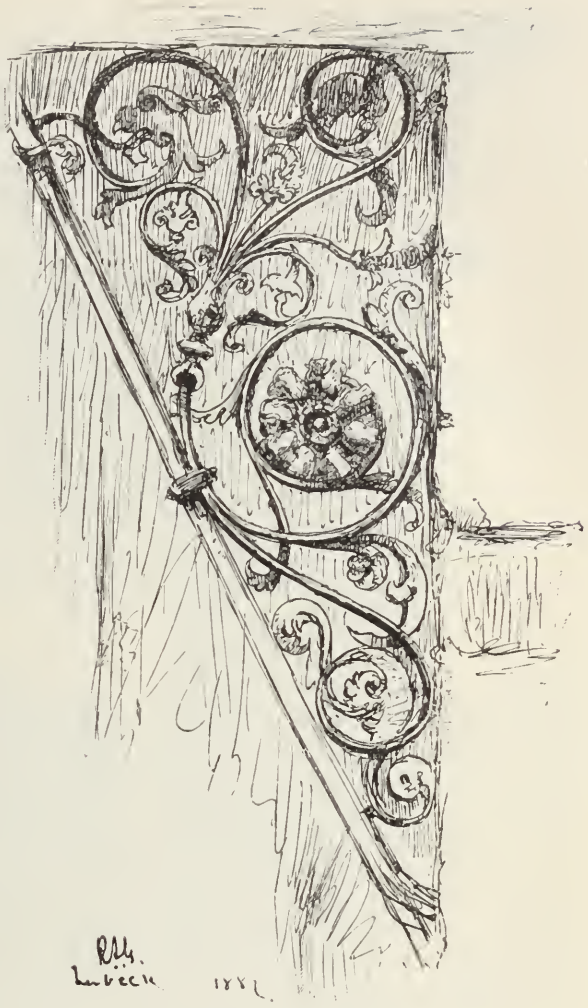


WINDOW IN THE RATHHAUS, LÜBECK.

OUR LANDSCAPIST AT WORK.

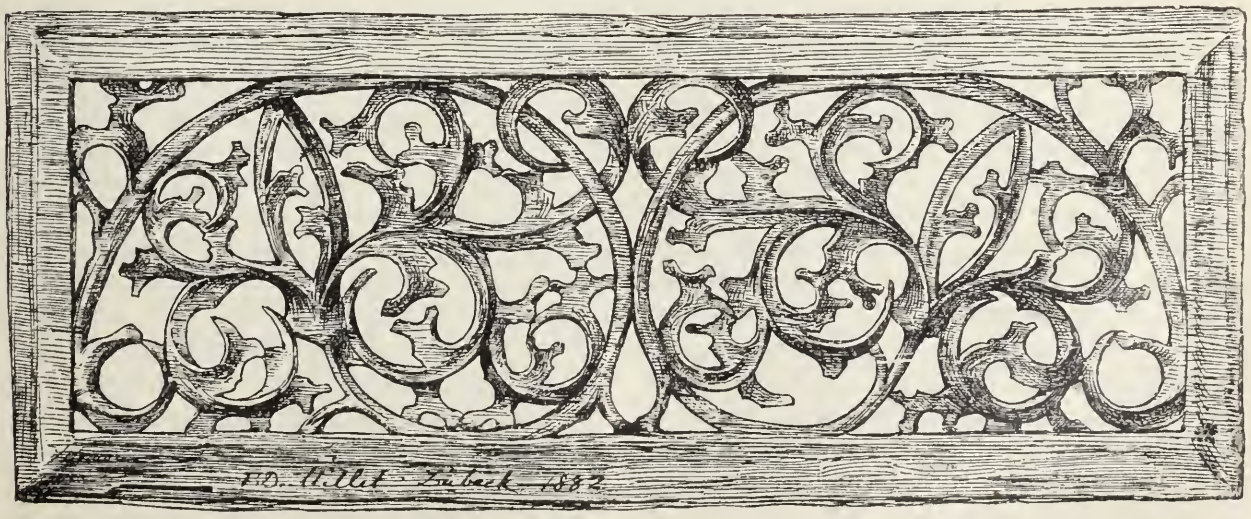
girl in the hotel, whom he had persuaded to pose for him, we began to appreciate the seriousness of his admiration for the coquettish costume so becoming to the wearer, and therefore, for the sake of his family and his reputation as an artist, we planned an early exodus. But Lübeck is not so easy to get away from. We found ourselves led on from one masterpiece of wood-carving or forging to another, from one ornamented doorway to another, until we believed the treasures to be inexhaustible. Strolling along the river-front, where the great Hanseatic warehouses reflect their time-warped roofs in rich red masses, we were led by a skillfully carved wooden door to explore the interior of a humble-looking beer-house. The room was lighted by two windows of small, mellow-toned panes, and in the half-light, dimly seen through a cloud of smoke, an old man sat at one of a row of heavy

oaken tables with a curious tankard before him. We paused, hesitated, and consulted in a whisper before we dared enter. The aspect of the interior was so unusual, the antiquity of the place so impressive, that we felt as if we were interrupting the meditations of some forgotten old Lübecker of Rembrandt's time. But a cheery landlady soon bustled out from a back room and asked us in. With a sentiment approaching awe we followed her to a corner and sat down. Wall, ceiling, floor, and furniture were there as two hundred and fifty years before. The restorer had not been needed here. The oak is many tones darker than when fresh from the carver's hand, but it is still sound and good. With the exception of a frieze of twelve paintings of Bible subjects, the surface of the room is covered with beautifully carved oak panelling. Cupid and Bacchus, with the vine and its products, furnish appropriate subjects for the designs, which were worked out with a great deal of thought. The most delicate and curiously forged iron hinges and clasps are found on the cupboard doors, in the panelled wall, and on the window shutters. Through the leaded window we could see the steam-cranes at work loading a great ocean steamer, and the whole house shook with the rumble of freight trains heavily moving along the quay. How long will it be, we conjectured, before the house, with its rich traditions of the past, will be torn from the foundations which six centuries have not disturbed? Then we came out from the solemn quiet of the beautiful interior to the noisy quay, where the monsters of modern invention shrieked and hissed and made retrospection impossible.

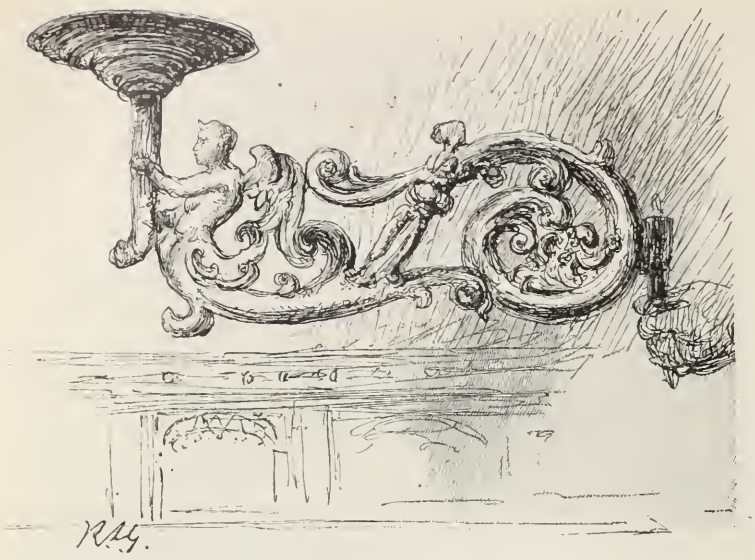


WROUGHT-IRON BRACKET.

The house owned and occupied by the Kaufleute Compagnie, or Board of Trade of Lübeck, contains rooms with elaborately carved and decorated panelling of 1585,



CARVED OAK PANEL.



BRASS CANDELABRUM IN HOSPITAL, LÜBECK.

together with a great number of portraits and views of various cities which belonged to the Hanseatic League. Every detail of this interior is apparently as perfect as the day it was made. Around a huge oaken table in the front room, scarred with the usage of many generations, the Board of Trade still sits at its weekly meetings. Near at hand, in the same street, the chief thoroughfare of the town, is the house of the Schiffergesellschaft, or Mariners' Guild. A large part of the house is occupied, free of rent, by the widows of ship captains, and the large assembly-room of the Guild has long been leased as a beer hall. This room was apparently planned for much the same purpose as that to which it is now devoted, for tables and benches of thick oak plank, separated from each other like pews by high panelled screens, are ranged lengthwise down the room. A view of the whole can be commanded from a platform with a small table near the window at one end. The huge beams overhead, blackened with nicotine of centuries, are hung with interesting models of old ships, stuffed reptiles, and miscellaneous curiosities collected in foreign voyages. Quaint coats of arms are carved on the high screen ends, and a wide frieze of paintings, dulled by the efforts of many generations of industrious smokers, harmonizes with the general tone of the interior. It is just the room for a guild of jolly mariners, who, battering their beer mugs in noisy chorus, find their imaginative memory stimulated by the souvenirs of many an interesting voyage. From the windows of this room are seen across a pleasant square the pointed towers of the Holy Ghost Hospital, a charitable institution dating from the thirteenth century. Nineteen veterans of the war of 1813–15, and four times their number of deserving old women, are finishing their lives here in comfort and quiet. On a bench by the door of the Gothic chapel which forms at once the vestibule of the hospital and the place of worship the old men sit in pleasant weather exchanging with each other well-worn tales of the war, or they hobble into the park-like square, where romping children gather around them and listen to their senile gossip. The marvellously fine carvings and metal-work of the chapel furnish the pensioners with constant subjects for admiration; a ponderous iron chest into which the contributions of visitors are dropped marks plainly the character of the institution; the holy pictures and various religious symbols remind the inmates of their religious duties; and two grim black biers, standing in constant readiness for use, are more eloquent than words in horrible suggestiveness of approaching death. The hospital is a marvel of neatness and good order, and the funds have been so well managed that a large surplus is annually appropriated for distribution in general charity.

Of the superb carvings of the Marienkirche, of the wonderful wrought-iron gates and screens of the cathedral, and its Memling altarpiece—a double-winged triptych of marvellous beauty—of the multitude of artistic details in which the city abounds, no adequate idea can be given short of a catalogue or a volume of description. We found ourselves studying the city as we would examine a great bric-à-brac shop, and we realized only after we had a sheer surfeit of architecture and ornament that we had seen few motives for pictures in comparison with the artistic interest of the place. This fact brought us at last back to the chief object of our trip, and we dragged ourselves away from the enticing explorations of the city to pursue our search in a region more remote from the path of ordinary travel. Rostock and Stralsund, the next two ports to the eastward, looked remarkably attractive

on the map, and were, withal, so suggestively remote from the great commercial centres that we naturally turned that way.

If we ever visit Rostock again, it will be after it has been disinfected, for on the stuffy August day we spent there we were obliged to keep our luggage closed for fear of carrying off a too lasting souvenir of the stench-laden atmosphere. Even the statue of Blücher which adorns the public square of this his native place looked, to our eyes, exceedingly dissatisfied with the quality of the air that is slowly corroding the surface of the bronze. The town gates are interesting. "They would make first-rate drawing-cards if properly treated," objected one discontented, travel-shattered artist. Thereupon we left the gates, and swooped down with our sketch-books upon the Hanseatic warehouses, which stand in solitary state, with open rusty-hinged shutters disclosing huge empty lofts. Even these did not long satisfy our now irritated appetite for the picturesque, and we sought the cool interiors of the churches, where

IRON-STRAPPED CONTRIBUTION CHEST.

on the bare, whitewashed walls old suits of armor and corroded weapons still hang over the tomb of the soldier who fought in this clumsy gear.

A diligence marked in large letters "RJBNJTZ" attracted our attention as it rumbled over the pavement toward the country. "Let's go to Rijibnijitz," said the landscapist. He was sitting in the hotel smelling a bottle of turpentine, "just to get a breath of fresh air," as he said.

So we hired a carriage for Ribnitz, as the town is really called, and under a great heap of sketch-boxes, easels, and oth-

er annoying incumbrances of travel we rattled away out upon a broad, oppressively rectilineal *chaussée*. A perfectly regular row of meagre shade trees bordered this as far as we could see. Occasionally we stopped at a toll-gate arranged on ingenious labor-saving principles, whereby the woman inside the house could pass out a coin-collector on the end of a stick, raise the bar, and lower it again without laying aside her knitting. On either side of the road great fields of grain waved and nodded, and fell before the advancing army of reapers. At long intervals a bit of pasture-land covered with a great variety of wild flowers broke the monotonous fertility of the farms. Here hundreds of sheep were herded by a shepherd who knitted as he walked, and great flocks of geese tended by active youngsters hissed at us as we drove past. As we advanced, the country became more and more fertile and highly cultivated. The farms, often covering hundreds of acres, rivalled each other in the extent, the number, and the magnificence of the buildings. Everywhere prosperity was written on the face of the landscape. With the waning of our hopes of finding type or costume came an agreeable sense of satisfaction at the absence of the tumble-down picturesqueness of poorer countries and the accompanying rags and filth of their inhabitants.

WROUGHT-IRON DOOR KNOCKER.

At night-fall, after a drive of three hours or more, we drew near to a town. A warm summer rain had begun to fall, and through the mist gathering over a broad meadow we could see the outlines of mediæval towers among the trees. Presently we dashed across a stone bridge, through an archway, and into a roughly paved, quaint old street. On a large, deserted square a rambling inn threw open its hospitable doors, and welcomed us as if we were the one party in the world the host had been looking for since the inn was opened. The storm was not so severe but we could straggle around the town in the evening and explore the dimly lighted streets. The sultry air, scarcely cooled by the rain, made the interior oppressive, so we wandered around as long as we could, and then sought our quarters. We found that the rooms had been prepared for us with careful attention. Everything was neat and fresh and comfortable. In about five minutes after retiring to our respective chambers we all appeared in the hallway again, in various stages of undress, clamoring for the servant. A blushing chamber-maid soon appeared, and was shown in turn the three couches, each with a mountainous feather-bed as a coverlet incased in a sack of white linen. Explanations and expostulations were of no avail. She could not understand the cause of our complaint, but insisted on the purity of the home-spun linen and the softness and lightness of the feather-bed coverlet. At last the whole household was aroused, and after great difficulty the proprietor was made to conceive the fact that we could not sleep that sultry August night under a feather-bed which would have suffocated us in mid-winter. After earnest declarations that all Ribnitz people slept under one feather-bed in summer and under two in winter, he was obliged to confess that there had never been a call for upper sheets and blankets in his house, and he had none. We as a last resort severally emptied the feather-bed out of its sack, and used this as a sheet. But for the perambulating watchmen, who made night noisy with their unintelligible hourly cries, we would have slept soundly.

The sights of Ribnitz are soon exhausted. It differs from Rostock only in size, counting scarcely a quarter as many inhabitants. It has none of the character of a sea-port town, although quite a fleet of vessels lie at its long, irregular quay.

DISTANT VIEW OF STRALSUND.

Grass grows between the paving-stones in all the streets. The only importance it claims is its position as a half-way station between Rostock and Stralsund on the main post-road. The chrome-yellow diligences of the government, and various omnibus wagons run by enterprising stable-men, carry all the passengers between these three towns, and make the larger part of what little noise is heard in the streets. We were probably the first travellers who had ever asked to see the churches. The sexton of the first one we visited was found without difficulty, because he resided in the neighborhood. We had to wait until he had arrayed himself in his best suit of baggy, creasy clothes. He opened the door with great ceremony, and led us around the church, evidently laboring under the belief that we came to see the newly painted pews and the crude stained window of most pronounced bad taste. He was overpowered with gratitude when he received a small fee for his trouble. This experience gave us a sensation, and proved incontrovertibly the isolation of the town. When we came to look for the sexton of the large church we found that he had died about a year before, and his widow held the office. An interview with her was most embarrassing. She met our delegate with the very polite question, "With whom have I the honor to speak?" This was answered with a little explanation. She then wanted to know if we wished to conduct a private service in the church. On receiving the assurance that the visit was prompted by simple curiosity and the desire to look upon whatever there was quaint and interesting in the edifice, she expressed herself as quite unable to understand why any one should want to visit the church out of service hours. She was very polite and amiable all the time, and only at the end of the long conversation did she disclose the fact that she had not the key of the door. When the interview ended she gave the address of a man to whom she intrusted the key for safe-keeping. He lived at the opposite end of the town, and we inquired our way thither with commendable patience. He was a cobbler, at work at his trade, and could not leave until he had finished a job for a customer who was waiting in the room. This done, he deliberately led the way to the church, swinging a bunch of ponderous keys in his hand. With a great muscular effort he threw open the door, and we found ourselves at last in the place we had taken so much trouble to reach. It was a simple whitewashed Gothic interior, showing signs of two distinctly separate constructions at different periods, and without a square foot of artistic ornament, painting, or carving. A tattered banner with a few trophies hung up over a tomb was the only object of interest. The result of this exploration calmed our fever for research, and we dejectedly prepared to leave the town. We had seen no costumes, had, in fact, seen scarcely a dozen inhabitants. A half-score heads at the windows as we dashed by in our carriage was the most noteworthy indication of the human interest of the inhabitants in what is passing outside their own house walls.

At this point in our journey it became a matter of pride with us who had proposed the excursion to simulate perfect

satisfaction with the result of the trip. The question of type and costume was passed over lightly as possible as a matter of trivial importance. We would not have confessed a satiety of Hanseatic architecture for the loan of one of the great warehouses as a studio rent free. The only thing that looked suspicious of discontent was our readiness to move on. This restlessness was quite opposed to anything like serious work, but it drove us to penetrate into a great many corners which, under other circumstances, we would have passed listlessly by. We were no more glad to get away from Ribnitz than we had been to leave Rostock behind us; but when we had fairly cleared the smelly town, and breathed the air laden with early harvest perfumes, we were as happy as the reapers who laughed as they lunched in the shadow of the straw stacks.

A more beautiful farming country does not exist than that along the southern shore of the Baltic. No fences mark the boundaries of the fertile farms which stretch away over the rolling hills to the distant horizon, all aglow with yellow grain. At intervals a clump of trees often seen intensely dark against the ripe grain shows where a farm-house stands, and giant windmills swing their sails on the highest hill-tops. The highway, a finely built *chaussée*, leads straight across the country, only curving to pass through some village. Mountain ash, birch, and cherry trees border the road in an unbroken rank. In the ditches and by the roadside grow countless varieties of wild flowers—a perfect paradise for the botanist. From the highest hill the eye meets to the south a succession of grain fields. To the north, beyond the soft undulations of the cultivated hills, the Baltic shimmers in the strong sunlight, a narrow line, sharp at the horizon. The dimensions of the brick barns prove the accustomed magnitude of the harvest; the luxury of the farmers' houses tells of inherited success.

In a region of such great prosperity and wealth we scarcely knew what to make of a cluster of hovels by the road-side within sight of the slender spires of Stralsund. They were built like gypsy huts, dug out of the hill-side and roofed with turf. A half-dozen ragged children were playing with a large dog-cart, and the great ugly beast accustomed to draw the vehicle growled from his turf kennel as we passed. Our driver, whose local pride was shocked at the sight of this wretched camp, hastened to explain that the people were nothing but Schleswigers, road-builders by trade, who were engaged to break stones to repair the *chaussée*. A little further on we came upon a score of these people at work. For fully a mile ahead of us there was a line of stone heaps along the road, and the stone-breakers were energetically hammering their way through this mass of flinty field stones. Sheltered from the sun by rude awnings of matting, young girls, bright-eyed and ruddy-cheeked, pounded away with heavy hammers on the large fragments into which the men and women had split the stones. Children and old women broke the pieces still smaller, and piled them in regular heaps. There was something coquettish in the dress of the young girls, which was quite out of harmony with their occupation. A bright handkerchief wound turban-like around the head set off the deep brown of their faces, and gave a softness to the weather-roughened skin. A bodice of strong cloth fitted closely to the plump figure, and a short petticoat was girded closely to the legs, showing bronzed feet and ankles, well modelled and graceful, though neither small nor soft. Chatting merrily as they hammered, they were the picture of health and contentment. Their hands, somewhat protected from the rough stones by flaps of thick leather, showed to what a coarse and rude occupation their lives had been devoted, for they were as hard and knotted as those of the men, their fellow-laborers. Here was a life-work for a woman!—wielding a heavy sledge-hammer all day long, lifting and handling rough stones from the time she has eaten her black-bread and raw onions in the morning until she retires to the straw heap in the mud hut at night. Why women should be engaged in such convict labor in a country where prosperity is the rule was a problem which we were unable to solve. We found out, after a chat with them, that the Schleswigers are famous for their skill in road-building, and are sought for the country over to repair the *chaussées*. They said a smart stone-breaker could earn forty marks a week (about ten dollars).

"If the men didn't spend all they earn in a spree every pay-day, we'd be well off," grumbled an old woman, whose face was the texture of a dried fig, and her hands all gnarled and calloused like some strange

THE STONE-BREAKERS.

animal's claws. "It is a free life, wandering wherever work calls us, and we should be able to live at our ease in the winter but for the money that goes for schnapps."

At this bit of moralizing those who were near enough to hear broke into a hearty laugh, and joined in denouncing the old woman as the first in the company to finish her bottle. In the midst of their rough chaffing we left them, appreciating their love of freedom, but unable to understand how any amount of this luxury could compensate for such severe manual labor. Idleness and dissipation make a natural partnership, but privation and severe toil are rarely found in conjunction with contentment and self-indulgence.

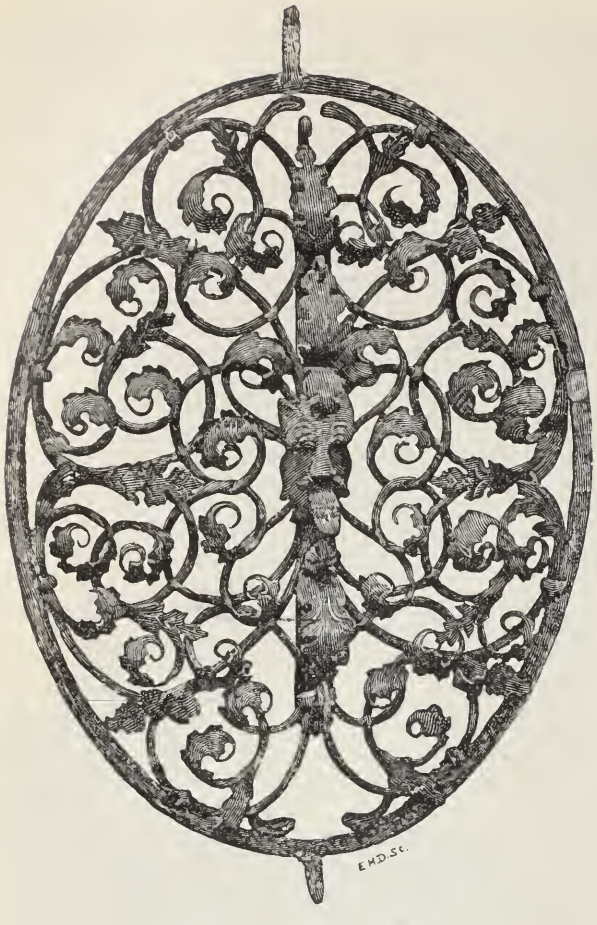
Through an avenue of richly laden cherry-trees the road now led straight toward the city of Stralsund, which lay all tree-embowered in the plain, showing an interesting outline of spires and towers against the shimmering water beyond. It promised, even at this distance, a wealth of curious architecture and artistic detail. The surrounding landscape was of wondrous beauty. Frequent picturesque farm-houses and windmills, graceful groups of trees, occasional stretches of heather-covered pasture-land, and on all sides rich fields of grain, suggested pictures of noble lines and exquisite coloring. Our exclamations of delight at the picturesque situation of the city drew from the driver, as we rapidly approached our destination, this expostulation: "You won't like the town when you get there. It's all pretty enough at a distance, but inside the walls the houses are old, the streets are narrow and crooked, and there is nothing going on at all. No one ever comes to Stralsund except to go to Sweden, or to the island of Rügen, which you see over yonder. That is a famous picturesque place. Fine chalk cliffs and sea-beaches. Plenty of people go there to bathe. They come from Berlin even! You ought to go there if you wish to see something picturesque." It was hardly worth while telling him that it was not necessary to come further than England to see chalk cliffs and sea-beaches, so we answered not his argument.

Stralsund in Hanseatic times was a for-

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, STRALSUND.

tified town of great importance. It figures largely in the history of the league, and in later days has been the scene of various notable events. The city is particularly memorable for its successful resistance to the determined siege conducted by Wallenstein in 1628. He had sworn, "Die Stadt muss herunter und wäre sie mit Ketten an den Himmel gebunden" (the town must fall, though it were fastened by chains to heaven), but after the loss of 12,000 men he was compelled to raise the siege and retreat. From the Peace of Westphalia until the fall of Napoleon I. Stralsund belonged to Sweden. During that period it underwent many sieges, all of which have left their mark on the town. Built upon a small triangular island, with no unoccupied ground to tempt the construction of new houses, the city proper has suffered little change in the march of improvement. A few years ago the walls were intact; now they are in process of demolition, and a broad boulevard, facing the beautiful tree-bordered inlet, will soon surround the town. Dominating the whole island, a landmark far out to sea, is the Marienkirche—a curious pile of brick, with a spire too insignificant in size for the immense edifice. A great square near by gives an opportunity of comparing the church with the neighboring houses. The slender, pointed arches are seen to be nearly three times as high as the five-story building adjoining. In the middle of this square, where two people rarely meet, stands a prominent placard nailed to a post. It reads, "Beware of pickpockets." A gang of prisoners in convict garb, under charge of an officer, sprinkle and sweep the pavement, and as they advance past the unconscious municipal satire they look around and smile, doubtless reflecting on the poverty of temptation which old Stralsund offers to the professional rogue. The stately

TOWN GATE, STRALSUND.



WROUGHT-IRON PANEL FROM SCREEN.

quiet of the town is not confined to this one square and its neighborhood, but extends even to the very quays, where a numerous shipping creates only a reserved and sober activity. Small steamers make frequent trips to the island of Rügen, scarcely two miles away, and larger ones run to the Swedish and Danish ports, suggesting escape from the oppressive air of the narrow streets. The old gates, each of different design, stand in a state of neglect across the thoroughfares which lead from the city to the mainland, protesting by their dignified and characteristic architecture against the modern prettiness of the French Renaissance villas reflected, with the floating swans, in the smooth water of the inlets. Numerous façades of mediæval aspect are found in almost every street. Wrought-iron work of fantastic design is as common as the cast crudities of our own cities. The *pièce de résistance* of the last of sights, the Rathhaus façade, was, thanks to a timely restoration, almost hidden by a scaffolding. Enough was visible, however, to show the general character of the glazed brick screen, with numerous perforations and slender pointed towers. Without the harmonious surroundings which make the similar structure in Lübeck interesting, if not altogether attractive, this façade is imposing only in its ugly grotesqueness.

What the Stralsunders do for amusement we were unable to discover. We never saw anybody amused or very much entertained while we were there, except those who watched us sketching. We at last grew rather tired of furnishing free entertainment for the natives, and one bright sparkling morning, stimulated by the memory of the beautiful landscape of the environs, we loaded ourselves with our sketching traps and walked out into the country. It was almost dark when we reached the suburbs of Stralsund. Just as we were about to cross the bridge a staring sign on a large building caught our eyes. It read, *Dampfkunstmühle.* "Steam art mill," we translated, horror-stricken.

"Boys, let's leave," said the joker, solemnly. "We can't compete with a steam art mill where the climate is as enervating as it is here. I believe we'll find better stuff further north. Don't you remember the Danish costumes at the Centennial? Let's go to Copenhagen to-night by the Malmö boat."

No argument was needed. We took tickets for Copenhagen, and found snug separate cabins in the steamer. She was to start at three o'clock in the morning; we therefore went on board at bed-time, and retired as in a hotel.

DREAMS.

ONLY in dreams thy love comes back,
And fills my soul with joy divine.
Only in dreams I feel thy heart
Once more beat close to mine.

Only in blissful dreams of spring,
And sunny banks of violets blue,
The past folds back its curtain dim,
And memory shows thine image true.

A COLLECTION OF CHINESE PORCELAINS.

A COLLECTOR of porcelains is a person to be tolerated, if not to be sympathized with. If his specialty be the earlier porcelains of China, that fact is much in his favor. He has had for comrades princes and duchesses, writers like Elia, who would go without a dinner to buy a saucer, and artists like Fortuny. He is not extravagant though he put half his fortune or his yearly savings into this fragile material, nor is he open to the charge of senseless luxury; for his investment is secure, and ranged along the top shelves of his book-case it is visible and tangible, pleasant to sight and touch, serving to relieve the eye from the tyranny of print, and the mind from the weariness of uninteresting work.

For color in all its varieties and combinations, there is nothing of man's creation to compare with Chinese porcelains of good quality. From a period as remote as that of Charlemagne down to quite modern times, the glazing and firing of pottery has been a fine art in China. Vases have been made there that it is no sacrilege to compare, as to form, with those of the Greeks, and as to color, with anything that is finest. The Chinese themselves liken their best pieces to jade, and everybody knows what a value that stone possesses in their eyes. They have copied in porcelain the forms and decorations of their prehistoric bronze and golden vases, and they rate the copies as highly as the originals. They have lavished on them such painting as the monks of the Middle Ages put on vellum, or pre-Raphaelite painters on canvas or wooden panels. Yet in China, where all this ornament has a meaning not obvious to us, perfectly plain specimens of good color are paid for as dearly as any. They prize the incomparable gamut of colors, including all tints, all tones, all *nuances*, which their fathers have produced. They attribute the perfect success of a piece to a sort of spirit of the kiln protecting it and ordering the firing to the best result.

There is nothing garish about these

CÉLADON CUP WITH SCROLLS AND FLOWERS IN HIGH RELIEF.

porcelains. Their beauty is of the kind that is truly a joy forever. Their color is as gentle as it is powerful, as rich in each example as it is varied in a collection. Of red there may be the gorgeous *sang de bœuf*, ranging from deep Tyrian purple to bright crimson; the splendid coral reds, sometimes, as a last stroke of good fortune in the firing, showing the gold in their coloring matter reduced to the metallic state, or gleaming in the light with all the tints of the rainbow; the rust red of iron, one of the most ancient colors; a vermilion produced from iron; and most valuable of all, though modern, the beautiful tints of rose, due to the chloride of gold. Some French writers make these last into a "family" by themselves, as they also make those pieces that are covered wholly or in part with green, whether it be olive, or "apple green," or the green of the upper surface of the camellia leaf. Many of these are found on very old pieces, and are iridescent in a high degree. The various *céladons* tinged with brown or gray form another variety. Even in black and white there are splendid tones, hard to match—mirror black, ivory white, *blanc de Chine*, dull black in imitation of some European wares, but far superior to them.

To find anything to compare with these triumphs of the ceramic art we must go to Nature, to her corals, jaspers, agates, opal, onyx, and lapis lazuli, or look for analogous tints and textures in the rinds of fruits and the shining surfaces of leaves. Also—and this opens up a field for many curious conjectures as to what the Chinese artists had in mind as types of the colors they wished to see on their vases and cups and jars when drawn from the kiln—many of their superb tones remind one distinctly of articles of food. The very names given at hazard by European collectors would seem to indicate a belief that these queer people had strictly associated with all their notions of color the pleasures of the palate. A bottle of *sang de bœuf* is really colored like the rich juice from a round of beef; a specimen of "mirror black," especially if it show around the edge a partially glazed rim of creamy brown, brings to mind Sir Arthur Guinness's celebrated stout. There are soft white glazes like "congealed fat"; and we dare say a specimen may yet be found, an antique vase, fine, rich, and distinguished, a gem among the precious vases of rare jade, as say the inscriptions, which in its crackling brown and oily glaze shall reproduce the appetizing exterior of that first roast pig so lusciously described by

VASE MARBLED IN SEVERAL COLORS.

Charles Lamb. It is mere fact that there are glazes imitating the color of a mule's lung and that of a horse's liver, which are unmistakably articles of Chinese diet; and there are, to turn to comparisons less gross, tea-color glazes, and rice-color, and plum and peach color, and the apple green before mentioned, and mustard yellow, and that white that De Goncourt compares to a species of *blanc-mange*, and of which he praises the unctuous feel. Apart from color, the character of the material is such that the Chinese themselves, when referring to it, speak of the glaze as the "flesh" of the piece, and the paste as its "bone."

But even yet the list of colors is not exhausted, for there are the violets, old and new, blues of cobalt, turquoise, ultra-

marine, lavender, *clair de lune*, and "blue of the sky after rain." There are factitious jade and imitations of jasper, chalcedony, and colored marble, and pieces streaked or seamed with different colors, or clouded with several shades of the one, *flambé* or *soufflé*. There are, besides, the several kinds of crackle, each of which has an influence on any color in connection with which it may be found, and there is the imitation crackle on blue jars of the "hawthorn" pattern, which, with perhaps more reason, is also said to be an imitation of a mass of fish eggs or of frog spawn.

The *quality*, obtained by a hundred different expedients, which, even more than the fullness and richness of the color, makes the surface of these porcelains superior to any other artificial coloring, tempts the pen not only to describe it in words, but to represent it in black and white. Whoever has taken the pains to analyze his color sensations knows how much his pleasure in this kind is due to gradations, tonings, markings, and cloudings, which are essentially variations of darkness or of light. It is the glory of these Chinese ceramists that not only is their red as truly red as a stick of sealing-wax or a pomegranate flower, but that it is comparable rather to the latter, being of fine texture and of many degrees of depth, of many shades and varieties running into one another. Hence it is not useless, on the score of color even, to illustrate in black and white Chinese "solid-color" pieces.

Of the antique white porcelains so sought after by the old Spanish collectors there is a considerable number in the collection. The little oval vase (in the group here shown), of as beautiful a shape as anything Greek, and of a matter that deserves to take a place with ivory and snow, milk and pearls and lily petals, is decorated under the glaze with peonies and flies incised in the paste, but so delicately that they can only be seen when carefully looked for.

The history of the manufacture of porcelain in China, far from displaying the immobility and the tyrannical rule of precedent and tradition that one would expect, shows a strong and pretty even current of progress from simple forms and decorations of few colors to the greatest elaborateness and richness of design, and the greatest perfection of material.

There were certain stages in this slow development, lasting from the era of Charlemagne until little over a century ago, when the processes and methods of ornamentation known at the time were brought to their highest perfection before some new discovery or some unlooked-for failure of supplies occasioned the rise of a new style. The annals of King-te-chin, the seat of the great imperial manufactory until it was destroyed during the Tae-ping rebellion, are our chief source of information about these ups and downs of the art. The French translation by M. Stanislaus Julien enables us to follow the Chinese author from the epoch of the dynasty of Souy, A.D. 581–618, when it is probable that the first true porcelains were made, down to that of the emperors Kien-long, 1723-96. During this time, divided by French writers into five distinct periods, but three remarkable changes of style have taken place. While the first lasted the porcelains were either white or of a single color, such as would stand the greatest heat of the furnace, or were decorated with blue on the biscuit, and afterward glazed with a transparent white glaze. During the second (Tching-hoa) period, 1465–1567, the enamel colors of what the French call the old green family appeared,

OVAL VASE, ETC.

and a failure of the fine quality of cobalt relied on up to this for decorations necessitated much experimenting for the purpose of discovering a substitute, or of making the best use of the grayish cobalt that was obtainable in combination with other colors, yellow, green, and violet, iron red, often lively in tone, and black for

WHITE VASE DECORATED WITH PINE-TREE IN COLORS.

outlines and details. Toward the end of the period a new supply of fine cobalt was obtained, but it failed again at the commencement of the third period, which, nevertheless, was the greatest, 1567–1723. A great number of new colors were discovered during this time, and every method of painting on porcelain, under and over glaze, in thick and thin color, and for every degree of heat in the firing, was practiced. Egg-shell porcelains, those with rose-color entering into the decoration, or with gold, are not of earlier date than this; but they may, especially if of little artistic merit, be later, as from this time the decadence of the art has been rapid and unchecked.

Although it is known that such and such colors and modes of decoration were not in use before certain dates, it would be to little purpose to speculate on the exact age of any particular specimen of Chinese porcelain. It is safe to assert of any good piece that it is older than the present century. It may be held as certain that a rose-colored vase, or one into the decoration of which that color enters, can not have been made longer ago than 1690, while a piece decorated with blue and white may be of the time of the emperor King-te, who reigned for three years, from A.D. 1004 to 1007. If a jar should be painted with personages wearing the pig-tail, it is not more than two hundred and fifty years old, that appendage having been introduced by the Tartar conquerors; but if the personages represented wear long robes, both men and women, and if the males wear square black head-gear, then it may be of very high antiquity. The Chinese, however, have at all times delighted in reproducing the best efforts of former periods, and have, as a matter of course, and without dishonest intent, copied marks, dates, handling, and everything. Chinese collectors have been in the habit of paying as much for a good copy as for an authenticated original. A European or American collector must therefore be content to do as they do, and class a piece, not as having been made under such or such an emperor or dynasty, though the inscription may state as much, but as being of such a style. Still, taken in this way, a collection may be made a fairly complete and very interesting index to the history of the art and of the peculiar civilization of the Chinese.

The very oldest porcelains, it is likely, were white, either plain or ornamented with engravings in the paste, or with a relief obtained by pressing the paste into similar engravings in wood. The collection contains no specimen of the archaic type with ornaments derived from the prehistoric vases of gold and bronze, with distorted human faces and stiffly designed characters, reminding one of Aztec sculptures. That which has the most antique appearance, a little heart-shaped vase, is ornamented with drawings in several shades of rich blue, of other vases, pi-tongs, and so forth, of the primitive style. It is an exquisite little object though, with a clear, soft, and even white glaze, and the boldness and skillful distribution of the decoration is beyond all praise. It bears one of those series of "six marks" which are supposed to distinguish the manufactures of the later times of the Ming emperors, and which read, "Made from the antique at the house where they practice the virtues," or something of the sort. A little flattened bottle is probably of the same

age, though of a later style. It is completely covered with minute chrysanthemum flowers and leaves splendidly drawn in excellent blue under a clear and shining glaze.

The peculiar fish-egg shading of the blue grounds of old "hawthorn" jars was practiced, so the Chinese chronicler translated by Julien tells us, at a very remote period. Imitations of the best specimens existing at the time were made at King-te-chin under the Mongol dynasty of Yuen, A.D. 1260–1368. The blue "hawthorn" jar here shown is, most likely, of a still later period. The drawing and composition of the branches of plum blossoms show facility of a kind that is not attained to at a very early date in the history of any art. The blue of the ground is deep and pure cobalt of an infinity of shadings, and the glaze is rich and transparent. The ground is carved in cloud-like forms across the branches, separating them from one another, and the management of those clouds of cellular substance and of the twigs that seem to spring out of them is magnificent. The affair is of a gravity, a force, an earnestness, that might make it the achievement of a lifetime, like the suppression of a rebellion or the gaining of a Chinese degree. It is technically excellent in too many ways to belong even to the culminating era of a primitive art. It is probably of the classic time of the end of the Ming dynasty.

Of the examples just described all but a few pieces belong in an important particular to the second class of decorations, those painted either in transparent glaze or in color mixed with thin paste on biscuit. True examples of the earliest style are painted or colored, if at all, on the crude clay before firing—a manner in which drawings can be executed only in blue and red. Applied upon biscuit, some mixed with the paste, others, as the violet, used thin and pure, all the colors anciently known entered into the first style of paintings in polychrome. These are what M. Jacquemart has classed as *vieille famille verte.* "Of these colors," says Du Sartel, "the green, brown, yellow, grayish-violet, approach the enamels employed for colored grounds on biscuit; others, which complete the palette, are iron red, black, and exceptionally blue. Paintings of this sort, known in China before those over glaze, are seldom found except upon pieces of grotesque form and different from ordinary types. Such are those vases elliptical in shape, four-sided, or with sharp edges; tea-pots in the form of animals or bundles of bamboo; platters of eccentric contours; grimacing chimeras; personages of whom the head and the hands remain in biscuit—all decorated over the greater part of their surface with green, yellow, or violet, with reserves painted in the other colors of this restricted palette with animals, flowers, and other objects. These porcelains have a

BLUE "HAWTHORN" JAR.

mat aspect, which has caused them to be wrongly considered as of second quality. They are, on the contrary, very remarkable, as much on account of their fine and close-grained though grayish paste as because of the extreme rarity of their forms, their perfect execution, and the harmonious calm of their paintings. So, despite the temporary and unjust disfavor into which they fell, they have quickly reconquered their place in collections, where they are now classed and considered as among the most curious productions of the ceramic art of the extreme Orient."

There are four or five painted pieces in this collection which come under the above description. One of them is a superb black "hawthorn" vase (page 684). Its colors are black, dull violet, yellow (in the birds), and green. The green and black are strongly iridescent. The markings and outlines of the branches and flowers are in a thin, transparent violet laid on with a touch at once clean and flowing. The

BLACK "HAWTHORN" VASE, MING PERIOD, RICH IRIDESCENT GLAZE.

slaty rocks and the grass at the foot of the vase are drawn with equal sharpness, and the whole has the brilliance of a water-color in transparent tints.

The final development of the art took place during the last reigns of the Ming dynasty, 1644–1723. A great many new colors were invented, especially the rose red of chloride of gold, several new yellows, carmine-purple, opaque white, and others, used afterward too liberally in the crowded decorations of the decadence. Kept within proper bounds, these new tints give a charming air of gayety to the delicate paintings, whether of ornament, or flowers and birds and insects, or scenes from history and romance, in which they are found.

The vase with the curious picture of a Chinese lion bearing flowers to a dignified person in long robes, behind whom an attendant is holding a fan, is covered, except for this medallion and one like it on the opposite side, with a ground of pale rose on a slightly roughened surface. The bright colors of the elegant conventional ornaments are hatched one over another in the manner of good Middle Age illumination.

There are several examples of the decline brought about by European intercourse, large vases, crowded with little figures, garden scenes, pavilions, in the medallions, and with peonies, birds, butterflies, bats, dragons, monsters of all sorts, scrolls, conventionalized foliage, and diapers, in the borders which surround them, and which represent the general ground of the older vases.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century the potters of Rouen and of Delft found it necessary to protect themselves against the Oriental invasion which at that time threatened extinction to their trade, and could think of nothing better than to copy as well as they might the Chinese designs and manner of working. In this way they gained a degree of skill that many of them afterward used in turning the more slightly decorated Chinese porcelains among the constantly increasing importations into something like the more richly decorated and therefore costlier ones. At first their object in doing this may have

FINE VASE WITH PALE ROSE BACKGROUND.

1 2 6 3 4 5
7

NEW AND OLD.

1. Old Hizen, red and blue, on brown crackle. 2. Dutch imitation of Chinese painting. 3. Modern Japanese, modelled in relief in imitation of wood-carving. 4. Old Chinese, dragon and flames in red, white ground. 5. Modern Japanese, dragons in high relief, colored and partly gilded. 6. Old Chinese platter. 7. Chinese bowl.

been to experiment on the hard Chinese paste before trying the same colors on the soft false porcelain that had already been invented in France; but their attempts were not long confined, if they ever were, to this justifiable end. There soon grew up a new industry, which had for its purpose to enrich, to suit the taste of purchasers, those pieces of Chinese ware of which the decoration was considered too simple. In the presence of a collection of veritable Chinese works of high class it is easy to detect the halting and heavy touch, the pale coloring tending to brown and purple, and the predilection for rounded forms and effects of aerial perspective of the European artist. The painting on the jar numbered 2 in the above group, however, is not to be despised. With all its clumsy Chinese-Dutch drawing it has qualities of tone never attained to by a Mongolian, and which in a slight degree recall the coloring of Teniers and the other great Dutchmen.

The European influence was not at first entirely for evil. Those porcelains that are distinguished as "artistic," like the liver-colored bowl above (7), and the large vase with bunches of fruit and leaves (1), and another with leaves and birds and rock-work, betray an intention to suit European tastes. There is evidence that all of this "rose family," vases with opaque enamels, and cups and saucers of egg-shell with translucid paintings of scenes of every-day life, in those tender pale greens and violet carmines that design on the white ground the oval faces and long robes of slender, almond-eyed young Chinese ladies, were made not for home use, but for sale to the "sea devils," as the European merchants were politely called.

From the time of their first appearance in Europe, princes and duchesses, farmers-general and capitalists, have competed against one another for the possession of these charming productions of the land

of the rising sun, but it is only within recent years that a collection like this present one could have been formed. Marguerite d'Autriche, Charles V., and other royal and princely collectors of old times had but a few specimens of white or blue and white. The great collectors of a later time, the Count de Fonspertuis, M. De Jullienne, the Duchesse de Mazarin, had little else but pieces of an ordinary character, which, nevertheless, sold for as much as pictures by Raphael and Murillo. Statuettes of cats and dogs, figurines (*magots*), and vases of the decadence called "pagodes" or "mandarins," were the important pieces of those times. It is doubtful if any of these bearers of the standard of *la haute curiosité* could feast their eyes upon such an assemblage of fine and rare specimens as can Mr. Charles A. Dana, whose collection it is that I have been describing.

The miserable opium wars of France and England against the Chinese, and the robbery of the summer palace of the emperor, resulted in the introduction into Europe of fine porcelains of a sort theretofore almost unknown, some of which have since found their way to this country. The Tae-ping rebellion, which, in destroying the city of King-te-chin, inhabited by nearly two hundred thousand potters and decorators, gave a blow to the manufacture from which it can never recover, at the same time threw thousands of fine pieces, long guarded by wealthy Chinese among their treasures, into the hands of dealers. This source is believed to be now quite exhausted. Our American collectors are dependent on the sales that take place from time to time in Europe, whence piece after piece has been brought over here, until now, in the opinion of one of the largest dealers, but little more can be looked for from that direction. Small vases, only a few inches in diameter, are held at hundreds of dollars; pieces of any size, and showing a particularly beautiful coloring, or rich iridescence, or excellent modelling, or fine painting, may be worth thousands. It is not without reason that they are so prized, for in workmanship, in material, in taste, and artistic invention, they are better than the best specimens of Caucasian art. A Persian water bottle, on the one hand, and some specimens of fine old Sèvres, in Mr. Dana's possession, on the other, are among the best things of the kind that our race can boast of. The Persian piece, of coarse paste-imitation porcelain, made without kaolin, and painted in the careless, blotty manner characteristic of their work, can be put beside the Chinese specimens, though distinctly of lower type than they; but the Sèvres, and the English and the Saxon wares, can not bear comparison with it. The Japanese artists of to-day, stimulated by the demand that exists for work that shall be frankly decorative, and free and artistic as well, and of which they only seem to have preserved the secret, are turning out work in some respects as meritorious as the old Chinese. But though Japanese art is founded on the Chinese, the disposition of the people, gayer, lighter, more impressionable than that of their teachers, shows itself in all that they do. Their work lacks the solidity, the seriousness, the importance, of the Chinese. It may be more amusing, but it is not so deeply interesting. It may be brighter, but not so rich; cleverer, but not as elegant.

Some old Hizen porcelains and some uncommonly good examples of modern Japanese ware make a little collection apart on Mr. Dana's shelves. Clever as are the latter, and remarkable for the strength of their blue and red decorations as are the former, their inferiority to the Chinese wares can not for a moment be disputed. Compare the slap-dash execution of the tall Japanese vase in the group on preceding page (5), with its whirl of spray and cloud, and writhing dragon in high and sharp relief, its poor contour, and its hap-hazard spotting of dark blue and white and gold, with the refined drawing, the smooth luxurious glaze, and the exquisite and original shape of the Chinese piece behind it. The latter is masterly, quiet, *decorous;* the former, with all its wonderful cleverness, its movement, its happy-go-lucky composition, is a mere toy beside it. The more dignified dark brown jar (3), with figures and tree branches in imitation of wood-carving, serves even better to show up the superiority of the old Chinese work; but no Chinese or other work of the present day is equal to it. Its maker, a Japanese lady, is still living.

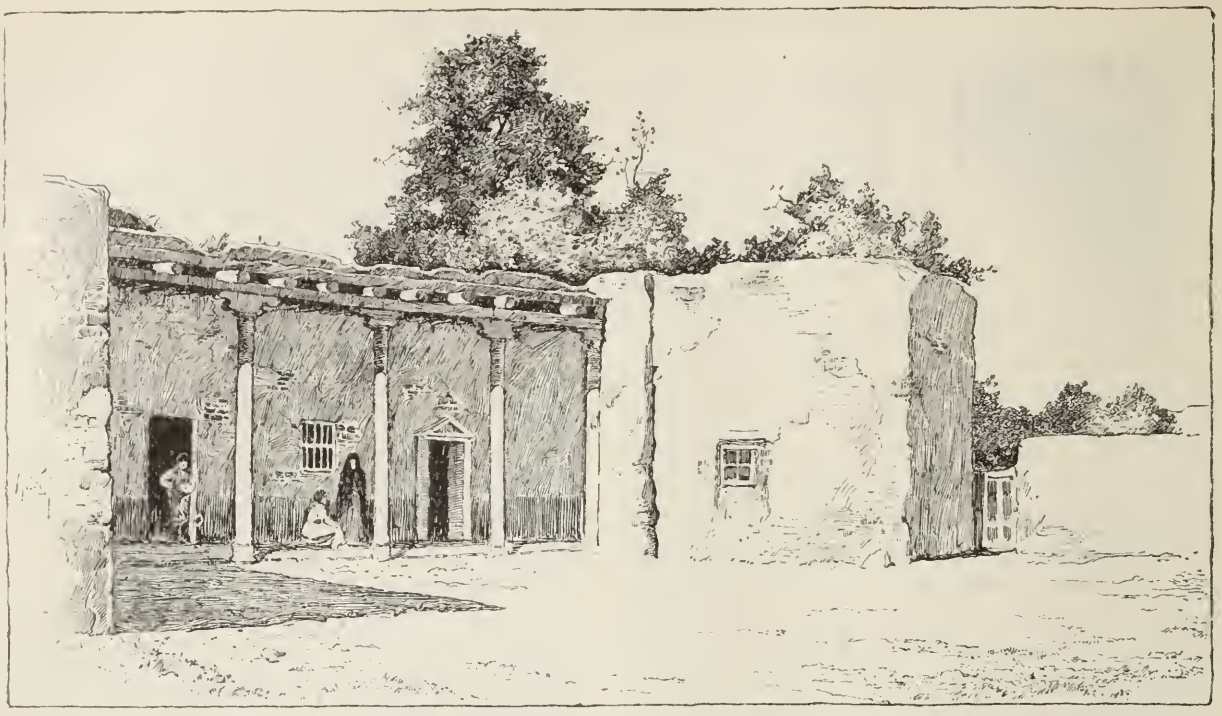
The Chinese spirit, materialistic, rationalistic, describable in the same terms as the matter in which it has loved to work, dense, fine, and polished, has enshrined itself in these objects. It has found in their decoration its best means of expression.

ALONG THE RIO GRANDE.

THE Rio Grande del Norte has been called the Nile of New Mexico. There are, indeed, certain resemblances. Both rivers flow through almost rainless countries, and give marvellous fertility to the bordering lands. The course of each is nearly meridional, the one flowing southward and the other northward. Upon the banks of both streams are low, tawny-hued houses, at a distance hardly to be distinguished from the soil upon which they stand; and the sunny, clear skies of Egypt and New Mexico are much the same. The aboriginal peoples of each valley have fascinating and mysterious histories, and the peculiar isolated mountains along the American stream might answer for Pyramids to tourists fond of resemblances. The Rio Grande in New Mexico has another likeness to the lower Nile. After losing the Rocky Mountains in upper New Mexico from sight, the Rio Grande does not, except in the rainy season, receive a visible affluent until after it reaches the Mexican boundary, a distance of three hundred miles or more. To be sure, we find on the map now and then the name of a stream applied to what proves to be a dry waste of sand and pebbles—the bones of a dead river, as it were. Instead of the majestic current of the Nile, however, with its barges and its steamers, we have a shallow, rapid stream, with only here and there a rude scow for a ferry-boat. In the summer the river often becomes very attenuated, for the Rio Grande Valley has a way of getting extremely thirsty.

This country seemed very remote and foreign four years ago, but now the tourist dashes through it on the Pacific express, marvelling at all the un-American-looking things to be seen from the car window, everything so different from the sights of the accustomed Western regions bordering the old transcontinental railroad line. Where, only a few months before, the complaining "tenderfoot" was cursing the miserable fare of the country, the tourist breakfasts, dines, and sups leisurely at a succession of cheerful railway hotels, for

OLD MILL AT ALBUQUERQUE.



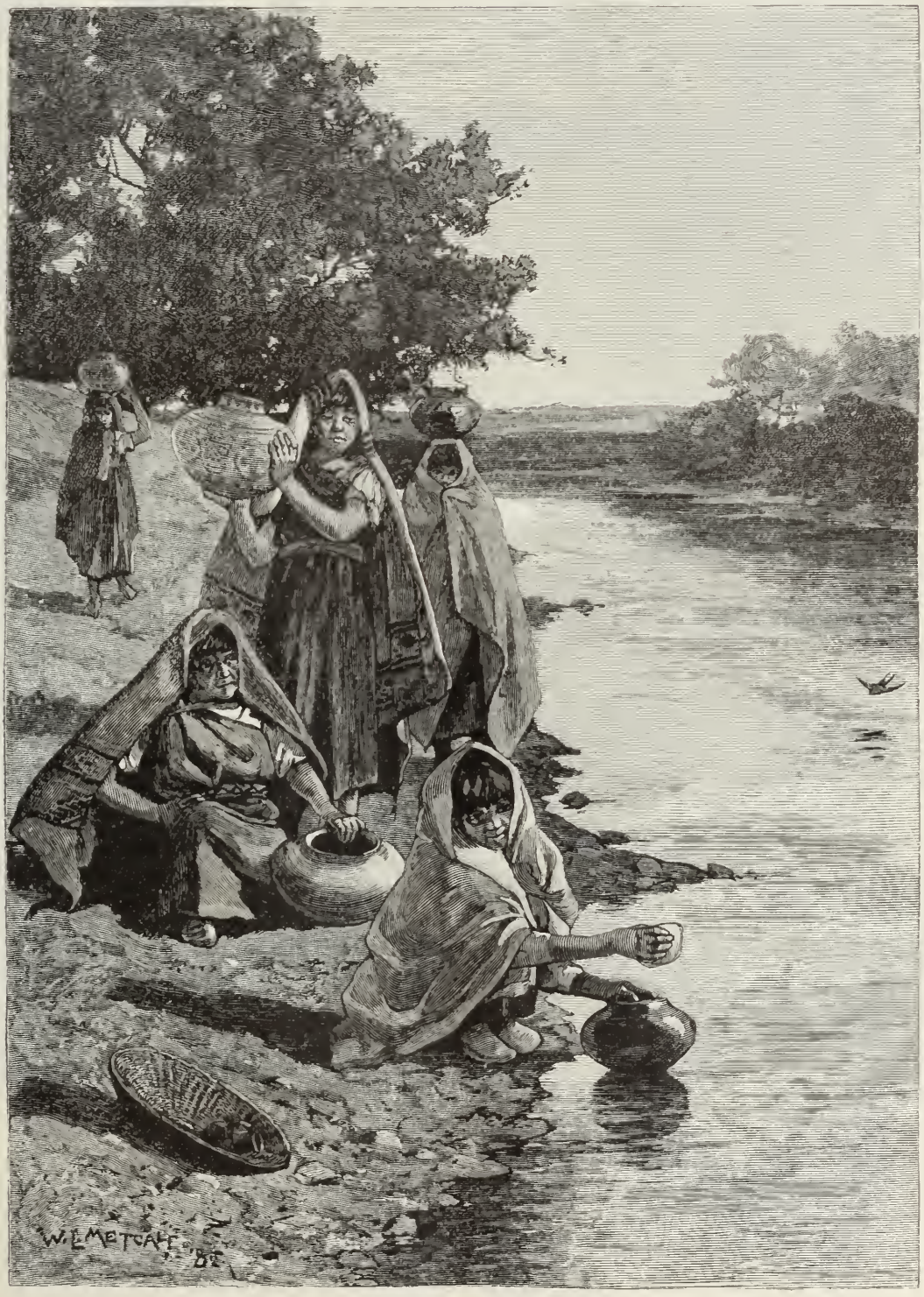
A SPANISH REMNANT, ALBUQUERQUE.

whose well-spread tables daily levy is made upon the fat prairie-lands of Kansas and the perennial orchards of southern California, the express cars bringing daily burdens of fruit, eggs, butter, fresh vegetables, and coops of live chickens, besides the loads of canned dainties for the mining camps, where the fastidious appetites prevailing would bring upon the new generation mocking scorn from the Forty-niner of California with his memories of salt-horse and hard-tack. Everywhere are signs of an awakened, stirring life, which has changed the country as in the twinkling of an eye.

The impression of my first journey down into the valley of the Rio Grande is indelible. The afternoon from Las Vegas to Albuquerque is passed in one of the noblest railway trips on this continent. The smooth, substantially built track of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad sweeps and curves and climbs among and over the mountains in a fearless way. There is a succession of beautiful park-like valleys, with pines that seem to be masquerading in the guise of deciduous trees, so like the forms of maples, beeches, oaks, and even apple-trees are they in their variety. They stand on a carpet of short, sparse grass of a delicate green, so timid in color that it seems to be hesitating whether it shall be green or gray. It was late in May, and the ground was often purple with clouds of wild verbenas, their masses sometimes covering an acre or so with one hue. The railroad skirts the terraced sides of the pine-clad and flat-topped Glorieta Mountains, gradually climbing until a height of nearly eight thousand feet above the sea is reached, giving a glorious vista northward across a valley of immense width to the snow-clad Rockies, every feature of the intervening basin so far below in the world minutely visible in the sunny, transparent, afternoon air.

From the Glorieta summit the train goes plunging rapidly down through the wild Apache Cañon to Lamy Junction. The station is named in honor of the venerable Archbishop Lamy, of New Mexico—a man loved and esteemed by all good citizens, whatever be their creed. Archbishop Lamy has done a noble work during his long service at the head of the Church in New Mexico. He found the Roman Catholic clergy of the Territory a dissolute set—corrupt and profligate, notorious gamblers and libertines. The archbishop soon changed all this; the Church was cleansed of its impurity, and given new servants who honored it in sincerity. Beneficent educational and charitable institutions were established in its name, and however anybody might differ with its doctrines, he must acknowledge and respect the earnestness of its teachers. Here at Lamy the country opens out, and

great mountain clusters rise purple in the west—the Cerillos, a group of conical low peaks, close at hand, the Placers, with stores of precious mineral, the mighty Zandias, the Valles, and the distant blue Jemez range, the latter flecked with snow and wreathed with light clouds. A short train dashes with brisk audacity off on the branch and up a steep grade. It will have a grand labyrinthine climb up the *mesa*, without a pause in its run of twenty-five miles to quaint old Santa Fe, at the feet of the Rockies. In that city one can see at a glance that he is high up on the table-land, for the feet of the great mountain chains all around are hidden, and their heads seem to be peering up over the edges at the ancient city.



INDIAN WATER-CARRIERS.

VIEW ON THE RIO GRANDE BELOW RINCON.

But "all aboard" for the Rio Grande, Texas, Mexico, Arizona, and California! We pass down the valley of the Galisteo, which has a river-bed that seems almost wide enough for a Mississippi, but there is only a ridiculous little thread of water straying around in it, and losing itself completely now and then. The gravelly ground is in spots snowy with alkali. Why is it that the railway embankment is protected with piles, rubble-work, and now and then massive stone walls? The puny baby can suddenly become a giant, it seems. In the rainy season there often comes without warning, except by a deep and distant roar, momentarily growing louder until it is deafening, a foaming and hissing sheet of water tearing down from the mountains, filling from bank to bank the broad bed, empty a moment before. Great bowlders are tossed about like eggs, and are crushed and ground with a booming and crashing like the thunder of artillery. Such is the effect of the cloud-bursts which are of constant occurrence in the latter part of the summer up in the mountains, and filling these dry *arroyos*, that scar the face of the country everywhere with raging torrents in a moment. Therefore the railroad, in bridging and skirting these dry streams, must be more carefully guarded than against the overflows of great perennial rivers, for one of these torrents has often annihilated miles of track and road-bed in exposed places.

In these *arroyos*, be they ever so dry, water is generally reached by digging a few feet. It seems to be one of nature's wise provisions that in this country the streams, instead of keeping in sight to be drunk by the hot sun and the dry air with its sponge-like absorptive capacity, should flee the thirst of their rival elements and sink to safety below their gravelly beds, under whose protection they run down into the Rio Grande unmolested. The streams may thus be said to run upside down, with their beds atop. It is by this means, most likely, that the Rio Grande is enabled to flow such a long distance without a visible tributary. There is therefore more water in New Mexico than might be supposed by the looks of the country, and it is hoped that the sinking of Artesian wells will make large desert tracts extremely fertile.

The train keeps on its rapid down-grade run, the considerable height of the railway line above the river level being shown by the outlook over the great piñon-dotted plains, slanting down gradually like the tilted floor of a theatre stage. The pimpled landscape formed by these piñon-trees, regularly dotted over a great surface, is characteristic of all this part of the country. Seen at first hand, the effect is impressive, but the speckled appearance spoils the landscape for a painter. To an artist the innumerable black spots would be distracting, destroying both the repose and simplicity of the scene. Face to face with nature herself, however, there is something which allows no suggestion of

blemish. Such a landscape, parching under the hot New Mexican sun, has an unspeakable solemnity and an awful calmness. It stretches on and on indefinitely. The distance is not to be measured by the accustomed atmospheric effects of increasing indistinctness in the outlines of objects according to their remoteness—the transparent air forbids that—but by the gradual diminishing of the uniform piñon dots as they recede in the perspective.

The Cerillos are close at hand as we spin past them. In places the wind has blown spray from the Galisteo against the cliffs, and the rocks are thereby incrusted with alkali, making an effect much like that where the high buildings of London in their upper stories are incrusted with salts deposited by the atmospheric gases released through the burning of such vast quantities of soft coal. Here and there are black coal seams in the cliffs. Coal of an excellent quality is abundant in various parts of the Rio Grande Valley. It has hardly been developed yet, but it promises cheap fuel for railway, mining, and smelting purposes, and also for domestic uses.

At the station of Los Cerillos a brisk mining town has sprung up. There are mines of the precious metals, and rich coal deposits are worked to a considerable extent, both bituminous coal and an excellent quality of anthracite being mined here.

PLACITA DE LA GLORIETA.

A few minutes after leaving Wallace's station we come in sight of the Rio Grande, with the Santo Domingo pueblo on its banks. The pueblo, with its irregularly

clustered buildings, has an old-world picturesqueness about it, with orchards around and the gleaming river beyond, a goodly stream winding down from the north through green meadows, and with a stately background of dusky purple mountains. A refreshingly welcome spectacle is all this full rich greenness of grass and trees; the evening air comes in grateful draughts from the river, and the landscape is glorified in the low sun.

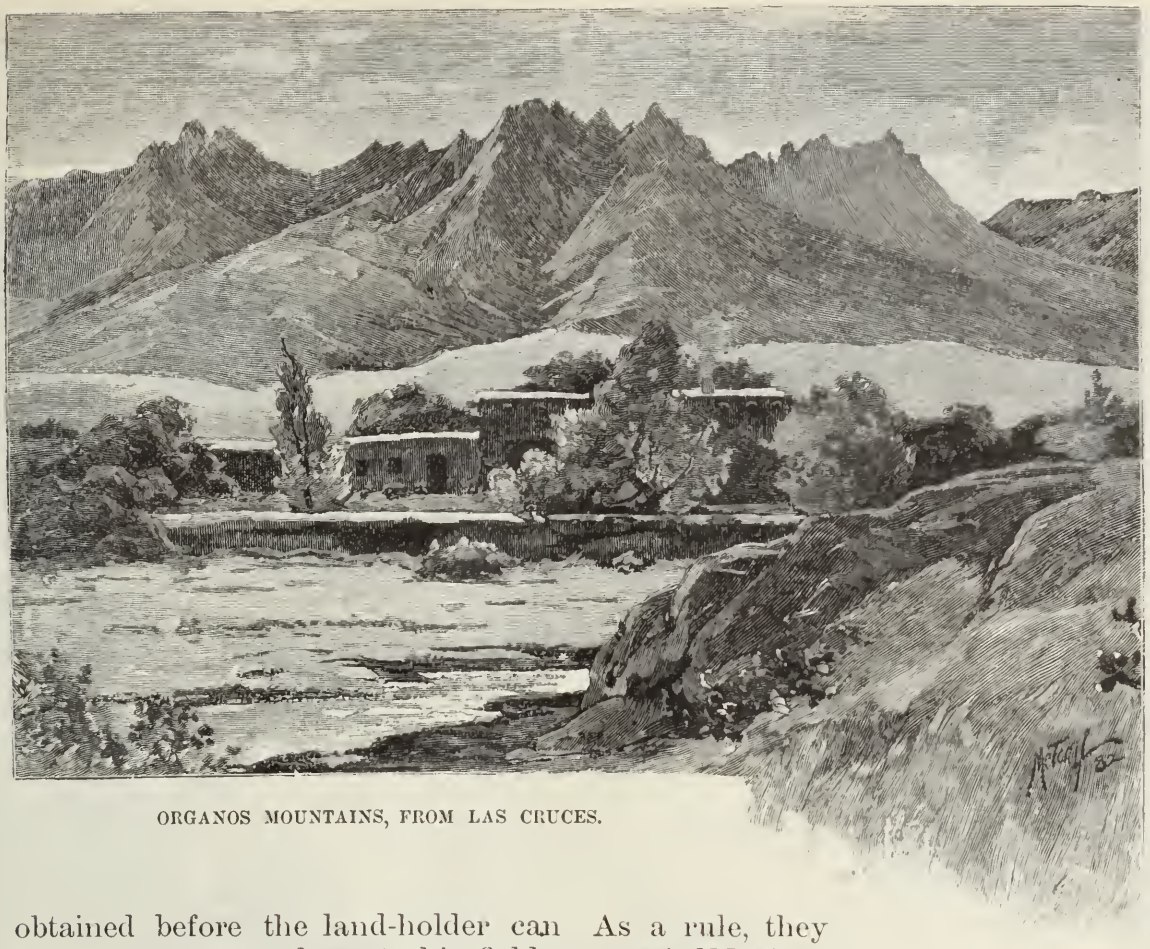
Here the train turns southward and follows the river-bank, crossing now and then the great *acequias*, or irrigating ditches, which give the valley its fruitfulness.

The valley contracts, and the river runs swiftly in its deep channel through a gorge with a high *mesa* on either hand. These *mesas* are here of *mal país* (bad lands), as the Mexicans call the ancient lava formations which are blotted in inky blackness all over the Rio Grande landscape. They cover miles and miles of surface in Titanic accumulations, which tell that there was a hot time in the country in past eras. Just before the valley widens out again we come suddenly upon the pueblo of San Felipe—a ready-made picture. Orchards, walled gardens, shrubbery-bordered *acequias*, and a few houses whose flat roofs are standing-places for statuesque figures gazing at the passing train—that is the foreground on the bank where the railroad runs. The main body of the pueblo faces us from the west side of the river, where it crouches at the foot of a frowning black *mesa* which rises directly behind it. There is a rude church with twin square towers, and in front of it a broad space of bare brown ground slopes down to the river, where a large scow is crossing. The buildings are dazzling with whitewash, and here and there great scales have fallen off, exposing the brown adobe. A transparent golden light fills the calm sunset air. Half the population seem to be taking an evening bath. Chubby children, like bronze cherubs, splash in the shallow ditches, while the river is alive with the frolicking Indian youth.

These Indian pueblos range along the Rio Grande Valley from Taos, something like eighty miles north of Santa Fe, to Isleta, a few miles below Albuquerque, and are either directly on the river-banks or back at the feet of the mountains, in some tributary valley like Taos or Jemez.

The Rio Grande Valley broadens out below San Felipe. The water from the river runs in the great *acequias* for twenty or thirty miles or more, carrying verdure well up the slopes to vineyards and fields of wheat and alfalfa. Now and then a "tenderfoot," as they call a new-comer, seeing the seemingly ascending lines of the *acequias* as they go down the valley, expresses his wonder how in the world they make water run up-hill in this country. The *acequias* are public works, and in each place are under the control of the highly important local official called the *mayor domo*, whose permission must first

ISLETA GARDENS.



ORGANOS MOUNTAINS, FROM LAS CRUCES.

be obtained before the land-holder can have the water turned on to his fields, which is done at stated intervals.

The stations and villages along the way have soft Spanish names—Algodones, Bernalillo, Alameda. The vineyards of the Rio Grande have their northern limit at Bernalillo. These form one of the most important resources of the valley. We approach the grand Zandia Mountains. On the west, just across the river, near Bernalillo, a mass of craggy rock juts up alone from the bluff, in shape like a great ruined castle of the Rhine. Now and then there stands amidst the cultivated fields a characteristic large Mexican mansion with rambling out-buildings, the hacienda of some wealthy don, with a proud Castilian name which may have been borne by an ancestral follower of Cortez or Coronado. These families are of the highest refinement and cultivation, and the sons are often educated at European universities. Under the Stars and Stripes they have lived the same old Spanish life of their ancestors, but the patriarchal quiet is now disturbed by the rush of the locomotive.

On the annexation of New Mexico to the United States there was a considerable influx of Americans. Isolated from "the States" by a thousand miles of unpeopled plains, they became Mexicanized. As a rule, they married Mexican wives, and their children, in most cases, speak little or no English. Now the railroad has brought a large secondary immigration, which is, in its turn, Americanizing the Mexicans. These throughout the Territory are rapidly becoming trained in United States ways of thinking and business dealings. It has been common for new-comers to sneer at the Mexicans as slow and behind the times, but careful observers have noted that the leaders among them have been fully abreast of the old American residents in welcoming the new order of things, conforming to the modern ways, and assisting in their adoption. The Mexican population of the Territory is very large; the Legislature is almost entirely Spanish-speaking, and as the American members are mostly conversant with the language, it is practically the only one spoken in that body. English and Spanish are both legal languages. The laws and all public notices are printed in both tongues.

The Roman Catholic Church has sagaciously not opposed the new order of things. The schools of the Territory are mostly in the hands of the Catholics, and they insist on the teaching of English thoroughly, that the growing generation

STREET IN EL PASO.

may not stand at a disadvantage beside the incoming population. Still, it will be a long time before the Mexican of New Mexico is thoroughly anglicized. Perhaps, like the other representative of the Latin race in North America, the habitant of Canada after the conquest, he will more than hold his own.

The nineteenth-century touch given by the railroad has transformed the humdrum old Mexican place of Albuquerque into, or rather has added on to it, a bustling railroad centre, with street cars, fine stores, a number of hotels, and a rapidly growing population and trade. The importance of Albuquerque comes largely from its situation at the point where one of the most important parts of what is known as the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe system, the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, branches off from the main line. The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, known as the thirty-fourth parallel route, has the advantage of being the most direct line to the Pacific, having the easiest grades, traversing a region without great extremes of either heat or cold, and with a succession of highly picturesque and varied scenery. The general offices of the Atlantic and Pacific and its extensive construction and repair shops are at Albuquerque, forming the centre of an important new quarter of the town, or "addition," as the trans-Mississippi word is. The real junction of the Atlantic and Pacific is at Isleta, twelve miles to the south, but the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe rails are used by the trains of the former for the intervening

distance. The eastern division of the Atlantic and Pacific is under construction through the Indian Territory, across the "Pan-handle" of Texas and eastern New Mexico to Albuquerque, and will form a direct line to St. Louis in connection with the St. Louis and San Francisco, which it joins at the boundary of Missouri and the Indian Territory, and which is joint owner of the Atlantic and Pacific with the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe.

The veteran American inhabitants of Albuquerque—of little over three years' residence—tell of the "olden times" when there were only a few tents and shanties where the new town now stands—New Albuquerque, as it is called, built about two miles to the eastward of old Albuquerque, close to the railroad. To the rapid growth of the place I can testify. Returning after a month's absence in 1881, I found that the number of buildings had about doubled. The manufacture of adobes was going on at a prodigious rate, and there was a lively clatter of carpentry in the erection of frame buildings. The tinder-box style of building, however, is hardly adapted to the dry climate, to say nothing of its discomfort under a vertical summer sun and in sand-storms. After a great fire has swept away all the wooden structures, as it inevitably must, a return to the comfortable and rational adobes may be expected, where brick is not used. These have made Santa Fe about the only fireproof city in the United States, or it was so until lately, a number of ready-made Chicago frame buildings having been swept away collectively by a fire, after standing three or four months.

Visiting Albuquerque again a year and a half later, in 1882, I found the changes that had taken place in the mean time still more remarkable. Where at that time there was but one business street, lined with an inferior class of buildings, and scattering houses dotted here and there over the level fields, outlining the anatomy of the town that was to be, the skeleton had become clothed with good solid urban flesh, or, to speak more literally, with brick, stone, adobe, and timber. The buildings now stood in sturdy ranks. Railroad Avenue had been paralleled by another and a handsomer business street named Gold Avenue; the intersecting cross streets had also been built up with business houses; large and glittering plate-glass windows were filled with attractive goods in the latest fashions; a spirit of modern æsthetic taste was not infrequent in exterior and interior decorations; there were cleanly restaurants where a nicely broiled duck shot on the banks of the Rio Grande, or a cut of buffalo-fish caught in its waters, was served in a style that might cause one to draw a veil over the memories of the horrors of frontier cookery that haunted the place; and the streets were brightly illuminated by a gas of excellent quality made from coal mined out on the Atlantic and Pacific Railway near the Arizona line—a particularly gratifying change from the all-pervading darkness of former days, into which one ventured with grave apprehensions lest a "hold-up" might be in waiting for him. The first brick had been manufactured in the town only a few months before, and there were already numerous brick buildings of substantial architecture on the business streets. Altogether Albuquerque had become the most city-like looking town in the Southwest, and a place of bright prospects—"a second Denver," it was called.

Albuquerque has not the charming situation of Santa Fe, nor its incomparable summer climate, its altitude being something like two thousand feet less. No town on the Rio Grande, however, is without mountain scenery, and Albuquerque is fortunate in having the Zandia about twelve miles to the eastward. I have never been more tempted to enthusiastic superlatives than in the presence of this magnificent rock pile, which has the large dignity of a single long-sweeping wave uplifting itself in a calm sea. The sky here knows few changes. The Zandia, however, makes up for this, and alters its aspect from morning to night, its surface presenting those subtle effects of light and shade that an artist is wont to seek in the shifting clouds. In the morning the mountain rises above the town a mass of dark and vague purple shadow with majestic contour. The march of the hours is marked by indescribable changes in surface appearance; a broad platform appears, a rock pinnacle shoots up, a tremendous ledge juts out into the clear light from the depth of shadow still behind, and a new race of Titans seems to be springing into being from the womb of their mountain mother. There is no haze, but in the heat of noon a robe of transparent atmospheric purple enwraps the mountain royally, and pulsates with the life of the

hour. It is not until the low sun throws his rays full on the western face that every rock, every detail, of the gigantic mass is revealed, and the whole seems close at hand. Then the sun suddenly suffuses it all with gold, and flushes the summit with a rosy cloud-wreath, until the splendor fades away into the dusk, and the mountain becomes more darkly mysterious than in the morning.

In the region of Albuquerque there begins a marked characteristic of the mountain forms of the Southwest, reaching away down into Mexico. The peaks are not disposed in continuous ranges, but stand in isolated groups, which seem to be sailing away down the plains like icebergs at sea, the distant ones showing their conical summits just above the horizon. The Rocky Mountains proper end at Santa Fe, and they might be compared to a great glacier mass pushing down from the north until it can no longer resist the hot southern sun, but breaks up into detached fragments like icebergs, which continue their southern voyage scattered widely over the plains.

The Rio Grande is on each side hemmed pretty closely in by mountains in its course through New Mexico. On the way up westward from Isleta on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad trains, climbing the steepest continuous grades that exist throughout the course of that railroad, there is a remarkable view for a long, long way directly down the valley, and it seems as if the straight track of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe, shooting away as far as the eye can see, might then keep on without a curve until it reached the south pole. The whole narrow breadth of the valley may be surveyed at a glance, and one is struck by its uniform V-shape, a great trough, with the mountains standing apart along the sides like lines of posted sentries.

One of the most striking things about New Albuquerque to me on my first visit was the sidewalk, to use a Hibernianism, it being actually in the middle of the broad Railroad Avenue, for the street-car track was planked over between the rails and used as a walking place, while the rest of the street was a bed of soft sand. The old town, however, has a number of picturesque features, it being pretty thoroughly Mexican, and the entire business of the place having removed to New Albuquerque, it is dull enough. The most charming piece of architecture is the *Molino de la Glorieta* (the mill of the grove, as its Spanish name signifies). It is a building of wood and adobe, irregular in construction, and embowered in a grove of fine large trees planted by its prosperous owner, Mr. Franz Huning, one of the old residents, and a leading merchant and wine-grower. Mr. Huning brought with him from Germany a German's love of the forest, which has made him an impassioned tree-planter during his long residence in New Mexico. In 1881 he set out 1500 trees. There are in old Albuquerque some pleasant Mexican houses with pretty court-yards filled with flowers.

I had no idea that there could be so much character to the humble adobe before coming to New Mexico, but I found that it was capable of excellent architectural results when used appropriately. The size of the mud bricks makes them adapted to massive forms of construction, in which broad and stately effects may be obtained. In hue the adobe varies with the region, so that each place has literally its "local color." Adown the Rio Grande it passes through all the shades of brown, from a rich golden tone to a burnt sienna. In some places it looks exactly like red sandstone, and at Fort Wingate, in the western part of New Mexico, beyond the continental divide on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, it is a light gray, which looks white against a background of dark pines.

The gardens and orchards along the Rio Grande strike unspeakably joyous notes of color; perhaps because of the crystal clear air, perhaps on account of the immediate contrast with the desert which is always a neighbor—probably for both reasons. The contrast of the adobe garden walls—broad horizontal bands of brown glowing in the sunshine—with the luxuriant and brilliant verdure of the orchard foliage that crowns them, is exceedingly beautiful.

The varieties of fruit that have been introduced from the East of late years attain a remarkably fine flavor. I never before enjoyed such delicious strawberries and cherries as in a hospitable garden at Santa Fe, the consequence of perpetual sunshine, and an unfailing supply of water applied just at the time it is wanted. Fruit-raising on the Rio Grande promises to become an extensive and profitable business.

The Jesuits who are in charge of the

church of San Felipe Neri have a beautiful garden in Albuquerque, with long alleys densely shaded by fruit and nut trees, and bordered with all sorts of small fruits. There are pleasant benches to rest upon, and in the shade it is delightfully cool, for in the clear dry air, which does not hold the heat, there is a vast difference between sunshine and shadow. The Jesuits have a fine vineyard, and make an excellent quality of wine. Vegetation grows rapidly here when once started, and it seems hardly possible that, only twelve years before, this garden could have been an arid waste.

Albuquerque is the centre of an important wine-growing district, being only surpassed in the valley by La Mesilla and El Paso. A number of firms are engaged in the business here, and since they have established the practice of buying the grapes from the Mexicans and pueblo Indians, and making the wine themselves in large quantities, the quality has much improved. It is related that at the pueblo at San Felipe there were once considerable vineyards, but as the Indians got drunk on the wine they made, their autocratic governor, who is elected by themselves, adopted the summary and effective remedy of uprooting the vineyards. Now that the Indians can sell their grapes, they have been permitted to plant their vines again. Some of the best vineyards in the valley are those belonging to the industrious and frugal Indians at Isleta. There are commonly but two kinds of grape grown—the Mission, which is the same as that of California, and the Muscatel—both being of the European species, a quite different fruit from the grape of native origin cultivated in "the States." The vines are planted only a few feet apart, and are not trained on poles as in France and Germany, nor on trellises as in Italy, but have no support at all, being kept very low and stumpy, growing only about three feet high. This is principally to enable easy protection, as through the winter the vines are covered with earth heaped up from between the rows. Since the climate is not so severe as in French and German wine-growing regions, at first consideration it seems as if this precaution should be no more needed here than there, but a wine-grower told me that in his opinion it was not so much the temperature as it was the dry quality of the cold air which killed the vines. At Mesilla I was told that some growers in that place covered up their vines, while others did not, and it seemed to make no difference. Mesilla, however, is protected from the sweep of the cold northerly winds by a range of mountains. The vineyards of the Rio Grande were sadly injured in the November of 1880, when an early cold snap found many growers with their vines uncovered. Thousands of vines were killed. The vines are of Spanish origin. Possibly if experiments were made with the hardier varieties from France and Germany, these might be found to need no covering, and the quality of the wine might also be improved, as it has been in California. There are thousands of acres on the Rio Grande available for grape culture, and the wine product may be expected to increase with the attention attracted to the resources of the valley by the building of the railroad.

The quality of the wine differs greatly. The average native wine found in Santa Fe—it is not grown there; the altitude is too great for the European grape—was abominable stuff. In Albuquerque, however, one can find excellent wine, especially at the Jesuit fathers', and also at some of the principal wine-growers'. The late Madame Josephine Tondré, at Isleta, was famed for her wine, and was one of the most successful growers. The wine of Mesilla and El Paso is also of good quality. The best of the red wine is light, and not at all heady. The best "white" wine—it is about the color of sherry—has a taste something like a very dry sherry with an approach to Hock, the sherry flavor doubtless a reminiscence of the Spanish origin of the grape.

The wine is cheap, but tourists seldom see it unless they make an effort. The strangeness of the scenery and the people attract genuine pleasure-tourists to New Mexico, which they find as foreign in character as the lands across the ocean. Your true tourist always likes to test the local specialties in food and drink, for without them he feels as if he had hardly known the country. Travellers always enjoy with an especial relish the antelope steak served at railway eating-houses in Colorado and western Kansas on this account. Now if they were only allowed the pleasure of a bottle of the *vino del país*, at a moderate price, with their meals at the excellent railway eating-houses in New Mexico, the popularity of the southern transcontinental route might be in-

creased, while to railway dyspeptics it would afford a blessed relief from the alternative between alkali water and tea or coffee, the indulgence in the latter two of which three times a day is apt to be too much for the nerves and quiet rest of many travellers.

New Mexico is undoubtedly very rich in mineral resources, but her development comes considerably later than that of Colorado, and it received a sudden though not disastrous check in the collapse of the "mining boom" in the East. Too many Eastern investors have been bitten by the handling of fancy stocks for a full restoration of confidence, and future prosecutions of mining enterprises will mostly have to be made by parties on the ground or near the spot, instead of after the "unsight-unseen" method. Really good mining property does not have to go a-begging.

New Mexico has made great progress as a mineral-producing Territory since the suppression of the Apache outbreak in 1881, which paralyzed nearly all mining enterprise for several months. The discoveries at Lake Valley, and the brilliant showing made by New Mexico at the Denver Mining Exhibition in the summer of 1882, opened the eyes of outside people to the resources of the Territory. There followed a great immigration of miners from Colorado and other mineral regions, and the increase of New Mexico's output of rich ore has been remarkable.

Meanwhile the prospector is scouring the country; one meets him by day, travelling generally in pairs with ponies and pack-mules or *burros*, and at night the mountain-sides are a-twinkle with his camp fires. The miners of New Mexico are a fine class of men, as a whole, and a credit to their trade. There are many clear-eyed, brown-cheeked lads among them, cheery, frank, and pleasant-spoken, and the Eastern college graduate is not unfrequently of their number. The life is generally a healthy one. Courage and hope are kept up by the expectation of "striking it rich" at any moment. The professional prospector, when he hits upon a promising claim, does not wait to realize a large sum upon it, but sells out for a few thousand dollars. He finds it more profitable in the end to keep moving rather than wait for the chances of making a fortune at one sweep. Single great mines, or mines of great promise, have thus in the wild days of speculation passed through a number of hands before their final capitalization at a million or so in the Eastern stock market. The man in New Mexico is poor indeed who does not carry a mine in his pocket; that is, represented by specimens of brilliant-hued ore, streaked with red, green, blue, purple, wonderfully iridescent, stratified with layers of native copper and silver, or speckled with gold flakes. The unskilled Easterner gazes thereon in wonder, and taking their beauty as a measure of their worth, concludes that they must assay thousands of dollars to the ton.

The traveller bound down the valley now goes to sleep in his Pullman berth shortly after leaving Albuquerque. When, at about four o'clock in the morning, the porter awakens him to tell him he is almost at Rincon, the junction where he is to change cars for El Paso, the midsummer air is laden with a strange aromatic odor, something like a sweet mixture of peppermint and sage. This scent is so universal that it becomes oppressive and almost sickening. It comes from the herbage on the plains. The first glimmer of dawn is faintly limning the eastern mountain-tops as one steps out on to the platform at Rincon station. The Arizona and California bound passengers sleep quietly on as the Pullman speeds on to Deming to join the Southern Pacific Railroad.

We start out for El Paso in the early light. The vegetation has become more southern. The cacti are larger, and new varieties appear. Dense and beautiful woods border the river, whose company we are keeping once more. Soon we are in the midst of a mountain range, the San Diego, and the Rio Grande is plunging through a gorge of wonderful wildness and grandeur. The railway keeps close to the river, turning and twisting hither and thither while we gaze out upon some of the finest scenery in New Mexico. The rock is volcanic, and how it must have been hurled and tumbled about in the ancient convulsions to give it such disordered forms! This land must have looked like a Titans' bivouac when all these craters which dot it were aflame.

The rising sun gilds the peaks, and there is a glorious opposition of dark foreground masses against light summits, distant and high. The point of view changes radically every moment, and the new vistas ever opening down the stream give keen delight to this morning ride. The river dashes wildly through the gorges.

A sight of cool blue peaks, sharp as needles and closely serrated, is caught above the near mountains. They appear and disappear, but at last a turn in the gorge brings the train suddenly out into the wide valley, and the remarkable Organ Mountains stand in full view to the eastward, showing the full height of their majesty from foot to summit as they rise from the plain. They received the name of Organ Mountains (*Sierra de los Organos*) from the Spaniards, who saw in their striking perpendicular lines a resemblance to giant organ pipes. Though considerably lower than the Zandia, they appear to be higher, the lower level of the valley making the difference. Their neighborhood gives to Las Cruces and Mesilla a dignity equal to that conferred upon Albuquerque by the Zandia. A suspicion that the Organs concealed valuable mines had long existed, and when the railroad opened up the country to prospectors, the neighboring town of Las Cruces built considerably upon the expectation of its verification. But the looked-for "boom" did not come, and the place relapsed into the dull Mexican drowse from which the locomotive whistle had aroused it long enough to lay out a new town site, but it did not endure long enough for the disposal of any of the lots. Las Cruces was therefore astonished to find one day in 1882 that the long-awaited and almost despaired-of discovery had really been made; that ore had been struck in the Organs, assaying away up in the hundred thousands. So Las Cruces has at last come to her own, and is now a mining centre of no mean importance.

Las Cruces and La Mesilla are the two important places of this region. They are immediate neighbors. When New Mexico was annexed to the United States the boundary line ran just south of the town of Doña Ana, and to escape the annoying assumptions of the newly immigrated Americans, a large number of Mexicans left and founded La Mesilla, just across the boundary in Mexico, and away on the banks of the Rio Grande. That stream is a very capricious one, and in its high stages it changes its course in dozens of places every year, the light soil of its banks offering little opposition to the will of the waters. One morning, a few years ago, the inhabitants of La Mesilla awoke and found themselves on the other side of the river, which, during the night, had decided to go to the westward of the town. In driving to Mesilla from Las Cruces one fords the old channel, which is now a pond of clear water filtering in through the sand.

The fertility of the Mesilla Valley led to its purchase from Mexico by the United States under the Gadsden Treaty, moving the boundary about thirty miles southward, and making American citizens of the Mesilleros after all. La Mesilla is a charming-looking place, with luxuriant gardens and noble trees densely shading its streets. The United States land office for the southern part of New Mexico is here, and the great excess in the number of paid-up mining claims over those of the northern district at Santa Fe speaks well for the prosperity of the mining interests of the section. Contemplating the uncultivated soil, one wonders where the Mesilla Valley got its fame for fertility, since it apparently consists of barren sand tufted with rank weeds. But an abundance of sunshine and water works wonders here, as is testified by the rich, tilled fields and the many beautiful orchards and vineyards. The profits of agriculture here are great. One of the leading citizens of Mesilla is said to have an annual income of something like $10,000 from eighteen acres of vineyard and orchard. Several hundred acres of prairie land would hardly accomplish so much. The mildness of the climate is shown by the existence of a beautiful large fig-tree in the *pátio* of one of the Mesilla houses. Considerable Mesilla wine is now taken East by the railway, and it is averred that in the hands of New York dealers the Mesilla label is not infrequently replaced by the legend, "Fine Old Sherry."

The onion is a famous product of the Mesilla Valley; it grows to an enormous size—larger than I have ever seen or heard of elsewhere. Onions seven or eight inches in diameter are not uncommon.

The *acequias madres*, the "mother canals" of the irrigating system, broad and shaded by fine trees, are a beautiful feature of the scenery. Their water is of a tawny orange, and flows as rapidly as that of the river. It is genially warm; delightful for bathing, despite the abundant earthy matter held in suspension.

The fear has been expressed that it would be hardly possible to irrigate the Mesilla Valley much more extensively than at present, as the water supply is scanty, and

in some seasons the river runs dry altogether; but it is likely that a system of wells would make the water supply ample enough for all demands. In Syria extensive vineyards are irrigated from large wells dug for the purpose, and some day it may be found profitable to apply the same idea to the Mesilla Valley. The water of the river underlies the whole valley bottom. A few feet below the ground at any place water is always found in abundance. This accounts for the magnificent trees in La Mesilla. Their roots strike down into the ground water, so that in the driest of weather and fiercest of heats they are never athirst, but always proudly lift up their crowns of deep rich emerald. Fruit trees, after a good start, never require irrigation, it is said. They grow very large here, and in the enormous peach-trees one would hardly recognize the short-lived tree of the North.

Between Las Cruces and El Paso the railroad traverses plains of mesquite, about whose enormous roots great sand mounds are heaped. The mesquite, a species of acacia, naturally grows up into a considerable tree, but the frequent sweeping of the plains by fire keeps it a shrub in appearance. Its vitality must, however, come into play somehow, and therefore it runs all to root. These mesquite roots form the fuel of the region. An insignificant-looking bush will thus often yield cords of wood.

The mountains skirting either side of the broad valley draw near together as El Paso is approached, and the train is soon passing beside the river through a wild gorge. On the other side is another railway track, and even for some distance it runs parallel with ours. It is the Southern Pacific, and as soon as a white monument high up the steep mountain-slope tells that down as far as the Gulf the right bank of the Rio Grande is foreign soil thenceforth, it crosses the river on a high iron bridge in order to keep within the United States, and runs beside us through the pass at a higher grade. Passing Fort Bliss, we alight in El Paso, and step into a drift of light sand almost as fine as ashes. El Paso has not always borne its present euphonious name. The settlement was originally called Magoffinsville, and afterward Franklin, by which latter name it is still known in Mexico. The fine sand prevailing everywhere is the great drawback to comfort. One has to wade through it almost ankle-deep in some places, and the carriages send up clouds of suffocating dust. The massive adobe buildings, with arched colonnades over the sidewalks, as in many Italian cities, give parts of the town considerable picturesqueness. High mountains slope back from either side of the river. They are grand in aspect, but with the utter barrenness of their naked rock they do not invite intimacy, as our Northern hills beckon us to them with the beauty of woods, glens, and upland glades, with their brooks, mosses, and ferns. It seems as if the mountains of North America, in their march southward, gradually disrobed themselves. Sometimes at first sight they are forbidding, but here and there their ravines conceal scenes of rare beauty. Outwardly, however, they look stern and unrelenting, bristling with nude crags that pierce the hot sky.

El Paso is now a great railroad centre, and therefore promises to become an important city. Four giant railway corporations meet here—the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe, from Kansas City; the Southern Pacific, from San Francisco on the one hand and New Orleans on the other; the Texas and Pacific, from St. Louis; and the Mexican Central (*Ferro Carril de Central Mejicano*), from the city of Mexico. The published plan of the town site of El Paso shows that its people have great expectations. The projected rectangular streets gridiron the desolate waste of foot-hills—at present a regular Sahara—occupying space enough for a second Chicago.

The prosperity of El Paso will naturally be shared by its Mexican neighbor, Paso del Norte, where the Mexican Central Railroad has extensive terminal grounds, and a handsome railway station of adobe with a large court in the Mexican style. There is also a line of horse-cars between the two towns.

From the foot-hills back of El Paso the Rio Grande may be seen winding down toward the Gulf, seemingly irresolute how to choose its way among the distant peaks that loom up from the Texan and Mexican plains like great hay-stacks. Below El Paso the Mexicans call the stream the Rio Bravo. It means "rapid river," but taking the Spanish literally, I concluded that the name must be bestowed because it was indeed a brave river to have come so far through a thirsty land and still have any water left in it.

TOO MUCH MOMENTUM.

I.

HOW old Professor Evers was, none of his neighbors knew, but they all thought it quite probable that he would never grow older; certainly, in appearance at least, he had not changed a particle for twenty years. His smooth, round, ruddy face—all the ruddier because his short, thick hair was so white—furnished a fine picture of sound mental action, heartfelt calm, and animal force. No lines radiated from the clear, joyous, inscrutable gray eyes; no flight of arrows sped from the corners of the firm mouth across the cheeks and the chin when he laughed with his friendly neighbors, as he often did—perhaps much oftener when his friendly neighbors were not present to see. And then his varied and incessant activity, bodily and intellectual, was testimony direct of his vigor, energy, and sanity. Still, inasmuch as he was peculiar in both his appearance and habits, it is not surprising that his neighbors, who were peculiar neither in the one nor in the other, should gradually have come to eye him askance; and by reason of some facts to be mentioned later, it is not to be wondered at that little legends, loosened one by one from this brain and from that brain, and floating all toward him, should have attached themselves to various parts of his personality, and in time have formed about it a misty envelope, seen through which the things that had been in no wise remarkable now became quite extraordinary, and the things never wholly understood henceforth truly mysterious.

For, in the first place, no one knew anything of the origin of Professor Evers. Twenty years before this momentary uplifting of the curtain from his life, the college in Owensville—a quiet town situated in the heart of the blue-grass region of Kentucky—had called him by correspondence from some small institution in the North to fill the chair of chemistry in its own faculty. The executive committee in doing so had construed its functions with admirable strictness, and having satisfied itself of the approved qualifications of the desired incumbent, it had forborne to penetrate to the secrets of his private history, inherited and original peculiarities, and other phenomena, which are wont in such cases to become matters of intense local and social concernment. He provoked attention even then by the picturesque contrast between his youthful, handsome face and his very gray hair, no less than by the reticence of his character and the tender seclusion in which he kept the fragile, seraphic young creature whom he introduced as his wife; and the spirit of investigation, which is always strongly developed in small college towns, felt itself so outraged by these unexplained variations of human structure, and by these incalculable misdemeanors of human conduct, and in consequence behaved itself in a manner so unseemly, that, as the result of the first year's acquaintance—or rather of the first year's failure to get acquainted—a separation took place between Professor Evers and Owensville—the town remaining where it was; Professor Evers going four miles into the country, and buying a farm situated near one of the beautiful turnpikes that everywhere thread that beautiful region. On his own fertile, velvety acres he had since resided, but alone; for the year after his removal fragile Mrs. Evers had faded away as softly as a white mist, leaving him childless. Thenceforth he had become to the eyes of his pastoral world three things—a professor of chemistry, a practical botanist, and a farmer. And of all the idyllic farms beneath the sky of that region—so blue, so calm, so bountiful of light, so far-vaulted—there was none more alluring than his. It was a paradise of bloom and music, of greenness and running waters. There were woodlands crowned heavily by huge walnuts of immemorial youth; maples so green when all the woods are brown; king oaks from whose topmost bough the squirrel dropped with painless fall; benign elms on whose far-reaching arms the vine slept the summer through, or, waking, reached outward to embrace the ash, which, pale and tender, loves to grow apart; and mighty avenues of water-seeking sycamores with leopard-spotted limbs. There were meadows over which grazed the cattle, and quiet, shaded pools where huge bristling porkers buried their larded sides in miry coolness. On one hill-side an orchard; on another a vineyard of Concord and Catawba, from which the vintager made his own wine; while caught in a delicate, glistening net-work of fences were great white barns and spacious homes for all gentle feathered folk; and

wondrous gardens, both of vegetables and flowers.

For many years Professor Evers had added to the improvements of this place, until now it was left without lack or blemish; and in the mean time, also, he had so remodelled the substantial brick dwelling, which he had found newly erected on it at the time of his purchase, that it lay with something like ideal beauty in the foreground of his pastoral landscape. Now, as it seemed to his neighbors, there was nothing more for him to do—nothing but to teach on and on and on until he should die—if death was to be his portion—bequeathing his wonderful farm—*to whom?* His neighbors felt as much interest in asking that question as they felt their inability to answer it. But just yet there seemed no necessity for answering it. Twenty years now they had been watching him take unlimited draughts of that fatal mixture, atmospheric air, as safely as though it had been the fabled elixir of immortal youth. Twenty years they had known him, nine months of the year, five times a week, at the same hour of the morning, to drive from his door on his way to Owensville to hear his classes, and just as many times, at a never-varying hour of the afternoon, to return. Then, when the weather permitted, he either directed the work on his farm, or with his deft fingers and defter thoughts worked in his gardens. If the weather did not permit, he busied himself in his laboratory or his conservatory —for he had treated himself long ago to both — or disappeared in the library or some other part of the house, whither even the watchful eye of a servant was not allowed to follow him.

On the whole, I do not see how his neighbors could have understood him, for it should also be remembered that there were certain rooms in his house to which not one of them had ever gained admittance, though sundry visits had been made him with the sole view of discovering what they could possibly contain. And then there was the laboratory, into which none of them had ever been allowed to put so much as a nose: not that any of them wished to put a nose inside it. No, indeed; far from it. It smelled bad enough on the outside; so bad, in fact, that even the animals had been known to run away from around the house at times, and the servants to be sick for days. But *he* never was sick. He was strange who could stand such vile odors. A further grievance was found in the fact that he never attended the neighborhood church on stormy Sundays, but remained closely shut up at home, doing Heaven—perhaps the devil—only knew what. And, finally, he never complained, and he never predicted *anything* — drought or flood, mildew for grape, famine for bee, frost for tomato vines, bug for potato vines, smut for wheat, or curculio for plums.

Respect for him they were bound to feel, for he was an admirable farmer. The "riders" of his fences were always heavy and straight. His gates swung with unction on their hinges. After the cutting season there was no dock, nor dog-fennel, nor rag-weed, to be found in his remotest fence corners. In the spring he usually had seed corn to spare, and sometimes even silver-skin onion sets. This alone almost counterbalanced his lack of punctuality at church. After a fashion, too, they were his friends. When he met a brother farmer on the outskirts of his farm, he would sit for hours with him on a stump, if not busy, and whittle a stick in a manner satisfactory to the most fastidious; the blacksmith in the lane was scarcely his match in appreciating the fine points about horseflesh; he generously distributed the richest favors of his bee-hives, orchards, and gardens; and he had a genial, hearty way of invading the little family groups at meal-time, and of remaining at the table after all the rest had finished and arisen —a procedure which he excused on the ground that he who eats and runs away will eat with grief another day.

Nevertheless, when he left, they always watched him as far as they could see him. This meant that they regarded him as the possessor of secrets which it would be very pleasant to have revealed. But, alas! the secrets never were revealed—they could no more see into him than they could count the seed in one of his big green gooseberries; and so there ever grew in them the sense of being unjustifiably kept from enjoying some doubtless very pungent fruit on the tree of knowledge. Matters went on thus from bad to worse, by almost imperceptible degrees, until the arrival of the summer preceding the one that marks the period of this humble history. For at the opening of that preceding summer Professor Evers, instead of remaining at home during his vacation, as he had always been known to do, had, without a

word of explanation, closed his house for the summer, instructed his servants to admit no one during his absence, and disappeared until the opening of college in the following autumn. Then he had as mysteriously re-appeared, sun-browned, handsomer, happier than ever, and gone to work with a will to do the thousand things which he loudly accused himself of having shamefully neglected.

Now this was too much—absolutely too much—for human nature to stand; it not only aggravated the already existing mysteriousness, but it operated as a curtailment of certain specific and indispensable pleasures; for it was only during the summer that Professor Evers's neighbors saw much of him. It was only then that he gave dinner parties until he had acquitted himself of the annually incurred social obligations to the whole community. It was only at these dinner parties that the ladies got a chance to nibble with sad misgivings at his pickles, and to make clandestine grimaces at each other across the table, owing to excess of salt in his butter and of ginger in his preserves. It was only after these dinners that he led a tumultuous bevy of dames through the marvellous gardens, and plucking the very commonest flowers in the whole neighborhood, gave them names that threw his portly auditors into transports of mirth. It was only after returning from the gardens to the house that he would pass the laboratory with the careless remark, "Of course you don't wish to go in there," and would glide along a dark passage, past those never-opened rooms, without so much as apologizing for the torture he inflicted. When, therefore, these summer guests found themselves defrauded of their uniquest recreations by the abrupt withdrawal of the host, they inevitably took it ill.

When Professor Evers returned, they all, male and female, felt it incumbent on themselves to exhibit to him a demeanor significant of their altered feelings; but he seemed so unconscious of this, and was, despite it all, so uniformly agreeable, that in the course of a few months public sentiment experienced a favorable reaction. It was universally understood, however, that a repetition of such conduct the next summer would bring matters to a critical state, and as the period of his vacation drew near, a hush of portentous expectation settled down upon the entire community. The vacation came. Again, with no word of justification, Professor Evers closed his house and disappeared. Then, as had been predicted, things did come to a crisis, as the rest of this record is pledged to show.

II.

Of all the near neighbors of Professor Evers, the one whose house was nearest his own, whose feelings toward him most completely summed up the emotions of the neighborhood, and whose interest in him had, for altogether private reasons, assumed the character of a master passion, was Mrs. Peckover—Mrs. Artemesia Headley Peckover—a widow turned forty-three—relict of the late Silas Peckover.

Tall, broad, vast Mrs. Peckover! with heavy black hair, a low forehead, heavy brows, large, conscientiously industrious eyes, a full mouth, above which was the masculine adumbration of a mustache, and with a brown mole on one generous cheek, out of which three black hairs rose up furiously like plumes in the war bonnet of some mimic dragoon. She was descended from an unbroken ancestry of farmers, and the lustre of her agricultural traditions had been made more resplendent by the successes of her own career. She sent her workmen afield almost before the robin and the wren had twittered in her hedge. She sat on the back of her horse—a strong one—and directed the capping of her hemp-stacks till the spires were as straight and symmetric as specimens of mediæval architecture. She did a great deal more than Providence toward tempering the winds to her shorn lambs; and her barns, her coops, her fences, her honeysuckle frames, glistened like Parian marble with periodically applied coatings of whitewash. She was the strongest character in the neighborhood, Professor Evers, perhaps, excepted; and doubtless there were times when even he felt about meeting Mrs. Peckover as Dr. Johnson felt about meeting Burke. She was the circulating library of free and useful knowlege, the neighborhood's calendar, its unpublished daily newspaper, its weather bureau, its signal-service station, its centre of gravity, its tidal wave, its earthquake, its north star, its overflowing Nile, its pluvial Jeremiah, its magnetic needle, its Colosseum. Too numerous, too elusive for summation or analysis were her functions and prerogatives.

As has been said, she was Professor

Evers's nearest neighbor. She felt that it devolved upon her to secure for her neighbors that information and that satisfaction from Professor Evers which were necessary for their peace. So she watched, studied, discussed, visited him, and invited him often to tea, with only this irritating result, that when she had added all that her neighbors felt and thought to all that she felt and thought, the resulting accumulation of knowledge was utterly beyond her grasp on account of its extent and variety.

Worst of all, the Professor himself was constantly contributing fresh data, for he was always giving her some shock or other. One day, as she had been driving along the lane that separated their farms, and had looked over into his lawn, she beheld Professor Evers, his hat off, his head up, his coat tail flying in the wind, running with all the speed of his short legs after a blue-and-red-winged butterfly. Another day, as she had been walking with him through his garden, speaking seriously of the depth at which lettuce seed ought to be planted, he had suddenly sprung over the border, and, with an exclamation of savage joy, brought forth from a bit of shrubbery a big, white, fat-bellied moth. She had hardly treated him with civility during the rest of the shortened interview, and hurrying home, had gone into *her* garden, and given the peas such a hoeing that not the imp of a weed had showed its head for a fortnight. But the shock that almost destroyed all friendliness on her part had come through the laboratory. During the progress of its construction Mrs. Peckover had driven over to obtain from the Professor an authoritative statement of its functions; but he had been uncommunicative, and no scientific conception of its possibilities was present to her intelligence. The first time, therefore, that she saw jets of flame, showers of sparks, and puffs of lurid smoke through the windows of the recently finished laboratory, which happened late one evening as she was walking out to her front gate, she thought nothing else than that her neighbor's house was on fire, and at once ran with all possible and quite unprecedented violence to give notice and help, with only this reward, that a sable lady of some fifty years, in answer to her vehement summons at the front door, remarked, with true scientific coolness and precision: "Lor! no, 'm, the house isn't a-burnin'. Mars Charles is jes' a-sperimentin' in the libertory." I say this episode almost put an end to her good-will toward him. It is certain that when she reached home she said very audibly that she would have nothing more to do with such a confounded fool of a man, and that she kept her word for several months.

III.

Nevertheless, as the years went by, Mrs. Peckover had ladled out of the vast yeasty basin of her emotions three small, hard, pebbly substances that looked like indestructible mental facts: an increased respect for Professor Evers; an increased recognition of her inability to comprehend and manipulate him; and an increased wish to see him placed at her side as Silas the Second. Under the inspiration of this last idea her mind became discursive, and swept over a vast field of prospective realities. Among these, worthiest of enumeration, was the annexation of his farm to hers—Mrs. Peckover never thought of the annexation of her smaller farm to his—and the complete personal possession of that mysterious house, laboratory, conservatory, never-opened rooms—everything!

But no matter at what point her reflections on this theme began, or to what point they wandered, they always, by some inscrutable law of her mind, terminated at the person of Professor Evers himself. *What would she do with him?* And here I am compelled to admit that she found herself losing that clear mastery of the subject which had characterized her previous deliberations. He might not be Silas the Second; he might be Charles Evers the First. Behind this thought there loomed away into the background a chaos of gloom-enveloped possibilities, so that neither her ambition to gratify her neighbors nor her wish to furnish an answer to the old troublesome question, Who is to be Professor Evers's heir? was strong enough to induce her to commit her vast strength to the carrying out of a plan which she herself suspected would become in the end inevitable.

In this unsatisfactory way, at least, matters had stood, Professor Evers on one side of the road, Mrs. Peckover largely on both sides of the road, until the arrival of the summer when he first deserted the neighborhood to spend his vacation in the North. Even thus matters had continued to stand after his return, though this be-

havior on his part had affected her more profoundly than any experience of her whole lifetime. But when the present summer had arrived, and he had again disappeared, then was fired the long train of motives and interests that was coiled around her heart and brain, producing an explosion that shook her to her deep, deep foundations. When the smoke cleared away, she saw her path clear before her. There had been a blasting, which had left fresh discoveries. For now Mrs. Peckover all at once understood the reason of these periodic disappearances. Her neighbors might believe that Professor Evers was wasting his summers travelling for pleasure, or bathing himself in the ocean; not she. He had his own soap and towels and green-painted bath-tub at home for that. No. He was really seeking a professorship in some Northern institution, and *that* found, he would leave the neighborhood. Had he not told her that the college in Owensville was failing year after year; that it was in his debt to the amount of several thousand dollars; that he wished he was paid and out of it; that he had thrown away the fullest measure of usefulness in his professional life by ever coming to Kentucky? This was all certainly true.

Now the idea that Professor Evers might suddenly and forever leave the neighborhood was the most unwelcome conclusion that her imagination had ever presented her with, for he had become ineradicably rooted in the loam of her fertile nature. Had it been necessary for him to sell his farm and buy one in a lagoon, Mrs. Peckover would have been willing to follow him and purchase contiguous acres. But next to not separating from him was not leaving her neighbors; and in order to avoid the unwelcome necessity of doing either, if it were not too late, she resolved to take immediate measures of prevention.

And now I hope that all the lovers of Mrs. Peckover are prepared to be told what was her most characteristic quality of mind, for it is to the simple exercise of this quality that the following events are strictly ascribable.

When Mrs. Peckover's mind began to move toward any distant object, it did so very slowly at first, and with much distress from obstacles either imaginary or actually perceived to be lying in the way. By-and-by, however, it advanced with an accelerated motion, so that imaginary obstacles were no longer invented, and really existent obstacles, by reason of the momentum, became of less account; and finally, both in virtue of fresh increments of velocity and increased momentum, it was whirled to its destination with such irresistible force as to make her arrival at her destination seem the happiest, the quickest, and the least obstructed part of her entire journey. In fact, it was widely known that Mrs. Peckover's arrival sometimes produced quite a collision between herself and the object toward which she had moved. At other times, on account of sheer inability to control herself, she was carried so far beyond the point where she had meant to stop that there was quite as much trouble in returning to it as there had ever been in reaching it. And at still other times she was brought up at the destination with such confusing suddenness that there was left her no clear recollection of where she came from, how she arrived there, or why, indeed, she had ever started.

The bearing of this peculiarity of mind on the important case in hand is plain. Mrs. Peckover had from the very first been moving toward Professor Evers, but slowly, very slowly; in fact, quite as an emotional glacier. Then, for many years, despite numerous obstacles, she had been gradually gaining in velocity. And now, finally, she all at once was to be found bearing down upon him, distinctly outlined in the near foreground, without any apparent obstacles in her pathway, and at a rate of motion which insured her a speedy and memorable arrival. Borne on by this momentum, she resolved to give him, at their first interview after his return, unmistakable indications of her immediate and long-deferred wishes. Borne on by it, she lost sight of the old familiar landmarks by which she had long regulated her toilets, general demeanor toward the other sex, topics of conversation, and entire emotional *rôle*, and passed forward under a new heaven of taste, sentiment, and invention.

Since the wooing of Silas the echo of a tender passion had never vibrated on Mrs. Peckover's ear or through the neatly kept apartments of her brain; but in preparing herself for the approaching interview with Professor Evers, she was evidently impressed with the conviction that a white dress, a single red rose, twilight, the moon, a low-voiced *tête-à-tête*, were stock proper-

ties in the emotional drama of civilized humanity. In her now utterly undone condition of mind and heart, Mrs. Peckover resolved also to wear slippers and clock stockings, for she suspected that Professor Evers had formed an improper conception of her feet; not that she designed displaying to him her feet, but that there was tranquillity in the thought that, if unseen, they were not unsightly. Her jewels were to be ear-rings, bracelets, brooch, and necklace of that historical variety known as family hair, and her toilet became complete with the determination to take down from the top shelf of her wardrobe the large turkey-tail fan which she had had made from one of her own bronze gobblers. How she prepared herself in mind and heart I shall leave her conversation and her actions to show.

On the afternoon of the last day of August Professor Evers reached home. On the evening of that day he received an invitation to take tea with Mrs. Peckover the next evening. At five o'clock that next evening Mrs. Peckover, prepared to the uttermost in body, soul, and spirit, entered her practical little parlor and took her seat at one of the front windows to await the arrival of her guest.

It has been said that in states of great mental momentum Mrs. Peckover lost sight of all obstacles lying in her pathway. Nevertheless, as she sat thus eagerly expectant, her thoughts struck suddenly against an unpleasant jutting possibility: *what if she should fail?* She had never heard the famous quotation respecting that word "fail"; moreover, she was no "youth," and she had no "lexicon"; but she had what was better—native resources, strategic powers, self-reliance. Still, the jutting possibility jarred her a little as she glanced against it and passed on; evidence of which was to be noted in the fact that she started violently from her chair, and with a blow of the turkey-tail fan smote unto death a yellow-hipped bumble-bee that had just come in from the coral honeysuckle outside. Then reseating herself, she applied to her wounded consciousness the oil of soothing meditation: how evidently she *was* the Professor's favorite neighbor; how he had shown this preference by the frequency, duration, unceremoniousness of his visits; how clear it was that he *must* marry sooner or later; how clear it was that she was the only person in the neighborhood who was a suitable— At this luminous point in her reflections Mrs. Peckover heard the latch of her freshly whitewashed front gate lifted, and applying her eyes to the narrow space between two slats of the green window-shade, she beheld the low, sturdy figure of her guest. He came up the walk at an animated pace, swinging his hat in his hand, and smiling with pleasant anticipation. How handsome, how eligible, how assimilable he looked! As she watched him for a moment there was that sudden leaping of the heart which, in another woman, would have betokened, alas, love; as she then arose and bustled toward the front door there was that joyous agitation of the turkey-tail fan which, in another woman, would have guaranteed him peace; and as she planted herself auspiciously on her threshold and looked down upon him, now advancing with a much broader smile, there was in her that sensation of being borne easily, swiftly, triumphantly, toward the goal, which, in another woman, might have been a slight miscalculation.

IV.

"Well, I declare! Good-evening, Professor." Mrs. Peckover liked to say "Professor." The frequent use of that title somehow introduced her to a participation in its emoluments.

"Is 'it a vision or a waking dream,' or —Mrs. Peckover? Mrs. Peckover, certainly; and yet certainly not Mrs. Peckover—not *my* Mrs. Peckover;" and with these words Professor Evers stepped into the porch, and imprisoning one of her hands in both of his, gazed smilingly and with genuine friendly ardor into her responsive eyes. Looking at them standing thus, one would have thought that *he* had something important to say quite as well as she.

"Well, I'm glad to see you haven't deserted the neighborhood *al*together. Walk in the parlor, if you haven't forgotten the way;" and lest he had, Mrs. Peckover herself showed what the way was.

"Deserted the neighborhood? Deserted my neighbors?—my farm?—*your* farm? —*you*? My dear Mrs. Peckover! Why, I was never so happy in my life as at this moment of completely realizing myself back again. But tell me, Mrs. Peckover, have I changed, or have you changed, or has everything changed? For surely I never saw *every*thing looking so fresh

and so—so beautiful. The late summer rains have brought back the spring. My farm is the Garden of Eden; so is yours—two Gardens of Eden—one for Adam, the other for Eve. Ah! Mrs. Peckover, if the latter rains could only fall on *us*—I *beg* your pardon—on *me*, and bring back *my* vanished May! But I mustn't talk; I want to hear *you* talk. Only I will say you were kind—as you always are—to invite me over this evening. Aside from the pleasure of seeing you—the greatest pleasure that awaited me—I escape all danger of being suffocated at home. You ought to see how things swarm around me over there—every blessed servant, beast, flying creature, and creeping thing to be individually recognized, appreciated anew. Why, when I entered my gardens, a rose bloomed right out for joy, and the cabbages looked as though they would speak or burst. What's the news?"

Now Mrs. Peckover had never heard Professor Evers talk in just this way. His ordinary figures of speech she had trained herself to endure, but there were vagaries in these remarks passing the pains of experience, and she felt herself choking a little at the waist, and almost wished herself out of the white muslin right there and then. It had never occurred to her that the changes which she had wrought in herself would operate to produce confusing changes in him. With true feminine tact she selected from the whole speech that to which it was safest to reply.

"Well, I reckoned you wouldn't stand on ceremony, and wait to be invited *here*, Professor; but it's always *my* rule, when I want to see anybody at *my* house, to invite 'em. If you want 'em, invite 'em, that's what I say, and then there's *sure* to be no mistake. Maybe the mistake this time was my invitin' you so quick; but I didn't know but what you'd be goin' right away again, you're gettin' to be such a traveller."

Mrs. Peckover laughed gayly, and looking down, gave the red rose two or three fillips with her third finger. There was a little ancient dust on one of the petals.

"I'm never going away again, Mrs. Peckover, never! Two summers are enough for a man of my age and habits. You know that I was only looking in the North for some specimens, and these I have brought home with me, as you shall see when you come over. Now I'm at home to stay—stay till my neighbors lay my old bones beneath the blue-grass."

"Well, you were raised North, and I reckon it's natural enough you should want to go back there once in a while; but Kentucky and Kentucky people's good enough for me; and I reckon *you* might live there a good many years before you'd find such neighbors as you have here—neighbors that would think as much of you as yours do, *all* of them; though I reckon you've heard that some of them's dead since you went away."

"I have not, indeed, and that's bad news. Who?"

"Well, Joe Elbert is as good as dead, and John Phelps died three weeks ago last Thursday. Let's see — *was* it Thursday? Yes, I'm right; the way I know it was Thursday is, they didn't bury him till Sunday evenin', and that was a long time to keep him, as I said then. They might just as well have buried him Saturday, because it wasn't a busy season, you know, and everybody could have gone just as well; and it would have been better, because Saturday was a clear day, and Sunday it rained all day; and I always say if you have a good day for a thing, it's no use waitin' for a bad one. It went mighty hard with Lizzie at first, but she'll get over it, and be spryin' around to marry again. That's what I always say; a woman that's been married once *will* marry again; and I'm not sayin' I blame 'em—any of them. A farm, especially, is no place for a woman, and no place especially for a woman with no children. It's bad enough for a man, let alone a woman, and especially for a man with no children. But I reckon *you* know something about *that*, Professor."

Mrs. Peckover's momentum was increasing; Mrs. Peckover's guest was becoming more interested. Indeed, at a certain turn in these remarks he had become rigid with attention, and when, the next moment, Mrs. Peckover caught his gray eyes, there was a gleam in them to which the history of her acquaintance with him furnished no parallel.

"You are right there, Mrs. Peckover—you are right there. My loneliness for many years has been almost insupportable. Truly, I do not see how I have lived through it. Aunt Sally is an acceptable dairy-maid, but a woful failure from every social stand-point; and Jim, you know, has far more respect for science than knowledge of her ways."

"Every man ought to have company at home; that's what I've always said. He ought to have company at home—not *much* company, but *some*, and that of the right kind. But speakin' of Aunt Sally and Jim, I reckon they're the only ones that are glad to see you go away in the summer."

"*My* Aunt Sally and *my* Jim glad to see *me* go away from home! Why, they shed enough tears to have watered a bed of my lilies. I'd like to know what you mean by anything so scandalous as that?"

"Oh, I reckon everything's all right now. Maybe it is, for negroes are sly, but they are *not* to be trusted—*nobody's;* nobody's negroes are to be trusted. Yours are as good as anybody's, but there isn't anybody's to be trusted. And if everything is right now, everything wasn't right a month ago. That's what I was sayin' to Sally Tarleton as we were drivin' past your house at that time. 'Sally,' said I, 'negroes are not to be trusted, and supposin' we were to drive in now and take a look at the Professor's gardens, don't you reckon we'd see sights?'

"'Let's drive in,' said she.

"Sally's mighty peculiar, you know, and I couldn't refuse. So we *did* drive in, and we *did* see sights. I reckon there hadn't been a hoe struck in those gardens since you left.

"'Sally,' said I, 'these negroes aren't to be trusted, and if the Professor is goin' away *every* summer, I'll tell you what he ought to do: he ought to get a white housekeeper.'

"'No, he oughtn't to get a white housekeeper,' said she; 'he ought to get married.' Sally's thoughts are always runnin' on marriage, you know.

"'No, he oughtn't to get married,' said I.

"'And why *not* get married?' said she. Sally's a great hand to ask questions, you know.

"'He oughtn't to get married,' said I, 'because the kind of woman to suit *him* is very hard to find, and if he was to find her, he mightn't know her when he saw her.'

"'And what kind of woman *would* suit him?' said she. Sally'll never let you rest, you know, till she gets it all out of you.

"'The right kind of woman to suit *him*,' said I, 's got no foolishness about her. She ought to have some property of her own, too—property just as *good* as his, if she didn't have as much *of* it. And she ought to be healthy and strong, and know how to attend to business when he's away, and not be afraid to stay by herself during the day—maybe all summer—and have a high social position in the neighborhood. And now where'll you find a woman that's got no foolishness about her, and has property of her own as good as his, if not as much *of* it, and is healthy and strong, and attends to business, and is not afraid to be by herself, and has high position in the neighborhood?—where?' said I.

"'*Nowhere* that I know of,' said Sally, laughing. Sally's a great hand to laugh, you know.

"'I'm not sayin' she *can't* be found, but that she'd be hard to find,' said I; 'and that if she *was* found, the Professor, as like as not, wouldn't recognize her when he saw her.'"

"I think you do me injustice there, Mrs. Peckover; indeed I do. I believe I *should* recognize such a lady. In fact, I *know* I should. Do you suppose, Mrs. Peckover, that Miss Tarleton would have favored my suit?"

"You can do better than marry such as Sally Tarleton, though I ain't sayin' a word against Sally. And then I thought you knew *she* was engaged." Mrs. Peckover's fan generated a little cyclone around her head.

"I did not, indeed. But *do* go on, Mrs. Peckover. I am very glad to see that you take an interest in this subject. It is a little strange that *I* of late have had my mind turned in the same direction. I feel as though I could marry every man, woman, and child in the neighborhood."

"I reckon *one* ought to be enough, if she was the right kind, Professor, and it's as like as not you wouldn't find *but* one that hasn't already been spoken for. You know it seems like everybody's already married or is goin' to get married. There's Sam Cochrane's run away with Phœbe Lyons, and Tom Cassell was goin' to run away with Bettie Jones, but the old folks gave way, and they were married at home. And then they say that old Dick Chin is settlin' to the widow Moore; and I know of *another* couple that *might* be counted in, if they'd only understand each other."

Mrs. Peckover's guest was growing more deeply attentive to her slightest word; Mrs. Peckover was gliding onward

to the goal as gently as a Nicæan bark o'er a perfumed sea.

"And why *don't* they understand each other, Mrs. Peckover? Tell me that. Whose fault is it? Why doesn't the lady herself explain? Why doesn't she plainly indicate to the gentleman the fact that they do *not* understand each other? I'm sure *he'd* feel greatly obliged. Such things are done sometimes—are they not?—when the gentleman is especially backward, and an understanding *must* be reached? If I could only be of service! Suppose you let me interview the gentleman on the subject, while you undertook to prepare the lady? How do you like *that* idea, Mrs. Peckover?"

I can not conjecture what turn the conversation would have taken just here had Mrs. Peckover made reply. But at this instant a small sable apparition, dressed in stiffly starched, long-sleeved, white apron and blue cottonade pantaloons, appeared in the parlor door, and said, with the frank display of twenty-two teeth, and in a voice of ringing clearness, "Supper's ready, Miss Artie," whereupon "Miss Artie" at once arose, and in choicer phraseology saying, "Walk out to tea, Professor," was left with no chance of pertinent rejoinder; for even had the publicity of the tea table not operated as a damper upon the ardor of the hostess, the obligation of presiding over the triumphs of her housewifely skill, with simple-hearted devotion to the material needs of her guest, was too imminent and engrossing to allow a divided mind. Still, she had time to observe that her guest was enjoying the most unheard-of exaltation of spirits. Never had she seen the like of it—never, certainly, witnessed the like of the deference and gallantry shown to herself. On all this she placed her own judicious construction, and toward the close of the meal she began to await impatiently the renewal of the conversation. "Walk out into the front porch," she was at length able to say; and once more—now in the deepening twilight—the two were left alone.

When Professor Evers took his seat at one end of the yellow settee that was placed on one side of Mrs. Peckover's clematis-covered little porch, Mrs. Peckover, by a vigorous twirl of her right hand, whisked a large cane-bottomed rocking-chair before him in such a manner that he was made a prisoner in a small triangular inclosure, of which one side was the settee, another side the wall of the house, while the living, effective hypothenuse was Mrs. Peckover herself.

"I reckon if you hadn't come home soon, Professor, I'd have gone over to see how things were comin' on at your place. You know I've always said *my* farm was too small for me, and yours was too large for you."

"I should regret losing my nearest and dearest neighbor, but if you are dissatisfied with your farm, and wish to sell it, I'll become the purchaser to-morrow."

"I reckon when *I* leave *this* neighborhood there won't be *many* people left in it," said Mrs. Peckover, with an instantaneous reversion to practicality.

"Then, perhaps, I'd better sell you mine."

"Why, then *I'd* be losin' *my* nearest and dearest neighbor, Professor. Besides, I didn't say that *both* farms would be too large for *me!* But I'm not the farmer I've been, Professor, and I'll never be again. You know I sprained my ankle last year, and since then I've always been hampered about goin' around freely. No, a farm's no place for a woman. If there'd been a man there to do what I was tryin' to do, my ankle would be sound still. I've been thinkin' I'd give up the farm—housekeepin's good enough for me—if I could only find a suitable white man to turn over the farm to. But the kind of man to farm for *me* would be hard to find, Professor—mighty hard to find. What do you think of my plan?"

"It's admirable, Mrs. Peckover; it's simply a *perfect* idea. With my house reenforced by a housekeeper, and your farm presided over by a competent manager, there would be nothing more to desire. If I can be of any assistance to you in finding such a person—"

"There's time enough for *that*, Professor, if that's the best that can be done, and I'm not sayin' it is." Mrs. Peckover's manner was positively arch.

"You are right there again. It's perfect of its kind, but not ideal. You'd still be a lonely woman, Mrs. Peckover. You are right in saying that a farm is no place for a single person, man or woman. If practicable, there ought to be children; so I'll suggest the *ideal* thing, Mrs. Peckover: get married. How does that strike you?"

"Ah, Professor, *that* would depend on the kind of man."

"Dearest Mrs. Peckover, what *would* be the right kind of man?"

Mrs. Peckover stopped rocking. Professor Evers stopped breathing. The katydid in the coral honeysuckle grew as still as a locust in Egyptian stone.

"Well, he must have perfectly regular habits for one thing" (oh, Mrs. Peckover, how *can* you!), "and he must be healthy, and never complain. He must have property of his own—land just as good as mine, and not too far away. He must know more than I do about some things—less, maybe, about others. He must be a good farmer, as good as I am. *I* don't care if he isn't like other people, and I don't care about knowin' his age or where he was raised. *That* kind of a man would be hard to find. I'm not sayin' he *can't* be found, but that he'd be *hard* to find. But if he *was* found, I reckon I'd know him when I saw him."

I only know the effect of Mrs. Peckover's words upon Professor Evers by what he did. He moved suddenly and very quickly along the settee toward Mrs. Peckover's chair, and extending one of his hands, had it clasped warmly by both of hers. I only know that thereupon Mrs. Peckover rose to him, and he with her, and that after some slight adjustments of their relative positions—important to them but unnecessary to describe—Professor Evers was folded tenderly—oh, so tenderly!—to Mrs. Peckover's infinite, soft, white bosom. I only know that Mrs. Peckover's momentum had at last brought her to her destination. I only know that after they had remained thus for a few moments—moments of calm suspiration on her part, of mysterious gurgitation on his—her arms opened, and his head came forth, bringing away from her bosom the red rose hanging from the tip of one of his ears. I only know that after a few words of parting—words made incoherent and unnatural, perhaps, by that momentary shamefacedness that overtakes every son of fallen Adam when he catches himself in such a situation—Professor Evers was gone, and Mrs. Peckover sank once more into the cane-bottomed chair.—*Fail?* Had Artemesia Headley Peckover *ever* failed? For an hour she sat thus, her mind sweeping on into the future over a magnificent arc of anticipations and achievements; then, into the halo of light that was shed outward around Mrs. Peckover's figure from the lamp suspended at her back in the hall, came the dark shadow of a negro boy, who handed her a note. Sitting where she was, Mrs. Peckover read as follows:

"My dear Mrs. Peckover,—On reaching home I find that the specimens of which I spoke have all arrived, though I was expecting nothing until to-morrow. The most valuable specimen is a New England white rose, a perennial bloomer, the arrival of which I was anxious to anticipate by a day, in order to prepare the soil for its reception. To-morrow, as it happens, is my forty-fifth birthday, I should like—without any ceremony—to come over to tea; but I must bring the rose with me. Of course you understand that the rose is a young lady whom I met in the North last summer, and whom I married in the North two weeks ago. I had meant to tell you this, but something (I forget what) prevented. Shall *we* come?

"Your friend, Charles Evers."

WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF IN "THE COMPLETE ANGLER."

WORDSWORTH'S MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS, I., 16.

WHILE flowing rivers yield a blameless sport
Shall live the name of Walton: Sage benign!
Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line
Unfolding, did not fruitless exhort
To reverend watching of each still report
That Nature utters from her rural shrine.
Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline,
He found the longest summer day too short,
To his loved pastime given by sedgy Lee,
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford Brook.
Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,
The cowslip bank and shady willow-tree;
And the fresh meads, where flowed, from every nook
Of his full bosom, gladsome Piety!

"WHILE FLOWING RIVERS YIELD A BLAMELESS SPORT."

—*Wordsworth's Miscellaneous Sonnets, Part I., XVI.*

From a drawing by Alfred Parsons.

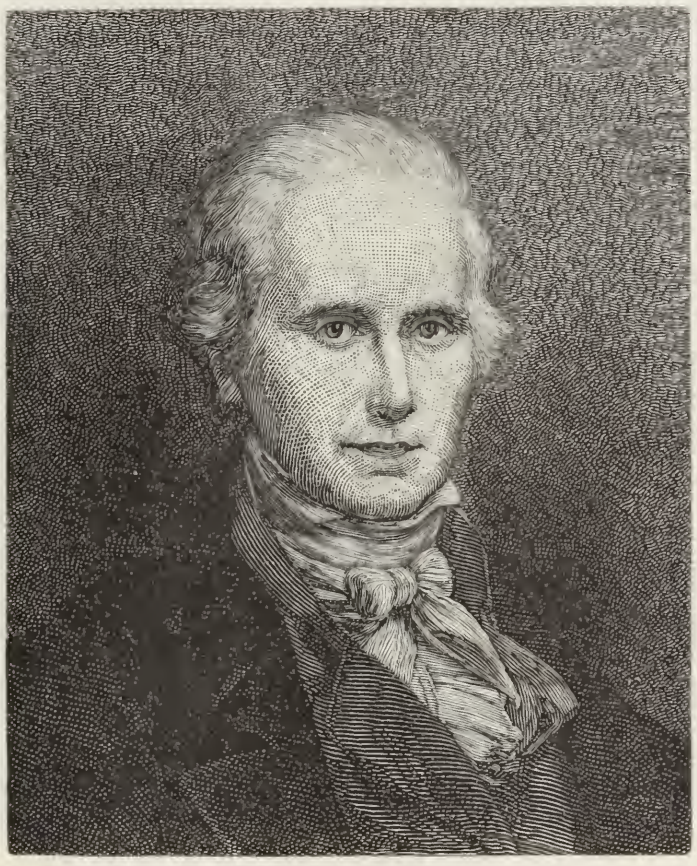
WILLIAM BYRD.

THERE is a glamour of romance and a spirit of adventure around the story of Virginia that charm alike the lover of the poetical and the lover of the heroic. The beauty and bravery of Pocahontas and the daring of Captain Smith have touched a sympathetic chord in the human heart that has caused them to be remembered long after persons of a greater historical importance have been forgotten. Few cities so small as Richmond have occupied so large a place in the world's history. Here Patrick Henry delivered his famous speech, ending with the thrilling words, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" Here Aaron Burr was tried for treason before a court presided over by Chief Justice Marshall, by a jury whose foreman was John Randolph of Roanoke, and in the midst of the most brilliant array of counsel ever assembled in an American court of justice. Here lived men whose fame is world-wide, and women whose beauty and elegance might have added a grace and dignity to courts. Here centred the chief interest of the great American conflict which for four years commanded the attention of the civilized world.

The founder of Richmond was Colonel William Byrd, the second of the name in Virginia. He was of an ancient English family, whose ancestor, a Norman knight, came in with the Conqueror, but married a Saxon wife, Wierberga Domville, the sole heir of Roger Domville, of the estate of Brexton, in Cheshire, England. Colonel Byrd was born March 16, 1674, and inherited from his father the well-known estate of Westover, on the James River. At an early age he was sent to England for his education, where, under the care and direction of Sir Robert Southwell, he made "a happy proficiency in polite and various learning." After completing his education he was called to the bar in the Middle Temple, and was introduced to many of the most distinguished persons of the age, and particularly contracted an intimate friendship with the illustrious Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery. He also studied for some time in the Low Countries, and visited the court of Louis XIV. Upon his return to England he was chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society, and being made Receiver-General of his Majesty's revenues in Virginia, came back to America; he was thrice appointed public agent to the court and ministry of England, and after being thirty-seven years a member of the Council of Virginia, at last became president of that body. He was as distinguished for his literary taste as for

EVELYN BYRD.

his public spirit and enterprise. He made a journey to the "Land of Eden," and wrote the result of his experience, also the *History of the Dividing Line between Virginia and North Carolina* — works



JOHN MAYO.

full of wit, humor, and stirring adventure. These books were read and enjoyed by Thackeray and Dean Stanley when they visited Richmond.

Colonel Byrd's first wife was the daughter of Colonel Daniel Parke, the confidential aide-de-camp of the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim, who was sent to announce the victory to Queen Anne, and presented by her Majesty with a magnificent service of silver, now in the possession of one of his descendants. The sister of Mrs. Byrd was the ancestress of George Washington Parke Custis, of Arlington. By his first marriage Colonel Byrd had two daughters, one of whom, Evelyn, was born at Westover on the 16th of July, 1707. She accompanied her father to England at an early age, and lived there several years in the highest circles of society; she was distinguished for her wit, beauty, and accomplishments. Some of the dresses which she wore at the English court are still in existence, and display a richness and elegance unequalled by the most extravagant costumes of the present day. While in England she is said to have been engaged to the celebrated Earl of Peterborough, but as he was a Catholic and she a Protestant, it ended disastrously, and Evelyn returned to Virginia, died unmarried at the age of twenty-nine, on the 13th of November, 1737, and was buried at Westover.

The original portraits of Colonel and Evelyn Byrd, which are reproduced on the preceding page, are now at Brandon, the residence of Mrs. Isabella H. Harrison, on the James River.

Major William Mayo, who laid off the city of Richmond, emigrated from England to the Isle of Barbadoes about 1716, and made an admirable survey of that island between 1717 and 1721; his map is now on file in King's College library. He came to Virginia in 1723, and in 1728, with Professor Alexander Irvin, ran the dividing line between Virginia and North Carolina.

Colonel William Byrd in his history states that a chaplain, the Rev. Peter Fontaine, accompanied the surveying party,

ABIGAIL DE HART MAYO.

"that the people on the frontiers of North Carolina might have an opportunity to get themselves and their children baptized." One of the rivers intersecting the lines was named in honor of Major Mayo, and still retains the name. In 1736 he was appointed surveyor of the Northern Neck of Virginia, in order to settle the disputed boundary between Lord Fairfax and the crown. Early in 1737 he laid off the city of Richmond, and we find in the *Virginia Gazette*, in April of that year, "that lots will be granted in fee-simple on condition of building a house in three years' time of 24 × 16 feet, fronting within five feet of the street." Major Mayo was the most prominent civil engineer in Virginia, and died in 1744. His grandson, Colonel John Mayo, was born October 21, 1760. He was the projector and founder of the celebrated Mayo Bridge, just below the falls of the James River at Richmond. He obtained a charter for the bridge in 1785, and after ineffectual efforts to obtain State aid or to form a corporation, boldly built it from his own design and at his individual expense. To appreciate his indomitable energy and the progress of bridge-building since that period, it may be mentioned that his petition for a charter was received with ridicule, and Colonel Innis, a prominent member of the Legislature, facetiously observed "that after passing that bill he supposed they would pass one to build a ladder to the moon." But Colonel Mayo's indefatigable resolution overcame all obstacles, and success proved the practicability of his efforts.*

* In William Wirt's celebrated "Letters of a British Spy" (published in the *Virginia Argus*, 1803) we find the following description of the city: "Richmond occupies a very picturesque and most beautiful situation. I have never met with such an assemblage of striking and interesting objects. The town, dispersed over hills of various shapes; the river, descending from west to east, and obstructed by a multitude of small islands, clumps of trees, and myriads of rocks, constituting what are called the Falls; the same river, at the lower end of the town,

Colonel Mayo married Abigail De Hart, daughter of John De Hart, of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, who was a member of the first Continental Congress, that met at Philadelphia in 1774–5, and one of the most prominent lawyers in his State. After his marriage Colonel Mayo bought a beautiful residence in Elizabethtown, called Hampton Place, and his annual advent there in a coach and six, with colored footmen and outriders, was an event long remembered by the inhabitants of bought Bellville, a magnificent seat in the suburbs of the city, and lived there until his death, on the 28th of May, 1818. He was buried at the old Mayo homestead, Powhatan, a short distance east of Richmond; and on the same place, partially protected by an open arbor, is a large rock which marks the last resting-place of the most powerful Indian chief in Virginia, Powhatan, whose principal residence was here, and after whom the place was called. Colonel Mayo served in the State

MARIA MAYO SCOTT.

that ancient borough. He resided for several years at the Hermitage, a short distance west of Richmond, but in 1816 he troops during the war of 1812, and represented for several years the county of Henrico in the Legislature.

Mrs. John Mayo was one of the most remarkable ladies of her day. She was celebrated for her "personal comeliness and mental endowments," and long occupied a prominent position in Richmond society.

Maria Mayo, the eldest daughter of Colonel John Mayo, was the reigning belle of the day, and as Mr. Mordecai says, in his *Richmond in By-gone Days*, she made the Hermitage anything but a hermitage. She was a great beauty, wrote and repeated poetry charmingly, sang and played

bending at right angles to the south, and winding reluctantly off for many miles in that direction, its polished surface caught here and there by the eye, but more generally covered from the view by trees, among which the white sails of approaching and departing vessels exhibit a curious and interesting appearance; then again, on the opposite side, the little town of Manchester, built on a hill, which, sloping gently to the river, opens the whole town to view, interspersed, as it is, with vigorous and flourishing poplars, and surrounded to a great distance by green plains and stately woods—all these objects, falling at once under the eye, constitute by far the most finely varied and most animated landscape that I have ever seen."

on the harp exquisitely, and was so fascinating in manner and agreeable in conversation that she is said to have rejected over one hundred suitors before accepting General Winfield Scott, then in the full glory of his military successes, to whom she was married at Bellville on the evening of March 11, 1817. The festivities were of the most extended and hospitable character, and, as an old letter before us expresses it, "there were splendid doings." It is said that Scott courted Maria Mayo as Mr. Scott, as Captain Scott, and as Colonel Scott without success, but as General Scott, the hero of Lundy's Lane, he carried off the coveted prize.

It would be worth while, had we the space, to present here a characteristic sketch of Richmond society at the beginning of this century. The cravat was the important part of a gentleman's toilet. A Richmond exquisite of the first decade of this century vested himself like a silkworm in the ample folds of his cravat. His valet held one end and he the other of the long thin texture, the former walked round his master till both ends met, when they were tied in a large bow. If the gentleman did not enjoy the luxury of a valet, one end of the cravat was tied to the bed-post, and he walked toward the latter, turning all the while, and wrapping his neck in his cravat till he was wound up like an Egyptian mummy. The stiff collar of the dress-coat stood as high as the ears, and was kept back several inches from the head to enable the wearer to turn to the right or the left. Buckskin breeches and top-boots completed the gentleman's apparel, the perfection of both depending on the tightness of the fit. A quarter of a century earlier—that is, about the time of the American Revolution—Richmond was a smaller town than either Norfolk or Fredericksburg. Its safe and central position caused it to be selected as the capital of the State, but in the year 1775 it was a cluster of villages rather than a town.

The gentlemen of Richmond at that time wore an old-fashioned dress—breeches, stockings, large roomy coats, cocked hats, and knee-buckles. They figured in magnificent waistcoats covered with flowers in gold threads, and reaching to their knees, high-heeled shoes, queues tied with gay ribbons, and a snowy storm of powder on the hair.

The favorite amusement of the most stylish Richmond ladies at that time was a game of cards called loo. The ladies met at each other's houses, and after discussing a dish of tea and another of gossip, the card-table was brought out. Gentlemen were admitted to this entertaining circle, and he who played the most careless and dashing game was the most welcome, provided he was not too successful in his winnings. The stakes were small, but by forfeits, etc., the money in the pool would sometimes accumulate until it amounted to $50, $75, and $100. Then the game became intensely interesting. The practice of gaming became at last a social evil; domestic duties were neglected, mothers forgot their children, wives rifled the pocket-books of their husbands; gentlemen gambled away their gold vest buttons, and ladies their ear-rings and bracelets, carried away by the mad spirit of loo.

The burning of the Richmond Theatre on the 26th of December, 1811, by which seventy-two valuable lives were lost, changed the light tone of society to one of a graver and more serious character.

One of the saddest and most romantic love affairs in the social annals of Virginia was that of Maria Ward and John Randolph of Roanoke. Beginning in his early boyhood, it became the one enthralling passion of his manhood, filling his whole being, until, as he himself said, "he loved her better than his own soul or Him that created it." There is a picture of John Randolph in the rooms of the Virginia Historical Society, taken at the time when he was the accepted lover of Maria Ward. It represents a singularly handsome youth of twenty-five, his eyes dark and full of intellect, his mouth beautifully formed, and over his proud and lofty forehead fell a profusion of dark hair. The breaking off of the affair is wrapped in mystery; all we know is that one summer morning he rode up to the house, and after a long interview in the parlor, the lady left the room in tears, while he rushed from the house, mounted his horse, and rode furiously away. He never saw her again; but one day he approached a house where she was staying while she was singing in the parlor. Fascinated by the sound of her voice, he lingered on the porch, and sent in from time to time a request for her to sing one after another the tender little ballads which were associated with their loves. Maria Ward sang, unconscious of her lover's presence, while he

rushed frantically up and down the porch in an agony of grief, waving his arms, and crying in the anguish of his heart: "Macbeth hath murdered sleep; Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Maria Ward married Peyton Randolph, son of Edmund Randolph, who was Gov-

MARIA WARD.

ernor of Virginia, the first Attorney-General of the United States, and Secretary of State under Washington. This lady was distinguished for the exquisite grace and fascination of her manners and her bright wit. Her portrait, a copy of which has been secured for this article through the courtesy of her granddaughter, Mrs. J. L. Williams, of Richmond, represents a lovely girl of sixteen, with wondrous blue eyes, exquisitely delicate complexion, a profusion of sunny brown curls, and in the quaint costume of the last century.

Maria Ward died in 1826, aged forty-two years. All contemporary accounts unite in describing her as possessing a singular fascination of manners, a charming sweetness and amiability of disposition, an enchanting gayety and *esprit*, and a peculiar, irresistible personal loveliness. At the time of her death she was still as fresh as the summer rose, as captivating in mind and manners as when she enthralled the passionate heart of John Randolph of Roanoke.

The Richmond bar has always stood high. During the first quarter of the present century John Wickham was not only one of the leading lawyers of Virginia, but of the United States. He was a native of Long Island, but went to Richmond when a youth of sixteen, during the American Revolution. He studied

MRS. JOHN WICKHAM.

law, and rose rapidly in his profession. When Aaron Burr was tried for treason in Richmond, in 1807, Mr. Wickham was the leading counsel for the defense, and gained a national reputation for the brilliant manner in which he conducted his client's case. He was famous for his wit and sarcasm, and was a gentleman of exquisite manners. When Tom Moore visited Richmond, early in this century, he met Mr. Wickham, and said he was "fit to adorn any court." He always declined to enter public life, satisfied to remain at the head of the Richmond bar. He married the daughter of Dr. McClurg, a leading physician and surgeon, who had acted in the latter capacity during the Revolutionary war. Mrs. Wickham was conspicuous in Richmond society for her beauty and personal accomplishments. In delicacy of outline and softness of coloring she was unsurpassed by any woman of her day in Virginia. Their eldest daughter, Julia, married Benjamin Watkins Leigh, one of the most gifted orators and most brilliant men that Virginia has ever produced. He was ready at all times to debate any question. In the United States Senate he distinguished himself by his splendid talents at a time when Clay, Calhoun, and Webster were members of that body.

In 1790 there arrived in Richmond a French gentleman of polished manners and attractive personal appearance, named Jean Auguste Chevallié. He visited this country as the agent of the celebrated Beaumarchais in his claim against the United States government for moneys advanced during the American Revolution. Charmed by the beauty of Richmond and the cordiality of its people, he determined to settle there permanently. Forming the acquaintance of Joseph Gallego, a native of Malaga, Spain, he joined the latter in the business of the famous Gallego Mills, which were established in 1796, and have been continued by representatives of the two families ever since.

Mr. Gallego and Mr. Chevallié married two sisters, Mary and Sally Magee. Both of these gentlemen adorned the high society which was so conspicuous in Richmond at the beginning of this century. Compt de Lesseps, the celebrated engineer, is a nephew of Mr. Gallego. Peter Che-

vallié, son of Jean Auguste, was the father of Miss Sally Chevallié, one of the most elegant women of the day; she married Mr. Abram Warwick, also of the firm which so long and successfully conducted the Gallego Mills. Mrs. Joseph Gallego, forlorn hope at Stony Point under "Mad Anthony" Wayne.

Among the great belles and beauties of Richmond early in the present century few were more distinguished for personal graces and accomplishments than Mary

MRS. JOSEPH GALLEGO.

one of the most admired women that ever lived in Richmond, perished by the burning of the theatre, of which mention has already been made. Upon the same fatal night her niece, Miss Sarah C. Conyers, attended the play with Lieutenant Gibbon, of the navy, to whom she was engaged. Failing to rescue her from the burning building, he determined to share her fate, and they were found locked in one another's arms. Mr. Gibbon was the son of Major Gibbon, the collector of the port, who served with distinction in the Revolutionary war, and gallantly led the

Walker. To a lovely disposition and elegant manners were joined rare intellectual endowments. She was a very particular friend of John Randolph of Roanoke, with whom she corresponded for many years. She was thrice married. Her first husband was John Bell, of the firm of John and William Bell, of Richmond, and William and John Bell, of London. He made a large fortune, but in attempting to monopolize the tobacco trade of Virginia he was ruined. Mrs. Bell had a great taste for architecture, and designed the beautiful seat near Richmond called

Bellville. As an evidence of the magnificence of this mansion it may be mentioned that the drawing-room was so high and large that even the stately form of General Scott looked small in it. After Mr. Bell's death his widow, who was quite young, married Edmund Rootes, a man of wit and of great social distinction. Mrs. Rootes was an accomplished botanist, and corresponded with distinguished persons throughout the United States upon the subject of her favorite study. She was regarded as an authority on the subject, and a gentleman of Richmond re-

MRS. JOHN BELL.

members one bright summer morning seeing Thomas Ritchie, the famous editor of the *Enquirer*, going in to see her with a rare new lily for her to classify. Her third husband was Dr. Starke, of Norfolk, the father of the wife of Admiral Roane. This charming lady died at an advanced age, retaining her many attractions to the last.

One of the most distinguished descendants of Pocahontas in recent times was the late Judge John Robertson, the son of William and Elizabeth Bolling Robertson. He was an eminent lawyer, and one of the social leaders in Richmond, where he was long one of the most honored citizens. He was successively Attorney-General of Virginia, Representative in Congress from 1834 to 1839, and Lieutenant-Governor, and for many years a judge of the Circuit Court at Richmond. He was a member of the Peace Congress of 1861, having previously been sent by the Governor of Virginia as a commissioner to Governor Pickens, of South Carolina, to prevent, if possible, hostile measures being adopted until the meeting of the Peace Congress at Washington. Judge Robertson died at his residence, Mount Athos, Campbell County, Virginia, on the 5th of July, 1873.

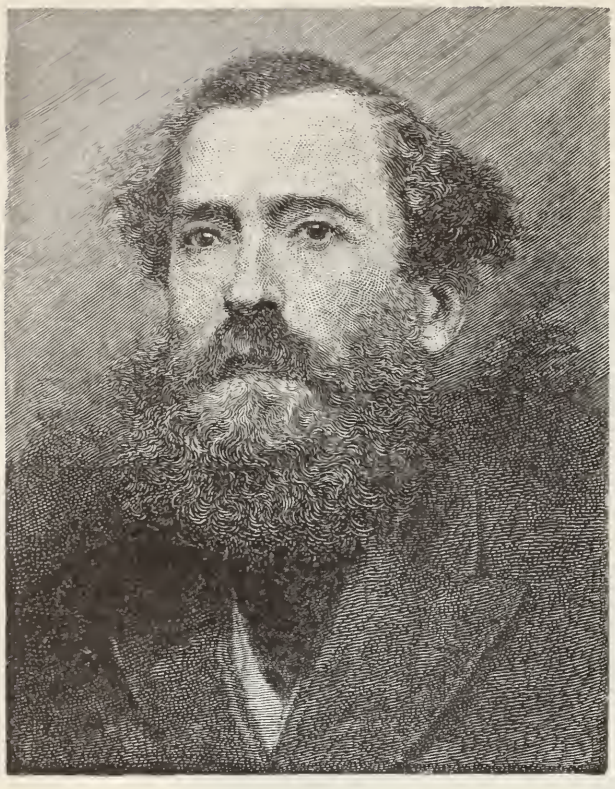
Miss Elizabeth Lewis Robertson, daughter of Judge Robertson, was not only interesting on account of her great beauty, but because in her features have been preserved unmistakable traits of her descent from Pocahontas. She married Robert Barksdale, the son of Mr. William Barksdale,

of Clay Hill, Amelia County, Virginia—a house proverbial for elegant hospitality.

One of the most accomplished literary men of Richmond was the late John R. Thompson. He entered the University of Virginia at an early age, and was more conspicuous for his literary tastes and love for reading than for the regular studies. Soon after leaving the university he became associated in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, of which he afterward became the editor. This magazine was established by Thomas W. White in 1834, and edited for eighteen months by Edgar A. Poe, whose brilliant contributions gave it a national reputation, and increased its circulation from seven hundred to five thousand. Its list of contributors included some of the most distinguished American writers: Poe, Longfellow, Donald G. Mitchell, John Esten Cooke, Mrs. Sigourney, William Gilmore Simms, Paul H. Hayne, George D. Prentice, etc. Ik Marvel's "Reveries of a Bachelor" and Baldwin's "Flush Times of Alabama" appeared originally in the *Messenger* during John R. Thompson's management. When Thackeray visited Richmond to deliver his lectures on the Georges, Thompson acted as his chaperon. He was entertained by Conway Robinson, Gustavus Myers, William H. Macfarland, James Lyons, etc. In 1854 Thompson went abroad, where he was very cordially received by Tennyson, Thackeray, and other English authors. He wrote a book about his travels, which was ready for publication by Harper and Brothers when their establishment was destroyed by fire, and the whole edition was burned.

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON BARKSDALE.

In 1861 Mr. Thompson went abroad again, and established himself in London as associate editor of *The Index* and *The Cosmopolitan*, of which he afterward became the editor-in-chief. He also wrote for the *Times*, *Standard*, and other leading London journals, thus making his living entirely by his pen. An article of his in the *Standard* struck Carlyle so forcibly that he sent to the paper to ascertain the name of the writer. He was informed that it was a gentleman from Virginia,



JOHN R. THOMPSON.

Mr. John R. Thompson, whereupon Carlyle sent him a card, asking him to call, which he did, and from that time was always treated with great kindness. Thompson returned to Richmond early in 1867, but finding nothing for him to do, in the winter of 1868 he removed to New York, where he started a paper called *Every Afternoon*, which failed. Soon after this a friend told him he could get him some literary work which might be of use to him. Thompson told him he would be very glad to get it. His friend then brought him a pile of books to be reviewed, and enjoined upon him to do his best. The manuscript was taken to William Cullen Bryant, at that time the editor of the New York *Evening Post*. After reading it he inquired who was the writer. Being told, he said, "This is the man I have been looking for." An interview was arranged, the result of which was that John R. Thompson became the literary editor of the *Evening Post*. His health failed him from overwork, and Mr. Bryant gave him an unlimited leave of absence. After spending a winter in Nassau and Bermuda he felt so much better that he went to work again. His health again broke down, and he went to Virginia for a while. Deriving no relief, he undertook a journey to the West, and went as far as Colorado. Finding that he was daily growing worse, he returned to New York toward the close of April, 1873, and died there a few days afterward. His remains were brought to Richmond and buried at Hollywood, where a beautiful monument has been erected to his memory, chiefly through the active exertions of Miss Mary Pegram and Major Leigh R. Page.

Richmond, with a population of 65,000, has three first-class clubs—the Westmoreland, the Richmond, and the Commercial. All these have been established since the war. There was in the olden time in Richmond an institution called the Buchanan Spring Club, named after the Rev. John Buchanan, to whom the grounds belonged, situated a mile or two from the city. The owner refused to sell the land, but allowed the club to use it free of cost. This club was composed of the leading men of Virginia; they met every Saturday afternoon, and pitched quoits, and had an old-fashioned barbecue under the trees, with mint-julep, broiled shad, etc. The season commenced about the middle of May, and lasted until the 1st of August, when the members dispersed and went to the springs or to their country-seats. Washington, in his visits to Richmond to see his nephew, Bushrod Washington, was a frequent guest; Parson Buchanan, an Episcopalian, and Parson Blair, a Presbyterian, were both members, and pitched quoits together on Saturday, and preached alternately at the Capitol on Sunday. They were both poets and cultivated gentlemen. Parson Buchanan was wealthy, and Parson Blair was poor, and the former gave all his fees to his Presbyterian friend. Chief Justice Marshall was one of the most regular attendants of the club, and would frequently pitch quoits from noon to sunset. He was one of the most famous pitchers in Virginia, and always used the heaviest quoits. Chancellor Wythe, Presidents Madison and Jefferson, John Wickham, and Thomas Mann Randolph were either members or distinguished visitors to this club, which continued in existence for nearly a century. There was another quoit club, the Old Dominion, but that was composed principally of younger and less distinguished men.

The Westmoreland Club was organized in 1877, and numbers among its members

most of the leading gentlemen of Richmond. It first occupied the house on Franklin Street, between Seventh and Eighth, which was purchased for General Lee by the City Council of Richmond, and occupied by him, though not accepted as a gift. The club remained there until 1880, when the present quarters, at the corner of Grace and Sixth streets, were secured. It is one of the most attractive club-houses in the South, with its broad piazza, wide halls, spacious rooms, and elegant appointments. The various rooms are adorned with valuable historical portraits, including those of Washington, Patrick Henry, John Randolph of Roanoke, Chief Justice Marshall, Lafayette, Commodore Perry, Black Hawk, Thomas Jefferson, Edmund Pendleton, etc. These pictures are the property of the Virginia Historical Society, which occupies the upper rooms of the house. Mr. Robert A. Brock, the correspondent and librarian of the society, has under his charge many objects of historical interest. Among these may be mentioned the writing-table of George Mason upon which he wrote the famous Bill of Rights of Virginia; the mace used by the Speaker of the House of Burgesses; two maps of Virginia of the date of 1671; the sword of Major Alexander Stuart, of the Revolutionary war; the MS. order-book of Colonel W. Heath, of the Revolution, while encamped at Bound Brook, New Jersey, in 1777; the original MS. records of the colony of Virginia for the five years (1752–1757) of the administration of Lieutenant-Governor Robert Dinwiddie, presented by W. W. Corcoran, Esq. The last is considered the most valuable single acquisition of the society.

We have purposely omitted from this paper any mention of many of the illustrious Virginian families whose descendants have been intimately associated with the material and social life of Richmond. Their record is preserved in the military and political history of the country, and need not be repeated here. Our object has been the less ambitious one of presenting a few characteristic portraits. The Richmond of to-day is the centre of many important industrial interests. Our retrospect has taken us away from this busy modern activity, and brought us face to face with that older Virginian life in which there was much of luxurious leisure, but which also furnished remarkable examples of high intellectual attainment and varied social accomplishment.

THE VISION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

April 14, 1865.*

Dreaming, he woke, our martyr President,
And still the vision lingered in his mind
(Problem at once and prophecy combined)—
A flying bark with all her canvas bent—
Joy-bringing herald of some great event,
Oft when the wavering scale of war inclined
To Freedom's side; now how to be divined
Uncertain, since Rebellion's force was spent.
So, of the omen heedful, as of Fate,
Lincoln with curious eye the horizon scanned:
At morn, with hopes of port and peace elate;
At night, like Palinurus—in his hand
The broken tiller of the Ship of State—
Flung on the margin of the Promised Land.

* "At the cabinet meeting held the morning of the assassination. . . .General Grant was present, and during a lull in the conversation the President turned to him and asked if he had heard from General Sherman. General Grant replied that he had not, but was in hourly expectation of receiving dispatches from him announcing the surrender of Johnston. 'Well,' said the President, 'you will hear very soon now, and the news will be important. . . . I had a dream last night, and ever since the war began I have invariably had the same dream before any important military event occurred. . . . It is in your line, too, Mr. Welles. The dream is that I saw a ship sailing very rapidly.'"—*Carpenter's "Six Months at the White House."*

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CAPTAIN'S NOSEGAY.

CAPTAIN LOIGEROT'S excitement must certainly have kept watch over him during the night, for as soon as he opened his eyes he was conscious that some delightful event was in store for him.

He rose, dressed himself with extra care, stared at himself in the glass to see if he looked as young as he felt, and then went to pay his daily visit to Lenoir, whose shop was in the Kornmarkt, just opposite the Ogre Fountain.

The hair-dresser was in a sulky mood. He had learned all about Madame Carouge's soirée, and although he did not rank himself with the other guests, he thought he was quite as good as Madame Bobineau or her shop-girl. "Madame Bobineau, indeed! why, she would never have come to Berne but for his intervention."

The captain was as chirpy as a bird. "Ha! ha!"—he rubbed his hands, laughed, and in consequence narrowly missed receiving a mouthful of lather—"we had a charming entertainment last night."

"Will monsieur be good enough to hold his face still?" the hair-dresser said, grimly. "My razor is very sharp this morning, and—"

Then, while his victim sat motionless as marble, Lenoir went on:

"Yes, yes; I heard all about it. I heard that the gentlemen enjoyed themselves more than the ladies did. You wanted another man or two, something lively, I fancy."

Loigerot longed to say that he was sure some of the ladies had enjoyed the soirée, but his words never came to him quickly, and he feared that a gash on his chin might make him unpresentable to Marie. So he remained silent, and Lenoir relapsed into sulkiness.

The captain did not stay to talk when the shaving was over, for he was impatient to order a bouquet; he had resolved not to present himself at Madame Bobineau's without some flowers for Marie.

It was disappointing to hear that he must wait for them till afternoon; the garden belonging to the shop was at some little distance from the town, and the girl said, "although there were plenty of ordinary flowers in the shop, as monsieur desired choice roses and carnations, and some hot-house blossoms besides, it would be necessary to send for them."

It had been a relief to his fidgety impatience to get that chat with Riesen and Engemann when he left the flower shop, but he felt annoyed with the clockmaker. He had a sort of uneasy dislike of ridicule, and he especially wished that Engemann should not hear of his engagement until he had seen Marie again. When he remembered her friendliness and her smiles last night he felt tolerably safe, but still it seemed wiser not to put himself into competition with a younger man till the affair had taken a step in advance.

"If the little darling accepts my flowers," he thought, "that will be a clincher. A sweet innocent girl like that will not take presents from one man while she smiles on another."

Instead of paying his usual visit to the Hôtel Beauregard, he actually walked off to Zimmerwald and breakfasted there, timing his return so as to reach Berne soon after four o'clock, the hour at which the flowers were to be ready.

He was a little tired with his long walk, for the road had been hilly and the sun hot, and he sat down to rest in the outer shop while the young woman behind the counter went into the green-house beyond to fetch the nosegay; there was a look of conscious pride in her face as she held it out for his inspection.

"It is beautiful, is it not, monsieur? I am not sure that we have made so fine a bouquet this season. Those carnations are unique pot flowers, Monsieur Dunelloy's own seedlings, and the roses are choice blossoms, and these delicate sprays between are very rare. Monsieur may be sure that the bouquet will give satisfaction." She turned the big nosegay slowly round. "Will monsieur have the kindness to say where it must be sent?"

The captain blushed and stuffed his hands into his pockets. "Nowhere, mademoiselle," he said, solemnly. "I intend to carry it myself."

The young woman looked at the captain and then at the big bouquet, but she was too polite to smile.

"Monsieur will wish me to put some paper round it?" she said.

Loigerot held out his hand, and taking the nosegay from her, he surveyed it with satisfaction.

"Yes, it is beautiful," he said; "it seems to me, however, that already it has some pretty paper round it. If you wrap it up you may injure the flowers, mademoiselle, and crumple the lace edging. No; I will take it as it is."

He handed her the nosegay to hold while he felt in his pocket for the price he had arranged to pay for it, and then, swelling with the pride he felt in his purchase, and eager to see Marie's delight, the captain came out of the shop.

He kept on the opposite side of the street from the hotel. The woman who had served him came to the door, and stood laughing at the short, broad figure stumping along with the huge nosegay carried carefully in front. Loigerot was not at all ashamed of himself, but he wanted to avoid Riesen's shop, and also the chance of a meeting with the hair-dresser, who might be coming round the corner of the Beauregard from his shop in the Kornmarkt.

"It was a happy thought. Madame Carouge says it is the right thing to give a nosegay." He puffed out his cheeks. "I—I like to do the right thing. I always did the right thing in the army, and I shall do the right thing in courtship."

Just as he reached the bank, Rudolf Engemann came out of it, and seeing Loigerot's nosegay, he stopped short.

"Hullo, captain!"—he broke into a hearty laugh—"what a splendid nosegay! I'll wager it's on its way to a fair lady—and yet you have passed the Beauregard. Can I guess for whom these flowers are intended?"

Loigerot reddened, and moved first one foot and then the other. "You need not guess. I am carrying them to a friend." He spoke with dignity, and he planted his legs wide apart, and stared defiantly at Engemann. The young fellow's broad smile had made him feel ridiculous. "There is nothing for you to laugh at"—his words came out quickly. "I am carrying these flowers to the lady who is to be my wife."

Engemann took off his hat and made a low bow. "You must pardon me, captain," he said. "Please accept my congratulations. I was not aware that you had any such intentions. I wish you success."

He was going to ask the lady's name, but the captain's impatience would not brook further delay; he returned the young fellow's bow, and then crossed the street and disappeared under the arcade. He had no wish to let Engemann surprise his secret. Until he and Marie appeared together in public the captain thought there was no occasion to speak of his engagement to any one except Madame Carouge.

"I must do something for that good lady," he said, slowly. "She has been very kind. Well, I might offer her a bouquet—not such a one as this, of course." He looked lovingly at his treasure, and pulled at the tuft of hair on his chin. "Engemann might not like it. Ha! ha! I need not trouble myself about him; he can only have eyes for his widow. I

THE GALLANT CAPTAIN WAS EAGER TO SEE MARIE'S DELIGHT.

can not for the life of me conceive why he was not at the soirée. If he does not look sharp, my wedding will take place before his is settled."

But here he came in sight of the Red Glove; the sun fell upon it through the archway in front, and the hand looked redder and more plethoric than usual.

If the captain had been imaginative he might have fancied that the burly red emblem was ready to burst its three gilt buttons in giving him a grip of friendly welcome. But it was the old story of eyes and no eyes; the captain saw no change in the glove. To Marie this morning it had administered a shock. To her the

Red Glove had seemed scarlet with anger, and she could hardly believe that it had not again pointed at her in mockery.

Last night Madame Bobineau had signed to her to enter the house with her, and then, when the captain had shaken hands with them and had gone upstairs to his own rooms, the old woman had escorted Marie to her lodging.

"You must never go out at night by yourself, child," she said; "it ruins a girl's character if she is seen out by herself in the dark so late as this."

Marie had been very absent to-day, and had made more than one mistake in her duties, yet Madame Bobineau had only smiled. Once she had shaken her head, for Marie had shown kid gloves to a customer who asked for *gants de Suède;* but on the whole the girl was relieved to have escaped the scolding she had felt to be inevitable. She thought that the party must have sweetened Madame Bobineau's temper.

"If she enjoyed it as much as I did, no wonder. What a mistake I had nearly made! I thought I should be miserable and frightened, and that nice old man was so kind! I liked him so much! It has all given me something to think about." She blushed; she knew that she had been thinking far more about Monsieur Engemann than of the party; she had so wondered at his absence; if he had been there, it seemed to Marie that she should have been too happy. She liked the captain, but she wished he would not stare so much; but then the Sisters had always told her that she must never take up a prejudice against any one because of a special manner—a manner of which the person was perhaps completely unconscious.

In the case of Madame Carouge she had plainly made a mistake; the widow was patronizing, but her kindness in giving her the flowers had proved that she did not really dislike her—

The door opened, and Marie rose, ready to receive a customer. Her eyes were at once attracted by the flowers which Captain Loigerot carried; she saw them almost before she recognized him.

He stood still and made her a low bow.

"I hope I see mademoiselle well," he said. Then to himself, "What a little darling she looks!" Then, going up to the counter, he shook hands with Marie. "I am sure mademoiselle has slept well, she looks so—so bright." He stopped abruptly; he began to be nervous. How was he to give her the flowers? He should have asked Madame Carouge. He cleared his throat with an effort, and at the sound the door of communication opened, and in came Madame Bobineau.

"Good-day, monsieur; it is so very kind of monsieur to call," she said, fawningly. "Mercy, what beautiful flowers!"

Loigerot gave a sigh of relief, and turned to Marie. "Does mademoiselle also think these flowers beautiful?" he said, puffing out his words, and keeping his eyes on her face, which was now full of admiration.

"They are lovely," the girl said. "I did not know that there were such beautiful flowers." She bent forward to smell them.

The captain held out the nosegay. "Mademoiselle, they are yours, if you will do me the great honor of accepting them."

She did not take the flowers; instead, she pressed her hands nervously together, and looked at the captain to see if he were in earnest.

"They are yours," he repeated, and he pressed the nosegay into her hands.

"Oh, monsieur, how kind, how very kind!"—her eyes swam with tears as she looked at him. "I don't know how to thank you;" and then she hid her face in the flowers.

Loigerot pulled at the tuft of hair on his chin. "Sweet, innocent creature!" he murmured. He had an idea that the correct thing would be for him to kiss Marie; but at the same time she looked so unconscious that he feared to alarm her. He glanced appealingly at Madame Bobineau.

"Monsieur is indeed kind," said that worthy woman. "You owe him many thanks, Marie."

The captain drew himself up, and planted his feet still farther from one another.

"Mademoiselle"—he spoke very slowly; he felt that this was a pregnant sentence—"I should say Mademoiselle Marie Peyrolles, I am delighted. You have thanked me in the most marked and also in the best possible way by accepting this small offering. Mademoiselle has gratified me more than I can say."

He had been drawing out a huge red and yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, and now he buried his nose in it.

"Marie"—Madame Bobineau seemed to be in a hurry—"will you go to the kitchen and get some water? You will find a

glass vase there which will hold your nosegay. It is a shame to keep such flowers out of water."

Marie went away with her treasure, burying her face in the flowers as she went. She had not felt so happy since she came to Berne. She longed to kiss them every one, they were such lovely living companions. She could not yet realize that they were her own.

Madame Bobineau came so close up to the captain that he felt just a little nervous. Could it be part of the programme that he had to kiss the guardian of his future wife? He looked at the grim face now very near his, and he retreated a step.

"*Diable!*" he said: "I'd as soon kiss a toad."

Madame Bobineau's humility being only skin-deep, she was quite unconscious of his repugnance.

"Monsieur," she whispered, "you must be very cautious; Marie is not prepared. She is very shy, very childish, and your face is too expressive."

"Confound it, madame!"—he spoke quickly enough now—"a fellow can't help his looks at such a time. If I'd kissed her, now, you might have—"

She put her skinny fingers on his arm.

"I hear her coming, monsieur; do not weaken the good impression you have made, by an imprudence."

"Then I may not kiss her?"

She raised her hands in protest; then as Marie pushed open the glass door the old woman looked meaningly at the captain, and kissed the back of her own brown, shrivelled hand.

It seemed to Marie that she had not thanked him enough. She placed the glass with the nosegay carefully on the counter, and then she turned to him.

"Thank you ever so much, monsieur; I never had such a nosegay before. Ah, monsieur"—her shining eyes were so full of gratitude that Loigerot drew nearer; he thought he might at least take her hand—"you are so kind," she said, "as kind to me as if you were my father."

Loigerot started, and then bowed stiffly to hide his confusion.

"Mademoiselle is — easy to please." "*Morbleu!* this is harder work than storming the Redan," he thought. "I must go and fortify myself at the café." He bowed to Madame Bobineau and to Marie. "*Au revoir*, madame," he said, and he left the shop.

CHAPTER XX.

RUDOLF HEARS NEWS.

THE bright summer afternoon had become more beautiful, the hardness of the blue sky had softened, and though the sunbeams shot volleys of brilliant light from between the tree stems, long shadows fell across the avenue, and gave a party-colored effect to the three young men who walked along it in the direction of Berne.

His two fellow-clerks, Christen and Wengern, had met Engemann at the Enge, and were walking home with him. As they came down through the slanting shadows, sometimes Rudolf would be almost eclipsed by the gloom, while the two others were revealed with startling distinctness as the clear sunshine lit up their red, good-tempered faces and straw hats; then, in turn, they sank into obscurity and Engemann was clearly revealed, tall and strong-looking, but with just now a perplexed expression on his usually serene face.

It seems as if big men, as a rule, have little talent for intrigue or contrivances. Engemann wanted to get rid of his companions, and yet he could hit upon no device by which to do it. He shrank from showing his desire to be quit of them; it might vex them, he thought; also he feared to make them suspicious.

"Somewhere hereabouts," said young Christen, whose slight boyish figure made a strong contrast to his tall, robust companion, "is the Bower of Bliss, in which our fair widow lived in old Carouge's time. I believe the fellow was a regular Turk, and kept her shut up here with a duenna."

"He wasn't a Turk, then," said Wengern; "that's a confusion of ideas, and he would have had a choice of wives if he had been a Turk. But where is this retreat? One ought to find it out."

He gave a furtive look at Engemann; but the latter was staring at the river far below the green bank and the road which lay between. He seemed not to have heard Wengern's suggestion.

He had, however, heard it distinctly, and his thoughts were full of Madame Carouge. In these last days she had faded out of his reveries. Her glowing beauty and the dark, bewitching sweetness of her liquid eyes had been replaced by a pure pale face with a color as faint as the blush

on an early rose; and clear gray truthful eyes seemed to look at him, full of the unshrinking candor of childhood. But in thinking of Marie, Engemann was conscious of a different kind of contemplation from that evoked by the glowing image of the widow. He did not think so much of Marie's looks. Although he did not remind himself that the question of companionship had been one of the obstacles that had held him back from the beautiful widow, he knew that this young girl fully realized this idea. Engemann did not consciously think about love for either of them; but he felt that if he could afford to marry, he could go through life happily with Marie. His only fear would be the difficulty of winning love from so young and shy a creature.

His companions' talk now brought back vividly a vision of Madame Carouge—and Rudolf felt shocked by a sudden sense of ingratitude. One always receives a mental shock in finding that a quality on which one has prided one's self is wanting, or that a defect especially distasteful is present in one's mental constitution. Engemann despised caprice, and yet he now felt convicted of it. He could give absolutely no valid reason for the sudden slackening of his interest in his beautiful friend. Only a week ago her image had pursued him so persistently that he had had to banish it by a strong effort so that it might not interfere with business, and now— He felt much self-contempt as he recalled the occasions lately when he had been glad to talk to Riesen or to some other acquaintance as he came down the hotel stairs, so as to give himself an excuse for shirking an interview to which a few days before he had looked forward with eagerness.

He did not attempt self-deception; he knew very well that it was the sight of Marie, and the impression made on him by her sweet, innocent ways, by her charming simplicity and frankness, that had chilled his warm feeling for Madame Carouge. But he told himself, sternly, this was no valid reason, it was mere caprice, as unmanly as it was contemptible in any man. His head sank with shame on his breast as he remembered that in his own case it was aggravated by the kindnesses which this beautiful woman had shown him.

He had known her for six months, and from the beginning of their acquaintance he had accepted benefits from her. When he came a stranger to Berne it was Madame Carouge who had found him his comfortable lodging at the Red Glove; and when he told her that his means were limited, she had arranged the price for him, and had induced Madame Bobineau to lower her terms.

Indeed, the widow had taken all his troubles on herself. She had lent him books, had asked him as a favor to use the free admissions sent to her for concerts and other entertainments, on the plea that her mourning prevented her from using them. Last, but certainly before all the rest, he had once esteemed her kindness in admitting him as an especially favored visitor to those quiet talks in the glass-fronted parlor. Lately these had scarcely been mere talks. Engemann remembered, and he reddened at the recollection, that he had stood gazing at her, wondering at and enjoying the sight of her beauty, as she leaned back with languid grace on her sofa, her dark lashes resting on her velvet cheeks, then raised suddenly with a wonderful glance, its fire quenched at once in liquid softness as she met his eyes fixed on hers. The young fellow could only liken the eyes of Madame Carouge to those of the Princess in the fairy tale.

Yes, he had behaved heartlessly toward her; he had been most neglectful. He would go and see her this evening.

"Engemann"—he started, and both the young fellows laughed, for they had been watching his troubled face—"why were you not at the party last night?"

"What party?"

"What! you have not even heard?" Christen rubbed his hands. "Why, your friend Madame Carouge gave a party last night. What have you done to the fair widow that she should not invite you with the rest of her friends?"

Engemann was surprised, but he answered, quietly: "I suppose Madame Carouge is at liberty to invite whom she pleases. Were you present?"

"No; we heard of it from Lenoir. He says it was a small affair. Riesen and his wife and Captain Loigerot were the only guests, except your old witch of a landlady and her shop-girl. It is mysterious. I think the widow might have asked a young man or two, if it was only for the sake of that pretty little girl."

Engemann stared; the idea of Madame Bobineau at a party was ridiculous.

"That chatter-box Lenoir was joking,"

he said; "he was stuffing you to see how much you would both swallow."

"Aha!" Christen laughed. "The grapes are sour, my friend; you must find them very sour, I am sure. Why, we all considered you as good as betrothed to madame."

"I have already told you, Christen"—Engemann spoke sternly—"that I will not have this nonsense talked about me. You have no right to couple any woman's name with mine. I tell you you are altogether mistaken."

He fixed his blue eyes on the young fellow, and Christen shrank from the gleam he saw in them. Wengern, however, interfered.

"Come, come, Engemann," he said, coolly, "it is all very well to say 'I will, and I will not,' when the fellow you say it to is half your size. Christen's is only a bit of chaff; and, after all, a man must pay for what he gets, whether it is success with a woman or any other kind of success. Every one in the town knows that the widow favors you among us all. I don't blame you for winning her"—he laughed—"but don't you be angry and blame Christen for chaffing you. Come along, Heinrich; he would rather be alone."

They both pulled off their straw hats, and walking quickly on, they turned into a road that led them down beside the river.

Rudolf Engemann stood still. He was very angry for some minutes; then, as the fumes cleared, his judgment asserted itself, and he felt like a fool.

"I have offended her, then, and she would not ask me. No; she is too kind and gentle to be angry. She did not ask me because she thought I should not care to go."

He set his teeth hard as he went briskly into Berne. Walking up the Spitalgasse, in cool shadow now, for the tall houses made it impossible for the sun to reach the street, he remembered that the flippant young fellow had said Madame Bobineau and Marie were at the party. As he passed the Red Glove he looked in at the shop window. Marie was there, but he could not see her face; it was hidden in a bouquet of flowers that stood on the counter. She was leaning over them. She seemed to be actually kissing the blossoms.

"Poor little thing! one sees she has been bred in the country," he thought; and he entered the house and went upstairs to his rooms.

He brushed his hair with extra care—parted not quite in the middle—if he had not kept it closely cropped it would have curled all over his head, not in close woolly curls, but in sculpturesque curves. As he brushed the hair the rich gold-color glowed, and his blue eyes were almost black, the pupils had so dilated with the eagerness with which he thought of Madame Carouge.

He reddened while he told himself that he had never affected any warmer feeling than friendship for her; and he wished their acquaintance to continue on its present basis. She had always acted like a friend toward him, and he would try to show his gratitude.

It was a relief to find that Wengern and Christen were not at the *table d'hôte*. There had been a crowd of new arrivals, and Engemann found his place occupied. He was moved too far away from Captain Loigerot to give an opportunity of talking to him.

He left the table early. He was anxious not to miss Madame Carouge, and it was possible that some of these newcomers, many of whom were ladies, might wish to speak to her as soon as dinner was quite over.

Madame Carouge was anxiously waiting for him; she knew by a secret prevision he would come, and although she had resolved to receive him coldly, she could not banish the gladness that sounded in her voice and smiled at him from her eyes and lips.

"I am glad to see you, monsieur." Then she straightened her lips, and tried to remember his avoidance of her.

"You can not be more glad than I am, madame." He kept the soft hand in his warm clasp an instant. "It seems so long since I have seen you. I came to look for you twice, but you were absent."

She was so glad, so very glad, to be able to forgive him for his seeming neglect. Engemann felt that he had never seen anything so lovely as the look she gave him now.

"I am very sorry I missed you, and I feel guilty respecting you, monsieur."

There was, he thought, a touching penitence in her rich voice.

"I can hardly fancy that, madame; the debt is, I assure you, on my side."

She had been standing while she talked to him, and he had remained near the doorway. Now, with a rapid glance at

the clock opposite her, she pointed to a chair just behind the door which opened toward her sofa.

"I am going to tell you"—she seated herself, and smiled with happiness when she saw that he imitated her—"that I invited a few friends last night. I feel you may justly wonder why I left you out." She paused, and swiftly glanced at him, but his face only showed deep attention. "The truth is," she went on, "I had a little plan in my mind with which your presence might have interfered."

"Really?"

Engemann felt puzzled, troubled too, without finding out the reason; for, as has been said, his perception was not rapid.

"You have, I think, seen Mademoiselle Peyrolles, the young relation who has come to live with Madame Bobineau?"

Engemann felt it a little difficult to keep his eyes steady, she looked at him so keenly; he merely bent his head in answer.

"Have you seen her lately, monsieur?" The tone of her voice roused him, it was so different from her usual way of speaking.

"No," he said. "Oh yes; I saw her just now as I passed the shop; but her face was buried in a nosegay," he added, with a smile.

Madame Carouge got up quickly and went to the window, as if she thought some one was awaiting her there. She felt stung almost to an outburst of jealous anger by this avowal that he actually cared to look at Marie.

In a moment, however, it flashed upon her that he had made it easier for her to tell her news. She turned on him with a bright smile—the clock warned her that she must not delay.

"You met Captain Loigerot to-day with a nosegay, I think?" she said, fixing her eyes on his face.

Engemann laughed.

"Yes; I saw him making a sight of himself carrying an enormous nosegay."

But as he spoke he remembered Marie over the flowers, and his laughter ended.

"Ah! do not laugh at him. I admire his simple devotion; but I forgot that you are not in his secret. Did he tell you to whom he was carrying those flowers?"

She grew pale and then red as she spoke. Engemann's troubled look had changed, his blue eyes gleamed with anger. Yes, there could be no mistake about the expression that darkened them.

"Do you mean to say—" he began.

Madame Carouge raised her eyebrows slightly. She was listening to the slam of the doors above, and the footsteps of some diners could be heard coming down the stone staircase.

"I will tell you, because I am sure you are discreet. I mean that Monsieur Loigerot greatly admires this poor little Marie, and has, in short, declared his wish to Madame Bobineau to marry her. I need hardly say that the young person is very glad and grateful. Surely you will not now call this attention of the captain's ridiculous?—"

"It is much worse than ridiculous, it is monstrous," Engemann said, rudely breaking in on her speech. "Why, he is old enough to be her father."

She gave him such a pitying smile.

"That is how it looks to you and to me, but it is not surprising to find that things appear quite differently when viewed under a different light. I could tell you, monsieur, how a young girl"—a buzz of voices sounded outside—"no, not now," she said, quickly. "It is plain, however, that this poor little shop-girl does not feel the disparity of age as we might feel it; she accepts it willingly; she does not think our friend ridiculous, I assure you. You should have seen her last night; she looked charming, though, indeed, she had not a word for any one but her admirer; she sat beside him, apart from us all, talking and laughing all the evening. It was delightful to see her happiness."

Rudolph rose; he could not trust himself to answer. He heard steps coming nearer and nearer; next moment the round, beaming face of Captain Loigerot appeared in the doorway.

"Congratulate him," the widow whispered.

"Not now," he answered, in the same tone; "I will take another opportunity. Good-evening, madame."

He nodded to Loigerot and passed out of sight.

"Well, madame, it goes well." The captain was rubbing his hands, and looking broader and more beaming than ever. Then, recollecting himself: "I hope you have recovered from last night's fatigues, madame."

"Perfectly, I thank you. I am glad you have prospered." Then she looked over his head, thankful to see Moritz in advance of a tall, high-nosed, elderly En-

glish Mees, who looked capable of walking over the captain. "Monsieur," said Madame Carouge, "I will not detain you. I have the honor of wishing you good-evening."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CAPTAIN TO THE RESCUE.

MARIE had been so used to sympathy that if Madame Bobineau had shown her any affection she would now have gone to her for counsel; but the girl was so young and inexperienced that she had a dread of ridicule, and she had not been long enough accustomed to her old cousin's repelling ways to have overcome the timidity they had created.

Captain Loigerot had returned later, and had chatted pleasantly to her and to the old woman; but when he took his leave he bent over the girl's hand and kissed it.

At this Marie had grown red till her eyes seemed scorched by her flaming cheeks; then she looked at Madame Bobineau; but she had turned her back and was following the captain out of the shop.

She stood talking to him on the doorstep, and then went in next door to pay a visit to her friend the pastry-cook, and when she came in she presented Marie with two frosted cakes which she said the mistress of the cake shop had sent her. She made no remark about the packet under her arm, which had really been given her for her "little cousin." Madame Bobineau considered that Marie was getting more than was good for her—there was no need to spoil her. She had intended to give the girl a few hints with regard to her behavior toward the captain, but as she looked in Marie's face she changed her mind, and at once retreated to her parlor.

By the time they met at supper the girl had decided not to confide her vexation.

"I must depend on myself," she thought; "I am old enough. After all, the old man meant no harm. It is only because no one ever kissed my hand before that I mind so much."

But next morning she would not go out to the Muntz Platz to gaze at her beloved mountains, she so feared to meet the captain there.

As she went into the glove shop, the flowers, which she had left, by Madame Bobineau's advice, on the counter, seemed at once to give her a loving welcome and to reproach her for her ingratitude.

She wished now she had gone out to look at the mountains. The morning was so bright and clear that they would have been plainly visible. She dusted her counter and Madame Bobineau's desk and the shelves and boxes, and then she sat down and enjoyed the sight of her nosegay. Some of the roses had opened since yesterday, and were yet more beautiful, while the fragrance and the color of all seemed to turn the dull commonplace shop into a sort of paradise.

Marie drew one half-opened pink rose gently from the rest, and fastened it near her throat so that she could smell it. She did not realize the sudden brightening it gave to her poor brown gown, and how charmingly it matched the delicate color in her cheek.

When Madame Bobineau came to call her in to breakfast, she exclaimed, loudly: "How beautiful those flowers are yet! how sweet they smell! Mercy, Marie, you are fortunate; it is not every girl who meets with such attention; but then he is wealthy, the captain is," she went on, as she saw Marie listening. "Such a gift as this is nothing to him; he has a country house, and a garden, and an orchard, and an olive-yard, and a wood, and land besides."

"And is his garden near Berne?" Marie's eyes sparkled. "Do you think, madame," she went on, timidly, "that those beautiful flowers came from his garden?"

Madame Bobineau shrugged her shoulders and pushed out her lower lip. "You little simpleton! Come to breakfast," she said, in so derisive a tone that Marie shrank into herself with conscious ignorance.

As soon as she was seated at breakfast, Madame Bobineau went on, with her mouth full of bread: "Why, child, you ought to learn the value of things. Such flowers as you have there are not grown out-of-doors; the roses may be, but the delicate ones come from a glass house, and I'll be bound the carnations grew under shelter. You have only to look at the arrangement of the nosegay to be sure that the captain paid a pretty price for it—five or six francs, I'll wager. You did not thank him half enough," she said, plunging her spoon into a brown-looking mass, which she called pear mar-

malade, but which Marie thought tasted like furniture polish; it was, however, reputed wholesome, and it saved butter and honey, and Marie had learned by this time that she was expected to eat it.

She did not answer the old woman's reproach; she sat trying to decide whether she had been wanting in gratitude to the captain, for she was not disposed to take Madame Bobineau's view of a subject.

By dinner-time she had come to the conclusion that she would not thank Captain Loigerot again, but that she would be extra kind to him on his next visit. She did not like the thought that he had spent so much money on her, but it was extremely kind of him to have tried to give her pleasure.

No one came this afternoon to the Red Glove. Marie had her flowers to look at, and she was full of pleasant anticipation, for Madame Bobineau had promised to take her to-morrow to the Schänzli. That too would be a pleasure suggested by the kind captain. It seemed to Marie that his influence must have had something to do with the extraordinary change in Madame Bobineau's behavior. She was certainly not lovable, but she had left off scolding and saying the cruel, bitter things which had at first frozen the girl into a dull silence foreign to her nature. Just now the old woman had even smiled when she came into the shop.

"Go and get me some snuff with this, there's a good child," she said, putting some money into Marie's hand.

Marie went out and bought the snuff at a shop not far from the Red Glove, and coming back she wondered whether Monsieur Engemann would go to the Schänzli to-morrow. She had thought of him all day yesterday. She decided that he was not going to marry Madame Carouge; his absence from the soirée had convinced her that Madame Bobineau was mistaken about this. In a very short time the girl had discovered that her cousin was careless about truth, and smilingly she told herself that Madame Bobineau had got up this little deception to prevent her from becoming interested in her young lodger. Certainly, as Marie owned to herself, the idea that he was going to marry a rich woman older than he was had chilled the strong attraction she had felt toward him last Sunday at the Bear Pit. But since then each time she had seen him his manner had been kinder; there had been in it something special, quite different from the manner of any one else, and certainly she liked him better than any one she had ever seen. It was a relief to think he was not going to marry the rich widow. She wished to see him again.

She opened the shop door and stood still—it seemed as if her wish had created its fulfillment. Monsieur Engemann was standing beside the counter looking fixedly at the captain's nosegay.

Marie's heart beat quickly; she did not know how glad her face was; in truth, her heart was looking out at her eyes, and if Rudolf had not been blinded by jealous anger he would have read truth and love too in them. But he was beside himself with anger, and he attributed the sweet glad look to vanity, a mere desire to attract. Madame Carouge's news had torn a veil from his consciousness, and in a moment of agony he had learned that he loved. Never before had he felt toward any woman what he now felt for this callous, mercenary girl who was going to sell herself to Loigerot. He had felt an absolute need of self-restraint, and had scarcely spoken to any one all day. His fellow-clerks decided that the widow had given him the sack, and that the disappointment had upset his liver, for he could not eat his breakfast, and he looked wretchedly ill. At last reaction came; he made up his mind that he was a fool to believe in the report of others. He resolved to go to the Red Glove and ask Marie if she really had promised herself to the captain; but while he stood in the shop waiting for her his resolve lost its firmness.

By what right could he ask such a question? He had given Marie no cause to suppose he loved her—if, indeed, he had loved her before he heard this news. He had felt without owning it that she understood him, and it was his faith in her liking for him that had made it so impossible for him to believe that she could promise herself to Loigerot, but the sight of the nosegay had overwhelmed him.

"I have the honor of saying good-day, mademoiselle;" and he pulled off his hat ceremoniously.

Marie wondered he did not shake hands. The sudden glow that had come at sight of him turned cold, and left her timid. She was conscious of a change in him, but she could not guess at its cause. She thought the best way would be to ask if

she had vexed him. She looked up at him, and she saw that his eyes were fixed on her nosegay. In her fear she uttered the worst words she could have chosen: "Are they not beautiful flowers, monsieur?" She looked conscious and shy as she raised the vase that he might smell the roses.

"Beautiful! Oh yes." He drew away. "I do not care for them."

He walked across the shop, and while Marie stood pale and disconcerted by his abruptness, Madame Bobineau came bustling forward. Rudolf did not see her at first. He stood battling with his anger; in his heart he was calling Marie an artful flirt, no better than any ordinary shop-girl. If she did not mean to encourage the captain she would not cherish his gifts. He longed to unmask her, and tell her what he thought of her conduct. Heavens! now he looked again he saw she was wearing one of the roses at her throat!

"Good-morning, monsieur," a well-known harsh voice said at his elbow. "How well you look this morning! Do you think we shall have a fine day to-morrow, monsieur? I hope so, for I am going in the evening to the Schänzli with Marie, and if it is fine and clear we shall see the sun set on the Alps."

"I hope the weather may be as fine as you wish, madame." Engemann did not look at Marie, but he saw that she was bending over the obnoxious nosegay; her face was actually hidden by the blossoms. "By Heaven! she is kissing those flowers under my eyes!" the angry young fellow said to himself.

Really Marie had begun to cry with vexation; she was sure now that Monsieur Engemann was angry with her, and she should never know why; she had lost the chance of an explanation with him; he would go away still angry with her. She felt desperate.

"You are very kind," she heard Madame Bobineau say, in answer to his wish; "but I think you also have a special reason for desiring a fine Sunday."

Marie saw how slyly the old woman looked at Monsieur Engemann.

"I, madame? Oh yes; I am going to Thun with Monsieur and Madame Riesen."

The girl again bent her face into the flowers, and listened intently.

Madame Bobineau laughed. "Aha! monsieur, we have heard all about it: we know who else is going to Thun with you, and we wish the happy pair a happy day; don't we, child?"

Marie looked up, puzzled, while Engemann, moved by a sudden impulse, turned and gazed at her. She forced a smile. "Yes," she said, simply. "I have heard that Thun is a beautiful place: is it not, monsieur?"

Rudolf asked himself what she meant by this.

Madame Bobineau stood fidgeting, with an anxious look on her face; then she moved quickly to the shop door, and beckoned. She had seen the captain pass the shop, and she guessed that he would go up to his rooms before he presented himself. "Come in, monsieur," she said; "you are wanted."

It seemed to the mistress of the Red Glove that Monsieur Engemann looked at Marie in a way she had not expected, and that the captain's presence at such a juncture would put matters on a right footing.

Meantime Monsieur Engemann answered the girl's question.

"Yes, mademoiselle, the lake is beautiful." His voice was hoarse, and he stopped to clear his throat before he went on speaking; then he looked at the nosegay. "I wish you happiness also," he said, bitterly. "You love flowers, I see."

His tone frightened her again.

"Why is he so angry?" she thought; then, in a timid voice, "Monsieur, I—"

She raised her eyes to his just as Madame Bobineau came back, with the captain at her heels.

Loigerot bowed all round; then he went and stood between his tall friend and Marie, and the girl felt that her last hope was over. A sudden feeling of dislike made her turn away from the captain, but Engemann judged that this was confusion at the sight of her lover.

"Aha, my friend," the captain said, smiling, "I have heard news about you; I congratulate you." He shook his head, and tried to look roguish. "I hope you and your charming widow will have a fine day at Thun to-morrow. You are a lucky fellow. *Morbleu!* you have thrown double-sixes." He laughed slowly. Then he edged himself closer, and said, in a lower voice: "And I too—am *I* not a lucky fellow? Do you not congratulate *me*, my friend?"

He pointed to Marie, and laid his finger on his coarse mustache.

"Nonsense! nonsense!" Engemann

pushed past him impatiently, and went out of the shop, while Marie stood pressing one hand on her heart. She felt bewildered; she could not understand the meaning of the talk she had heard, unless, indeed, it meant that Madame Bobineau had been right, after all.

The captain laughed loudly.

"He's off like a shell, madame. Well, well, he can't stand a joke. I knew fast enough what all those private talks over Madame Carouge's desk would end in. But it will be an excellent marriage; he and our beautiful widow will make a fine couple."

Marie stood violently trembling. She could not tell what ailed her, but she longed to run away and hide herself. She scarcely heard Madame Bobineau say,

"Yes, they are well matched—could not be better."

The captain walked across the shop, his hands stuffed into his pockets, while Madame Bobineau regaled herself with a huge pinch of snuff.

Loigerot went on: "I have had my suspicions for some time past. I have always had a keen eye for this sort of thing, a sort of instinct, I may say. Well, he's a worthy young fellow, and he will make a devoted husband; and she is rich and handsome. Does not mademoiselle consider Madame Carouge handsome?"

He went up to Marie.

Her eyes were wild as she looked at him. "I—oh yes, monsieur, I think so." "If he would only go!" she thought, desperately. "I must run away if he stands there staring at me. I don't like him half as well as I did at the party."

The captain turned pompously to Madame Bobineau.

"May I be permitted," he said, gravely, "to salute mademoiselle?"

The old woman nodded and smiled, but she answered, in a whisper:

"Only her hand. She is not very well to-day, but take no notice."

He went up to Marie and took her hand. As he bent his head to it, she pulled it away.

He looked at her; then he gave her an adoring smile. "Sweet and shy, like a dove," he murmured. "Ah, she is an angel!"

Then he went back to Madame Bobineau, while the girl said to herself, "What does it all mean?—oh, what does it mean?"

"Madame"—the captain spoke in his most pompous manner—"I believe the correct thing is for me to attend you and mademoiselle to high mass to-morrow. I —aw—propose to myself to call in order to escort you. *Au revoir, madame, et mademoiselle, à demain.*"

He made many bows, and then, kissing his fingers to Marie, he departed.

CHAPTER XXII.

AT THUN.

THERE was no mistake about the sunshine. It blazed down with an intense, scorching radiance. It was now about ten o'clock, so one could give a tolerably correct guess as to the sun's power a few hours later. The arcades in front of the houses partly baffled it, but through the openings it shone fiercely on every person and thing that came in its way. The atmosphere throbbed with the force of its rays; they seemed to rejoice the broad face of the clock on the old tower beside the hotel; the gilt hand on the dial glittered; the red ogre on the Kindlifressen Fountain looked ruddier than ever, and the water in the basin below him felt tepid.

At this moment Monsieur and Madame Riesen emerged from the arcade on the same side as the Hôtel Beauregard; they actually ran across the open space which intervened, to escape the scorching heat, for though each of them carried a brown holland green-lined sun-shade, they had neglected to open these.

"Mein Gott!"—Riesen stopped to wipe his face—"this is too much; if there were not an awning to the boat, we could not venture on the lake to-day. Aha! good-morning, Monsieur Engemann. Am I not a true prophet? Is the day fine enough to please you?"

Engemann nodded and smiled, and then he greeted Madame Riesen.

"So glad to see you!" Her dull, flat face was full of effusive politeness as she shook hands. To herself, as she led the way into the hotel and up the stairs, she was saying, "Poor young fellow! a regular victim to that vain widow; and she'll get tired of him; as soon as they are married she'll want a fresh admirer—that she will: I know her."

Looking up, she saw her hostess stand-

ing at the open door of the *salle à manger*, and instantly the most adoring smile spread over her face.

"How charming you look, dear Madame Carouge!" she said.

And it was true; Madame Carouge looked more than usually attractive. She wore a large black hat which threw a shadow over her face, and gave it a bewitching charm.

The *salle* at this hour was vacant; visitors breakfasted either in their rooms or in the breakfast-room below, and Madame Carouge led the way to the coolest corner of the long room. Here was a round table spread for four, and crowned with a glowing pyramid of peaches and grapes.

Riesen's grave face beamed, and he licked his colorless lips.

"I believe, my friends"—he looked at the widow—"I may call myself the commander of this expedition, and I give you all notice that if we mean to travel by the eleven-o'clock train we have no time to spare: we must not talk while we eat."

"Do but listen to Eugène," his wife said, mockingly, "and he is the one who is sure to talk with his mouth full. I tell him he will choke himself some day."

The clockmaker might have spared his warning. Neither Madame Carouge nor Rudolf Engemann was inclined to talk. The widow's thoughts were full of words which she fully hoped to speak by-and-by. If she did not speak them, life would be very dreary, empty of the hope that had kept her thoughts fixed on this day. She had so longed for it to come, and now it was here, and she and Rudolf Engemann were to spend it together.

Her blood ran riotously through her veins; a rich color glowed on her cheeks; she dared not trust herself to talk. Her guests were drinking champagne, but she scarcely sipped at the glass which Moritz had filled for her. She could have laughed for joy. But this was only a part of her mood; it was as varied as the effect of the sunshine on the arcades and the spaces between them. What if the day proved a failure!—if Rudolf Engemann only cared for its enjoyment as a holiday, not because it involved companionship with her! Perhaps she looked most beautiful in this part of her mood, full of pensive grace, her dark eyes veiled by the long upcurving lashes. She was too much absorbed to wonder at Engemann's silence, which was attributed by the observing clockmaker and his wife to the young fellow's wish to enjoy his excellent breakfast.

Engemann ate and drank like a machine. His ideas were still in the confused state which had followed his sudden enlightenment about Marie. Besides the pain which Madame Carouge had inflicted last night, he had suffered another shock. Over and over again he had sternly asked himself what he meant by being such a fool, and the only clear idea that manifested itself, in the sort of mental chaos which had settled on him like a pall, was that he loved this trifling, shallow girl, and that her image would haunt his life.

Like many another man who perceives slowly and feels strongly, Rudolf had been utterly blind and unconscious while the poison or magic—call it which you please—had been quietly and surely doing its work. Too simple to indulge in self-study, he had not guessed at his power of winning love. Even the assurances he had received from others that he could win the widow if he chose had never dwelt in his mind. So far as regarded himself, love had not presented itself objectively. He had considered marriage for him impossible; a girl suited to him as a companion would not relish the narrow life he could ask her to share on his present meagre salary. And when he had once thought this out, he had put the idea away, and had resolved to concentrate all his powers on becoming a good man of business.

Perhaps no one quality or feeling has been as much written about in poetry and prose as love has, and yet, after all, no one has ever explained it, or has succeeded in defining its rise and progress. It remains a perplexing mystery—lawless and yet perfect; unreasonable and capricious in its manifestation; yet when it is real and true, partaking of the same divine origin as genius, for true love can only be quenched by death. The best solution seems to be found in the fabled love-philter; and to Rudolf and Marie, in different degrees, it seemed as if a power beyond the influence of their own will had taken them suddenly captive; in one moment the true meaning of the attraction each had felt for the other had been revealed.

The discovery affected them differently. The girl was cast down with shame and sorrow at discovering that she loved a man who belonged to another woman. Enge-

mann's feelings were far more complex. Loigerot's noisy congratulations had fallen on deaf ears—he had heard, but he had not grasped the meaning of the words. The terrible truth about Marie had stunned him, confirming what he had persuaded himself was only rumor and the mistaken kindness of Madame Carouge.

What a fool he had been! While he had suffered himself to be led on by this miserable girl to believe in her simplicity and candor, she had been thinking how to get married as soon as she could, to free herself from her position at the Red Glove; and probably she had used him as a bait. He remembered that Wengern had said, one day, "You are sweet on Bobineau's shop-girl." They had all seen it and known it, then, and he had been a blind idiot; Marie had seen it from the first, and then when she knew that he was aware of her treachery, she had affected sorrow.

He had resolved last night never to think of Marie again. . . .and now he turned as if he was stung, and looked up as if he hoped to get distraction from his companions.

There was a salon through the folding-doors at the end of the dining-room, and the two ladies had gone there, and they stood before one of the long mirrors giving themselves a final look.

Riesen's face was purple as the young fellow looked up, for he had nearly swallowed a stone in his effort to eat as many peaches as possible while the ladies were away. He patted Engemann's shoulder as he recovered himself.

"I give you free leave to talk now, my friend; you have been very obedient. It has been an excellent breakfast. Will you conduct Madame Riesen to the railway station? I am not going to interfere, you know"—he looked at the young fellow, and half closed his deep-set eyes—"oh dear, no; but I have to receive my instructions from madame for the day's programme."

Engemann turned away to hide his annoyance. He did not choose to be joked about Madame Carouge. But Madame Riesen kept up such a series of questions as they walked to the station that she left him no time to think; he had to fix his attention so as to answer correctly.

There was some unnecessary fuss about taking the tickets and distributing them, a good deal of noise from the engine, and then they rolled quietly out of Berne in a small compartment of a railway carriage, with only room for four passengers, two on each side of the way left for the conductor to pass up and down.

Engemann sat beside Madame Carouge, but at first it was not easy to talk; there was too much noise. She was so happy that the silence suited her. She wanted to enjoy the bliss of being beside him, alone with him; for they were out of earshot of their companions.

He looked out of the window, and she looked at him. How noble his face was! she thought; how full of truth and manliness! what bliss it would be to go through life with him, his willing slave! for in his presence she seemed to have no will, scarcely a separate existence; what he willed she felt must be her law.

She was glad that the young fellow did not turn round at that moment, for she felt that her eyes were full of love, and she shrank from seeming to seek him. His manner yesterday had troubled her, but Madame Carouge had some insight into a man's heart.

Something told her that Rudolf Engemann was far too proud to go on caring for a girl who had thrown him over for Captain Loigerot; it was also more than possible that Rudolf had never really cared for Marie, but merely resented the idea of the match because the girl was so young.

"He looks too true to be double-faced," she thought; every moment of this glowing, rose-tinted mood was lessening her doubts. "I have more than once seen his eyes full of admiration for me."

Just then he spoke.

"Look, madame."

He put his head out of the window, and she leaned out too; the train had reached the suspension-bridge high above the swift blue-green Aar. There was the river far below them, rushing on between lofty grassed banks fringed with alleys of poplars; some women were hanging clothes to dry on a line that reached from tree to tree, and the linen gleamed in the sunshine that gilded the river. In the stream were carts drawn by powerful-looking horses; men, with huge boots reaching to their middle, were shovelling stones from the river-bed into the carts. The houses and churches of Berne showed pleasantly among the tall trees on the top of the right bank. As the eye travelled on beyond the blue-green river, it stopped at a line of dazzling silver in the sky. The

giant snow-mountains for once showed themselves without a cloud to break the magnificent outline of their range; the delicate shadows that lay on them here and there only served to add intensity to their silvery lustre, but these shadows were as full of color as if reflected from a rainbow.

"Ah!"

And then a deep sigh came unconsciously from Engemann.

Madame Carouge had not spoken; she was too happy in the oneness which this silent gaze at the scene had created. The wind which ruffled the hair on her forehead brought Engemann's deep breathing to her cheek. She was looking her delight and admiration, but his sigh made her forget self; it gave her the key she had been seeking. Till now there had been a barrier fencing her off from access to his feelings; it seemed to her, as his handsome blue eyes grew almost black at the glorious spectacle of mountain and river, that she could see the heart-stir of which it was the manifestation: he worshipped the beautiful.

She closed her eyes softly, for big tears sprang into them as the thought came. At last her happiness was near.

When she looked again, the dazzling vision had disappeared. She drew in her head and sat down. There was another peep as they passed the Schänzli, and then the mountains vanished.

Madame Riesen's cackle made itself heard from time to time, but the widow and her companion were silent.

At last she turned to him. "You have climbed some of those mountains, have you not, monsieur? you Swiss are so brave and adventurous."

"I have only been up the Moléson, our big mountain near Fribourg, but it is not much of a climb. No, madame; my life has been very tame and commonplace."

"Ah, but"—her eyes glowed with admiration—"I am sure it has been more stirring than mine has been: I have lived liked a caged bird."

"Really?" He looked at her with interest and astonishment. Surely this beautiful, self-possessed woman must have seen more of the world than he had. Just now her face was so full of varied expression, Rudolf felt as if he were reading a story in it. "Should you like to travel?" he said. He began to feel that it was very soothing to his sore, perplexed feelings to bask in the sunshine her beautiful eyes were shedding on his face—sunshine without any bitterness to turn it into delusive mockery.

"If travelling would be like this journey, then I should indeed love it—" She checked herself, and added quickly: "I mean that to-day is such perfect holiday, such a change from my usual life. I have no fear that Moritz will come to me with a grave face to say that the *chef* is ill, or else that good bedrooms are wanted at once, and that not one is vacant. Ah, *mon Dieu!*" she laughed gayly. "Pardon me; but you see the bird is out of the cage to-day, monsieur, so you must expect me to be a little wild."

"You will always be charming." He could not help saying this. She looked radiant with happiness; it shone in her eyes and glowed on her lips and cheeks. "I suppose travelling must be delightful," he went on, "or people would not travel as they do for pleasure."

Then they drifted into silence again. But Rudolf felt still more soothed; he began to look forward to their arrival at Thun; and it was a relief to be able to keep his thoughts away from Marie.

Monsieur Riesen had strained his ears to listen to their talk, but he had not succeeded in hearing a sentence. He had given his wife captious or cynical answers, and she was dumb now; she felt vexed with his unkindness. The poor woman too well knew that he preferred to look at the beautiful widow, and that she was a bore to him this morning, and this is not a pleasant sensation for a wife conscious that she has always been plain, and has lost even the charm of youth.

At last Riesen's impatience broke loose. "Look out, Monsieur Engemann; this is the finest point, and you are missing it all."

For as they sat with their backs to the engine, the beauty of the near approach to Thun was lost on them.

Rudolf and Madame Carouge leaned out the window together, and a cry of admiration broke from them at the grand view of the mountains on either side. He turned to her, but she went on gazing. The keen air from the mountains ruffled her hair and deepened the rich nectarine-like tint on her cheeks, while her glowing dark eyes were half veiled by their long lashes. As the young fellow gazed at her with admi-

ration, he thought how perfectly her sombre, graceful dress suited her brilliant beauty.

"You have been here before?" She raised her eyes suddenly and met his admiring gaze.

"Only once"—he put up his hand to keep his hat from being carried off by the wind—"but the day was cloudy. And you, have you ever seen this view?"

"Yes"—a sad expression filled her eyes, and they drooped—"I came once with my husband. I do not care to recall that journey."

Her voice sounded pathetic.

"Ah!"

Engemann did not know what to say. He went on looking at the mountains, but he thought of Madame Carouge. He wondered if she had loved this husband. He supposed she had, or she would not be sad in speaking of time spent with him; and then he remembered that Monsieur Carouge had been dead only a year and a half. "She does not look like a mourner," he thought, as his eyes followed the lines of her elegant dress.

It was very pleasant to him to look at her; and it seemed to him that beside her he was drifting away from the sadness that had oppressed him. It was not conquered; he felt dimly that it lay in ambush ready to attack him, and that something in his beautiful companion shielded him from the grasp it was ready to lay on him; but Rudolf only apprehended this mistily; he had not yet recovered from the shock he had sustained. This exquisite relief had come to him without any mental effort to seek it, and the strange power there lies in sympathy had cast its spell over him. It was flattering to find that Madame Carouge saw everything as he did, and he accepted this oneness of taste in good faith.

They were both very sorry when the train stopped at Thun.

Riesen would not let them pause to gaze at the snow-mountains from the platform, and they walked up the road from the station four abreast, admiring the charming little town. Soon they came to the bridge. The blue-green Aar made a deafening noise as it rushed over a weir beneath another quaint covered bridge. This bridge crossed an arm of the river, and circling round the houses on this side, made a little island. Chief among these houses was a large square building, an inn arcaded on the lower story, and with an open court-yard within.

The high roof was crowned with a clock and belfry. On the left, quaint houses bordered the river on both sides. Some of the eaves projected like hoods over the tiers of balconies below. The window-sills were gay with flowers; the sunshine glittered on everything—on the white and yellow fronts of the houses, rising one behind another till they reached the summit of the steep hill; on the striped white and orange blinds; on the children at play on the balconies. Amidst a group of dark trees showed out vividly the old castle of the lords of Zahringen, with its square-centred red-roofed tower surrounded by tourelles; a little way nearer, nestling in its luxuriant church-yard, was the pointed red spire and eight-sided tower of the church.

They crossed the bridge, and as they turned into the High Street, Riesen dexterously contrived to place himself beside Madame Carouge, and Engemann fell back with Madame Riesen. The young fellow felt in spirits now to enjoy the view of the gayly colored, picturesque place. The broad projecting eaves of the tall houses cast a pleasant shade over the house fronts and their bright orange window-blinds; they also sheltered the footway raised to the first story on each side of the street. This footway was bordered with flowers and tall shrubs, which seemed to be straining over the edge to get all possible light and heat. Now and then the sunshine glinted on the wares set outside the shop fronts on the raised footway. The shops below, on a level with the street itself, were of an inferior kind, and many of them looked dingy, for they were the cellars and warehouses of the gayer shops on the footway overhead.

Riesen pronounced that it was much easier to descend steps than to climb them; so he led the way to the end of the street, and then, turning to the right, conducted his party up a gradual slope behind the old castle till they reached the church-yard. Here Madame Carouge turned away from the clockmaker with a pettish exclamation.

"I am tired already," she said. "You have no mercy, Monsieur Riesen." Then she looked sweetly at Rudolf. "You are tired too, I am sure of it; come and rest in this summer-house."

And Rudolf Engemann placed himself beside her.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A HARD FIGHT.

THAT perception or power of appreciation set forth in the old saying "Eyes and no eyes" is surely not a purely mental quality; the feelings play their part in it, and when these are adverse to enjoyment, or weighted by some fear, they dull all power of receptivity, and offer no surface for outside objects to mirror in. They are as unimpressionable as would be an unprepared glass offered by a photographer to the sun to paint on; for, owing to its unprepared condition, he can make no abiding impression thereon.

Marie felt the warmth of the sunshine this morning as she came to the Red Glove for breakfast, but she had no eyes for the light and shade, and the glow of the flowers in the balconies of the Hôtel Beauregard, or the sparkle on the fountains and on every salient object to which the glowing light was wishing a good-morning.

Last night Madame Bobineau had parried her questions, and the girl had become angry, carried away by the overwrought feeling produced by the scene in the glove shop. Then, ashamed and alarmed at her own agitation, she burst into a fit of crying. She said she could not eat any supper, and the old woman wisely let her go home without remonstrance.

It seems as if all temperaments have their special uses in the great drama called human life. We have been inclined, perhaps formerly more than at present, to overestimate a warm heart as compared with a cold one; yet there are cases when a cold temperament is very useful. It may even be said that there are phases in the life of each individual when it is far pleasanter and less irritating to be treated coldly than sympathetically.

If Marie had been tenderly questioned when Captain Loigerot left the Red Glove, she would have probably lost all self-control, and have flung vehemently away from such a well-meant attempt at consolation. Madame Bobineau's phlegm and seeming indifference to her tears roused the girl's pride. She felt that she should lower herself in her cousin's opinion if she betrayed feelings which the old woman could not understand, and Marie accepted her cousin's silence as ignorance of the captain's admiration, and tried to turn away from the sudden suspicion which his words had aroused, though she could not shake off the sorrow which had struck her down. But the calming influence which this belief in Madame Bobineau's ignorance had exercised on the girl's excitement of misery did not last through breakfast this morning.

When she reached the Red Glove its mistress was actually smiling. She kissed Marie, and remarked on the fineness of the morning; then she bustled forward into the kitchen, and gave the girl a triumphant glance as she saw her looking at the table, for there Marie beheld an unusual sight. Over the edge of a white compotier hung purple and white grapes, and these supported a glowing crown of peaches and nectarines.

"See"—Madame Bobineau licked her thin lips—"how kind and thoughtful is Madame Carouge. In the midst of her own happiness she does not forget others. She is truly a friend."

Marie kept her face calm, but her heart ached dully, and it seemed to her that this was a pain that might go on forever. She must hide it, too, from all, even from her sympathizing friends at St. Esprit. She no longer wished to return there: how could she own to those pure, saintly women that she loved some one who did not love her. "Even that would be boldness," poor Marie thought. Her cheeks flamed as she went on thinking what would the sweet, kind Superior say of her "little girl," as she had always called Marie, if she learned that she had given her love unasked, and actually desired the love of a man betrothed to another woman; for Monsieur Engemann had not denied the captain's assertion; he had only, Marie thought, resented his familiarity.

"What makes you so rosy, child?" said Madame Bobineau, sharply. She had just consulted her watch, and she knew that before long the captain might be expected; she had a good deal of way to make with Marie before he came. Her reception of Monsieur Loigerot must not be left to chance. Yet the wary old woman scarcely knew how to handle the subject this morning. She knew so well that the upshot of persuasion often depends on its first sentence. She was looking keenly at Marie, when the girl raised her eyes, and a clew at once peeped out to help Madame Bobineau. "You should have worn your new gown," she went on, without waiting for an answer. "We shall not have a finer day than this."

"I had not thought of it," the girl said, drearily.

"You have time to go back and change before we start, or we can call for you. Monsieur le Capitaine will like to see you well dressed."

Marie was silent, but her face became hotter. "I do not wish to change my gown," she said.

Madame Bobineau stretched out her hand and helped herself to another peach, gobbling at it as if she meant to get advice out of its wrinkled brown stone; the juice streamed over her chin, and but for her table napkin would have reached the front of her gown; but while she pulled away the skin and deposited the red-veined stone on the edge of her plate, she gained space for reflection. The time was so short that she felt the only way was to take Marie by storm.

"Do you know"—there was a pitifulness in her voice that roused the girl's attention, it was so new—"that I feel very sorry for you, Marie?"

Marie looked up quickly; she read careful scrutiny in the small hard eyes fixed upon her face, but she would not wince. Unconsciously Madame Bobineau was developing this fresh, simple nature at high pressure. All at once it came to the girl, as by a sudden flash of knowledge, that it was safer to believe the hard eyes rather than the pitying voice. She must take great care not to betray herself.

She actually smiled into the wrinkled face. "Do not be sorry, then, dear madame," she spoke, gayly; "be glad that I am economical, instead of vain; though, indeed, I hardly think that fat old captain's notice would touch my vanity."

"Chut! chut! you must not speak so; Monsieur Loigerot is not old," said Madame Bobineau; "but I am not thinking of your gown in that way, Marie. I—I—well, child, I wish to spare your feelings if I can, but in your place I should do all I could to-day to seem gay and glad, and it may be if the neighbors see you going about smiling and well dressed, they will forget what they know about you."

Marie was not red now; the color that had come so quickly fled, as fear took possession of her, and in a moment she felt cold and stiff.

"What does any one know about me?" she said, in a dull voice, while a hundred dreads seemed to be muttering words that her ears could not gather.

"Only what you have shown them so heedlessly. You forget, Marie, that people have eyes, as you have, and while you use yours to show your feelings with, others look on and amuse themselves with the sight. I tried to check you at the Bear Pit; but I hear you have since then been seen in the street laughing and talking with Monsieur Engemann when I knew nothing about it; you lay in wait for him, I suppose. Then, of course, last night we could all see plainly what ailed you—at least, Monsieur Engemann and I could see. He might have been a little kinder to you, I will say, but you must make excuse for him; I dare say you do, now you have had time to think over his position and his hopes."

The direct, merciless words robbed Marie of all perception. She felt stabbed, struck down; she could only instinctively raise a shield against her adversary; she must, she would, hide her secret from her.

"What do you mean," she said, slowly, "when you say I lay in wait for that gentleman? I met Monsieur Engemann as I came here from my lodgings, just as I have met Monsieur Loigerot several times, and Monsieur Riesen too."

She stared with angry defiance at the hard eyes that would not leave her face.

"Bah! bah!"—the old, wrinkled woman nodded—"you make a good fight, Marie, and I respect you for it. I like a girl to be brave when she has made a fool of herself. Now be wise as well as brave, child. Do not let the gossips of the Spitalgasse say to-day, 'There's that pretty little fool Marie Peyrolles wearing the willow because Monsieur Engemann is away courting Madame Carouge.'"

"Madame!" Marie rose up, her eyes glowing with a strange new light. No wonder it was strange: a new inmate had taken possession of the girl's heart; a feeling never yet evoked into life by the gentle, kindly nurture which had fostered all that was tender and sweet in her.

"It is you who are not wise, madame. Yes, you look shocked at my plain-speaking, but you irritate me, and you must take the consequences. By what right do you say that I wear the willow for Monsieur Engemann? I am young, and so is he, and young men and young women take pleasure in speaking to one another. Were you not young once yourself, madame? I do not care for the gossips of the Spital-

gasse, or for Berne. I shall go away from Berne as soon as I can hear of another employment."

Just now, drawn up to her full height, Marie looked as grand as the beautiful widow, and Madame Bobineau felt a little afraid of her; but the last words set her at ease again.

"Bah"—she leaned back in her chair, and looked sneeringly at Marie from head to foot—"one would think you were on the stage, child. Have you forgotten that I am your guardian, and until you are of age you must do as I bid you? Who do you suppose would employ you if I refuse to release you from your duties here? Even the Sisters dare not take you away from me if I assert my claim." She looked so keenly at the girl that the rosy color flew over Marie's face in a flash of bloom. "But I fancy you do not feel in a mood for convent life just now, do you, Marie?"

Marie's indignation seemed to make her taller, larger in every way, as she stretched out her strong, well-formed hand and arm toward Madame Bobineau.

"Are you trying to make me run away?" she said, vehemently. "Oh, how wicked you are!"

Madame Bobineau smiled contemptuously.

"On the contrary, I am very forbearing. I believe I could have you put into the reformatory, and certainly, if you run away, I shall give instructions that you are taken there, you ungrateful hussy!" She shook her fist at Marie.

The old woman's rage had flashed out at last, and it brought tears into her hard eyes. The sight of the tears softened Marie.

"I don't want to be ungrateful, but why do you say cruel, bad things of me?" Then, worn out, she flung herself into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"I have not said bad things. I consider you a good girl, or I should not keep you here, Marie. But I must judge from what I see. Last night you heard of Monsieur Engemann's engagement to Madame Carouge, and you burst out crying and sobbing like a baby."

Marie remembered the vexation that had caused her tears, and she could honestly say they had not been caused only by the news she had heard. She told herself bitterly that the discovery of her own folly was too deep a humbling to be got rid of in sudden tears.

"I cried because I was vexed. I—I don't like that old man."

Madame Bobineau felt that her time was come.

"Captain Loigerot is not old, Marie; and he is well off and well-mannered, and a fine man too; any girl in Berne would be glad to take him as a husband." She paused. Marie's hands had fallen in her lap; but now her mouth opened widely, showing her pretty, even teeth. "Yes, Marie, such a man as he is might have any one, and he has chosen you, a poor, penniless shop-girl, and instead of feeling flattered and grateful, you call him bad names."

Marie's stare relaxed; she leaned back in her chair and laughed merrily. "Not bad names," she said. "But, madame, what do you mean—chosen me? Oh, the poor old dear! And is that why he gave me the bouquet? Why"—she jumped up and stood erect—"he comes up to about here"—she touched her shoulder. "I can see almost over the top of his bald head; and—and he is double my age. Oh! but it is too amusing."

She sank down in the chair again, and laughed till her eyes ran with tears.

Madame Bobineau was surprised at the girl's sudden change of humor, but she was far too experienced to imagine that she had conquered.

"His kindness is unlimited," she said. "He found out you liked flowers, and he took the readiest way to show you that he was devoted to pleasing you. He said to me: 'She shall have a flower garden of her own, and a greenhouse also. She shall have everything that I can give her, and nothing to do but enjoy herself, if I can only please her.'"

Marie jogged the foot she had crossed over its fellow, and made a wry face. "And what did you answer, pray?"

Madame Bobineau shook her head at the scornful tone.

"You need not mock, Marie. I said you were difficult to please, and that I could not answer for you, and I told him to be patient. All that was said before you accepted the nosegay." Marie smiled. "But listen, child. The captain asked leave to walk to church with us to-day, and then to escort us to the Schänzli in the evening. Now, Marie, I heard you accept this last proposal."

"Well, and what if I did?"

"People make themselves smart to go

"ARE YOU TRYING TO MAKE ME RUN AWAY?"

to the Schänzli. There will be music there to-night, and you may just as well get ready now. If you change your gown later on, the captain will have a right to think it is done for him."

She looked anxiously in the girl's face, but Marie showed no signs of yielding.

"Go quickly, my child," the old woman urged, "and then if the captain comes before you return, I will take him to church, and you will join us there."

"Stop, madame" — Marie had been thinking. "I am not going to be led into anything against my will. If I go to church and come out with the captain, does it pledge me to anything?"

Madame Bobineau was growing desperate and losing her temper. The captain would come in ten minutes, and she had made no impression on Marie.

"You have been trying to impose on me, Marie," she said, angrily, "and you know it. What right had you to accept those flowers? You knew fast enough what you were doing—a beggar like you, indeed, to be picking and choosing! I have been much too forbearing. Who ever heard of a girl of your age choosing a husband for herself? I have chosen you a good husband, and all you have to do is to accept him gratefully—*voilà!*"

She took a pinch of snuff, and called herself an old fool for not having taken this attitude earlier in the discussion.

Marie rose up.

"I do not want to be ungrateful or disobedient," she said, sadly. "I will go and change my gown to please you; but I can not marry Captain Loigerot."

"Nonsense! I tell you he is as rich as he is kind. What more can you want in a husband?"

Marie turned away; her face was full of sorrow.

"I can't love him; and how can I marry a man I do not love?" she said, half crying. At that moment she really wished she could accept the captain, it seemed such an easy escape from the glove shop, from Madame Carouge, and from her misery.

Madame Bobineau snapped her fingers. "Love! I said nothing about love. What can love have to do with your marriage? A girl like you marries for a home, for a position, Marie, and Captain Loigerot can give you both. You little simpleton, do you think I married Bobineau for anything except his glove shop?"

She had to soothe herself with an extra pinch of snuff.

Marie had reached the door of the kitchen, and now she leaned her head against it; she did not want the old woman to see her tears.

"My father and mother loved one another; I'm sure they did."

She murmured this as if to herself, but the old woman heard, and snorted with rage.

"A pair of penniless fools they were. And pray what happened? They didn't take much by their *love*, Marie. They offended all their friends"—she rapped her large-boned knuckles on the snuff-box to keep time to her words—"and they died beggars—yes, beggars. Don't talk to me of your father and mother, Marie; their love was mere self-indulgence, and you have no reason to be grateful to them for leaving you without means of support. I should like to know what would become of you if I died to-morrow. I've nothing to leave, after my funeral is paid for, I can tell you."

Marie raised her tear-stained face. Once more she stretched out her hand, but this time the gesture was an imploring one.

"I beg you to leave me alone, madame; please let me be quiet till after mass at any rate; I can not think in a hurry. I do not say even then that I will marry Captain Loigerot—but I will think."

She went out, her head bent on her breast. All life and hope had fled from her movements as she walked slowly back along the street to her bedroom in the court at the foot of the steps.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE LAKE.

Madame Carouge had sat silently gazing. The open summer-house with pointed red roof, in which she had invited Rudolf to rest, was on the top of one of two towers built at the angles of the old city wall, which reaches up the hill, and supports and girdles in the terrace beside the flowery church-yard. The angle piers and roof of the summer-house were rosy red with clinging garlands of Virginia creeper. Just below was the old gray wall, flower and weed grown; houses clustered at its foot, and beyond them was the exquisite blue-green of the river; on the left, high

above, rose the huge dark pine-covered ridge that shelters Thun from the north wind; on the right, the willow-trees by the river were silvery gray as they bent over an island clasped by two arms of the Aar—a curtain of trees almost crossed the water; and beyond was the still lake, washing the feet of the Niesen and of the grand semicircle of mountains that seemed the advanced guards of the snowy giants above them. The sky was still clear on this side, and the dazzling white of the Blumlis Alp and the Freundhorn made a vivid contrast to the rich green and purple of the Niesen and the flank of another ridge that stretched out as if to meet it; while filling up the gap with her silver glory was the Blumlis Alp—a glory now at mid-day tempered by delicate gray shadows; beyond, the Jungfrau, the Monch, and the Eiger rose up stupendous, as if in a kind of scorn of their lesser brethren. A wreath of vapor circled the Niesen, but it looked feathery, and as if the next gust of wind might blow it away. Rudolf found it hard to believe he was gazing at sinful, sorrow-stained earth; he felt that this might be a glimpse into heaven.

"It is hard to think that there are doubtless bad people living in sight of all this beauty," he said, in a low voice; "it ought to keep them pure and true."

"Yes," murmured Madame Carouge.

He did not look round. If he had seen his companion's face he would have realized the fact, so hard to grasp, and yet a fact after all, that no one sees the beautiful in nature exactly as his fellow sees it.

While this exquisite scene had taken such complete possession of the man that he almost seemed winged, transported out of all grosser affections in the contemplation of its beauty, the woman had also looked at it with pleasure, but the effect on her had been different. The joy its beauty gave her quickened her pulses, and made her long yet more impatiently for the earthly happiness which she felt was nearly hers. The change in Rudolf's manner made her almost sure that he would ask her to be his wife. And so her eyes had soon left the lofty, dazzling Blumlis Alp and had settled on the face beside her—far more beautiful to her in that moment of exquisite enjoyment than anything else could be.

Before either of them had spoken again, Riesen's harsh voice broke into the stillness. "My good friends, we are late as it is; the boat people will think we are not coming."

Engemann and Madame Carouge started at the interruption; this annoyed the clockmaker and amused his wife.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said; "like a fairy scene at the theatre; you can hardly tear yourselves away. Ah! that's so natural!" She gave a deep sigh; then, turning to her husband, she said, briskly, "We must go down the broad steps, Eugène; that is the shortest way, you know."

They soon reached the principal flight of steps leading down into the town, and while Madame Riesen stopped to raise her skirt, her husband placed himself once more next Madame Carouge. He felt ill used; it seemed to him that in asking Engemann to seat himself beside her, and then remaining alone with this young fellow, the widow had completely thrown aside restraint, and had treated him with scant courtesy.

Now they recross the bridge, and turning to the left, follow the Aar, past the garden of the quaint old hotel, past a house or two nestled among close-growing trees, then beneath a winding avenue which casts on their path exquisite green shadows, here and there barred with golden sunshine. The river that borders one side of the sequestered path is deepest blue-green, into which some willow-trees reflect themselves grayly. Now an island parts the river into two embracing arms, and on it is a boat-house wreathed in vines, and these, golden as the sun touches their leaves, paint themselves in yellow on the blue-green water. Now the path diverges a little; they pass a vine-covered chalet so bowered in climbing plants that one wonders how the outside wooden shutters can ever be closed. Through the vine leaves that garland the windows, orange nasturtiums and red geraniums are glowing, and over the shed on one side a Virginia creeper has already turned to vivid fire-color.

Gardens with fruit-laden trees now lie between the path and the river; and then all at once they come to an open space, a grassed church-yard with crosses wreathed with flowers, and mounds covered with loving tokens. In the midst of all a little church rears its slender red-capped tower, the white walls so richly clad with rose and flame colored leaves that under this glowing light they seem to burn.

A narrow path leads down to the river outside the low boundary wall of the church-yard. Here is a little landing-place between the church-yard and a lovely garden. A gayly painted boat, with red cushions and a striped orange and red awning, is waiting here for its freight.

A strip of grass parts the church-yard from the river, and this is bordered by a long row of stately hollyhocks, the blossoms on their tall spires crimson, yellow, and creamy white.

Engemann had walked along in too absorbed a state to notice Madame Riesen's chatter. There had been something dream-like in the subdued light in the avenue, in the unreal tints on the water, and then in the sudden vision of the slender church tower with clinging flame-hued leaves rising out of its nest of circling trees.

But when they drew near the landing-place Madame Carouge stood still till Rudolf came up to her. She pointed to the many-colored screen of hollyhocks through which across the river showed the town, surmounted by its castle and church, and framed by the dark pine woods stretching on till they seemed to reach the lake.

"Yes, it is all charming," said Engemann, and then he offered his arm to help her into the boat.

But here he was superseded. A strong brown hand gasped the arm of Madame Carouge, and a broad, upturned red face showed merry blue eyes and a row of strong white teeth.

"You are welcome, lady," the sturdy boat-woman said. "I began to think you were not coming. Aline, attention!"

By this time Monsieur and Madame Riesen, Engemann, and the widow were all seated. Just as Madame Carouge saw herself compelled to take a seat beside the clockmaker, she clapped her hands gayly.

"Change with me, Monsieur Engemann," she said. "You and Monsieur Riesen are the heaviest, and I shall feel safer if you sit together."

The girl Aline, a young, good-looking likeness of her mother, but equally brown and sturdy, seated herself between a pair of heavy oars. She was bare-headed, but her face was tied up in white linen.

"Only the toothache," the mother said, in answer to Madame Riesen's question. "She is not yet accustomed to the damp from the river."

She herself, standing erect in the stern of the boat, shaded by a round black hat, looked completely weather-proof as she drove her long pole into the wall of the garden terrace, and pushed the boat out into the stream.

Soon they had floated past the little wall covered with flowers that reached the water's edge, and all at once the lake opened before them, broad and still, with mountains rising out of it as far as eye could reach. The higher line of snowy Alps had veiled itself now with clouds, and the purple, pyramid-like Niesen was only partly visible, for the wreath of vapor that had circled it reached to its top.

"Niesen has got his night-cap on," the clockmaker said, "but the day may be fine in spite of that."

The boat-woman did not answer; she was looking at the handsome couple, and decided in her own mind that they were made for one another.

She had been sharp-witted enough to understand Madame Carouge's manœuvre in changing her seat, and she began to talk volubly to Monsieur Riesen, and compelled him to talk in return.

So they glided on; the awning sheltered them from the glare, but the heat was oppressive.

Madame Carouge raised her eyes, full of soft languor, to her companion's face.

"Is not this an exquisite scene?" she said, in a low voice. "Do you enjoy it?"

"Yes;" but Engemann did not want to talk, and he went on dreaming. He could not have said what his thoughts were, for there was little sequence in them; perhaps at that moment he realized the enjoyment of a lotus-eater. It seemed to him delightful to drift silently on and on amid this ever-changing beauty, and the talk of the clockmaker and his wife with the boat-woman jarred him. When sometimes he looked at his companion he felt that she harmonized with her surroundings; her eyes, her attitude, were full of languid repose.

But this appearance of repose was deceptive; there was fire beneath. She could not understand his cold reserve, and her feelings rose in protest against it, but she resolved to leave him to himself.

"If he cares for me," she thought, "he must soon speak."

Engemann was quite unconscious of her suffering; he felt steeped to the lips in blissful rest, and he gave himself up to it.

So they glided on.

THE SOUTH TERRACE, SANDRINGHAM.
After photograph by George Granville, Tunbridge Wells.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT SANDRINGHAM.

THERE has been for some time past "a gnawing craving" on the part of the public, which appears to have been whetted rather than appeased by the matter furnished for its satisfaction, in contemporaneous writings which are read with avidity, "as if increase of appetite did grow by what it fed on," and the proper work of the biographer and autobiographer has been anticipated by the plentiful provision of sketches of domestic interiors. There have been, also, conspicuous departures of late days from the reticence which was the rule in England in reference to the reigning sovereign's private life. Nearly all the eminent or remarkable personages in the kingdom have submitted to visits from literary inquisitors, who have noted their peculiarities and their surroundings, and have printed their portraits *pro bono publico* with photographic fidelity, and there has been no hesitation on the part of most fastidious and distinguished people in all walks and positions in the three kingdoms in giving their "at homes" to the world in type; but the difficulty the writer of such a paper as that I am engaged upon has to meet lies in selecting, among the multiplicity of subjects concerning which people would like to know and read, those which can be properly dealt with in a magazine article. The Queen has deigned to admit her people to full participation in the joys and sorrows of her home, and has been pleased to present to her subjects a simple, truthful pic-

ture of the years she passed among those she loved, and to record the events of her family existence, as she would have written them for her familiar friends.

Bacon says that "men in great place are thrice servants—servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business—so as they have no freedom, neither in their persons nor in their actions nor in their times. It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty, or to seek power over others and to lose power over a man's self." But in the case of a prince born in the purple, great place has not been sought, but has come. When the Chancellor, who knew so well "the pains of rising into place by which men come to greater pains," wrote that "the vices of authority are chiefly four—delays, corruption, roughness, and facility"—he could not have foreseen how needless it was to warn all princes "not to drive away such as bring information as meddlers, but to accept them in good part."

It might be supposed that there is no difference between the mode of life of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham and that of a great Norfolk squire and his wife. But it would not be altogether true. The Prince of Wales is the greatest personage in England save one, just as the Princess of Wales is the greatest lady except the Queen. The Prince and Princess have indeed combined most happily the inevitable responsibilities of their inheritance with the discharge of the duties of their position as the squire of a great estate and the squire's wife, the possession of which would entitle them to a foremost place in the county if the squire were not heir-apparent and representative of the royal lines which merged in the house of Hanover, and if his wife were not child of the royal Dane, "the Viking's daughter." But "princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause much veneration, but have no rest." To Sandringham repair ministers, diplomatists, travellers, musicians, painters, poets, dramatists, and players. To be "asked to Sandringham" is the coveted reward, next in degree to the honor of being bidden to Windsor, Osborne, or Balmoral, of those who do the state service; but those who have not won the greatest renown in arms by land or sea, or in high places, may hope, in virtue of their social qualities, distinction in arts or literature, or individual achievements, to be welcomed to Sandringham, without exciting any of the feeling which formerly made so wide and deep a gap between Carlton House and Windsor.

The history of the various families who inherited the estate or succeeded to it from time to time, traced from a period antecedent to the Conquest, would furnish a striking illustration of the changes which have passed over the land, and would, in fact, constitute an epitome of the history of England for upward of nine hundred years. It will be seen by referring to the county history, left unfinished by the ingenious Mr. Parkin, who continued the great work of Dr. Blomefield, that the possessors of Sandringham rarely remained lords of the soil for more than a century. And indeed there could have been little to attract those who owned it to select Sandringham as a permanent residence.

In 1862 Lord Palmerston recommended the estate to the notice of the Prince Consort, then in search of a suitable residence for his son, and as Mr. Spencer Cowper, the owner, was willing to sell, the purchase was effected for the sum of £220,000, or $1,000,000, and in 1863 the Prince of Wales entered on the ownership of Sandringham. The estate contains a little over eight thousand acres—one-third being very good mixed soil, one-third grass, marsh, and arable, and one-third of a kind suited to game coverts, and best left to pheasants and rabbits—and although the Cowpers improved the property, the price for which it was sold was certainly tenfold that for which it could have been purchased in the time of Charles II. But the desert may, indeed, be said to have bloomed into a garden since the manor-house was handed over to the royal tenant, who with his young wife was for some time lodged in a house on the estate while the mansion was being fitted for their reception.

Norfolk, rejoicing in its claim to be the birth-place of many illustrious Englishmen, and proud of its close connection with some of the greatest events which mark our annals,* hailed the happy acci-

* From Norfolk went forth many of the early emigrants to the American colonies—Henry Spelman, John Rolfe, husband of Pocahontas, etc.; and the names of many old Norfolk families are reproduced and perpetuated in the States. Mrs. Jones says: "It is not alone the relations of Coke and Roger Williams which have given to some spots in New England and elsewhere a flavor of this island's

SANDRINGHAM HOUSE.

dent which led to the selection of Sandringham by the Prince Consort as the site of the residence of the heir-apparent and his wife; but, much as Mr. Spencer Cowper and his wife had done, the estate was regarded as a field for the exertions of the philanthropist, the naturalist, and the sportsman, rather than one for the work of profitable farming.

The first part of the Psalmist's admonition, "Put not your trust in princes," is often quoted, but the extension of the particular which follows, "nor in any child of man," is not always added. In the case of the Prince of Wales, those around him and in his service would say, I believe, that they have every reason to think the exception proves the rule. When he commenced the work which has not yet come to an end, his first concern was to provide a suitable residence for the Comptroller of his Household, and Park House, as it is named, grew up in the grounds within a walk of the Hall, and is now, as it stands, a model of comfort and elegance. Next, the Alexandra Cottages, each containing three bedrooms, a dining-room, a sitting-room, and pantries, with out-houses and good gardens, were built for the laborers; and the rent of £4 a year represents a very, indeed an infinitesimally, small interest on the capital expended on the dwellings. The materials, mostly iron curstone, etc., with the exception of the white brick with which the masonry is relieved, were found on the estate. It was not till these had been completed that the Prince began to repair the Hall; but the work of reparation soon developed into reconstruction, and in 1869 Sandringham as it appears to-day replaced the residence which Mr. Spencer and Lady Harriet Cowper had rendered habitable and comfortable, if not ornamental. Long ere the handsome red brick front with stone facings usurped the old site, the march of improvement had quickened, and a number of pretty cottages, named after the Princesses Louise and Victoria, were built in the village of West Newton. A new homestead was completed at Appleton Hall; new grounds were designed and laid out; the stables were enlarged, kennels erected, and farm buildings sprang up. The churches and parsonages were restored and renovated, and at the present moment there is as much activity displayed, under the eye of Mr. Beck, his agent, in erecting farm buildings, school-houses, and reading-rooms as if the Prince had just acquired possession of the estate. The land has been divided into comfortable holdings, many miles of new road have been opened, and many hundreds of acres have been judiciously planted, so that what was, to a considerable extent, a waste of warrens and wild land, has become a really valuable property, with a prosperous tenantry and comfortable laboring population. The Prince keeps in his own hands two farms of an aggregate of 1000 acres, on which he has two herds of Bates and Booth short-horns, and a flock of pure Southdowns, from which, from time to time, are sent to the agricultural exhibitions prize medallists, and close competitors with the redoubtable Lord Walsingham's produce from Merton. A considerable portion of the fore-shore near Wolferton has been reclaimed from the sea and turned into good arable and pasture. Around Sandringham itself man's hand has been at work, and on every side the sandy uplands and the low-lying tracts covered with heather have been converted into a series of cultivated fields and forests. The soil is favorable to the growth of fir and limes, and there are some fine trees and remarkable clumps studding the undulating surface in the park, where, in cozy dells, knee-deep in fern, herds of deer, or the quaint animals, half domesticated, half wild, which the Prince has collected in the course of his travels, may be seen reposing in the heat of the day.

Sandringham may be considered one of the most successful combinations of the art of "laying out" with the natural condition of the land that can be well conceived; for with infinite care and taste, and at vast expense, every feature of the landscape has been turned to account. Extensive plantations, admirably planned, have covered the land, where it is not adapted for pasture or culture, with masses of foliage, and skillfully conducted rivulets have been adapted to feed the lakes which lend such charm to the grounds. I shall not attempt to give, in a paper of this kind, a detailed description of the present establishment, but I would rather let the artist convey to the eye of my readers the salient features of the favorite resi-

eastern shore. If it were sought to trace such international links, Norfolk would be found to have thrown out many threads across the water, which have attached it invisibly but insolubly to American ground."

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

From a photograph by the "Vanderweyde Light," Regent Street, London.

dence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who may well regard it as their home in another sense than that of mere possession, for it has literally grown up under their eyes; and it has been the bright scene, dimmed only by one epoch of intense anxiety and grief, of the happiest years of the lives of those in whose happiness the nation takes so deep an interest.

The country presents probably the same features as those which were visible in the time when the low shores of the Wash invited the keels of the Norsemen and the Danes to the safe beach; but actual observations and records of a not very remote past tell that "a sea change," with marked results in some instances, has been gradually going on in the outline of the coast. Wolferton station, on the Lynn branch of the Great Eastern Railway, at which visitors to Sandringham leave the train, lies rather low. The country between Wolferton and the Wash, consisting partly of reclaimed land, is a level expanse of meadow and arable; but beyond the station, hills of moderate elevation, which divide the village from what may be termed the plateau of Sandringham, run in ascending waves up to "the Heights," on which the Folly* is built. The country seaward is so flat that of a clear day there is a wide view over the sea toward Lynn on the left, and of the Lincolnshire coast, with the spire of Boston church just visible, in front. The farm and laborers' dwellings, and a substantial old-fashioned house, inhabited by a country gentleman, on the Prince's estate, are seen below. The station is about seven miles from Lynn, two miles from the house, and not quite so far from the sea; and the road, which runs over gentle undulating ground, through an almost continuous series of plantations, gives no very extended view until two pretty steep hills have been gained, and one reaches the Folly. On the right, about half a mile from the house, the road passes Park House, close at hand, and the church, embowered in trees.

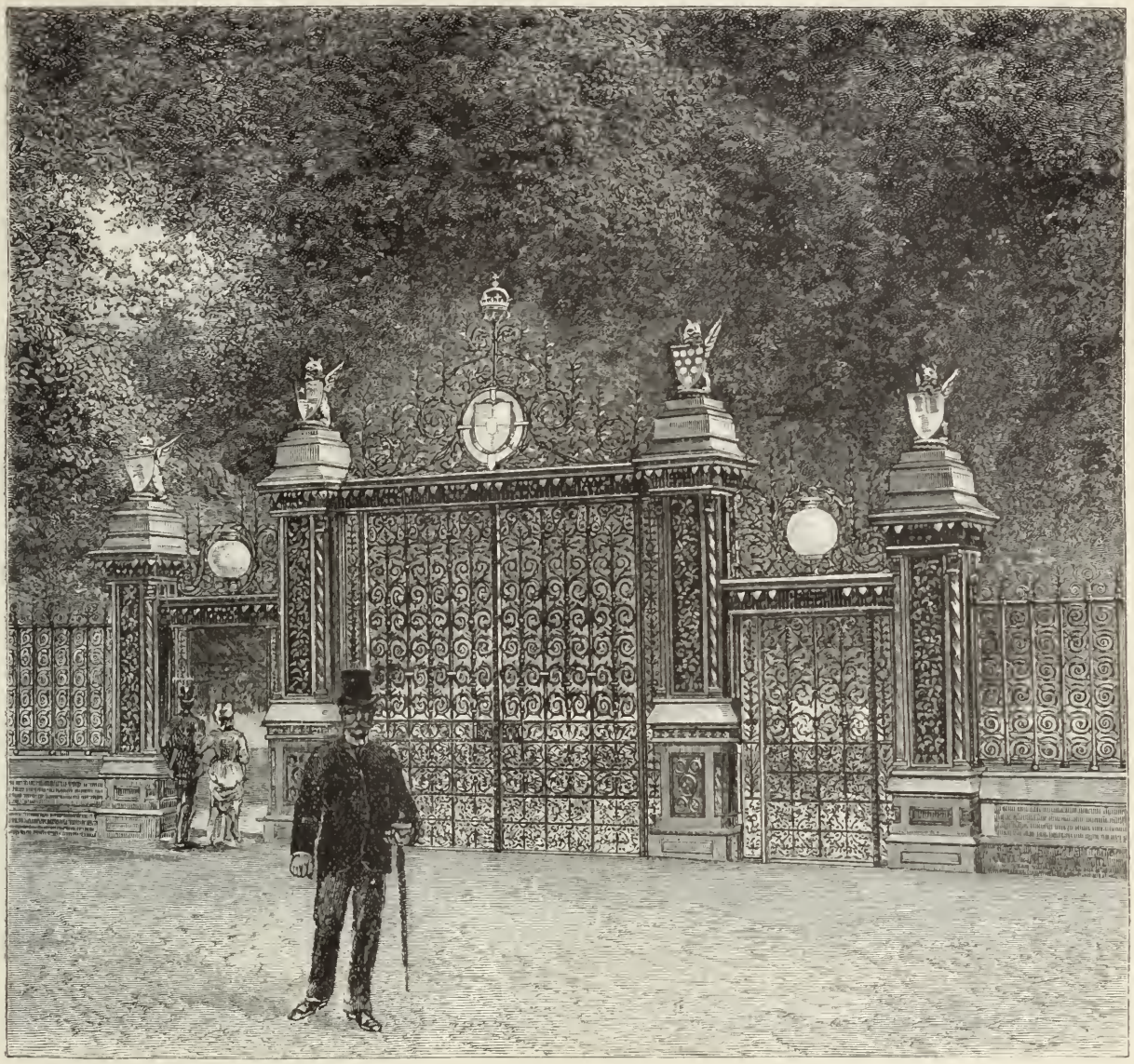
The main entrance to Sandringham, which is on the north side, is through a pair of iron gates, which invite inspection as a triumph of metal-work, creditable to Norwich, where they were made, as a present to the Prince and Princess, and thence there is but a short drive by an avenue of fine limes, which leads direct to the entrance of the Hall, which is here presented to the readers. The house is scarcely seen from the entrance to the avenue, and the newly erected wing in which the fine Ball-room* is placed, being at right angles to the main building, might be mistaken at first for the residence; but the visitor speedily arrives at the northeast angle of Sandringham by a broad gravel carriage-road, and descending at the porch in the east front, sees that the wing is subsidiary to the mansion, which stands east and west. Beyond the gravel-drive there is a velvet-like lawn, studded with fine trees, bounded by a wall, outside which lies the road to the Anmer. A door opens on the road to the kitchen and fruit gardens and conservatories. On the left, beyond the iron gates, there is a noble avenue of trees, which suggests that the gates might be moved further back if the road were not so close at hand. On the right are plantations, and then the coach-houses and stables, the Cottage, etc., hidden from view in trees. On the west front of the house, at the other side of an Italian garden and the ornamental water, lies the Park, and parallel to the lime avenue is a row of historical plantings, with tablets bearing the names of the illustrious visitors who planted them, and the date to each tree; and further on there is a Chinese Joss-house, idol and all complete.

From the hall door, if so the entrance may be called where hall proper there is none, you can see through the folding glass doors the lofty saloon in which guests are received on their arrival. On the inner wall, over the door, is a tablet with the words: "This house was built by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Alexandra his wife, in the year of our Lord 1870."

The general idea of the arrangements of the house appears to have been an expansion of the original residence, a photograph of which lies before me. There is something at once stately, gracious, and home-like in the salon, the roof of

* A pretty, fantastic cottage, standing above the road, in a small plantation, looking quite as wise as most houses, but so named, probably, in obedience to the habit of having a "Folly" on large estates. Occasionally it is used by the Princess of Wales as a tea house.

* Erected from the designs of Mr. Edis, and beautifully ornamented with trophies of Indian armor, finely proportioned and designed. The Prince and Princess give two large county balls generally each year.

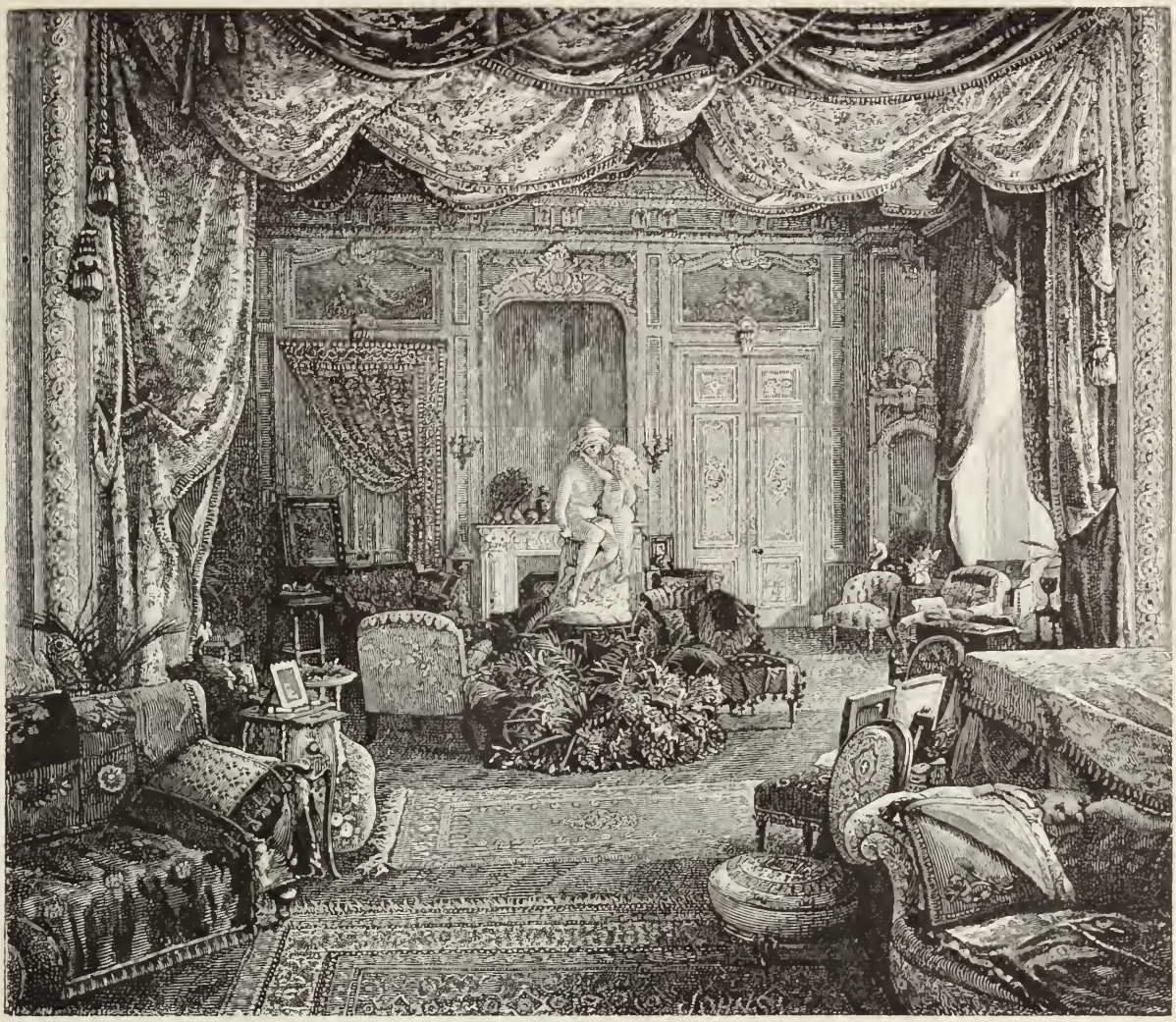


THE NORWICH GATES, SANDRINGHAM.
After a photograph by W. Sothern Dexter, King's Lynn.

which is of carved oak, the sides covered with pictures and innumerable objects of interest. This room, opening off the vestibule directly on the left of the hall door, occupies a large part of the ground-floor on that side of the wing. The first room on the right of the hall, provided with writing-tables, easy-chairs, and surrounded with well-filled book-shelves, the contents of which, controlled and marshalled by Mr. Holtzmann, comprise standard works in nearly all departments of literature, tempts a visitor by the air of repose which a luxurious library generally suggests. The Equerry's room, which is next to the library, is provided with book-shelves and writing-tables, etc., and is a popular resort at such times as the Equerry may have the will and the way to encourage conversation. The books which fill the cases are well selected, and the library especially is rich in county histories and in foreign classics, French and German. Beyond the Equerry's room is a charming apartment; a peculiar *cachet* is set on this room by the chairs, tables, blotting-books, and garniture, stamped in gold on blue or green leather with the Prince of Wales's plumes and the letters A. E., which formed part of the furniture of the *Serapis* when she was fitted out for the royal visit to India. Of that voyage there are many *souvenirs* in this second library and in many parts of the house—the grand offerings of Indian princes and peoples; the spoils of the chase; magnificent tigers, pleasantly life-like to look upon in their stuffed semblance of action; peltries and skins; horns of antelope, samber, etc.; drawings and sketches; caskets in gold

and silver, in ivory; vessels in bidri and kotli work; arms of all kinds—these not included in the unrivalled collection of the products of Indian art manufacture presented to the Prince, which formed the most popular and most admired exhibit at the Paris International, and which has been so liberally lent at South Kensington and elsewhere at home. From the third room the visitor passes out by the hall to the garden porch and entrance. Along the corridor which leads to the staircase are the doors opening on the morning-room of the Prince and on the reception-rooms. The first of these is one of the most attractive of all the pretty rooms at Sandringham in its elegant "coziness" and abundance of interesting objects. The principal drawing-room is approached by an antechamber, communicating directly with the Prince's morning-room, and the eye will be caught by a fine picture on the wall of the Czar with the Prince by his side in a sleigh drawn by three horses, which appear to be galloping out of the canvas. I can not, if indeed my readers wished me to do, describe the interior with the precision and detail of an inventory, so I shall content myself, and I hope them, with saying that the drawing-room is stately and bright: a painted ceiling; panelled mirrors which reflect the light from the windows, whence there is a view over the park; flowers and shrubs; "sweetness and light;" a pretty piece of statuary by Madame Jerichau, the "Bathing Girls"; another group by the same sculptor—these are the chief features of the room, beyond which there is the dining-room. This is now hung with beautiful tapestry, a present from the King of Spain, made expressly for the Prince, which replaces with vivid scenes of Spanish life, portraits of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, the Royal Princesses, the Prince in the uniform of the Tenth Hussars, and Landseer's "Mare and Foal," which formerly filled the panels. In this room the visitors at Sandringham, and those who are staying at the Cottage, breakfast, and here the Prince and Princess appear at lunch-time with their children. There is a fine buffet, with many pieces of interesting and beautiful plate. At dinner the room presents a very bright and stately appearance. The scarlet and gold-lace of the royal liveries, the play of lights, the plants and flowers on the glittering table, lend the needful color to the scene. The billiard-room, against the walls of which are cabinets filled with arms, some exceedingly rare and curious, of all countries and periods, in beautiful order, lies at the end of a passage, beyond the dining-room, and hither, when the Princess has left the drawing-room and the ladies have retired for the night, the guests follow the Prince, unless the bowling-alley asserts superior attractions, and a game in which the Princess and many of her guests take much pleasure, and which excites pleasant rivalry between the contending "sides," carries them on toward the wee sma' hours. From the bowling-alley the serious little room which contains the Prince's batteries is gained, and there in their costly simplicity are arrayed in racks the *chefs-d'œuvre*, in rifle and smooth-bore, of Purdey, Grant, etc., and forcign interpolations of royal, imperial, or princely gifts.

The pictures, drawings, and sketches at Sandringham are mostly illustrative of the Prince's life; but there are portraits and many paintings, *souvenirs* of friends and of incidents in scenes dear to the Princess. On one side of the great salon a picture, dated 1863, represents the palace in which her Royal Highness was born, and a larger oil-painting by Hansen, of the same date, of the royal palace at Copenhagen. Portraits of the King and Queen of Denmark, drawings by the Princess Louise, sketches by the artists who accompanied the Prince of Wales on his various expeditions, decorate the walls. "Sir Edwin Landseer and his Dog" attracts the eye, and another painting, of Dunrobin in 1866, by Sir Edwin recalls a visit paid to the Duke of Sutherland. Sketches of scenery by Mr. Brierly and L. E.; reminiscences of India tiger-hunting by Hoyer, Akin, Simpson, and S. Hall alternate with *souvenirs* such as the "Serapis at Sea," and one described as "The Commanding Officer of the First Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, August, 1861." The progress through India is commemorated by splendid trophies of arms, by many objects of art, goblets of iron inlaid with silver, and "kooftgari" steel inlaid with gold. M. Zichy, who visited Abergeldie in 1872 and 1873, had a true appreciation of the incidents of Highland life and sporting, and his drawings of torch-light dances, and adventures connected with deer-stalking, executed with a free and firm hand, and full of light and color,



THE DRAWING-ROOM, SANDRINGHAM.
After a photograph by George Granville, Tunbridge Wells.

decorate the walls. Trophies of the chase in India, tigers' tusks, skins, etc., abound, and the wide extent of the Prince of Wales's sporting excursions is indicated in drawings of shooting parties in the snows of Russia and in the jungles of Jeypore, Nepaul, as well as in the less exciting and probably more agreeable sport at the covert side and at hot corners. Among the many interesting memorials with which the interior abounds are a pair of bronze field-guns, inscribed "Eugénie. Louis Napoleon," presented by the late Emperor to the Prince. There is also a "trophy of arms" collected on the field of Gravelotte, which was visited by the Prince incognito on his way to Germany, a little before the illness which kept the nation in suspense for so many weeks; the hoof of Eclipse, the famous racer; a casket presented by the clergy and tenants of Sandringham to the Prince on his return from India; a jasper vase given by the Emperor of Russia; and many relics, if so they may be called, and Egyptian and Hindoo antiquities, meet the eye in room after room.

Whenever the Prince of Wales can escape from the duties which devolve upon him—and surely at times there is no harder working man in all the Queen's dominions—he flies to Sandringham for repose and recreation, finding special pleasure in intercourse with soldiers, sailors, diplomatists, artists, and leading the life of a country gentleman, keen after sport, unfailing in his benevolence, solicitous about the welfare of the dwellers on his land, and looking after the education of their children and the comfort of their homes. That this is not an exaggerated abstract of what the Prince does will surely be testified by any who have ever been in the district, and have learned in what way the Prince of Wales discharges his duties as a landlord. The interest he takes in

agriculture and the improvement of stock has been rewarded by prizes which have been received at agricultural and cattle shows; and it has been found compatible with the preservation of an extraordinary quantity of game to have good crops and contented neighbors. But the Hares and Rabbits Bill perhaps has had not such full play within the limits of Sandringham chase as in other parts of Norfolk.

At Sandringham the Prince and Princess of Wales lead the quiet, well-ordered, tranquil, yet busy life of an English gentleman and his wife, surrounded, nevertheless, by some of the state which is inseparable from their position. There is at the gate by the janitor a blue-coated, helmeted personage, familiar with the discipline of Scotland Yard, to look after vagrom men and women, and the broad paths and shrubberies between the Cottage and the Hall are under the eye of other members of the force. But the penalty which greatness pays for security is not very heavy, and ministers in London or on their travels in the three kingdoms are subjected to the *désagrément* of being looked after by constables. The royal palaces filled with treasures of price need protection as much as public museums, etc., and their inmates, moreover, are especially exposed to the onslaughts, aggressions, and importunate attempts of the wide-ranging guerrilla of lunatic, weak-minded folk to whom the members of royal families offer irresistible attractions. I remember one annoying old person who sent me by every mail to the Crimea in 1854–5 boxes of tracts and prophecies, with long letters, in which she described herself as "Prophetess to the Queen of England, the Prince Consort of England, and the Elect," and I own I was very much pleased when I read of her being taken care of before I returned; but the race is not extinct, and all sorts of mad people try from time to time to burst in upon Windsor, Balmoral, Sandringham, Osborne, or Abergeldie—yes, even in the valley of the Dee. But in these days there must be warders at the gate as there were in days of old.

Although many of the larger kinds of birds, which once gave peculiar interest to the Norfolk wastes, such as the great bustard and the wild swan, have disappeared, the pre-eminence of the county for sporting purposes is still maintained; and even if there be districts in which the partridges are *pro rata* more numerous, the soil of Norfolk and the disposition of the farms are generally exceedingly favorable to plenty of birds, and in no place do pheasants thrive better.* The configuration of the coast and the wastes of mere and marsh are favorable to great gatherings of sea birds and wild fowl; and although the salmon is not heard of as it was in the days when the Corporation of Lynn made presents of fish to the neighboring lords, and the streams are not adapted for trout, there is an abundance of white-fish, and the ponds and still deeps are full of pike. The Prince, however, is not an enthusiastic angler, and is quite content with the sport which is afforded to him by the East Norfolk hounds, by his own well-stocked coverts, by the best preserves in England, and by the deer forests at Balmoral.

The meets of the East Norfolk pack, now hunted by Mr. Fountaine, are generally accessible. Later in the season come the shooting parties—the hot corners for pheasants, the hecatombs of rabbits, and the partridge drives; and there are, moreover, outlying excursions to the marshes for snipe, and to the ponds near Babingley for teal, widgeon, and duck. The experiment made by the Prince of importing grouse and turning them loose on the heather seems fairly successful for the limited area of moor available, and at present some dozen packs are said to be making themselves comfortable for the winter. They need all the shelter they can get, for the winds blow cold and strong from the Wash, and the snow lies deep at times, nor does the sky of East Norfolk glow with frequent sunshine all the year round. The mode of life at Sandringham is full of healthy enjoyment. House time is half an hour earlier than that of Greenwich, so that the 9.30 breakfast is really at 9; the 2 o'clock is at 1.30; and the 8 o'clock at 7.30. There are farms to be visited, stock to be scrutinized and poked in the ribs, and sheep to be criticised for off days. The stables and kennels are full of interest, and there are delightful drives. "The Admirals' Road"—newly made—the Princess's, an excursion to the ruins of Castle Rising, visits, inspections of new buildings, and the like. For communication with

* The head keeper, Mr. Jackson, turned out last year about 7500 pheasants at Sandringham and Castle Rising, which has been hired by the Prince, as it marches with his coverts.

the outer world there is a telegraph and a post-office within the walls of the house. So that for six days in the week there is no lack of means to pass the hours with pleasure and profit. And for the seventh, there are three churches available; but the Prince and Princess generally attend the service in the Park church of St. Mary Magdalene in the forenoon, and West Newton church when they go to afternoon service. The Princess and her daughters and the ladies of her suite generally drive to church. The Prince every Sunday walks from the Hall, leading his visitors to church, where the service is celebrated chorally.

THE PRINCE SHOOTING.

The first church is close to the house, and its present condition, owing to the fostering care of the Prince, presents a marked contrast to that of many of the churches in the county. A learned professor has recently published a dissertation on the geographical distribution of dissent in England, or, in other words, on the influences which caused the Puritan element to prevail in certain parts of the kingdom, whilst others remained faithful to the Roman Catholic Church, in the records of the Historical Society, and in an ingenious map he has shown how the proximity of the eastern coast to the great centres of religious movement in Holland and in Germany exercised a remarkable influence over the convictions and worship of the inhabitants on the shores of the eastern coast of England from the Thames up to the Humber.

The results of these influences were not favorable to culture or to religious instruction—in the northeast angle of Norfolk, at all events; the clergy were neither learned nor zealous; the gentry were indifferent; education was neglected; the churches fell into decay. It is not too much to say that the reaction which has had its motive power in Sandringham has already produced marked improvements in the immediate vicinity of, as well as upon, the estate. The edifice, which is described as "a late perpendicular church," is built on a knoll which seems artificial, and its battlemented walls and tower are visible from many points in the neighborhood. In the neatly kept grave-yard "the rude forefathers of the village sleep," and the visitor, as he passes up the gravelled

walk from the little lich-gate in the inclosure, observes amid the humbler tombstones of domestics, laborers, and others, a plain marble cross, which marks the resting-place of the infant Prince, who was baptized Alexander John Charles Albert, and the monument erected by the Prince to the memory of the Rev. Luke Onslow, rector of the parish and tutor to the Princess. Before the tenancy of his Royal Highness, Lady Harriet Cowper had done much to avert the progress of decay, and to restore to a fitting condition the ancient and somewhat neglected edifice which Mr. Motteux and his immediate predecessors did not apparently care to preserve. On the left of the entrance there are seats in handsomely carved wood-work for the royal family, etc., the rows on the opposite side being reserved for the visitors. The reredos is ornamented with Venetian mosaic in brilliant colors, the windows, beautifully designed, are of Munich glass, and the eye contemplates with pleasure the harmonious and tasteful disposition of the interior. In the chancel, over the royal seats—not pews—are four memorial windows. One on the south side is to the memory of the little Prince, who died on April 7, 1871, a year that was to close, after long weeks of distress, with gratitude, the memory of which is preserved on the brass lectern, on which is engraved the touching words:

"To the Glory of God."
A thank-offering for His Mercy.
14 December, 1871.
ALEXANDRA.
"When I was in trouble I called upon the Lord, and He heard me."

A record of the Princess, to whose holy life might well be applied the words of Dryden on the death of "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," is seen in a beautiful medallion profile in marble of the Princess Alice of Hesse, by Böhm, with a touching inscription by the Prince of Wales, on the north side of the chancel. Opposite to this, a medallion of the Prince Leopold has just been placed. Below the window next the royal entrance, which is only used when the Prince is in residence, there is a brass with an inscription to the memory of Colonel Grey, Equerry, of whom it is indeed the simplest truth to say that his loss was felt by the Prince and Princess as that of a dear friend, and was grievously regretted by every one who knew him. Another brass, at the base of a window on the opposite side of the church, records the Prince's regard for the memory of the Rev. Mr. Onslow.

All the servants and retainers, the keepers and their families, and the people on the estate, attend church in their best. The choir, carefully trained, is formed of the young people, and frequently some eminent divine on a visit to the Prince assists Mr. Hervey, the incumbent; and the voices of some of our greatest preachers have been heard from the pulpit.

When the service is over the Prince generally takes a walk round by the artificial lakes and rockeries, pointing out the improvements to his guests, and listening to the suggestions which the more intrepid amateurs in that sort of work are sure to offer; and woe certainly awaits the man who is not in fair walking condition, as the Prince gets over the ground at an extraordinary rate, and does not spare the laggards. The Bachelors' Cottage, scene of the sober joys and serious labors of some of the suite, and of many pleasant "Tabaks Concilia" of generations of guests, is passed at a rapid rate. The effect of the pretty patchwork of rock and water is enhanced by a number of aquatic birds, some very rare, in the reservoirs, and by a judicious display of water-plants. For the hours after lunch, at which the royal children make their appearance, is reserved a long walk over the farm, and visits are paid to the stables, where there is accommodation for sixty-three horses. Among the curiosities here is a pony given to the Prince by the Rajah of Rampoor, I think, for which there is an appropriate Queen Mab's carriage and harness, a quadruped about the size of a Newfoundland dog, which it is hard to believe to be a specimen of the genus *equus;* but a team of four tiny ponies standing in silver-mounted stalls will attract more notice than the Indian prodigy. When the Prince was going to India, this team was his farewell gift to his wife; but I doubt if they consoled her for his departure, and I am sure, if she could have done it, the Princess's first use of the present would have been to have put them to and to have driven after the donor. They are growing old now, but the Princess was wont to drive them till lately. Then there is the range of coach-houses, harness-room, the dairy, the gardens, pheasantries, etc.; and then the hounds and dogs of high degree and of infinite varie-

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Engraved by W. B. Closson from photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, London.

ty are visited in their kennels, which offer a saturnalian welcome, for the Prince vies with the Princess in the love of animals, and never goes about without a canine favorite.

There are St. Bernard, Newfoundland, dachshund, terrier, Skye and fox, wolfhound, setter, and if the Prince be not in Scotland, pointer, and various others; but none will ever replace the favorite companion of the Prince's travels, "Flossy," which surveyed mankind from Indus—if not to "Peru," still further—with supreme sweet-tempered indifference, and departed lately.

There are two Himalayan bears in a pit in an inclosure outside the kennel, which ought to feel very grateful that the pack is not let loose upon them in the open when they hear the barking and baying beyond, but which are not at all deterred from their eager expectation of biscuit by such agencies. When the Prince came home from India he was richly endowed with animals, and had all the materials for a menagerie; but the elephants, tigers, etc., delight the visitors to the Zoological Gardens, and the wild pigs, which flourished in an inclosure exceedingly, were voted bores, and were sent away off the premises, to the great delight of the outlying people. The Guiney cattle do not thrive well in the Park, and look with Juno-like eyes at the passer-by, as if they would like to go back to India for a little idolatrous sunshine.

Not far from the Dairy (which is now being made, if possible, brighter, sweeter, and cleaner than ever), in due companionship, is the Princess's Tea-room—a temple of votive tablets in porcelain. The Dairy, with its decoration of Indian tiles, made in Bombay under the direction of Mr. Clarke for the walls, is nearly completed. Then there are churning-rooms, butter-rooms, etc. But now we must go on to West Newton, which the Prince has actually created.

I have already spoken of the work done in the restoration and repair of churches, but most of all has the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, West Newton, benefited by the Prince's care. It, too, is a late perpendicular—a square clock tower, and a well-proportioned body, the nave divided from the aisles by an arched sept, said to be more than four hundred years old. From floor to roof the building has been repaired, and the gifts inside show the interest taken in the work. It may be called in one sense a memorial church, for many of the offerings are in grateful remembrance of the Prince's recovery. The altar window of stained glass attests the devotion of Mr. C. Sykes, whose name is inscribed on a brass plate beneath. The communion plate was given by the Crown Princess of Germany, the reredos by Prince Leopold. The organ is the gift of the Queen; the Duke of Cambridge presented the altar-cloths. The pulpit was the gift of the Household, who also contributed a stained glass window (St. Cecilia and St. Gregory), beneath which is a brass plate with the dates "November 9, 1871, December, 1882," and the names of W. Knollys, D. Probyn, C. Teesdale, E. Ellis, S. Clarke, N. Kingscote, F. Knollys, J. Holtzmann, J. Dalton. The west window facing the altar was given by the brothers and sisters of the Prince of Wales, and there is an emblazonment of their coat of arms on the wall beneath it. Another window (St. Peter and St. Paul) was the offering of the Grand-Duke of Hesse. On the north wall is a brass inscribed, "This Church was restored and the north aisle rebuilt by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Lord of the Manor and Patron of this living, 1881." The lighting is done by an oil-gas machine, feeding twelve handsome chandeliers. "It must have cost a great deal," said I, "to do all this?" My friend groaned and shook his head. "Ay, indeed," he said, sadly, "it did. But that is not all. There are plans now ready for the restoration of the church at Wolferton (or Babingley?)—not less than £7000, I do declare—maybe £8000!"

In fact, the Prince of Wales has plenty to do with his money, and it will be seen how well much of it and to what useful ends it is applied. The sum voted by Parliament would not suffice by one-half to meet the demands upon the Prince's exchequer, but the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, which are perhaps £60,000 a year, raising the income of his Royal Highness to £100,000 a year, enable him to maintain his establishments becomingly, and to meet expenses in the form of subscriptions to public institutions, charities, public and private, of the magnitude, variety, and extent of which none who have not had occasion to know can form the least conception.

To supply the houses on the estate the

THE PRINCESS DRIVING PAST "ALEXANDRA COTTAGES," WEST NEWTON, SHOWING VILLAGE SCHOOL BUILT BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Prince caused a tall water-tower to be erected, conspicuous for miles around, and West Newton revels in plenty. There were at first only two wells for the supply of the cottages which, representing two types of building, were erected for the laborers by the Prince-Squire. I have never seen the like of these elsewhere. It is not only that they are picturesque enough to look at, but that the inmates appear so proud of their dwellings, and keep them in such good order. To each cottage there are a few perches of garden attached, and the cottage windows are gay with flowers and plants, and flash with snowy-white curtains, as if each of the tenants was bent on winning the prizes offered every year by the Prince and Princess for the estates. "*O si sic omnes!*"

He has now set about adding a spacious hall to a very pretty *cottage orné*, which he was wont to lend on occasions to friends, in order that the people on the estate may have a library and reading-room. There is a refreshment-room attached, where tea and coffee, etc., can be had, so that West Newton may be said to possess a very comfortable agricultural club in embryo; and that there may be no lack of preparation for its enjoyment, a spacious, well-ventilated school for boys and girls at the turn of the road is carefully looked after and frequently visited. In pursuance of this philanthropic and paternal thoroughness of interest, if I may use the phrase, in those dependent on them, the Princess originated and the Prince carried out, close to Babingley, the idea of a home hospital. In an establishment of nearly one hundred domestics and retainers, augmented by the accession of visitors, sickness must be expected. A three-storied farm-house was selected and fitted up as a hospital, with bath-room, dispensary, nurses' rooms—beds and furniture beautifully clean; and if any one needs medical attendance and comfort, he or she is sent off to the home hospital, the doctor is ordered from the village, a nurse or nurses installed, and there, with quiet and pure air and every attention, the patient has an excellent chance of recovery.

The amount of correspondence to be

carried on at Sandringham, Marlborough House, Osborne Cottage, or wherever the Prince may be, is, as Sir Dighton Probyn, Mr. Francis Knollys, and the Equerry in waiting for the time being well know, colossal in magnitude and extraordinarily various in its nature, and it would tax patience and credulity to give an account of the contents, in all languages, of some of his letter-bags. The Prince may say, "Princeps sum, at non supra grammaticam." He is a favorite mark for begging-letter writers and inventors, and wonderful pains and trouble must be taken by his secretaries in sifting the wheat from the chaff and in getting at the truth of the stories of the applicants for his bounteous assistance. Once there came in by one mail to the Hôtel Bristol in Paris, where he was at the time, in addition to a score of the ordinary sort of begging letters, a petition from an old lady for a *dot* for her lovely daughter, aged eighteen, the child of an old officer who had left his family in much distress; a request from a mechanic that the Prince would put on a swimming-dress and take a header into the Seine to test its merits—"et dans ce cas, monseigneur," added the inventor, "j'aurai ma fortune assurée"; a demand for a loan of 10,000 francs to enable a student in natural history to go on an entomological excursion to South America; a proposal that he should join the applicant in an experimental vineyard in the Vosges; an entreaty that he would enable a working jeweller to redeem his lathe and tools. Needless to say, he is also assailed by the ignoble, malicious, or silly people who write anonymously, and by the crack-brained "prophets" dealing in menaces of death and of eternal destruction on various theological or political bases, who, with the writers of threatening letters, form a very considerable legion. From every capital and court in Europe there comes also the important though unofficial correspondence by which the Prince of Wales adds daily to his knowledge of the secret forces which move and direct the policy of states. There are, moreover, the special business of the Duchy of Cornwall, and regimental affairs in the corps of which he is Colonel, which are closely investigated by the Prince. Divided in his affection for the two services, he naturally gives the greater share of his attention to that in which he holds rank, and in which he was reared and trained. A portion of his time is also devoted to the interests of the Masonic body, the increase and vitality of which, in England, owe much to his care and patronage; and the Royal College of Music, the numerous institutions of which he is patron or chief, and innumerable charities and societies which he encourages and aids, make their several demands on the life of the busiest man in Europe, and have their claims allowed.

The mayors, corporations, and deputations who receive the Prince on a railway platform, and see him emerge from his carriage, after a long journey, "fresh as a rose," little think of the trouble and care which have produced the result so pleasant to their eyes. In India it sometimes happened that at the end of a banquet, wound up with fire-works and a ball, at which the Prince attended till the last moment in full uniform, he and his suite drove off in state to an illuminated platform, with guards of honor, bands playing "God save the Queen," officials, civil and military, ladies with bouquets, and as soon as the train moved off he flung off trappings, turned in on his serai, and slept till the next functional city was near, where, as the train drew up in the early morning, amid a scene as like that of last night as the difference 'twixt night and day might let it, the Prince stepped out in full uniform, faultless in detail, and fresh and bright as though he had slept at Marlborough House. No one thought of the ways and means, of the dressing in a shaky train, the indescribable multifarious impediments.

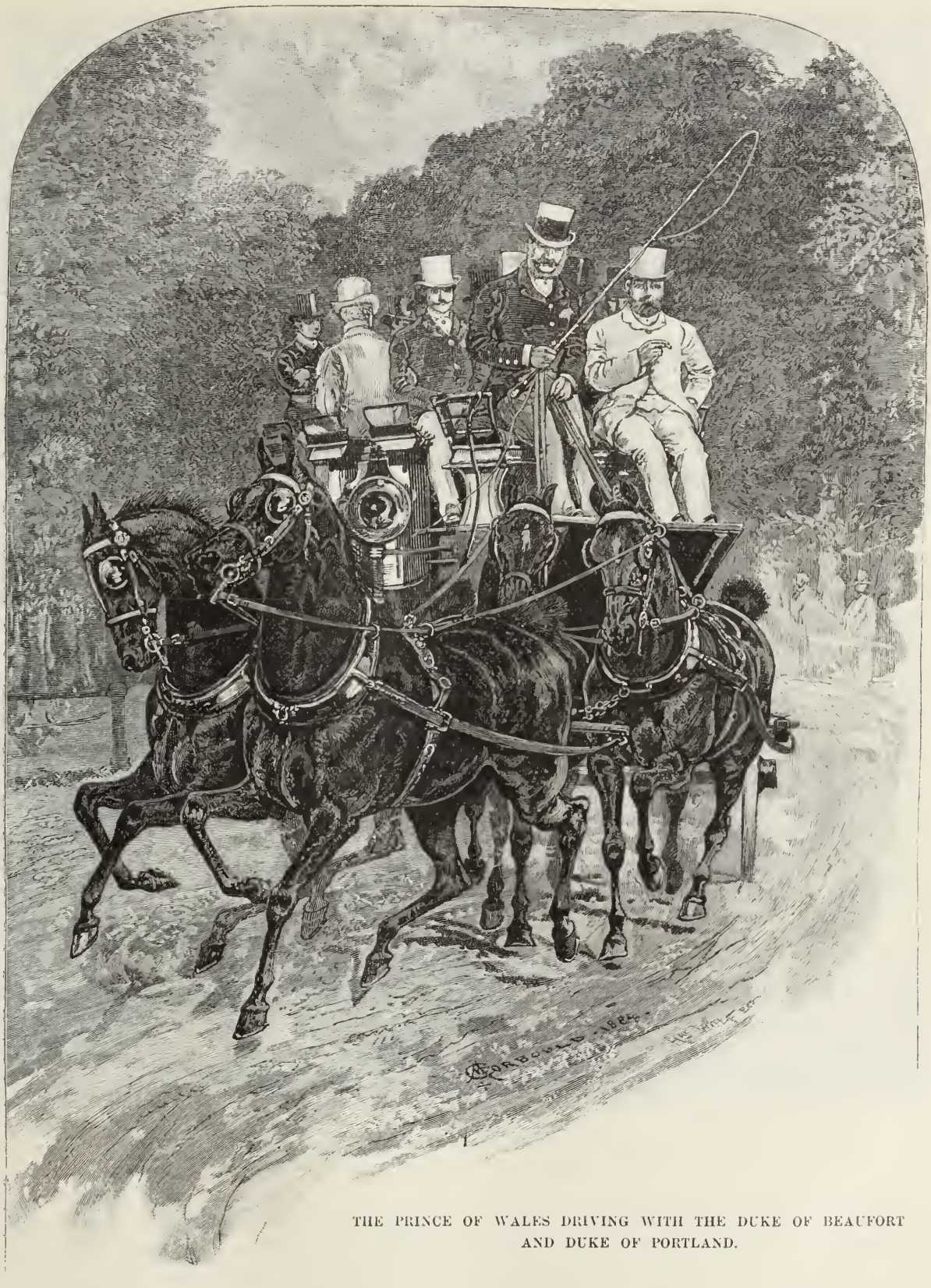
Although my main object in this sketch has been to give some account of Sandringham, I am called on to say a word about the Prince's discharge of one of the duties of the sovereign, which is in some respects different from any ceremony of the kind—the holding of levees. As the Princess of Wales holds drawing-rooms in the name of the Queen, presentations at which are equivalent to presentations to her Majesty, so the Prince of Wales holds levees, usually at St. James's Palace. Now there are levees, or receptions, at the White House, Washington; there were levees at the Tuileries in the days of the Emperor Napoleon III.; there are grand receptions at Berlin or Potsdam; there are stately levees at St. Petersburg, at Schönbrunn, or the Hof-Burg; but a full levee at St.

James's, offering, perhaps, greater variety than any of these, is a much more trying business. In the first place, there are, in addition to the gentlemen whose first presentation at court is their introduction to the world, a number of official presentations of distinguished or undistinguished countrymen to be made by the foreign diplomatists; and then there are presentations on the various incidents which are supposed to justify or necessitate them in the services and in civil and social life. Captain Brown, on promotion; Major Smith, on return from foreign service; Colonel Jones, on being made a C.B.; Mr. Robinson, on his marriage, etc., etc. Officers of the navy and army attend to be presented on their arrival from service, or on their departure in search of glory. Then there are the numerous representatives of the nobility, of the Church, of the learned professions, and of the gentry, as well as of certain ill-defined classes, some members of which go to court, and others of which do not. All these, in hundreds, pass one by one before the Prince, and to each there is a bow—to many a kind word—to some a shake of the hand—two hours, sometimes, of civility in harness. Presentations are made under conditions; the name of the person to be presented, and that of the presenter, must be left at the Lord Chamberlain's office two clear days before the levee, and if no objection be made, the gentleman attends in court dress or uniform at St. James's on the day of the levee, which is always fixed to begin at two o'clock. The Lord Chamberlain and his deputy, the ever-watchful Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane, aided by a vigilant staff, keep watch and ward over the *entrée;* but now and then, under cover of great names, owners of objectionable antecedents have glided into the presence, to suffer thereafter. On the appointed day a line of policemen is formed at one o'clock in the Park from Buckingham Palace Gate to Marlborough House, and thence up to St. James's Street and along Pall Mall, and a little crowd collects at the side door in the colonnade opposite the German chapel about the same time, to which every minute gives increase, till the opening of the door at 1.30 permits the head of the column to enter the corridor which leads to the glass doors, behind which, in scarlet and gold, stand the ushers who inspect the *personnel* of the visitors. There is in this crowd a very fair microcosm, that is, of the British Empire and of its relations. First there are the ambassadors, foreign and home, ministers and members of the diplomatic body, in full uniform, and the great personages who have a right to the private entry, and who are admitted by a separate door giving on the court of St. James's Palace, where the colors are trooped every morning. These privileged persons have audience or presentation before the general admission of the attendants on the levee. At 1.30 the doors in the vestibule are opened by the ushers, and those who have not provided themselves beforehand with cards, on which their names should be legibly written, can obtain them at a side table inside, on which there are blank cards and writing materials. One card is handed to one of the ushers as the presentee passes on to the flight of stairs which leads to the reception-rooms; the other is retained to be handed to gentlemen in waiting in the Throne-Room, by whom it is handed to the Deputy Lord Chamberlain, who passes it to the Lord High Chamberlain, that the name on it may be announced to the Prince. But ere that comes there is a time of varying duration to be passed in the outer saloon, which is approached by a corridor, lined by the veteran Beef-Eaters in their picturesque Elizabethan head-dress, and guarded by the gentlemen of the Chamberlain's department, who inspect each of the visitors, to see if the conditions of court dress have been complied with. In this fine apartment the gentlemen-at-arms are on duty, and regulate the admissions within a line of brass railings, which run parallel with one side of it, forming a kind of avenue to the entrance to the next apartment, which is closed till the Prince has seen the visitors by the private entry. When this avenue has been filled by the first detachment, a bar is drawn, which shuts off the fast increasing crowd in the rest of the room from admission till their turn comes. At two o'clock punctually the music of the Life Guards or Blues on duty is heard, and the escort of the royal cortége appears in the Mall, the carriages with the officers in attendance on the royal party driving in order into the walled inclosure to the entrance of the staircase leading to the Throne-Room. By this time the outer room is filled with an animated and variegated crowd, and if one could look down on the staircases he

A LEVEE AT ST. JAMES'S.

would see, on a full levee day, a dense multitude waiting till there is room for them. The time is not idly spent; old friends meet, who have been parted for years by the vicissitudes of service in the navy, the army, and diplomacy, from all the seas and continents and islands in the world—"or nearly all of them, to be quite exact," as Dr. Dryasdust says. Lawyers exchange the gossip of the courts, divines discourse of preferments and Church news. There are judges going out to India, leaden-eyed and parchment-jawed, in wig and gown, "cheek by jowl" with rosy-faced subs just joined; and the *gros bonnets* of finance, who can not be kept out of the best and the highest places on earth, and who possibly think they will, if they be Catholic, buy good places elsewhere, jostle many-acred and much-mortgaged squires and meagre professors. When the door at the end of the avenue opens there is in vista two more rooms, into which the first detachment filters, one by one, between the windowed wall and a line of gentlemen-at-arms and ushers in a slow measured course. On entering the second—a throne-room—the eye catches sight of the canopy of the throne, above the heads of the officers and of those who have been presented; but it is not till he has come within a few yards of the estrade at the foot of the throne that he sees the Prince standing at the right of a long and glittering line of the Princes of the royal family, with the Lord High Chamberlain on his right, but not quite in the same line, the lords in waiting, officers on duty, etc., drawn up near at hand, and the Deputy Chamberlain, etc., on the right, nearly facing the Prince. The card having been delivered and passed on is read aloud, and the "courtier" *pro hâc vice* makes his bow. If the Prince knows him, there is a gracious shake of the hand —be sure there is nearly always a kindly smile or a dignified recognition of the bow to the representative of the sovereign, which our ancestors called a "reverence." Then the courtier sidles away to the right, bowing low to each of the line of the Princes, oftentimes with a desire to run off into the refuge which seems to be open to him in the array of cabinet ministers and diplomatists *adossés* to the wall at right angles to the throne, and so departs to resume the habit of every-day life. On such an occasion nothing escapes the eye of the Prince; the smallest irregularity in uniform or dress, the least error in the due placing and precedence of orders and distinctions, is instantly detected and exposed, and the result has been that officers now wear their medals, ribands, and decorations in proper form, and the disorderly arrangement of honors, which was common enough, straggling ribands fastened to sashes, and medals heaped over each other, have disappeared, and the strictness and neatness of the foreign methods have, after some grumblings, perhaps, been generally adopted, to the great improvement of smartness of appearance, and military and naval propriety. It is believed that the Prince does not view with much affection the changes which have been introduced into our military system; but in that, as in his political sympathies, he allows no personal likes or dislikes to find expression in public. In the navy, like an Englishman born, he takes the greatest pride, and like a true English Prince he has shown his sense of the inestimable value of the service, has given the strongest proof of his attachment and confidence by placing his two sons, while yet of tender years, to begin their education on board a man-of-war. He is a captain in the Royal Naval Reserve, and a Brother of the Trinity House; but without any diminution of the regard in which he holds the senior service, it is to the army the Prince of Wales, as Field Marshal, and as Colonel of three of its most distinguished regiments, belongs.

"Ich dien" is indeed a fitting device for the Prince of Wales of to-day. His active participation in all the functions of national life, except those of a purely political character, may be called continuous. For months in advance in every year a large portion of his time is marked down and appropriated to the discharge of some duty, the promotion of some useful object, the fulfillment of self-imposed obligations to minister to the pleasure of others, and to stimulate the philanthropic spirit of the people. It may not now be true that, as Sir Thomas More says, "the springs both of good and evil flow over a whole nation from the Prince as from a lasting fountain," but surely an incessant stream of favor and help to useful enterprises has poured out from his hand. From this constant intercourse with all the leading men in every department of art, literature, labor, manufacture, commerce, he has acquired the most extensive personal know-



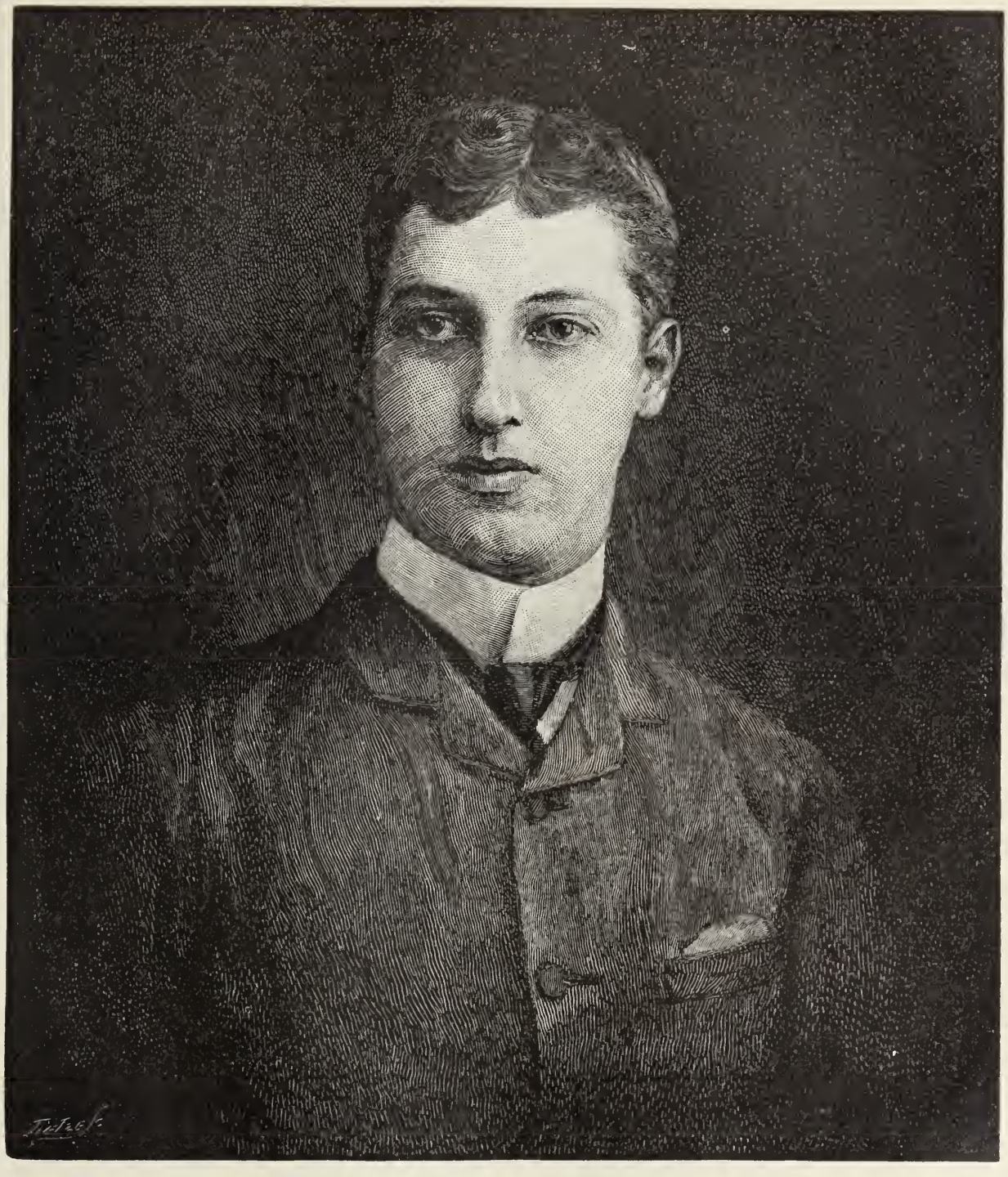
THE PRINCE OF WALES DRIVING WITH THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT AND DUKE OF PORTLAND.

ledge of his fellow-subjects that was ever possessed by an heir-apparent, for in addition to the royal gift of remembering the names and faces of those with whom he has been even for a brief time associated, in his various progresses and functions, the Prince of Wales has made the largest and closest acquaintance with the nobles and gentry of the three kingdoms. In his visits and travels all over the world he has met the most eminent statesmen, diplomatists, soldiers, philosophers, authors, artists, musicians, etc., in every country. Allied by blood and marriage with the imperial houses of Germany and Russia, with the royal houses of Denmark, Belgium, Portugal, Greece, Roumania, Saxe-Coburg, etc., the Prince is

also a personal friend of princes and potentates in Europe and out of it, is familiar with the nobility of the Western World, and with the most eminent citizens of the great republic. German and French he speaks as fluently as English, and his knowledge of the world, founded on personal observation rather than on reading or hearsay, is encyclopædic. His love for music is pronounced, and his ear is exceedingly correct. Similarly wide-ranging has been his experience of sport, of every branch of which, except fishing, perhaps, he has been and is a votary. He has shot elephants in Ceylon, hunted them in Nepaul, killed tigers and leopards in India, bears in Russia, red deer in the Highlands, small game everywhere, and though he does not keep a racing stud, he is a steady patron of the turf. The consequences of the dangerous illness, which endured long after his restoration, interfered somewhat with hard riding after hounds; but he never loses a meet of the East Norfolk, and is accompanied in many a pleasant run by the Princess, who delights in the chase, and by the royal children, who ride fearlessly and well, erewhile coached by Sir Dighton Probyn. The royal squadron has not a more enthusiastic yachtsman in its list of members than its Commodore; but he can not go "knocking about" in the Mediterranean in the *Aline*, or take distant voyages, as if he was a private person. It is well known that on two occasions his Royal Highness made the most urgent request for permission to proceed on active service, but that reasons of state prevented the Queen according it. Although there may be some jealousy among the superior officers of an army in war time on account of the natural precedence under a monarchy of royal princes in the field, the presence of the heir to the throne, in stress of battle, can not but inspire enthusiasm. Our troops may not need such incentives, but in times gone by they were not indifferent to the influence of a Black Prince or a Henry V. The members of the House of Hanover, whenever they have had occasion to justify their claims to the front rank, have given ample proof of personal courage. The severities of the Duke of Cumberland to the Highland chiefs and their followers, whose descendants are now the favored race of the royal family, have caused the services he rendered to the dynasty at Culloden, and the momentous consequences which would have ensued had the Pretender won a signal victory, to be unduly forgotten.

This brings me to another phase. It is at Abergeldie, perhaps, that the Prince and Princess enjoy their holiday most joyously. When the Prince is in the Highlands he is a Highland chief. He puts on kilt and sporran, sometimes Stuart hunting tartan, sometimes royal Stuart tartan, anon, hodden-gray, and does as hard a day's work in the forest as any chief or gillie of them all. The young princes affect the garb of old Gael, and if there were a distinctive dress for women, barring plaid, snood, and kirtle, the ladies would wear it too. There they are "free of mountain liberty." Abergeldie Castle is built on the right bank of the Dee, which foams over its rocky bed within fifty yards of the walls, a quaint Scottish mansion, some three centuries old, with an ancient square tower, the "keep" of the portalice flanking one side of the more modern building, a flower garden in front of the keep, a fruit garden at the side, fenced in by a stone wall from the walk by the river-bank to the left, to the right the offices, and in front a Scottish park and well-wooded grounds swelling toward the base of the fir-crowned slopes which mount into rocky peaks in the distance. The house is interesting—portraits of a hard-featured, fighting, masterful race to whom the property belongs, and reminiscences of the chase—stags' horns, stuffed animals and birds, on the walls of the low-browed rooms.

The keep will harbor four guests, and princes, potentates, and powers have rejoiced in its shelter, indifferent to the wheezing and clanging of the clock in the front of the tower, though it is still necessary for the "lodger in the Sea King's halls," who lives on the upper story, to take hold of a rope instead of a baluster as he mounts or descends the narrow corkscrew staircase set in the solid stone walls. On the ground-floor there is on the right the Equerry's room, opposite to it the room where in days gone by the young princes were instructed in the rudiments by the ancient pastor of Sandringham, the Rev. L. Onslow, Chaplain R.N., now at rest. The Equerry's room is not unpopular among the inmates of the castle. It would surely be hateful to the royal Stuart who wrote a "Counterblast to Tobacco," and there are spread all the papers and the literature of the day, and correspondence is carried on and conver-



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, ELDEST SON OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.
From a photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, London.

sation *pari passu*, till late at night—that is to say, ere midnight—the hissing kettle, the lemons, sugar, etc., useful in the composition of toddy, are removed, and bedroom candles are lighted, after the Prince has given directions for the amusement of the guests the following day. There are enthusiasts who believe they may stop a salmon on its way to the pools of Balmoral or Invercauld, who work away with limber rod and far-reaching lopping fly, and find their pleasure if not their reward and profit in it. If they be attended by the fisherman, it will be quite comfort enough for them, should they catch nothing, to see him handle the eighteen-foot fishing-pole, as the Americans call it, and cast a "Doctor" or "Jock Scott" straight as an arrow and soft as a snow-flake, some thirty odd yards into the swirl, where a "fesh" ought to be. Others are bound for the moor, with more certainty of sober bliss among the grouse or black-game. For others there may be a

THE PRINCESS OF WALES INSPECTING THE GAME.

deer drive or a stalk at Glenmuick, or her Majesty may issue commands to the Prince's friends to join a royal chase from Balmoral.

When the Prince and Princess come to their Highland home there is life on the hill-side and in the valley; it is the event of the year, next to the advent of the Queen and her court at Balmoral, for all the country-side. The train from Aberdeen to Ballater which carries them is like a stream of water flowing through the desert after the long winter. The people congregate at the stations, and every window waves its welcome. There is always a detachment of a Highland regiment at Ballater, and sometimes there is a guard of honor for Prince and Princess, but generally they lay state aside, although they can not avoid the crowd at the terminus, where a carriage and four grays are waiting to convey them by the pleasant road which, crossing the bridge over the Dee at Ballater, leads by the woods of Birkhall to Abergeldie. As the carriage of the Prince and Princess drives to the castle door the retainers, in Highland costume, are seen drawn up in two lines—gamekeepers, gillies, servitors—a gallant company, and there is a genuine exposition of pleasure as they greet the chief and chieftainess, who well deserve the regard and respect of those around them. The Prince shakes hands with his ancient "gillie" wassels. There is not one whose name he does not know, and soon after her arrival the Princess will be informed of the state and fortunes of the mothers, wives, and daughters of the estate.

There is from time to time an angry, indignant outcry from my countrymen—even from those who are not—Why does not the Queen go to Ireland and live there for a while? Why do not the royal Princes give a turn to Ireland as they do to Scotland? Well, without entering upon the discussion of the general question of policy, I may say there is not the least analogy between the conditions of Irish and of Scotch residence for royalty, at present at all events. If George I. went to Scotland in 1715 he would not have found it very pleasant, nor would his successor have done so in 1745. George III. never went there at all; and there was no sympathy between the country of the Stuarts and the house of Guelph till, in a happy moment, the Prince Consort resolved on establishing a *chasse* in the Highlands, to which the

Queen's interest and his own had been attracted by the witchery of the Magician of the North and the charms of the sport and scenery. There is no such place—there was no such place in the sister isle as Balmoral, viewed from the stand-point from which the latter presented itself to the Queen and her husband. The same is true as regards the Prince and Princess of Wales and Abergeldie.

There are some red deer in one or two places in Ireland only, and they are forest deer. There are grouse here and there, nowhere enough to make a bag, according to Scotch. There are no partridges. Pheasants, persecuted by foxes and peasantry, are ornaments rather than sporting accessories to estates. Hares and rabbits—well, no one can say much for them anywhere now. The flights of woodcock afford transient rapture, and snipe-shooting in Ireland belongs to days when Malachy wore his collar of gold and shot with a Joe Manton. But, after all, where are the inducements? and if they existed, where are the ways and means? Every hill is covered with cottages; the country swarms with life. There was once fox-hunting, but the hunters are hunted now, and, besides the difficulties connected with the pursuit, just now there is a probability that a covert-side at which a prince was attending might be made the scene of a demonstration. But the fence that is first to be faced is very stiff indeed. There is not in Ireland a residence for Queen or Prince, or a property for them to live on. I am quite certain that the Prince and Princess of Wales would put up with something more serious than inconveniences, and be content to sacrifice sport and comfort for the sake of weightier objects, if they had the means of working to obtain them. But they have no chance. *À qui la faute?* I can not answer without exciting passion and controversy. If the Prince and Princess had their will, Dublin Castle would be a royal residence for some time of the year, and Dublin would see a royal court, which it never enjoyed; but circumstances and fate are too strong for the wishes of princes. This is a digression for which I hope my readers will pardon me, even if they do not agree with my deductions.

There are very few men in England who can make as good a speech as the Prince of Wales. His voice is singularly far-reaching, clear, pleasant, and his delivery is simple and dignified. But it must not be supposed that the ease and fluency which now characterize his public discourses were attained without trouble, or that the Prince is one of the "mob of gentlemen who 'speak' at ease," and have very little to say worth listening to. At first, when he had to address an audience—and it fell to his lot to begin speech-making whilst he was very young indeed—he spoke with some hesitation, and he gave his audience the idea of one who would be very glad when he could sit down; but by persistent practice, stimulated by the certainty that he must look forward to constant calls upon him, and animated by a high sense of duty, the Prince overcame the difficulties which beset most young orators, aggravated in his case by the consciousness that every word he uttered would be eagerly weighed and recorded. He has acquired a command of language and a felicity of expression which commend his matter to the most critical, whilst it is at the same time judicious in substance and much to the point. No one can make a better case for a charitable institution than the Prince, and his appeals to the pockets of his hearers when he is presiding at a dinner to promote the work of some beneficent association, or to further some useful and meritorious enterprise, are so successful that it is considered the fortune of an evening, from a financial point of view, is secured when the Prince of Wales has consented to take the chair. On occasions of national importance and interest, such as the opening of public institutions, the Prince's speeches, carefully prepared and excellently pronounced, are models of what such work should be, setting forth the objects in view, the history of the movement, and the claims it has to support or approval, in well-chosen and effective words. The Prince has had practice enough certainly, for since his marriage he has been associated with every movement in the kingdom, and has been called upon to open exhibitions, bridges and buildings, parks and museums, "inaugurate" statues, lay foundation-stones, preside at commissions and banquets year after year, and has answered to the call with unflagging spirit, cheerfulness, and effect. To these must be added the reception of and answers to addresses, for which so many pretexts are afforded to the loyal impulses of the people in almost all the scenes of the nation-

al life in which the Prince takes his part, and in his activity of bodily presence. There must be of addresses alone monumental mounds in the archives, not to speak of the great harvest of these which was gathered in India, of the extraordinary utterance of the nation's gratitude for the Prince's recovery which found its way to Sandringham from every town and county, every corporate body, and all classes and conditions of men throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Fortunately there are what may well be termed "diversions" in these duties and functions which release the Prince and Princess from the bonds of ceremony, and there is scarcely a great house in the kingdom which has not been gladdened by their presence. There are annual recurrences of such pleasures as the Goodwood week, Newmarket, or Cowes afford, and when the season is over there is the royal progress which transfers to the valley of the Dee all the pageantry of the Court, the fountain of honor itself, and makes it for the time being the centre of executive power. The Queen goes to Balmoral every autumn, and generally the Prince and Princess of Wales repair to Scotland at the same period of the year.

"What news from Sandringham to-day?" It was the first, almost the sole, question men asked, and women feared to ask, day after day, for week after week, this time thirteen years ago. I am sure I do not exaggerate in the least when I say that "Sandringham" was the centre of the thoughts of millions of people in these isles, and of millions of people all over the world, through the long, dreary weeks of that bleak November when the Prince lay on his couch between life and death, watched and tended by his wife with fortitude, patience, and unwearying love beyond compare. Morning after morning crowds, ever shifting, ever pouring from the parks and streets, and drifting away in sadness, were collected before the gates at Marlborough House, and at the various places in London where the bulletins from Sandringham were posted up, and every word in the measured sentences was noted, weighed, and discussed with an interest, in the depths of which all differences of party feeling and policy lay buried. In the sympathy for the Princess,

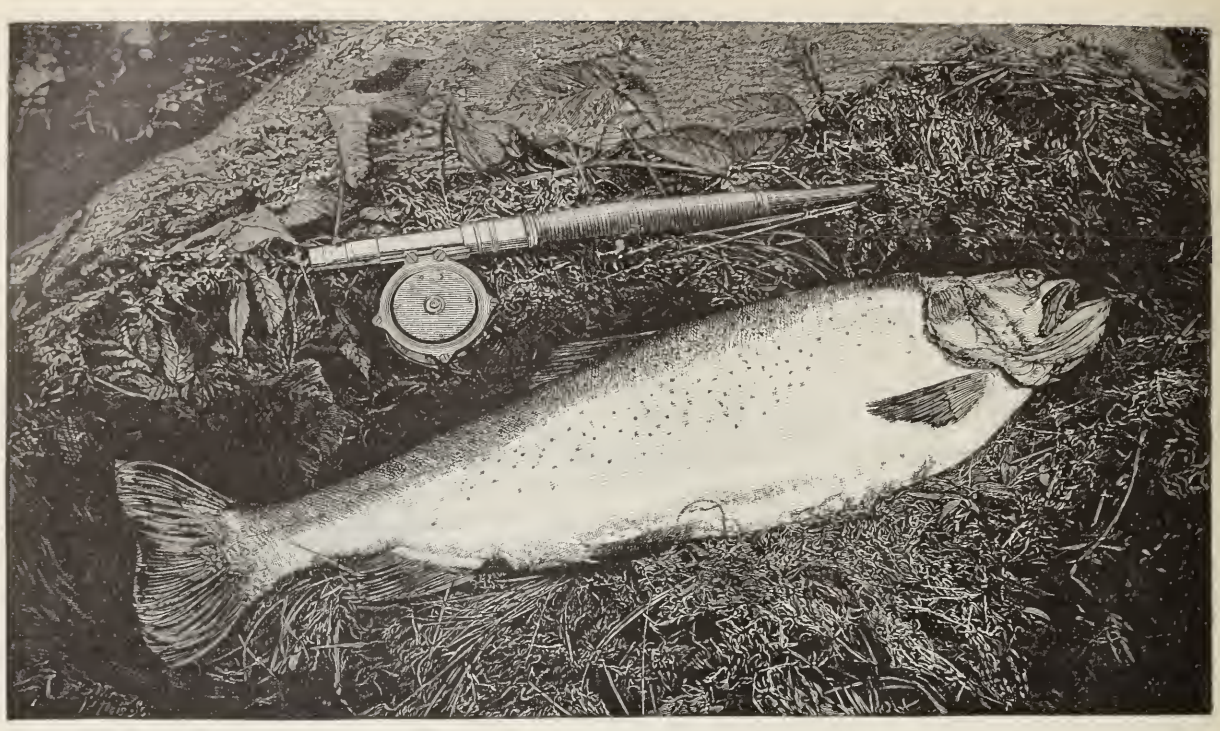
DANCE OF HIGHLANDERS AT ABERGELDIE.

in the popular regard for the Prince, Radical, Whig, and Tory stood on common ground. When the Prince returned from Germany in the autumn it was seen that he did not appear to be in his usual buoyant spirits. It was said he had exerted himself too much; but it was not generally known that, attended by only three gentlemen, he had made an excursion incognito to the battle-fields of Sedan and Metz before he went to Frankfort, and that he had, owing to curious mischances of which the story is too long to tell now, been subjected to great inconvenience, and had to sleep, after a long and trying day, in the pestilential air of a town in the centre of a battle-field, which had been for many months filled with wounded men.

Sir Oscar Clayton, who was summoned from London at the first symptoms of the Prince's indisposition, detected the signs of typhoid, and the rapid diagnosis of the surgeon was soon justified by the report of the physicians. Day by day the fever gathered strength—the bulletins became more alarming. A fatal date was near at hand, and presently, as the news darkened every home and hearth, the remembrance of the Prince Consort's death just ten years before rose before us. Week after week the fight went on, and even when the sharpness of pain which the nation felt at its heart was soothed by some comforting words, when a feeble ray of light shot across the darkness, people shook their heads and refused to entertain the hope that the worst was over. What hopeless sorrow was felt as the crisis came with a dreadful force which left room for little but despair! Now the memory of that time is like that of a dream. There was a sigh from the very soul of England, and there was one prayer of thankfulness and praise to Heaven when it was felt at last that the Prince's life was saved. The expression of the national gratitude was uttered aloud when the Prince proceeded in what is called "state" to St. Paul's to acknowledge in the sight of the people the goodness vouchsafed to him. With him went up the leaders of the people, as when, in the days of yore, the tribes of Israel were represented by their princes and elders at the sacrifices offered to the Most High. We may analyze as we please the waters of the pool from which flowed such mighty streams as those that welled over the land, and may resolve them into the simple elements of superstition and ignorance, but they can not deny the vivifying force in the life of a nation which is inspired by the sentiment that every man in it feels he has something in common with him who represents in his person the traditions of a thousand years of national existence, and the glory which the virtues, the sufferings, and the triumphs of our ancestors have cast around the throne of England. *Sit perpetuum!*

ABERGELDIE CASTLE.

After a photograph by George W. Wilson and Co., Aberdeen.



FLY-FISHING.

TO the men of this country from the age of twenty-five and upward whose daily avocation calls for no physical effort, no boon can be greater than some form of out-of-door recreation, which, while it amuses and interests its votaries to the very sunset of life, and brings them face to face with nature, at the same time only exacts a degree of muscular exertion which can be graduated with the greatest nicety to the most varied capacity or inclination.

Fly-fishing alone supplies this want. The wisest and best in England and in this country have united in its praise for generations, each acknowledging the benefit and unalloyed happiness he has derived from it, and wondering why others were so slow to avail themselves of its manifest physical and mental advantages.

The angler considers his pursuit as a fine art, of which merely to obtain fish is but small part. These he can get more cheaply and in greater abundance in the market. It is the way the thing is done —this and the open air, the odor of the woods and flowers, the laughter of the running water, the beauty and song of the birds, and that peace and content which open the heart of man to see and love the ever-changing beauties of nature —these give to that pastime a charm possessed by no other. Though old age and infirmity come on, and the foot once familiar with wood and stream is now confined to the narrow limits of a chamber, when every other earthly pursuit has lost its zest, who ever heard that even then the enthusiasm of the angler had diminished, or that the dim eye failed to kindle at the recollection and tale of earlier triumphs with the rod?

To the weary brain-worker within whom nature clamors for occasional respite from the toil of life, we earnestly recommend this recreation, assuring him that for every week spent fly-rod in hand, he will add a year to his chance for life. It will prove a joy in youth, a boon in middle age, and a solace to his declining years. Not only may its benefits be had by the water-side, but when the blast of the winter's storm confines him to the hearthstone he will find, in an examination of his tackle and in the thoughts and recollections it suggests, a source of happiness and recreation—a hobby tainted with no ignoble thought or regret.

Unhappy is that man who has no hobby!

Other sports have a debit as well as a credit side in the account which must be rendered of this life. This, and this alone, may be and should be quite free from stain.

To such as feel the necessity of some relaxation, and who are encouraged to seek

it in fly-fishing, a word of advice as to the selection and use of the more important appliances of the art may not be amiss.

The rod should be of the best, whatever material it may be made from. Lancewood, greenheart, bethabara, and many other woods are capable of being converted into an excellent fly-rod, provided the material is good of its kind, and it has been fashioned by the hands of a skilled workman. Rent and glued—or, as it is now more generally termed, split—bamboo unquestionably stands first as a material in the general estimation of experts in this country. In the fly-casting tournaments held year after year at Central Park in New York it has gradually supplanted all other kinds of rod, and certainly in it strength, lightness, and that steely spring which is the acme of perfection in a fly-rod are found to a degree unequalled in any other known material.

These rods are made by gluing six strips of Calcutta bamboo together in such a way that a cross section of the completed rod forms a hexagon. The rind of the bamboo is placed on the outside, and is untouched in the manufacture, since therein lie all the virtues that the material possesses.

The variety of bamboo used for this purpose may be distinguished by the charred marks on its yellow cuticle, without which none seems to be imported into this country. No one in the least familiar with this bamboo can have failed to remark these burns, always present, yet never alike. To the split-bamboo rod-maker they are a perfect nuisance, forcing him to reject altogether many a cane otherwise excellent. So every one, surprised that so much labor should be expended merely, as far as is apparent, to injure the cane, naturally asks why this is done.

Reasons are as plenty as blackberries, and so, of course, there is no lack in this case. Here are a few samples, assigned by those who said they knew all about it.

1. It is a religious ceremony.

2. They are roasted over a large gridiron to kill the larvæ of boring insects.

3. It is merely for purpose of ornament.

4. The bamboos grow in jungles matted together with all manner of climbing and tenacious vines; before they can be extricated the jungle must be fired to destroy these creepers.

5. That the canes are roasted over a gridiron to burn off the leaves and creepers attached to them, as the most simple and expeditious way to get rid of them.

6. That it is done with a hot iron, each cane being treated separately, merely to straighten them.

I have heard others, but these are quite sufficient for a liberal exercise of personal predilection, my own being toward a combination of the reasons numbered 4 and 6.

Different specimens of every variety of rod material vary greatly in excellence, one sample being good and another utterly worthless. Therein the integrity of the rod-maker, and regard for his reputation, are the only safeguards to the purchaser. Therefore it is cheaper in the end to buy from the maker himself, or his recognized agent. If they have a reputation, they will do their best to maintain it. Anonymous rods are like anonymous letters; they may be unexceptionable, but usually they are not. Above all things remember there are no bargains in fishing-tackle. If an article is cheap in price, it is almost invariably cheap in quality as well.

Comfort in use, efficiency in casting the fly, and power to control and land the fish after it is fastened, all will admit, are the desiderata in a fly-rod; strength to withstand the incidental strain, and elasticity to recover on the removal of the deflection caused thereby, being in all cases presumed.

It needs no expert physicist to assure us that with two rods of equal weight, and respectively ten and twelve feet long, the former will occasion far less fatigue than the latter, since while the shorter arm of the lever is equal in both cases, the longer arm, which is to do the work, is greater in the latter. Nay, further, even though the shorter rod exceed in actual weight, still it may retain its superiority in this respect.

Killing power, and the ability to control the movements of the fish, depend not on the length, but on the power or stiffness, of the rod; and this, other things being equal, must be greater in a ten than in a twelve foot rod, since the leverage against the controlling power is less.

Nothing remains, then, but to compare their relative efficiency in casting the fly.

Surely none of the hundreds who witnessed the fly-casting tournament at Central Park in New York city on October 16, 1883, and saw a fly cast eighty-five feet with a ten-foot split-bamboo rod weighing four and three-eighths ounces,

will question the ability of a ten-foot rod of from seven to eight ounces to meet all reasonable demands in this respect. On October 22, 1884, on a like occasion, eighty-seven feet were cast with a similar rod of five ounces weight and ten feet two and a half inches long.

To those who may be unfamiliar with these events it may be remarked that the caster stands on a platform one foot above the water, and built out at a right angle to, and about thirty feet distant from, the shore. The contestants thus cast parallel with the shore, and beside a rope supported by small floats placed five feet apart. To the floats marking each ten feet, appropriately numbered tin tags are attached indicating the distance from the edge of the platform. The weight and length of each of the competing rods are accurately ascertained, and the divisions on the rope are verified, by the judges before the contest takes place. The spectators occupy the bank, while the judges note the result from a boat, which is moved backward and forward on the other side of the rope as circumstances require. The distance between the edge of the platform and where the tail fly strikes the water is taken as the length of the cast. A possible error of eighteen inches in the determination of this would be a very liberal allowance.

On the second occasion alluded to above, the writer was one of the judges. He weighed the rods himself, and assisted in measuring them, and saw the judges in a prior contest verify the divisions on the rope. The distance alluded to was cast late in the afternoon. Darkness put an end to the trial before it was finished, and since the following day was marked by half a gale of wind blowing from a very disadvantageous direction, it was deemed best to begin *de novo*. Thus this cast does not appear in the published reports, but it was actually made, and so recorded at the time by all the judges.

It is believed that all anglers will admit that sixty, or say sixty-five feet at the outside, is the limit of practical fly-fishing with a single-handed rod. It may be demonstrated that there must be a limit somewhere. However it may be where a rapid current lends it aid, in still water trout will not hook themselves. The larger the fish, the more promptly they recognize and the more speedily they reject the artificial fly, if time is allowed them so to do. To forestall this, the angler "strikes" when the fly is taken; *i. e.*, he so actuates his rod as to retract the line, and thus imbed the hook attached to it in the fish's mouth. Want of space forbids entering fully into the problem; but if the proper diagrams are constructed, it will at once be apparent that as the line lengthens, the distance increases rapidly through which the rod must be moved to transmit a given impulse to the hook. But we are dealing with a flexible and not a rigid rod, and clearly this flexibility must also be taken into the account. For before the hook will receive any impulse whatever from the motion of the rod, it is apparent that the rod must yield until the tension of its elasticity exceeds the inertia of the line, plus its friction on or in the water. When the delay due to all of these causes allows sufficient time for the fish to reject the fly, evidently the limit of practical fly-fishing has been reached. There are other elements which enter into and affect the result, but we must pass them by.

However these things may be, all will agree that ninety-nine out of every hundred trout taken within the length and breadth of the land are fastened inside of fifty feet of the angler.

Thus it appears that a ten-foot rod is pleasanter to use, that it gives a more certain control of the fish and greater killing power, and finally that it is amply adequate to cast a fly to any practically useful distance.

Therefore one of that length, and of such weight as to afford a reasonable degree of "backbone"—say seven or even eight ounces—is recommended, since, if we have reasoned correctly, it follows that the stiffer the rod, the greater is its "striking" range. Still, a considerable degree of flexibility is necessary to efficient and pleasurable casting; and how may we determine the golden mean between the two extremes? It is believed the solution is reached when the lower part of the rod is so proportioned as to have all possible flexibility, and yet retain absolute command over the tip when weighted with thirty or forty feet of the line it is proposed to use.

The American "enamelled water-proofed lines" alone are used in this country for fly-fishing.

If Phariseeism is ever pardonable, it is when a good line of this kind is compared

with the best produced in any other country. If not decrepit through old age—and their longevity is far in excess of any other lines—in strength they leave nothing to be desired. Smooth as ivory on the surface, they render through the rings with the minimum of friction. Their weight is sufficient to cast nicely without being excessive, and at the same time this is always uniform, while their flexibility is just as it should be—neither so great as to foul the tip, nor so stiff as to cause inconvenience. In short, they are as nearly perfect as the work of man's hands is permitted to be.

They are braided from the best Italian boiled silk, and water-proofed by a process the secret of which is jealously guarded. Their first cost is high, but in the end they are far cheaper than any other. The temptation to economize is great in the purchase of this essential, since lines in all respects equal, to the eye, may be bought at half-price. But these are made from thread spun from a "fluff" produced by disintegrating old silk stockings, umbrella covers, and such trash, in a machine, and are utterly worthless for any purpose except to rob the unwary of their money. Therefore, buy your lines of a reputable house. Take the best they have, and pay their price, and you will have no reason to regret it.

The flies are attached to a leader, or, as our English brethren term it, a casting-line, which is affixed to the outer end of the fishing-line. This is made by submerging the Chinese silk-worm in vinegar when about to spin its cocoon. The worm is sufficiently pickled in eighteen or twenty hours. It is then torn apart, displaying two yellowish sacs, which may be four inches long and one-sixteenth of an inch thick in the middle, diminishing gradually to a point at either end. They contain the silk fluid, and lie folded together within the worm, and constitute the principal part of its interior bulk. These are stretched to the required length, thus rupturing the envelope, and exposing the semi-fluid contents to the action of the air, by which they are quickly solidified.

So far the process is conducted by the peasantry of Spain, each working up at home the more or less scanty product of his own mulberry orchard. With the remains of the ruptured envelope still adhering to it, the gut, then somewhat resembling hay in color, is delivered to the factors. To cleanse the exterior is the next step. This was the work of women employed by the factor, and was done by drawing the strands between the teeth, thus scraping off the remains of the sac. The long rows of women and girls drawing the entrails of the worm through their teeth, their mouths smeared with blood from cuts inflicted by the hard thin strands, mingled with the offal thus removed—spitting and drawing and spitting again—is said to have been a most revolting spectacle. Chemical processes have now in some measure superseded this.

Thus a hard, transparent, and colorless cord is produced of surprising strength, and several of these knotted together form the leader. It will be seen that the length of each strand of a certain thickness is limited by the quantity of fluid contained in a single sac. This is small in the Chinese silk-worm, since that is a large one which exceeds three inches in length and a third of an inch in thickness; and consequently "gut," as it is termed, of moderate thickness, and which exceeds fifteen inches in length, is rare in the market, and commands a high price.

But at least three of our native silk-worms greatly exceed the Chinese worm in the quantity of silk they secrete, while the quality is not a whit inferior, at least for this purpose. That known as the *Attacus cecropia* produces the largest quantity of silk of any, and that of great strength. Its habitat is co-extensive with the United States. It is indifferent to the vicissitudes of our climate, and will flourish anywhere in the open air. It is an omnivorous feeder, and as "easy to raise to maturity as young ducks or chickens." This worm grows to over four inches in length, and as thick as a working-man's thumb; and finally from it gut has actually been drawn "eight or nine feet long, and strong enough to hold a salmon, ... quite round, and all that an angler could desire," as I am informed by the maker, the revered Dr. Theodatus Garlick, the father of fish-culture in this country. The *Attacus prometheus*, and the *A. polyphemus*, though inferior in size to the *cecropia*, are far better adapted to this purpose than the Chinese worm. The proper food for all of these worms grows everywhere, and in the greatest abundance. It may also be remarked that they are free from the diseases incident to long

domestication, while the Chinese worm has as many ailments as a horse. The Japanese worm, which feeds on the ailanthus, is now acclimated and occasionally found wild in this country, and is also available for gut-making, both from the large quantity and great strength of the silk it secretes.

Here, it is hoped, is opportunity for a new industry in this country, one well adapted to those who from sex or other causes are unfitted for severe manual labor, yet to whom some means of livelihood are necessary. At present we are obliged to put up with Spanish gut. At least twenty per cent. of this is imperfect, with scarcely any two strands in a bundle of uniform thickness, and seldom exceeding fifteen inches in length. If we may judge from the past, with American ingenuity to conduct this manufacture, soon the angler would be able to order gut of a certain number, and receive an article perfectly round, of any desired length, and each strand of uniform thickness from one end to the other—the number as invariably indicating the diameter as a like designation now indicates that of metal wire.

That the connection between the line and the flies—the leader—be if possible absolutely invisible to the fish, is of the first importance.

To determine to what extent and how this might best be accomplished, the writer conducted a series of experiments in the open air, extending over months; and including all hours of the day and all conditions of weather. For this purpose a tank filled with water was used, provided with a glass plate where the bottom joined one end. While the experiments were in progress all light was excluded except such as entered through the surface of the water. Lack of space must restrict us solely to an enumeration of a few of the results thus obtained.

It was at once apparent that the appearance of a line or leader on or in the water, when viewed from above the surface, gave little or no indication of its visibility or invisibility when seen from below. In clear water, with a vertical sun, nothing was less obtrusive than uncolored gut; but with an oblique sun it shone like silver, and was as conspicuous as a chalk mark on a blackboard. In the afternoon or evening a neutral tint, not too dark in tone, gave the best result. In brown water the conditions were quite reversed. There the darker the leader, the less conspicuous it was. A coffee-color was expected to excel in such water, but this was found by no means to be the case. Whether the sky was clear or overcast made far less difference than was anticipated.

If any one will look through the sides of an aquarium toward the surface of the water therein contained, that surface will appear like a sheet of polished silver, and totally opaque to vision. How, then, do fishes manage to see objects on land, as they unquestionably do? These experiments furnished a solution to this interesting question. Though the under surface of the water in the tank appeared totally opaque through the greater part of its extent, still almost directly overhead a circular area could be seen which was transparent. In this space the windows of houses two hundred feet distant were clearly visible. Its diameter was proportional to the water's depth as 20 is to 13. Any object ten inches above the water at ten feet distance was visible by refraction on its margin. But upon agitating the surface of the water, even to a small degree, the clear space was blotted out, and all vision of objects without the water was cut off, thus showing why a ripple exercises so potent an influence on the success of the angler.

One fact impressed itself deeply during these experiments, and that is that neither the angler nor the trout is anything like as acute as is generally supposed. The wiles of the former are by no means so well concealed, nor are the latter so very quick to perceive them. The hook, unless very small, they can always see, and the leader when within a foot or two of it. Again and again did I then wonder how was it possible ever to deceive a fish so prompt to take alarm, by a humbug so transparent.

It will be necessary to pass by the other components of the angler's outfit, and proceed to the art of casting the fly.

This is an art difficult to acquire in perfection, though by no means so much so as is generally supposed. If a correct method be adopted at the outset, one hour's daily practice for two or three weeks will give a very considerable degree of proficiency.

Access to water is neither necessary nor desirable. A lawn or snow-field in the country, or a house-top in the city, will afford every required facility for practice.

Assuming the possession of the required

implements, the next essential in learning to cast without a master is companionship. Thus one can rest and encourage the other, and each observe and coach his friend during his innings at the rod. In nothing does the old adage, "The outsider sees most of the game," more directly apply. Unconscious faults are instantly noted by "the coach," and brought to the attention of the caster, as well as the greater or less degree of success which may attend effort to correct them. Use a braided linen line, of the size designated by the letter E, for practice, without leader or flies.

To acquire a proper back cast—throwing the line behind preparatory to the forward cast—usually gives the beginner the most trouble. He can not see behind him, and though he fully appreciates that his forward cast is a botch, he can not locate the difficulty, and knows neither to what it is due nor how it is to be overcome. Here the eyes of his friend supplement those of the caster. Each effort to improve is appraised; the successful is distinguished from the unsuccessful attempt, the one condemned, the other approved, until, in a very short time and with very little trouble, a habit of casting is formed which is not only efficient, but at the same time easy and graceful.

Therefore I say again, and with the more emphasis, since I believe I stand alone in this recommendation, practice this art with a companion, and alternately at brief intervals let each coach the other. Let the coach make some comment on every cast made, as, for example, "Your back cast was too low," "Your line did not straighten out behind," "Your forward cast was too quick," "Keep your body still," "There! that back cast was all right—try to repeat it," etc., etc., remembering to approve the good as well as condemn the bad, for the very object in view is to inform the caster what to cultivate, as well as what to avoid.

The coach taking his stand abreast of and on the right of the caster, and at such a distance as conveniently to observe every motion, let the latter withdraw from the reel line equal to about one and a half times the length of the rod. The thumb of his casting hand must not be closed upon its fingers, but be extended, and bear upon the rod itself. Now throw the tip of the rod upward and behind a little, but only a little, beyond the perpendicular.

This illustration, from a photograph, shows the extreme limit of the motion of the rod on the back cast, a limit by no means to be exceeded.

The casting elbow is to be held quite close to the side, and the fore-arm should not be raised beyond an angle of forty-five degrees with the horizon. The wrist, however, is to take a further upward bend, for from the action of this joint should the impulse of the cast be almost exclusively derived. Many most excellent anglers extend the arm just at the finish of the cast. But it seems to me to serve no useful purpose not otherwise readily obtainable, and to look labored and awkward.

Fig. 2 represents the bend of the

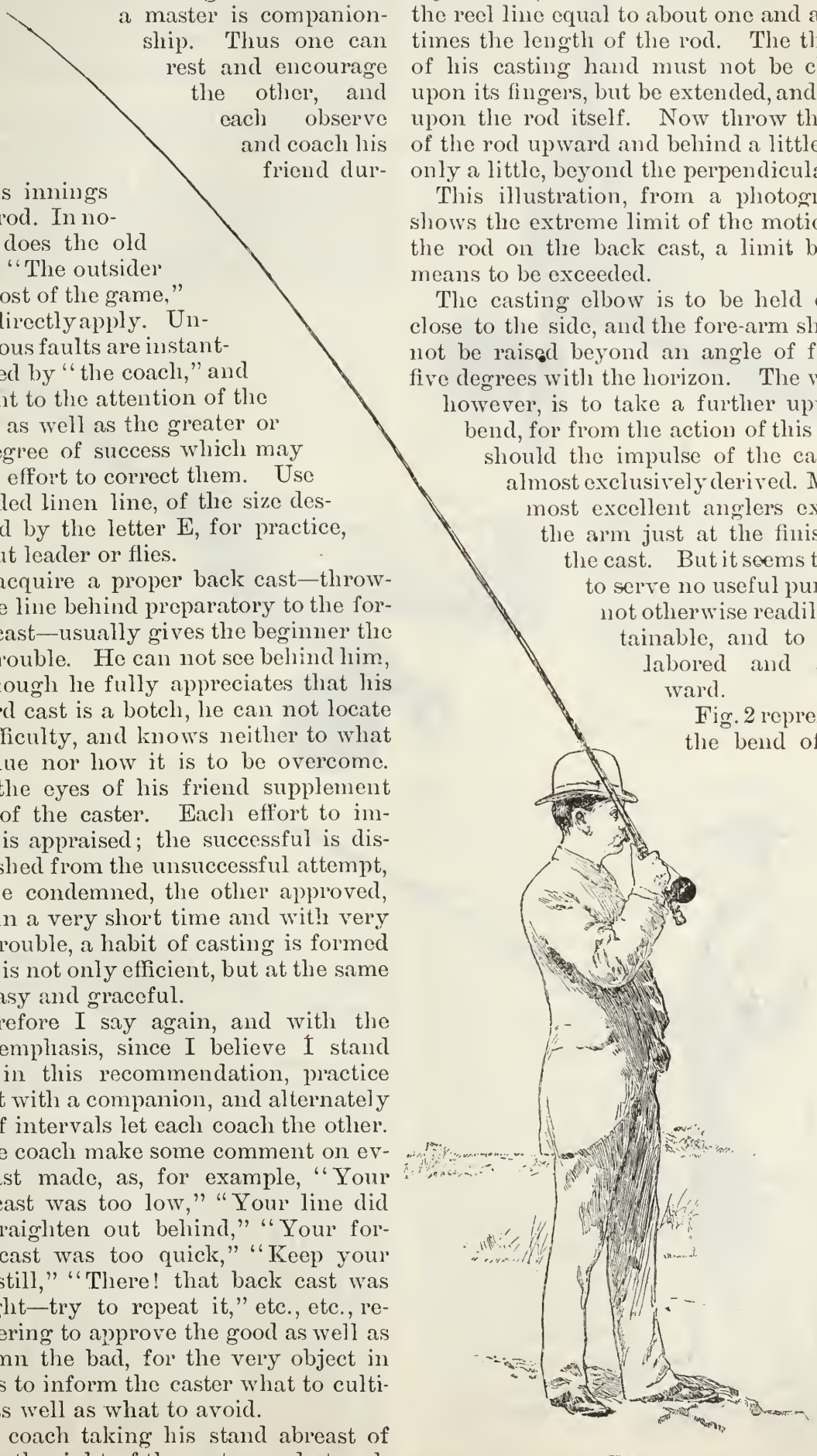


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

wrist when on the back cast, and Fig. 3 on the forward cast. Note the location of the thumb.

The position should be an easy one, and the body and unemployed arm should be kept perfectly still. No habit is worse in casting than unnecessary contortion of the one, or flourishes of the other. Not only is it exceedingly awkward, but it is injurious as well, since it is motion rather than the mere sight of an object which demoralizes the fish.

The coach will pay particular attention to the back cast, for if this is mastered, all else follows. It is the secret of success. In practice the end of the line, when behind him, should in no case fall below the level of the caster's head. Everything lower than that should be regarded as a

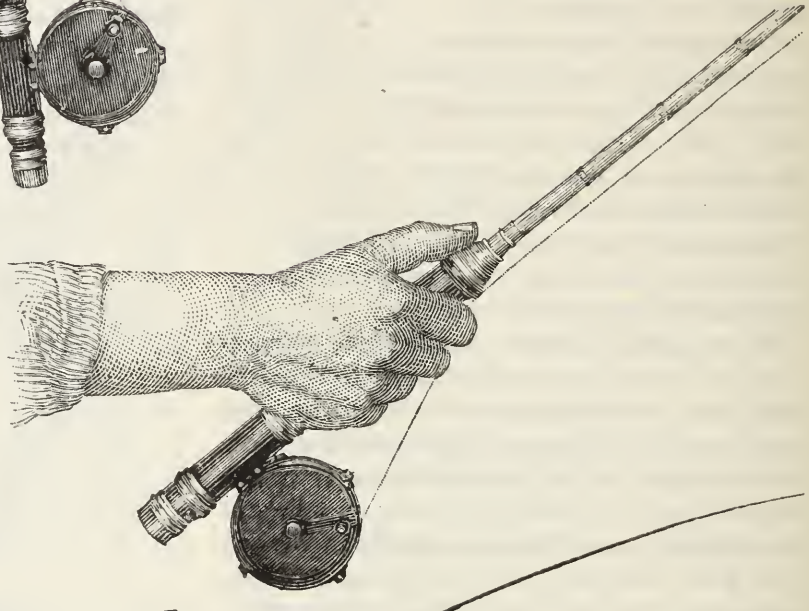


Fig. 3.

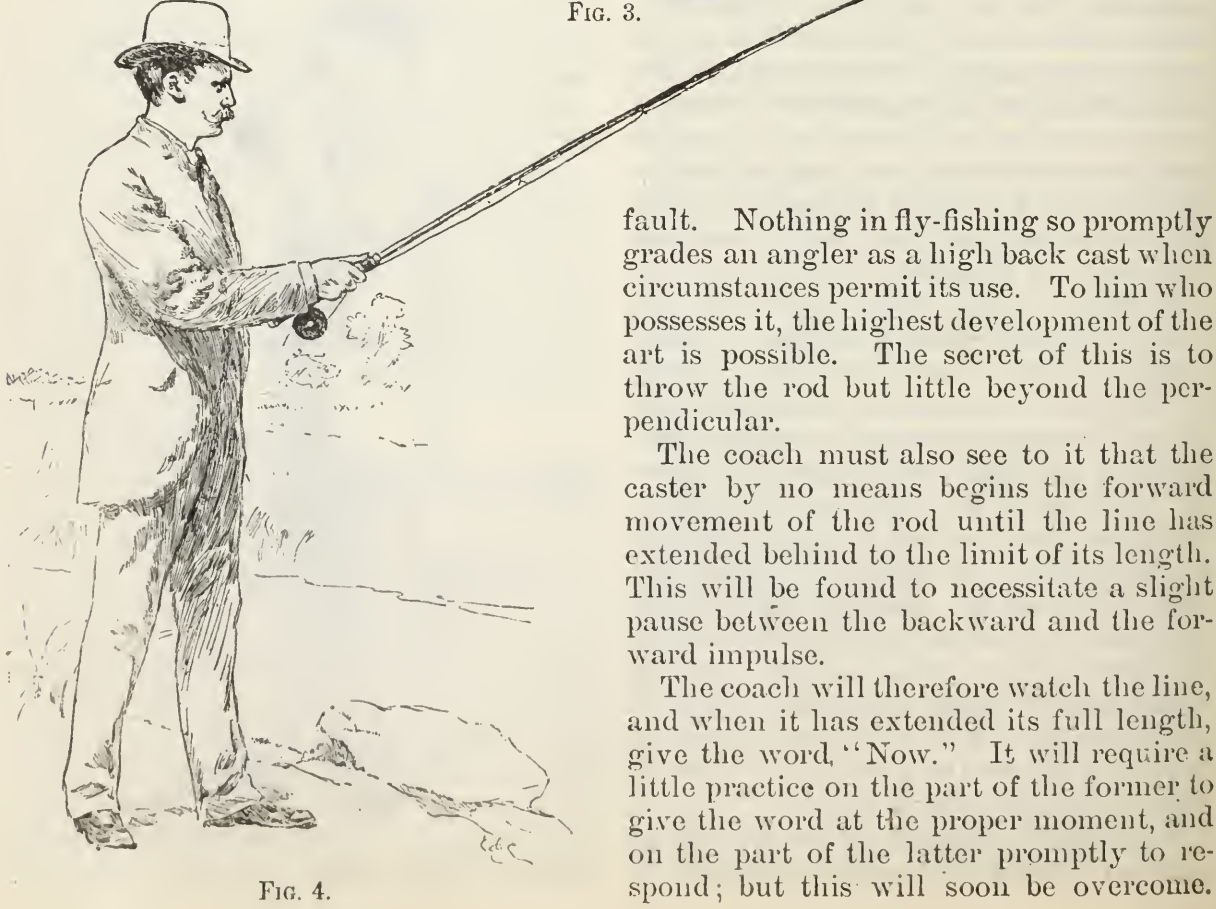


Fig. 4.

fault. Nothing in fly-fishing so promptly grades an angler as a high back cast when circumstances permit its use. To him who possesses it, the highest development of the art is possible. The secret of this is to throw the rod but little beyond the perpendicular.

The coach must also see to it that the caster by no means begins the forward movement of the rod until the line has extended behind to the limit of its length. This will be found to necessitate a slight pause between the backward and the forward impulse.

The coach will therefore watch the line, and when it has extended its full length, give the word, "Now." It will require a little practice on the part of the former to give the word at the proper moment, and on the part of the latter promptly to respond; but this will soon be overcome.

Remember, the impulse is to be derived almost exclusively from the wrist.

Fig. 4, from a photograph, shows the correct position at the conclusion of the forward cast.

It is regretted that want of space prevents our entering further into this subject. With one or two words of caution we must close.

After having thoroughly mastered casting a distance of fifty feet with an overhead motion, practice accomplishing the same result with a horizontal movement of the rod. Do not endeavor prematurely to cast a long line, for that is a sure way never to accomplish it. Be but patient and persevering, using but a moderate length of line; then a correct method will soon become purely automatic, and you will easily be able to extend your cast to any reasonable distance.

When fishing, avoid two very common faults.

Do not shirk good water within distances in which the advantage would be with the angler, to fish more distant and less promising places at a disadvantage.

Again, after the flies have been cast upon the water, they are drawn over the surface toward the angler. By no means continue this movement so far as to lose the power to retrieve the line; or, what amounts to the same thing, the ability to "strike," and thus fasten the hook, should a fish rise to the fly. Two out of every three fly-rods which are broken come to grief through neglect of this precaution.

The art of fly-fishing has far too wide a scope to permit of its exhaustion within the limits of one, or even many, magazine articles. We have but touched upon a few of the more salient points. For further information the would-be beginner (for whose benefit this has been written) may consult any of the many treatises on the subject.

But of one thing he may be well assured. Should he persevere, even though he attain but a moderate degree of proficiency, he will admit, as thousands have done before him, that never has any investment of time and trouble returned a larger percentage of pleasure and profit.

EAST ANGELS.

CHAPTER VI.

"I THINK you very wonderful," said Garda. "And I think you very beautiful too, though no one seems to talk about it. That in itself is a wonder. But everything about you is wonderful." She was sitting on the floor, her hands crossed on Margaret Harold's knee, her chin resting on her hands; her eyes were fixed on that lady's face.

"You are easily pleased," said Margaret.

"No," replied Garda, with the leisurely utterance which took from her contradictions all appearance of opposition; "I am not easily pleased at all; it's the contrary. I see the goodness of all my friends, I hope; I love them very much. But they do not please me, as you please me, for instance, just because they are good, or because I love them. To be pleased as I am now, to admire as I admire you, is a very different thing."

Margaret said nothing, and Garda, as if wishing to convince her, went on: "I love my dear Dr. Reginald; I love him dearly; but don't you suppose that I see that he is too plump and too precise? I love my dear Mr. Moore; I think him adorable; but don't you suppose I see that he is too lank and narrow-shouldered, and that his dear good little blue eyes are too small for his long face—like the eyes of a clean, thin, white pig? Mrs. Carew is our kindest friend; that doesn't prevent me from seeing that she is too red. Mr. De Torrez is too dark. Mr. Winthrop too cold. And so it goes. But you—you are perfect."

"You have left out Mr. Ruiz," suggested Margaret, smiling.

"Manuel is beautiful; yes, in his face, Manuel is very beautiful," said Garda, consideringly. "But you have a beautiful nature, and Manuel has only an ordinary one. It's your having a beautiful face and beautiful nature too which makes you such a wonder to me, because people with beautiful natures are so apt to have ugly faces, or at least thin, wrinkled, and forlorn ones; and if they escape that, they are almost sure to have such dreadful clothes!—we have had one or two examples of that in Gracias-á-Dios. That is why I

think that if people are going to be saints at all, it's so much better to become a nun or a Sister of Charity at once, and then there's a regular dress provided, and the friends don't have to stand such bonnets! But *you* have a beautiful nature, and a beautiful face, and beautiful clothes—all three. I could never be like you; I don't want to be; but I admire you more than any one I have ever known, and I hope you will let me be with you as often as I can while you stay here; I don't know what I *shall* do when you go away."

Margaret smiled a second time; the young girl seemed to her very young indeed as she uttered these candid beliefs.

"Mamma too admires you so much," continued Garda; "I have never known mamma to admire any one (outside of our own family, of course) so completely as she admires you. For generally mamma has her reservations, you know. But it is your intellect which mamma admires, and *I* do not care so much for intellect. Of course it's all very well for a foundation. But one doesn't want to be all foundation."

"Mrs. Rutherford would like to see you for a moment, Miss Margaret, if you please," said a voice which seemed startlingly near them, though no one was in sight.

It was Celestine; she had opened the door noiselessly the sixteenth part of an inch, delivered her message with her lips close to the crack, and then closed it again with the swiftness which characterized all her actions. For Celestine always moved with a swiftness which would have been harassing had it not been balanced on the other hand by a soundlessness equally remarkable. If she opened a door, she did it with a suddenness that almost took the breath away; if she answered a question, it was with a quick brevity which trod upon the heels of the retreating interrogation. But the door opened so noiselessly, her voice in replying was so guardedly low, that, once accustomed to her swift ways, they became rather agreeable than otherwise—as though one were waited upon by a flash of lightning deprived of its glare.

"That is the fourth time Mrs. Rutherford has sent for you since I came, an hour ago," remarked Garda. "She depends upon you for everything."

"No; upon Celestine," said Margaret, as she left the room.

When she came back, fifteen minutes later, "You are mistaken," Garda answered, as though there had been no interruption. "She depends upon Celestine for clothes, medicine, and shawls. But she depends upon you for everything else."

"Have you been thinking about it all this time?" asked Margaret.

"How good you are! Why didn't you say, '*Is* there anything else?' But I have noticed that you never say those things. Have I been thinking about it all this time? No; it doesn't require thinking about; any one can see it. What I have been thinking about is you." She had taken her former place, her arms crossed on Margaret's knee. "You have such beautiful hands," she said, lifting one, and spreading it out to look at it.

"My dear Miss Thorne, your own are much more beautiful."

"Oh, I do very well; I know what I am; but I am not you. I don't believe there is any one like you; it would be too much."

"Too much perfection?" said Margaret, laughing.

"Yes," answered Garda, her seriousness unbroken. "For you take too much trouble for other people—I can see that. And the persons who do so are hardly ever happy—thoroughly happy; it seems such a pity, but it's true. They haven't time to be happy, I suppose; they are too busy. Now I am always happy; but then I never take any trouble for any one, not even for myself, and I am never busy at all."

"I haven't observed all this," said Margaret.

"No one observes it," responded Garda, composedly. "But it is quite true. And I never intend to take any trouble, whether they observe it or not. But with you it is different: you take a great deal; partly you have taught yourself to do it—you have so much conscience; and partly you were made so."

"Since when have you devoted your attention to these deep subjects, Miss Thorne?" said Margaret, smiling down upon the upturned face of the girl before her.

Garda rose to her knees. "Oh, don't call me Miss Thorne," she said, pleadingly, putting her arms round her companion. "I love you so much—please never say it again."

"Very well. I will call you Garda."

"I like it when you are cold like that—

oh, I like it!" said Garda, with enthusiasm. "All you say when I tell you I adore you is, 'Very well; I will call you Garda.' You do not even say 'my dear.' That is beautiful, because you really mean it; you mean nothing more, and you say nothing more."

"Do you praise me simply because I speak the truth?" said Margaret.

"Yes; for nothing is more rare. I speak the truth myself, but my truth is whatever happens to come into my head; your truth is as quiet and real as you are. I could never be like you; I don't want to be; but I admire you—I admire you."

"I don't know that I am much complimented if you keep on insisting, in spite of it all, that you don't want to be like me," said Margaret, laughing again.

"Well," replied Garda, "I don't. What's the use of pretending? For I wish to be happy, and I mean to be. You are a sort of an angel; but I have never heard that angels had a particularly good time themselves, or that anybody did anything especial for *their* pleasure. They are supposed to be above it. But I am not above it, and never shall be;" and leaning forward, she kissed Margaret's cheek. "It's because you're so wonderful," she said.

"I am not wonderful at all," answered Margaret, rather coldly, withdrawing a little from the girl's embrace.

"And if you didn't answer in just that way, you wouldn't be, of course," said Garda, delightedly; "that is exactly what I mean—you are so cold and so true. You think I exaggerate; you do not like to have me talk in this way about you; and so you draw back. But only a little, because you are too good to hurt me, or any one. But I don't want to be 'any one' to you, Mrs. Harold. Do let me be something more."

Now came again the ventriloquistic voice: "Phayton's ready, Miss Margaret."

"Why doesn't Mr. Winthrop drive out with Mrs. Rutherford?" said Garda, watching Margaret put on her bonnet.

"He is probably occupied."

"He is never occupied. Do you call it occupied to be scouring the pine barrens in every direction, and stopping at East Angels? to be exploring the King's Road north and south, and stopping at East Angels? to be sailing up and down the Espiritu, and stopping at East Angels? to be paddling up all the creeks, and stopping at East Angels? to be hunting in high hammack and low, and in all the swamps, and coming back by East Angels?"

"I should call that being very much occupied indeed," said Margaret, smiling.

"I don't, then," replied Garda; "that is, not in your sense of the word. It's being occupied with his own pleasure—that's all. But the truth simply is that Mrs. Rutherford takes you, always you, because no one else begins to make her so comfortable; you not only see that she has everything as she likes it, but that she has nothing as she doesn't like it, which is even more delightful. Yet apparently she doesn't realize this in the least. I think that very curious."

"Do you fancy that you can understand a lady of Mrs. Rutherford's age on so short an acquaintance as this?" asked Margaret, rather reprovingly.

"Yes," responded Garda, in her calm fashion, her attention, however, not fixing itself long upon the subject, which she seemed to consider unimportant. "I wish you would get a palmetto hat like mine," she said, with much more interest. "Your bonnet is lovely, but it makes you seem old."

"Oh, but I *am* old," said Margaret, as she left the room.

She did not apologize for leaving her guest: the young girl was in the habit of bestowing her presence upon her so often now that ceremony between them had come to an end some time before. She took her place in the phaeton, which was waiting at the foot of the outside stairway, Mrs. Rutherford, enveloped in a delicate shawl, having already been installed by Celestine. Telano, in his Sunday jacket of black alpaca, held the bridle of the mild old horse with great firmness. He had put on for the occasion his broad-brimmed man-of-war hat, which was decorated with a blue ribbon bearing in large gilt letters the inscription *Téméraire*. Telano had no idea what *Téméraire* meant (he called it Turmrer); he had bought the hat of a travelling vender, and was convinced that it would add to the dignity of his appearance—as it certainly did; for there was nothing commonplace or horizontal in the position of that hat. The vender had illustrated how it was to be worn; but Telano, fired by the new ambitions of emancipation, had practiced in secret before his glass until he had succeeded in getting the Turmrer so far back on his curly head that it was not on the top at all, but ap-

plied flatly and perpendicularly behind, so that the gazer's mind lost itself in possibilities as to the methods of adhesion which he must have employed to keep it in place. His mistresses seated, Telano sprang to the little seat behind them, where, with folded arms, he sat stiffly erect, conscious of the Turmrer, showing the whites of his eyes, happy. Margaret lifted the reins, and smiling a good-by to Garda, who was standing on the outside stairway, drove down Pacheco Lane, through the archway into the plaza, and out of sight.

Garda still leaned on the balustrade; though left alone, she did not take her departure. After a while she sat down on a step, and leaned her head back against the railing; her eyes were fixed indolently upon the sea.

"Looking across to Spain?" said Evert Winthrop's voice, ten minutes later. He had come down the lane, his step making no sound on the mat of low, thick green, and had not seen Garda until he reached the foot of the stairway: the high balustrade had screened her from his view.

"No," she answered, without turning her eyes from the sea. "If I want Spain, I have only to send for Mr. De Torrez; he brings all Spain with him."

"Are you here alone? Where are the others?"

"Gone out to drive. I wish you had never sent for that phaeton!"

Several weeks had passed since the arrival of the Northern ladies; but it seemed more like several months, if gauged by the friendship which had been bestowed upon them. The little circle of Gracias society had opened its doors to them with characteristic hospitality — the old-time hospitality of the days of better fortune; its spirit unchanged, though the form in which it must now manifest itself was greatly altered in all save its charming courtesy, modestly unpretending. Mrs. Rutherford was a friend of Mrs. Carew's; that was enough; they were all friends of Mrs. Rutherford in consequence. Mrs. Kirby, the active little mother of Dr. Reginald, invited them to dine with her. Mrs. Penelope Moore, the rector's wife, though seldom able to leave her sofa, did not on that account consider herself exempt from the pleasant privilege of entertaining them. Madame Ruiz, the mother of Manuel, insisted upon several visits at her residence on Patricio Point. Madame Giron, the aunt of De Torrez, came up the Espiritu in her broad old boat, rowed by four negro boys, to beg them to pass a day with her at her plantation, which was south of East Angels. Mrs. Thorne did what she could in the way of afternoon visits at her old Spanish mansion, with oranges, conversation, and Carlos Mateo. And good Betty Carew moved in and out among these gentle festivities with assiduous watchfulness and gratification, ready to fill any gaps that might present themselves with selections from her own best resources. The number of times she invited her dearest Katrina to lunch with her, to spend the day with her, to pass the evening with her, to visit the orange groves with her, to play whist, to go and see the rose gardens, and to "bring over her work" in the morning and "sit on the piazza and talk," could not be counted. Mrs. Rutherford, who never had any work beyond the holding of a fan sometimes to screen her face from the fire or sun, was amiably willing to sit on the piazza (Betty's) and talk—talk with the same peculiar degree of intimacy which embroidery (or knitting) and piazzas, taken together, seem to produce. Especially was she willing as, without fail, about eleven o'clock, Pompey appeared with a little tray, covered with a snowy old damask napkin, upon which reposed a small loaf of delicious cake, freshly baked, two saucers (of that old blue china whose recent nicks owed their origin to emancipation), a glass dish heaped with translucent old-fashioned preserves, and a little glass pitcher of rich cream. Mrs. Rutherford thought this "so amusing—at eleven o'clock in the morning." But it was noticed that she never refused it.

If Katrina had no work, Betty had it in abundance. It was not embroidery—unless mending could be called by that name. But Betty did not accomplish as much as she might have done, owing to the distractions which so continually beset her. She was perpetually losing her thimble, her needle, her thread, her scissors, and getting up to look for the lost articles, diving under chairs and tables, and coming up, red in the face, without them, shaking the sofa cushions and shaking herself, feeling over and over again to the very bottom of her pocket, in case they should have fallen in there. This was not so improbable as it might have seemed, the pocket having a wide mouth which gaped

It was a deep, comfortable pocket, going well down below the knee, its rotund outline, which was visible beneath the skirt of the gown, suggestive, to the experienced eye, of one or two creased pocket-handkerchiefs, a battered porte-monnaie, a bunch of keys, a pencil with the usual stubby point impossible to write with, which a woman's pencil always possesses, a pocket pincushion, a crumpled letter or two, a spectacle-case, a paper of peppermint-drops, a ball of yarn and half-finished stocking, some court-plaster, wafers, and one or two pairs of old gloves.

The little entertainments hospitably given for the Northern ladies succeeded each other rapidly—so rapidly that Margaret began to fear lest, mild as they were in themselves, they should yet make some inroads on Mrs. Rutherford's strength.

"You needn't be scairt, Miss Margaret," was Celestine's reply to this suggestion, a remote gleam of a smile lighting up for a moment her grim face. "A little gentlemen talk is *very* strengthenin' to yer aunt at times; nothin' more so."

During these weeks Garda Thorne had manifested a constantly increasing devotion to Margaret Harold. That, at least, was what they called it in the little circle of Gracias society, where it was considered quite an interesting development of character. These good friends said to each other that their little girl was coming on, that they should soon be obliged to think of her as something more than a lovely child.

Mrs. Rutherford had another name for it; she called it curiosity. "That little Thorne girl (who is really quite pretty)," she remarked to Winthrop, "seems to be never tired of looking at Margaret, and listening to what she says. Yet Margaret certainly says little enough!" Mrs. Rutherford was favorably inclined toward the little Thorne girl, as was evinced by her calling her "quite pretty." Mrs. Rutherford never went beyond "quite pretty"; it was her superlative, as far as young girls were concerned. In fact, she did not think they could be more.

"You wish that I had never sent for that phaeton? Would you, then, deprive my poor aunt of her drives?" Winthrop had said, in answer to Garda's remark.

"Do you care much for your poor aunt?" she inquired.

"I care a great deal."

"Then why do you never drive out with her?"

"I do; often."

"I have been here every afternoon for a week, and every afternoon Margaret has had to leave me, because Mrs. Rutherford sends word that the phaeton is ready."

"Well, perhaps for the past week—"

"I do not believe you have been for two; I do not believe you have been for three," pursued the girl. "You are willing to go; probably you suppose you do go; but in reality it is Margaret, always Margaret. Do you know what I think?—you do not half appreciate Margaret."

"I am glad at least that you do," Winthrop answered. "Do you prefer that step to a chair?"

"Yes; for I ought to be going back to the Kirbys', and sitting here is more like it. Not that I mean to hurry, you know."

"It's pleasant, staying with the Kirbys, isn't it?" said Winthrop. He was standing on a step below hers, leaning against the side of the house in the shade.

"No," answered Garda, "it isn't; that is, it isn't so pleasant as staying at home. I like my own hammock best, and Carlos Mateo is funnier than any one I know. But by staying in town I can see more of Margaret, and that is what I care for most. I don't know how I can endure it when she goes away."

"You had better persuade her not to go, then."

"But she must go, unless Mrs. Rutherford should take a fancy to stay, which is not at all probable. Mrs. Rutherford couldn't get on without Margaret a day."

"I think you exaggerate somewhat my aunt's dependence upon Mrs. Harold," observed Winthrop, after a moment's pause.

"I was waiting to hear you say that. You are all so curiously blind. Mrs. Rutherford is so handsome and agreeable that I like to be in the same room with her; but that does not keep me from seeing how much has to be done for her constantly, and in her own particular way, from important things down to the smallest trifles, and that the person who attends to it all, keeps it all going, is—"

"Minerva-Celestine!" suggested Winthrop.

"Is Margaret Harold. I can not imagine how it is that you do not see it. But you do not any of you comprehend her—comprehend how unselfish she is, how self-sacrificing."

Winthrop's attention had wandered away from Garda's words. He did not

care for her opinion of Margaret Harold; it was not and could not be important—the opinion of a peculiarly inexperienced young girl about a woman ten years older than herself, a woman, too, whose most marked characteristic, so he had always thought, was the reticence which kept guard over all her words and actions. No, for Garda's opinion he did not care. But he did care for the wonderful limpid truthfulness of everything she said, for her grace and beauty and careless ease. "How indolent she is!" was his present thought, while she talked on about Margaret, her eyes still watching the sea. "On these old steps she has taken the one position that is comfortable. Yet she has managed to make it graceful as well. She finds a perfect enjoyment in simply sitting here for a while, in this soft air, looking at the water; and so here she sits, without a thought of doing anything else. At home, it would be the hammock and the crane. So little suffices for her. But she enjoys her little more fully, she appreciates her enjoyment as it passes more completely, than any girl of her age, or, indeed, of much more than her age, whom I have ever known. Our Northern girls are too complex for that; they have too many interests, too many things to think of, and they require too many, also, to enjoy in this simple old way. Perhaps *they* would say they were too conscientious. But here is a girl who is hampered, or enlarged —whichever you choose to call it—by no such conditions, who tastes her pleasures fully, whatever they may happen to be, without questioning herself or them. But though her pleasures are simple, her enjoyment of them is rich; it's the enjoyment of a rich temperament; many women would not know how to enjoy in that way. She's simple from her very richness. But she doesn't in the least know it. She has never analyzed herself, or anything else, and never will; she leaves analysis to—to thin people." Thus he brought up, with an inward laugh over his outcome. His thoughts, however, had not been formulated in words, as they have necessarily been formulated for expression upon the printed page; the various ideas—though they were scarcely distinct enough to merit that name—passed through his consciousness slowly, one by one, each melting into the next, without effort on his own part. The effort would have been to express them.

When Garda, after another quarter of an hour's serene contemplation of the sea, at length rose, he walked with her down the lane and across the plaza to Mrs. Kirby's gate. Then he mounted his horse and went off for a ride over the barrens.

He continued to think of the young girl as he rode. He found her interesting. One of the reasons for this probably was, as has already been mentioned, that she remained so indifferent to him. Her manner was pleasant enough, but Manuel evidently amused her more, and even De Torrez, while to be with Margaret Harold she would turn her back upon him without ceremony; she had repeatedly done so. Winthrop asked himself whether it could be possible that he was becoming annoyed by this indifference, or that he was surprised by it. Certainly he had never considered himself especially attractive personally; if, therefore, in the face of this fact, he was guilty of surprise, it must be that he had breathed so long that atmosphere of general approbation which surrounded him at the North that he had learned, though unconsciously, to rely upon it, had ended by becoming complacent, smug and complacent, expectant of appreciation and liking.

The advantages which had attracted this approving Northern atmosphere were now known in Gracias. And Garda remained indifferent to them. But that he should be surprised by this—the possibility was the more annoying because he had always been sure that the approbation was very distasteful to him, that his dislike for it was sincere. He had never been at all amused by the idea that he inspired a general feminine purring whenever his name was mentioned; he had no desire to attract so much domestic and pussy-like praise. Most of all, he did not like to be set down as so extremely safe. If he were safe, it was his own affair; he certainly was not cultivating the quality for the sake of the many excellent mothers who happened to form a part of his acquaintance.

But, viewed from any maternal standpoint, Evert Winthrop was, and in spite of himself, almost ideally safe. He was thirty-five years old, and therefore past the uncertainties, the vague hazards and dangers, that cling about youth. His record of past conduct held not a visible flaw. He had a large fortune, a quarter of which he had inherited, and the other three-quarters gained by his own foresight and

talent. He had no taste for speculation, was prudent and cool; he would therefore be sure to take excellent care of his wealth; it would not be evanescent, as so many American fortunes had a way of becoming. He had perfect health, and an excellent family descent on both sides of the house; for what could be better than the Puritan Winthrops on one hand, and the careful, comfortable old Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam, from whom his mother came, on the other? He had a fair amount of good looks—one did not have to forgive him anything, physically—and he had sufficient personal presence to escape the danger of being merely the cup, as it were, for the rich wine of his own good luck. Though quiet in manner, rather silent, not handsome, he was a man everybody remembered. Those who were not aware of his advantages remembered him as clearly as those who knew them all. His individuality was distinct. He had been a very good son; he was now a very good nephew: these facts were definitely known and proved. American mothers are not mercenary, and it is but just to add that this good sonship and good nephewship, as well as his good record in other directions, had had as much to do with the high appreciation that many of them had of him as the amount of his income. He was, in short, a bright example of a person without drawbacks. He was a rare instance whose good points it was a pleasure to sum up. They summed him up, therefore, joyfully; they proclaimed the total; they said everything that was delightful about him. Going deeper, they were sure that he had broken none of the commandments. There had been times when Winthrop had almost felt like breaking them all, to get rid of this rampart of approval; it surrounded him with tedious softness like a rampart of down.

But there, again—he could not be vicious simply to oblige these ladies, or rather to disoblige them; he must be what it seemed good to him to be. But he respectfully wished they would——give him more air.

Winthrop was a fastidious man, a man by no means easily pleased. He could not, therefore, always believe that other people were sincere when they were so different—so much more readily pleased with him, for instance, than he was with them; for he was essentially modest at heart. Though obstinate in some of his ideas, he had not that assured opinion of himself, that solidly installed self-approbation, which men in his position in America (possessed of large fortunes which they have gained for the most part by their own talent) are apt, though often unconsciously, to cherish. As he was fastidious, it was no pleasure to him to taste the open advantages of his position; they were too open; he did not care for things so easily gained. And as he was modest, he did not believe in the sincerity of half the attempts which were made to win his regard. He could not even take a jocular view of these attempts. For though he was not young, at least not youthful, and though he was well acquainted with the world, he was not (this was another of his secrets) *blasé*. He had his ideal of what the best of life should be, and he kept it like a Madonna in its shrine. When, therefore, this ideal was pulled by force from its niche, or, worse still, stepped down of its own accord, he was immensely disgusted. He felt a sense of personal injury, as if the most precious feelings of his nature had been made common, had been profaned. He had believed in this woman, perhaps, to the extent of supposing her sweet and womanly; yet here she was thinking—yes, without doubt thinking (either for herself or for some one else) of the advantages which his position could confer. That the little advances she had made had been microscopically small only made the matter worse: if she had enough of refinement to make them so delicate, she should have had enough to not make them at all. It was characteristic of this man that he never at such times thought that the offender might be actuated by a personal liking for himself—himself apart from this millstone of his excellent reputation and wealth. This was a feature of the marked modesty that belonged to him. A man less modest (that is, the great majority of men), placed in a position similar to his, would have been troubled by no such poverty of imagination.

It must, however, be immediately added that this modesty of Winthrop's was strictly one of his inner feelings, not revealed to the world at large. The world never suspected it, and had no reason for suspecting it; it had, indeed, nothing to do with the world; it was a private attribute. To the world he was a cool, quiet man, equally without pretensions and without awkwardnesses. One could not have told whether he thought well of himself—especially well—or not.

Why this man, so fully belonging to this busy, self-asserting nineteenth century, should have preserved so much humility in the face of all his acknowledged successes—success of fortune, of equilibrium, of knowledge, of appreciation of the best things of life, of accomplishment of purpose, of self-control—this would have been, perhaps, a question for the student of heredity. Was it a trait inherited from Puritan ancestors, some shy Goodman Winthrop of gentle disposition, a man not severe in creed or demeanor, nor firm in exterminating Indians, and therefore of small consequence in his day and community, and knowing it? Or was it a tendency inherited from some Dutch ancestress on the maternal side, some sweet little flaxen-haired great-grandmother, who had received in her maiden breast one of those deadly though unseen shafts —the shaft of slight—from which a woman's heart never wholly recovers?

But mental organizations are full of contradictions; looked at in another way, this deep, unexpressed, unknown humility in Evert Winthrop's nature, underneath his rather cold exterior, his keen mind and vigorous will, might almost have been called a pride, so high a demand did it make upon life. For if one has not attractive powers, love, when it does come, when it is at last believed in, has a peculiarly rich quality: it is so absolutely one's own!

The father of Evert Winthrop, Andrew Winthrop, was called eccentric during all his life. But it was an eccentricity which carried with it none of the slighting estimations which usually accompany the term. Andrew Winthrop, in truth, had been eccentric only in being more learned and more original than his neighbors; perhaps, also, more severe. He was a fair classical scholar, but a still better mathematician, and had occupied himself at various times with astronomy; he had even built a small observatory in the garden behind his house. But most of all was he interested in the rapid advance of science in general, the advance all along the line, which he had lived to see: he enjoyed this so much that it was to him, during his later years, what a delicate daily draught of the finest wine is to an old connoisseur in vintages, whose strength is beginning to fail him. He once said to his son: "The world is at last getting into an intelligible condition. My only regret is that I could not have lived in the century which is coming, instead of in the one which is passing. But I ought not to complain: I have at least seen the first rays. What should I have done if my lot had been cast among the millions who lived before Darwin! I should either have been a bacchanalian character, finding peace only in the distractions of revels, or else I should have fled to the opposite extreme, taken refuge in the supposed supernatural influences—probably the so-called consultations with the devil —either course one much to be deplored. The world has been in the wilderness, Evert, through all the ages of which we have record. Now a clearer atmosphere is at hand. I shall not enter this promised land; but I can see its shining afar off. You, my son, will enter in. Prize your advantages: they are greater than those enjoyed by the greatest kings, the greatest philosophers, one hundred years ago."

This Puritan with a creed, this student of science who used more readily than any other the language of the Bible, brought up his only child with studied simplicity; in all that related to his education, with severity. The little boy's mother had died soon after his birth, and Andrew Winthrop had mourned for her, the young wife who had loved him, all the rest of his life. But in silence, almost in sternness. He did not welcome sympathy even when it came from his wife's only sister, Mrs. Rutherford. And he would not give up the child, though the aunt had begged that the poor baby might be intrusted to her for at least the first year of his motherless life; the only concession he made was in allowing the old Episcopal clergyman who had baptized Gertrude to baptize Gertrude's child, and in tacitly promising that the boy should attend, if he pleased, the Episcopal Church when he grew older, his mother having been a devoted Churchwoman. He kept the child with him in the large, lonely New England house which even Gertrude Winthrop's sweetness had not been able to make fully home-like and warm. For it had been lived in too long, the old house, by a succession of very estimable Misses Winthrop, conscientious old maids with narrow chests, thin throats, and scanty little knobs of gray-streaked hair behind—the sort of good women with whom the sense of duty is far keener than that of comfort, and in whose minds character is apt to be

gauged by the hour of getting up in the morning. There had always been three or four Misses Winthrop of this pattern in each generation; they began as daughters, passed into aunts, and then into grand-aunts, as nieces, growing up, took their first positions from them. Andrew Winthrop himself had spent his childhood among a number of these aunts—aunts both simple and "grand." But the custom of the family had begun to change in his day; the aunts had taken to leaving this earthly sphere much earlier than formerly (perhaps because they had discovered that they could no longer attribute late breakfasts to total depravity), so that when, his own youth past, he brought his Gertrude home, there was not one left; they were alone.

The poor young mother, when death so soon came to her, begged that the little son she was leaving behind might be called Evert, after her only and dearly loved brother, Evert Beekman, who had died not long before. Andrew Winthrop had consented. But he was resolved, at the same time, that no Beekman, but only Winthrop, methods should be used in the education of the child. The Winthrop methods were used. And with good effect. But the boy learned something of the Beekman ways, after all, in the delightful indulgence and petting he received from his aunt Katrina when he went to visit her at vacation times, either at her city home or at her old country house on the Sound; he learned it in her affectionate words, in the smiling freedom from rules and punishments which prevailed at both places, in the wonderful toys, and, later, the dogs and gun, saddle-horse and skiff, possessed by his fortunate cousin Lanse.

Andrew Winthrop was not that almost universal thing in his day for a man in his position in New England, a lawyer. He owned and carried on an iron foundry, as his father had done before him. He had begun with some money, and he had made more. He knew that he was rich (rich for his day and neighborhood); but save for his good horses and his observatory, he lived as though he were poor. He gave his son Evert, however, the best education, according to his idea of what the best education consisted in, which money and careful attention could procure. But he did not send him to college, and at sixteen the boy was put regularly to work for a part of the day in the iron foundry, being required to begin at the beginning and learn the whole business practically, from the keeping of books to the proper mixture of ores for the furnaces—those furnaces which had seemed to the child almost as much a part of nature as the sunshine itself, since he had seen their red light against the sky at night ever since he was born. In the mean time his education in books went steadily forward also, under his father's eye—a severe one. Fortunately the lad had sturdy health, and nerves which were seldom shaken, so that these double tasks did not break him down. For one thing, Andrew Winthrop never required, or even desired, rapid progress: Evert might be as slow as he pleased, if he would but be thorough. And thorough he was. Even if he had not been naturally inclined toward it, he would have acquired it from the system which his father had pursued with him from babyhood. But he was naturally inclined toward it. His knowledge, therefore, as far as it went, was very accurate.

In four years he had made some progress in the secrets of several sorts of iron and several ancient languages. In six, he could manage the foundry and the observatory tolerably well. In the ninth year his part of the foundry went of itself, or seemed to, under his clear-headed superintendence, while he ardently gave all his free hours to the studies in science, in which his father now joined, instead of directing, as heretofore. And then, in the tenth year of this busy, studious life, Andrew Winthrop had died, and the son of twenty-six had found himself suddenly free and alone.

He had never wished for his freedom; he had never thought about it; he had never realized that his life was austere. He had been fond of his father, though his father had been more intellectually interested in him as a boy—a youth who would see in all probability the fullness of the new revelation of Science—than fond of him in return. Andrew Winthrop's greatest ambition had been to equip his son so thoroughly that he would be able to take advantage of this new light immediately, without any time lost in bewilderment or hesitation; the 'prentice-work would have been all done. And Evert, interested and busy, leading an active life as well as a studious one, had never felt discontent.

The evening after the funeral he sat

alone in the old house. Everything had been set in order again, that painful order which strikes first upon the hearts of the mourners when they return to their desolate home, an order which seems to say: "All is over. He is gone and will return to you no more. You must now take up the burdens of life again and go forward." The silent room was lonely. Evert read awhile, but could not fix his attention; he rose, walked about aimlessly, then went to the window and looked out. It was bitterly cold; there was deep snow outside; an icy wind swayed the boughs of a naked shuddering old elm which stood near the window. Against the dark sky to-night the familiar light was not visible: the furnaces had been shut down out of respect for the dead. For the first time there stirred in Evert Winthrop's mind the feeling that the cold was cruel, inhuman; that there was a conscious element in it; that it hated man, and was savage to him; would kill him, and did kill him when it could. The house seemed in league with this enemy; in spite of the bright fire the chill kept creeping in, and for the life of him he could not rid himself of the idea that he ought to go out and cover his poor old gray-headed father, lying there helpless under the snow, with something thick and warm. He roused himself with an effort; he knew that these were unhealthy fancies. He made up his mind that he would go away for a while; the under-superintendent could see to the foundry during his absence, which would not, of course, be long. But the next day he learned that he could remain away for as long a time as he pleased—he had inherited nearly a million.

It was a great surprise. Andrew Winthrop had so successfully concealed the amount of his fortune from his son that Evert had supposed that the foundry, and the income that came from it, a moderate one, together with the old house to live in, would be all. Andrew Winthrop's intention in this concealment had been to bestow upon his son, so far as he could during his youth, a personal knowledge of life as seen from the side of earning one's own living—a knowledge which can never be acquired at second-hand, and which he considered inestimable, giving to a man juster views of himself and his fellow-men than anything else can.

In the nine years that had passed since his father's death Evert had, as has been stated, quadrupled the fortune he had inherited.

It was said—by the less successful—that Chance, Luck, and Opportunity had all favored him. It was perhaps Chance that had led the elder Winthrop in the beginning to invest some hundreds of dollars in wild lands on the shore of Lake Superior—though even that was probably foresight. But as for Luck, she is generally nothing but clear-headedness. And Opportunity offers herself, sooner or later, to almost all; it is only that so few of us recognize her, and take the advantages she brings. Winthrop had been aided by two things; one was capital to begin with; the other a perfectly untrammelled position: he had no one to think of but himself.

Early in the spring after his father's death he journeyed westward, looking after some property, and decided to go to Lake Superior and see that land also. He always remembered his arrival. The steamer left him on a rough pier jutting out into the dark gray lake; on the shore, stretching east and west, was pine forest, unbroken save where in the raw clearing, dotted with stumps, rose a few unpainted wooden houses, and the rough buildings of the stamping-mills, their great wooden legs stamping ponderously on iron ore. His land was in the so-called town. After looking at it, he went out to the mine from which the ore came; he knew something of ores, and had a fancy to see the place. He went on horseback, following a wagon track through the wild forest. The snow still lay in the hollows; there was scarcely a sign of spring. The mine was at some distance, and the road very bad; but at last he reached it. The buildings and machinery of the struggling little company were poor and insufficient in the extreme. But few men were employed; the superintendent had a discouraged expression. But far above this puny little scratching at its base rose "the mountain," as it was called. And it was a cliff-like hill of iron ore. One could touch it, feel it; it was veritable, real. To Winthrop it seemed a striking picture—the great hill of metal, thinly veiled with a few trees, rising toward the sky, the primitive forest at its feet, the snow, the silence, and beyond, the sullen lake without a sail. The cliff was waiting—it had waited for ages; the lake was waiting too.

Winthrop took a large portion of his fortune and put it into this mine. A new

company was formed; but he himself remained the principal owner, and took the direction of everything into his own hands. It was the right moment. In addition, his direction was brilliant. For a time he worked excessively hard. But all his expectations were fulfilled. By means of this, and one or two other enterprises in which he embarked with the same mixture of bold foresight and the most careful attention to details, his fortune was largely increased.

When the war broke out he was abroad —his first complete vacation; he was indulging that love for pictures which he was rather astonished to find that he possessed. He came home, took a captain's place in a company of volunteers, went to the front, and served throughout the war, coming out at the end with the title of major—which he dropped. He said that a man who had been so completely ignorant of military affairs when he entered the service, and who had only learned the A B C as yet, one who had not been wounded or taken prisoner, or done anything remarkable to balance his ignorance—such a man had better return entirely to civilian life when the country no longer needed the mere brute force of his arm; he had better not strut about in plumes that did not belong to him. The truth, however, was that Winthrop had been a very good officer of volunteers, and that he had used his fortune, too, with the utmost generosity in the same cause. Immediately after the war he went abroad again. And he had come back this second time principally to disentangle from a web of embarrassments the affairs of a cousin of his father's, David Winthrop by name, whom he had left in charge of the foundry which he had once had charge of himself. Having some knowledge of foundries, David was to superintend this one, and have a sufficient share of the profits to help him maintain his family of eight sweet, gentle, inefficient daughters, of all ages from two to eighteen, each with the same abundant flaxen hair and pretty blue eyes, the same pale oval cheeks and stooping shoulders, and a mother over them all more inefficient and gentle and stooping-shouldered still—the very sort of a quiverful, as ill-natured (and richer) neighbors were apt to remark, that such an incompetent creature as David Winthrop would be sure to possess. This cousin had been a trial to Andrew Winthrop all his life. David was a well-educated man, and he had a most lovable disposition. But he had the incurable habit of postponing (with the best intentions) until another time anything important which lay before him; the unimportant things he did quite cheerily. If it were but reading the morning's paper, David would be sure to not quite get to the one article which was of consequence, but to read all the others first in his slow way, deferring that one to a more convenient season when he could give to it his best attention: of course the more convenient season never came. Mixed with this constant procrastination there was a personal activity which was amusingly misleading. Leaving the house in the morning, David would walk to his foundry, a distance of a mile, with the most rapid step possible which was not a run; the swing of his long arms, the slight frown of preoccupation from business cares (it must have been that), would have led any one to believe that, once his office reached, this man would devote himself to his work with the greatest energy, would make every moment tell. But once his office reached, this man devoted himself to nothing, that is, to nothing of importance. He arrived breathless, and hung up his hat. He rubbed his hands, and walked about the room. He glanced over the letters, and made plans for answering them, pleasing himself with the idea of the vigorous things he should say, and changing the form of his proposed sentences in his own mind more than once; for David wrote a very good letter, and was proud of it. Then he sharpened all the pencils industriously, taking pains to give each one a very fine point. He jotted down in neat figures with one of them little sums—sums which had no connection with the foundry, however, but concerned themselves with something he had read the night before, perhaps, as the probable population of London in A.D. 1966, or the estimated value of a ton of coal in the year 2000. Then he would do a little work on his plan (David made beautiful plans) for the house which he hoped some day to build. And he would stare out of the window by the hour, seeing nothing in particular, but having the vague idea that as he was in his office, and at his desk, he was attending to business as other men attended to it: what else was an office for?

Evert, as a boy, had always felt an interest in this whimsical cousin, who came every now and then to see his father, with some new enterprise (David was strong in enterprises) to consult him about—an enterprise which was infallibly to bring in this time a large amount of money. But this time was never David's time. And in the mean time his daughters continued to appear and grow. Evert, left master, had had more faith in David than his father had had. Or perhaps it was more charity; for his cousin had always been a source of refreshment to him—this humorous, sweet-tempered man, who, with his gray-sprinkled hair and thin temples, his well-known incompetency, and his helpless family behind him, had yet no more care on his face than a child has, not half so much as Evert himself, with his youth and health, his success and his fortune, to aid him. But, curiously enough, David was quite well aware of his own faults; his appreciation of them, indeed, had given him a manner of walking slightly sidewise, his right shoulder and right leg a little behind, as though conscious of their master's inefficiency and ashamed of it. For the same reason he chronically hung his head a little as he walked, and, if addressed, looked off at a distance mildly instead of at the person who was speaking to him. But though thus conscious generally of his failings, David was never beyond a sly joke about them and himself. It was the way in which he laughed over these jokes (they were always good ones) which had endeared him to his younger cousin: there was such a delightful want of worldly wisdom about the man.

Having disentangled David, refunded his losses, and set him going again in a small way, Evert had come southward. He would have preferred to go back to Europe for a tour in Spain; but he felt sure that David would entangle himself afresh before long (David had the most inscrutable ways of entangling himself), and that, unless he were willing to continually refund, he would do better to remain within call, at least for the present. In the early spring another relative on his father's side, a third cousin, was to add himself to the partnership, and this young man, Evert hoped, would not only manage the foundry and benefit himself, but manage David as well. When once this arrangement had been effected, the owner of the foundry would be free.

All this was very characteristic of Evert Winthrop. He could easily have given up all business enterprises; he could have invested his money safely and washed his hands of that sort of care. To a certain extent he had done this; but he wished to help David, and so he kept the foundry; he wished to help two or three other persons, and so he retained some other interests. This, at least, was what he said to himself. And it was true. Yet the foundations lay deeper—lay in the fact that he had been born into the world with a heavy endowment of energy. Quiet as he appeared, he had more than he knew what to do with, and was obliged to find occupation for it. During boyhood this energy had gone into the double tasks of education in books and in iron which his father had imposed upon him. In young manhood it had gone into the scientific studies in which his father had shared. Later had come the brilliant crowded years of the far-seeing conception and vigorous execution which had given him his largely increased wealth. Then the war occupied him: it occupied fifty million of other people as well. After it was over he had gone abroad a second time, and had not been an idle traveller, though always a tranquil one.

The truth was, he could not lead a purely contemplative life. It was not that he desired to lead such a life, or that he admired it; it was simply that he knew he should never be able to do it, even if he should try, and the impossibility, as usual, tempted him. There must be something very charming in it (that is, if one had no duties which forbade it), this full, passive, receptive enjoyment of anything delightful, a fine picture, for instance, or a beautiful view, the sunshine, the sea; even the angler's contented quiescence on a green bank was part of it. These pleasures he knew he could never have in their full sweetness, though he could imagine them perfectly, even acutely. It was not that he was restless; he was the reverse. It was not that he liked violent exercise, violent action; he liked nothing violent. But, instead of sitting in the sunshine, his instinct was to get a good horse and ride in it; instead of lounging beside a blue sea, he liked better to be sailing a yacht over it; instead of sitting contemplatively on a green bank, holding a fishing-rod, he would be more apt to shoulder a gun and walk, contemplatively too, perhaps, for

long miles, in pursuit of game. In all this he was thoroughly American.

He had a great love for art, and a strong love for beauty, which his studies in mathematics and science had never in the least deadened. He did very much as he pleased on all occasions. But as he did it tranquilly, and as he attended, when necessary, to the usual little social duties with tolerable promptitude, the freedom he allowed himself was not particularly noticed, was not deemed aggressive. As regarded determination, he was a very strong man. But he was so quiet and calm that it was only when one came in conflict with him that his strength was perceived. And there were not many occasions for coming in conflict with him now: he was no longer directing large enterprises. As to private life, he was not in the habit of advancing dogmatic opinions for the rest of the world to accept; he left that to the people of one idea.

On the present occasion he rode over the pine-barrens for miles, every now and then enjoying a brisk gallop. After some time he saw a phaeton at a distance, moving apparently at random over the green waste. But he had learned enough of the barrens by this time to know that it was following a road—a road which he could not see. There was only one phaeton in Gracias, the one he himself had sent for; he rode across, therefore, to speak to his aunt.

She was returning with Margaret from her drive, and looked very comfortable, with a cushion behind her and a light rug over her lap; balancing gracefully a large lace-trimmed parasol, she leaned back in the low carriage, breathing in the soft air, her eyes nearly closed.

"I enjoy these drives *so* much," she said to her nephew in her agreeable voice. "The barrens themselves, to be sure, can not be called beautiful, though I believe Margaret maintains that they have a fascination of some sort; but the air is certainly delicious."

"Do your eally find them fascinating?" said Winthrop to Margaret.

"Extremely so. I drive over them for miles every day, yet never want to come in; I always want to go further."

"Oh, well, there's an end to them somewhere, I suppose," remarked Mrs. Rutherford. "The whole State isn't so very broad, you know. You would come out at the Gulf of Mexico."

"I don't want to come out," said Margaret; "I want to stay in. I want to drive here forever."

"We shall wake some fine morning and find you gone," said Mrs. Rutherford, "like the girl in the 'Dismal Swamp,' you know:

> "'Away to the Dismal Swamp she speeds;
> Her path was rugged and sore'"—
> "'Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
> And many a fen where the serpent feeds,
> And man never trod before,'"

added Winthrop, finishing the quotation. "The last is not true of the barrens, however, for man has trod here pretty extensively."

"You mean Indians," said Mrs. Rutherford, rather as though they were not men, as indeed she did not think they were. She yawned, tapping her lips two or three times during the process with her delicately gloved hand, as people will, under the impression, apparently, that they are concealing the sign of fatigue. Mrs. Rutherford's yawn, however, was not a sign of fatigue; it was an indication of sheer bodily content. The soft air and the lazy motion of the phaeton were so agreeable to her that, if she had been imaginative, she would have declared that the Lotus-eaters must have yawned perpetually, and that Florida was evidently the land of their abode. Margaret said no more. Her little speech about the barrens had been made with a good deal of earnestness; but now she remained silent, giving her attention to her driving, though in truth it required little skill, so even was the gently winding road, so unambitious the large old horse.

"You look too comfortable to talk, Aunt Katrina," said Winthrop, amused by the drowsy tones of her voice. "I think you would rather be rid of me. I will go off and have one more gallop, and be home before you."

Mrs. Rutherford smiled an indolent good-by; Margaret Harold looked straight before her. Winthrop turned off to the right, and was soon lost to view.

He pulled up after a while, and let his horse walk slowly along the trail. He was thinking of Margaret Harold. He was always seeing her; it could not be otherwise so long as she continued to live with his aunt; but he was convinced that he could never like her, and what he was thinking of now was whether she had perceived that he could not. He was scrupulously civil to her, and always had

been; but he was aware that he had a habit of abstracting himself, as it were, whenever she began to speak with anything like enthusiasm. And if she had happened to select a subject in which he was interested, if she had happened to bring up any of the things he especially cared for—places, people, books, pictures, or even opinions which were much to him—he was conscious that he abstracted himself more and more, that his impassiveness became rather wooden; for he would not admit her to any community in the dear and precious things of his life. If she liked these things, well and good; they were open to all. But she must like them by herself, or with other acquaintances (there was nothing to prevent her having as many of these as she pleased); it should not be, at least, with him that she should enter in. So he grew impervious when she talked, as though his intellectual epidermis had been turned into an opaque substance, like an oyster shell. He was always careful, however, that no one should notice this; it was no part of his intention to let people see that he did not like Margaret Harold.

But had Margaret herself noticed it? That was what he was thinking of now. He could not be sure whether she had or not; she was not easy to read. Just now, for instance, when she had begun to speak of the pine-barrens, and to speak with (for her) a good deal of warmth, had he not perhaps had something to do with her falling into complete silence immediately afterward? He had answered, of course; he had done what was necessary to keep up the conversation; he always did that; still, perhaps she had seen—perhaps—Well, he could not help it if she had, or rather he did not care to help it. Whatever she might be besides, quiet, well-bred, cultivated, a devoted niece to his aunt, she was still in his opinion so completely, so essentially wrong in some of her ideas, and these in a woman the most important, that his feeling toward her at heart was one of sternest disapproval; it could not be otherwise. And she held so obstinately to her mistakes! That was the worst of her—her obstinacy; it was so tranquil and unmoved. It was founded, of course, upon her thick self-esteem—a very usual foundation for tranquillity! No doubt Lanse had required forgiveness, and even a great deal of forgiveness; there had, indeed, been no period of Lanse's life when he had not made large demands on this quality from those who were nearest him. But was it not a wife's part to forgive? And if Margaret had been, too, the sort of wife she should have been, Lanse himself would have turned out better. He could have been led by his affections, probably, his better side; it had always been so with Lanse. But instead of trying to influence him in that way, this wife had set herself up in opposition to him—the very last thing he would stand. She had probably been narrow in the beginning, narrow and punctilious. Later she had been shocked; then had hardened in it. She was evidently a cold woman; in addition, she was self-righteous, self-complacent. Such women were always perfectly satisfied with themselves; they had excellent reasons for everything. Of course she had never loved her husband; if she had loved him she could not have left him so easily, within a few months—less than a year—after their marriage. And though seven years had now passed since that separation, she had never once, so far as Winthrop knew, sought to return to him, or asked him to return to her.

The marriage of Lansing Harold and Margaret Cruger had taken place while Winthrop was abroad. When he came home soon afterward, at the breaking out of the war, he found that the young wife of nineteen had left her husband, had returned to live with Mrs. Rutherford, with whom she had lived for a short time before her marriage. She had come to Mrs. Rutherford upon the death of her grandmother, Mrs. Cruger. This aunt by marriage was now her nearest relative, and this aunt's house was to be her home. To this home she had now returned, and here it was that Evert first made her acquaintance. Lanse, meanwhile, had gone to Italy.

There had been no legal separation, Mrs. Rutherford told him; probably there never would be one, for Margaret did not approve of them. Lanse, too, would probably disapprove: they were well matched in their disapprovals! It was not known by society at large, Mrs. Rutherford continued, that there had been any irrevocable disagreement between the two; society at large probably supposed it to be one of those cases, so common nowadays, where husband and wife, being both very fond of travelling, have discovered that

they enjoy their travels more when separated than when together, as (unless there happens to be a really princely fortune) individual tastes are so apt to be sacrificed in travelling, on one side or the other; and one must be very amiable to stand that. In this case, very likely, neither person was amiable. Mr. Harold, therefore, was now seeing Italy and the East. When he returned, probably Mrs. Harold would go.

Mrs. Rutherford further added that her listener, Winthrop, was not to suppose that Margaret herself had ever discussed these subjects with her, or had ever discussed Lanse. His name was never mentioned by his wife; and when she, the aunt, mentioned it, her words were received in silence; there was no reply.

"I consider," continued Mrs. Rutherford, warming with her subject—"I consider Margaret's complete silence the most extraordinary thing I have ever known in my life. Living with me as she has done all these years, shouldn't you suppose, wouldn't any one suppose, that at some time or other she would have talked it over with me, given me some explanation, no matter how one-sided—would have tried to justify herself? Very well, then, she *never* has. From first to last, in answer to my inquiries (for of course I have made them), she has only said that she would rather not talk about it, that the subject was painful to her. Painful! I wonder what she thinks it is to me! She makes me perfectly miserable, Evert—perfectly miserable."

"Yet you keep her with you," answered Winthrop, not taking Mrs. Harold's side exactly, but the side of justice, perhaps, for he had seen how much his aunt's comfort and tranquillity depended upon Margaret's attentions, though he was not prepared to admit that they depended upon them entirely, as Garda Thorne later had declared.

"Yes," responded Mrs. Rutherford, "I keep her with me, as you say. But my house was really her home, you know, before her marriage, and of course it is quite the best place for her now, as things are. If she will not remain with her husband, at least her continuing to live always with her husband's aunt, his almost mother, is the next best thing that could be arranged for her. Appearances are preserved, you know. And Margaret has a great regard for appearances."

"Possibly too great," Winthrop answered. But his sarcasm was not intended to apply to the wife's regard for appearances—he also had a great regard for appearances—it was intended to apply to the wife herself. His idea of her was that she had argued it all out carefully in her own mind (she was not a person who acted on impulse), and had taken her stand upon what she considered irrefragable grounds. In other words, she had sat apart and judged her husband. Instead of trying to win him or to keep him, she had made little rules for him probably, and no doubt very good little rules of their kind; but Lanse had of course broken them; he wasn't a man for rules. A man of his age, too, would hardly keep the rules made by a girl of nineteen. After repeated breakage of all her well-regulated little canons, she had withdrawn herself and kept aloof. She had held herself superior to him, and had let him see that she did. Winthrop could imagine the effect of all this upon Lanse.

But no matter what Lanse had done that annoyed her (and it was highly probable that he had done a good deal), her duty as a wife, in Winthrop's opinion, clearly was, and would to the end of time continue, to remain with her husband—not to leave him, so long as he would allow her to stay, unless her life or the welfare of her children should be in actual danger: that was what marriage meant. The welfare of children included a great deal, of course. He held that a wife was justified in separating them from a father whose influence was injurious. But in this case there had been no questions of the sort: Lanse was not brutal, and there were no children to think of. There was, indeed, nothing very wrong about Lanse save that he was self-willed, and did quite as he pleased on all occasions. But what he did was, after all, nothing very terrible, and he was willing that other people should do quite as they pleased also: he was not a petty tyrant. But this state of things had not satisfied his wife, who wished other people, her husband first of all, to do as *she* pleased. Why? Because she was always sure that she was right. This slender, graceful woman with the dark blue eyes and clear low voice had a will as strong as her husband's. She had found, probably, that her tranquillity and what she called her dignity—both inexpressibly dear to her—were constantly endangered,

and even at times shattered, by this unmanageable husband, who paid not the slightest heed to all her little axioms as to what was "right" and "not right," what was "usual" (Lanse was never usual) and "not usual," but strode through and over them as though they did not exist. His course, indeed, made it almost impossible for her to preserve unbroken that serenity of temper which was her highest aspiration, for she was exactly the woman to have an ideal of that sort, and to endeavor determinedly to live up to it. It was not at all improbable that she offered her prayers to that effect every night.

All this was a very harsh estimate. But Winthrop's beliefs on these subjects were rooted in the deepest convictions he possessed. Such a character as the one he attributed to Margaret Harold was to him insufferable. He could endure very easily a narrow mind, if with it there was a warm heart and unselfish disposition; but a narrow mind combined with a cold, unmoved nature and impregnable self-conceit—this seemed to him a combination that made a woman (it was always a woman) simply odious.

These things all passed through his mind again as he rode over the barrens. He recalled Lanse's handsome face as he used to see it in childhood. Lanse was five years older than the little Evert, tall, strong, full of life, a hero to the lad from New England, who was brave enough in his way, but who had not been encouraged in boldness, nor praised when he had been lawless and daring. Mrs. Rutherford had a phrase about Lanse—that he was "just like all the Harolds." The Harolds, in truth, were a handsome race. They all resembled each other, though some of them were not so handsome as the rest. A good many of them had married their cousins. They were tall and broad-shouldered, well made, but inclined to portliness toward middle age. They had good features, the kind of very well cut outline, with short upper lip and full lower one, whose fault, if it has a fault, is a tendency to blankness of expression after youth is past. Their hair was very dark, almost black, and they had thick brown beards of rather a lighter hue—beards which they kept short. Their eyes were beautiful dark brown, animated, with yellow lights in them. Their complexions had a rich darkness, with strong ivory tints beneath. They had an appearance of looking over the heads of everybody else, which, among many noticeable things about them, was the most noticeable—it was so entirely natural. Because it was so natural nobody had tried to analyze it, to find out of what it consisted. The Harolds were tall; but it was not their height. They were broad-shouldered; but there were men of the same mould everywhere. It was not that they expanded their chests and threw their heads back, so that their eyes, when cast down, rested upon a projecting expanse of shirt front, with the watch chain far in advance; the Harolds had no such airs of inflated frog. They stood straight on their feet, but nothing more; their well-moulded chins were rather drawn in than thrust out; they never posed; there was never any trace of attitude. Yet, in any large assemblage, if there were any of them present, they were sure to have this appearance of looking over other people's heads. It was accompanied by a careless, good-humored, unpretending ease, which was almost benevolent, and which was strikingly different from the self-assertive importance of more nervous (and smaller) men.

As a family the Harolds had not been loved; they were too self-willed for that. But they were witty. They could be agreeable. In houses where it pleased them to be witty and agreeable, they were the most welcome of guests. The small things of life, what they called the "details," the tiresome little cares and responsibilities, annoyances, engagements, and complications, these they shed from themselves as a shaggy dog sheds water from his coat—they shook them off. People who did not love them (and these were many) remarked that this was all very pretty, but that it was also very selfish. The Harolds, if their attention had been called to it, would have considered the adjective as another of the "details," and would have shaken that off also.

Mrs. Rutherford in her youth never could help admiring the Harolds (there were a good many of them, almost all men; there was but seldom a daughter); when, therefore, her sister Hilda married Lansing of the name, she had an odd sort of pride in it, although everybody said that Hilda would not be happy: the Harolds seldom made good husbands. It was not that they were harassing or brutal; they were simply supremely inattentive. In this case, however, there had been lit-

tle opportunity to verify or prove false the expectation, as both Lansing Harold and his wife had died within two years after their marriage, the wife last, leaving (as her sister, Mrs. Winthrop, did later) a son but a few days old. The small Lansing was adopted by his aunt. Through childhood he was a noble-looking little fellow, never governed or taught to govern himself. He grew rapidly into a large, manly lad, active and strong, fond of out-of-door sports, and excelling in them, having the quick wit of his family, which, however (like them), he was not inclined to bestow upon all comers for their entertainment; he preferred to keep it for his own.

Evert remembered with a smile the immense admiration he had felt for his big cousin, the excited anticipation with which he had looked forward to meeting him when he went, twice a year, to see his aunt. The splendid physical strength of the elder boy, his liberty, his dogs and his gun, his horse and boat—all these filled the sparingly indulged little New England child with the greatest wonder and delight. Most of all did he admire the calm absolutism of Lanse's will, combined as it was with good-nature, manliness, and even to a certain degree, or rather in a certain way, with generosity —generosity as he had thought it then, careless liberality as he knew it now. When Evert was ten and Lanse fifteen, Lanse had decided that his cousin must learn to shoot, that he was quite old enough for that accomplishment. Evert recalled the mixture of fear and pride which had filled his small heart to suffocation when Lanse put the gun into his hands in the remote field behind Mrs. Rutherford's country house which he had selected for the important lesson. His fear was not occasioned so much by the gun as by the keen realization that if his father should question him, upon his return home, he should certainly feel himself obliged to tell of his new knowledge, and the revelation might put an end to these happy visits. Fortunately his father did not question him; he seldom spoke to the boy of anything that had happened during these absences, which he seemed to consider necessary evils—so much waste time. On this occasion how kind Lanse had been, how he had encouraged and helped him—yes, and scolded him a little too; and how he had comforted him when the force of the discharge had knocked the little sportsman over on the ground rather heavily! A strong affection for Lanse had grown up with the younger boy; and it remained with him still, though now not so blind a liking: he knew Lanse better. They had been widely separated, and for a long time; they had led such different lives! Evert had worked steadily for ten long, secluded years; later he had worked still harder, but in another way, being now his own master, and engaged in guiding the enterprises he had undertaken through many obstacles and hazards toward success. These years of unbroken toil for Evert had been spent by Lanse in his own amusement, though one could not say spent in idleness exactly, as he was one of the most active of men. He had a great capacity for enjoyment, and his enjoyments were in a large measure those found in the open air. He had been much of the time in Europe. But he came home for brief visits now and then, when his aunt besought him. She adored him — she had always adored him. She was never tired of admiring his proportions, what seemed to her his good-nature, his Harold wit, his poise of head; she was never so happy as when she had him staying with her in her own house. True, he had his own way of living; but it was such a simple way! He was not in the least a gourmand—none of the Harolds were that; he liked only the simplest dishes, and always demanded them. He wanted the windows open at all seasons when the snow was not actually on the ground. He could not endure questioning; in fact, he never answered questions.

Returning for one of these visits at home, he had found with his aunt a young girl, Margaret Cruger, a niece of her husband's. Evert smiled now as he recalled certain expressions of the letter which his aunt had written to him announcing Lanse's engagement; in the light of retrospect they had rather a sarcastic sound. Mrs. Rutherford had written that Margaret was very young, to be sure—not quite eighteen—but that she was very gentle and sweet. That it was time Lanse should marry; he was thirty-two. Though, in her opinion, that was exactly the right age, for a man knew then what he really wanted, and was not apt to make a mistake; that she hoped the girl would make him the sort of wife he needed. For one thing, she was so young she would not set up her opinion in opposi-

tion to his, probably, and with Lanse that would be important. Mrs. Rutherford furthermore thought that the girl in a certain way understood him, at least the necessity (and the better taste too, she being so young) of keeping herself subordinate. She (Mrs. Rutherford) had had the greatest fear of Lanse's falling into the hands of some woman who wouldn't have the capacity to appreciate him, some woman who would try to change him: one of those dreadful Pharisaic women, for instance, who were always trying to "improve" their husbands. There was nothing easier than to get on with Lanse, and even to lead him a little, as she herself (Mrs. Rutherford) had always done; one had only to take him on the right side—his good warm heart. Margaret was almost too simple, too yielding. But Lanse had wit and will enough for two. There was another reason why this marriage would be a good thing for Lanse: he had run through almost all his money (he had never had a very great deal, as Evert would remember), and Margaret had quite a handsome fortune, which would come in now very well. She was rather pretty—Margaret—in a delicate sort of way. Mrs. Rutherford *hoped* she appreciated her good luck; if she didn't now, she would soon, when she had seen a little more of the world. And here one of his aunt's sentences came, word for word, into Winthrop's memory: "But it's curious, after all, isn't it, Evert? that such a young, inexperienced, unknown child as she is, a girl who has been brought up in such complete seclusion, should begin life by marrying Lansing Harold. For you know as well as I do how he has been sought after, what his career has been." This was true. Allowance, of course, had to be made for Mrs. Rutherford's partiality; still, Evert knew that even with allowance there was enough to verify her words, at least in part. Lansing Harold had never been in the least what is called popular. He was not a man who was liked by many persons; he took pains not to be—it was too much trouble. He preferred to please only a few. Whether or not there had been women among those he tried to please, it was at least well known that women had tried to please him, had shown an unusual interest in him. More than one had followed him about, with due regard, of course, for the proprieties (it is not necessary to include those—who also existed—who had violated them), finding themselves, for instance, in Venice, when he happened to be there, or choosing his times for visiting Rome. Now Lanse had had a way of declaring that June was the best month for Rome. It had been interesting to observe, for a long period, that each year there was some new person who had made the same discovery.

"We were home before you," said Mrs. Rutherford, when Winthrop, having brought his reflections to a close, and enjoyed another gallop, returned to the eyrie, and ascended to its improvised drawing-room. "Mrs. Thorne has been here," she added. "She had come up from East Angels after Garda, and took the opportunity—she generally *does* take the opportunity, I notice—to pay me a visit. She never stopped talking in that clear little voice of hers, with that precise pronunciation, you know, one single minute. I believe that's what makes her so tired all the time; I know *I* should be tired if I had to hiss all my s's as she does. She had ever so many things to say, as she always has. One was that when her life was sad and painful she was able to rise out of her body—out of the flesh, as she called it (there isn't much to rise from), and float unclothed in pure ether, pure spiritual motive, I think she said. And when I asked her if it wasn't rather unpleasant—for I assure you it struck me so—she wasn't at all pleased, not at all. She is the most indefatigable creature—such an observer of nature! I suppose that's because she has always lived where there was nothing but nature to observe. Well, I do believe she had seen an allegorical meaning in every single tree on the bank as she came up the river!"

"I rather think she saw her allegorical meanings more than her trees," said Winthrop. "I venture to say she couldn't have told you whether they were cypresses or myrtles, palmettoes or gums; such people never can. Tired? Of course she's tired; her imagination travels leagues in a minute, and her poor little body can't keep up with it."

"It's so foolish," commented Mrs. Rutherford, tranquilly—Mrs. Rutherford, who had never imagined anything in her life. "And do you know she admires Margaret beyond words—if she's ever beyond them! Isn't it odd? She says Margaret *answers* one so delightfully. And when I remark-

ed, 'Why, *we* think Margaret rather silent,' she said, 'That is what I mean: it is her silence that is so sympathetic; she answers you with it far more effectually than many persons do with their talkativeness.'"

"I'm afraid you talked, Aunt Katrina," said Winthrop, laughing.

"I never do," replied Mrs. Rutherford, with dignity. "And she confided to me, also," she went on, resuming her leisurely gossip, in her calm, handsomely dressed manner (for even Mrs. Rutherford's manner seemed clothed in rich attire), "that that young De Torrez had asked her permission to address Garda, as she expressed it."

"To address Garda? Confound his impertinence! what does he mean?" said Winthrop, in a disgusted tone. "Garda's a child."

"Oh, well," replied Mrs. Rutherford, "she's half Spanish, and that makes a difference; they're so much older. But I don't think the mother favors the Cuban's suit. She prefers something 'more Saxon'; she said so. And, by-the-way, she asked me if you were not 'more recently English' than the rest of us. What do you suppose she could have meant? I never quite know what she is driving at."

Winthrop burst into a laugh. "More recently English! Poor little woman! she has a range. She is a Thorne now, and so she has swallowed and assimilated the British Isles. You don't think the Cuban has a chance, then?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Mrs. Rutherford, comfortably; it doesn't concern us, does it? It will depend upon what Garda thinks; and Garda will think what she pleases; she isn't a girl to be guided."

"She hasn't been difficult to guide so far, I fancy," said Winthrop, after a moment's pause.

"She will be, then," responded his aunt, nodding her head with an assured air.

That night Winthrop, smoking a last cigarette before going to bed, was sitting with his elbows on the parapet of the Seminole's long veranda, gazing seaward in the soft darkness. He finished his cigarette. And then a second. "It will depend," he said to himself, answering mentally Mrs. Rutherford's statement—"it will depend, I think, upon who guides her."

HOW FAITH CAME AND WENT.

I HAVE never told the story till now. No one ever knew it all, except Max and me, and Max is dead. She is gone too, poor child; so no one can be troubled by the tale, and I should like to tell the whole truth before I too go away. I need not go farther back than the day she first came to us; the story really begins there. Of Max's life before that day, and of mine, no one will care to hear, and I do not care to speak. Max was a doctor, and a good one, I think, having many patients, who loved and trusted him well. He was not yet thirty, but he seemed older, being grave and quiet—made so by things which had happened in that past of which I am not going to speak—and I was his sister, ten years older, a plain, shy, silent woman, but the only one he had ever loved, for he did not remember his mother. We lived together in Sudbury, a little New England village, and there we were quietly happy in our small but cozy house.

I am an old woman now, but I remember as if it were yesterday just how everything looked on that day—the day my story begins. The village street ran east and west; our house, with its little yard in front, stood on that street, and faced the south. It was early in June, but the season was backward; my roses were as yet only green buds, but I had been at work among them, fastening a spray here, picking off there a dead leaf, and brushing the dust away. The sun was low; it was late afternoon; I walked to the gate and looked down the street, for it was time to expect Max. I can see that street now just as it looked then. A heavy farm wagon was lumbering along, raising clouds of dust—there had been little rain that spring—and as I looked toward the west, the sun, so low down then, shone through that dusty cloud, and made it like yellow gold in the air, and through that misty brightness she was coming to me. From the west, down the village street, I saw a figure walking toward me. It was a young girl, slight and rather tall. I could not see her face plain-

ly against the brightness, and I waited for her. I knew all the young folk of the village, and they had ever a pleasant word or smile for the doctor's old-maid sister. But as I stood at the open gate looking toward her, I saw that she was a stranger; I had never seen that slight young form, the pretty head, with the bright loose hair about the forehead, seeming part of the sunset's misty glow, those soft brown eyes, that wistful mouth. Yes, she was certainly a stranger; but, as I thought this, a smile, which was surely a recognizing one, broke over the face, and the light steps were quickened. I had seen that she wore a simple print gown of blue and white, and that her straw hat with its blue ribbon was swinging by its looped strings upon one arm. With a half-impatient, weary air she shook back her light loose hair, and stretching out toward me her small, pretty hands, she said: "You are waiting for me. Oh, I am so glad to be at home!"

People nowadays are taught to take to pieces and examine their feelings, and afterward explain them to others. I never learned this, and I can not tell you, after all these years, just how I felt when this strange young thing, whom I had never before seen, looked at and spoke to me thus, but I knew I was greatly amazed. For an instant I felt a bodily dizziness, as when I had suddenly risen from stooping over my flower beds; my head swam, and before I could speak, the sweet childish voice began again: "Am I late? I have taken such a long walk, and it grew so warm! You are not vexed with me?" And the two small, pretty hands clasped my arm, while the brown, soft eyes looked into mine.

What I should have said I do not know. There is no use in trying to guess that, for at that very instant I saw Max coming. He was at the gate almost before I knew it, and looking curiously at us two. Then I found my voice, and gasped out, "Oh, Max!" That was all. But at the words the child turned toward him with a bright look of welcome, but no surprise, and with a faint, soft blush, said, in her low, sweet voice, "Dear Max!"

When I try to remember the look that came upon my brother's face at these words, I find that I am looking at it in the light of what came afterward; and it seems as if even then there was no start of wonder, no amaze: only gladness and answering love in that look as he bent it on her. But I know that I turned quickly toward him, and tried to convey by a look the thought which had just come to me, the feeling that the child's mind was astray, and we must aid her. That he read my meaning at once was owing to no skill of mine, but to his own quickness—Max was so clever always. Taking the little hand she had laid upon his arm, he said, in a quiet, natural voice,

"Let us go into the house now and have our tea."

And we all went in. As we entered the little sitting-room, the girl, walking with no uncertain tread, but as if she knew the place, took her hand from Max's arm and stepped lightly toward the looking-glass which hung between the windows.

"Oh, how my hair is blown about!" she said, with a laugh in her voice. "Shall I run upstairs and smooth it?"

"No, dear. Just come into my room now, you are so tired." And I led the way into my little bedroom on the first floor, and left her there. Then in hurried words I told Max all I knew. "There is something wrong with the brain," he said, "and she has wandered away from her friends. Do not excite or startle her; let her rest quietly to-night, and we will decide what course to take."

Then she came back to us, and we had our tea. She was quiet, seeming tired, but there was no flush of fever on her face, no wild, unsettled look in the soft brown eyes. Max talked, told of his patients, spoke of the village news, and sometimes the girl would say something of her walk, of the sunset, of the flowers on the table; always in that strangely sweet childish voice, which seemed then, as ever afterward, the best music I had ever heard. Then, later, she went, quite of her own accord, to the piano, and ran her fingers over the keys, playing little bits, some new and strange to us, some old and familiar. Then her voice sounded faint but sweet as she sang softly to herself. Suddenly the strain grew louder, and we knew the air and words, and looked quickly at each other.

The dear old song heard so long ago, in our very childhood, and never since till now.

"The old days, the dear days, where are they?"

So it rang out, as from that far-away past, and we forgot the present, forgot the

strangely quiet child sitting there in the dim summer twilight, and thought only of our dead.

"The old days, the dear days, where are they?"

The voice died away, the sad questioning was stilled, and a little form sank quietly to the floor, and lay there white and still.

That was the beginning of a long and terrible illness, a kind of brain-fever, but with some complications which seemed to puzzle the doctors, one and all, for Max called to his aid other, but I am sure not wiser, heads. And all the time most careful and diligent search was made for the child's friends, for some clew to the mystery of her coming. But all in vain. Advertisements, inquiries, and even the assistance of experienced detectives all failed utterly. She had been seen at the far end of the village street, and from there onward to our door, on the afternoon she came to us, but farther back than that we could not trace her. She herself could not be questioned. For many days she knew no one, and lay sometimes in a strange quiet almost like death itself, then again in delirium, with quick excited talk. But from no speech of hers could we learn anything save that she was gently bred, and that there seemed nothing in her young soul that was not white and sweet. So the days went on. We had laid her in the airy pleasant bedroom upstairs, where years before our little sister slept, the young sister whom we had laid away with many tears in the sad past. And while watching and nursing the young stranger there in that sacred room we grew at times almost to think that our dead was again with us, and we loved her as our own. Max was unwearied in his care, watching day and night, and I was almost always at her bedside. There was nothing painful or distressing in the girl's talk, even when most excited. Hour after hour the sweet voice would run on, telling of childish play, of country sights and sounds, of lessons learned, of work, or play, or study. I need not tell you that we watched eagerly for names, either of people or places, which should aid us in our search for her friends. But nothing came. She spoke of "the hill," "the bridge," of "down the river," she called the "girls" and the "children," she asked why the "horses" did not come, and if the "grass" was cut. But that was all. In her whole illness of many weeks no name ever passed her lips, and all her past was still a sealed book to us, when one day in midsummer the wandering, far-away look left her eyes, and the soul came back to the child.

Max and I were both with her; no one else was there. She had been sleeping a long time sweetly and quietly. Again and again I had bent over her, and seen the white lids still shut down, and heard the soft regular breathing. But at last, as I stood at her side and Max sat by the window, both of us looking at the pale thin face upon the pillow, the brown eyes opened, and we saw, both of us at once, that she seemed to know us. We were silent, watchful, for an instant, and then saw the eyes turn toward the window, a light come into them, the hands reach feebly out toward the sunlight and him, and she murmured, as on that first June day when she came to us, "Dear Max!"

Ah, well, I find I can not remember it all as well as I thought I could. What did Max do then, what did I do, as we saw that with the light of reason there yet came no light upon the child's past? I do not seem to recall the steps by which we came to see that she was our own, a part of our present lives, belonging to us and to our history, and to no one else on earth, and that we could no more send her from us than we could have driven away our own flesh and blood.

As far as we could see, she had no past. If God had made her newly that June day, and set her down fresh and sweet and unstained in our village street on that golden summer afternoon, she could not have seemed more wholly devoid of a history, a hitherto. Her convalescence was slow, she was so very weak, and she could learn of us, of our life, and of all her surroundings gradually, a little at a time, as a child learns its home and friends. She may have learned in that way; I do not know; but nothing ever seemed as if new and strange to her, or appeared to surprise her as unfamiliar. I can never remember when she first spoke my name. Max called me by it—Ruth—and she soon used the name as though she had always known it. In the days of her great feebleness she spoke little but our names and the names of the things she needed or wished for. As she grew stronger she talked more with us, but it was of the things about her, of her illness and our loving care.

"How long have I been sick?" she asked one day; and we told her. "Yes," she said. "It is August now—is it not?—and I was taken ill that day in June after my long walk." And again she said, "It seems like a dream, these long weeks, and I remember nothing distinctly since I sat singing to you and Max that last evening."

Among the doctors who were called in to see her during her illness was one who was skilled in nervous ailments, and who knew, oh, so much! of the workings of the brain. He seemed wonderfully interested in the patient, and watched her closely and curiously. I used to hear him and Max talking, and tried to understand, but I could not follow them. It was all about the little girl's brain, and the part of it which had gone wrong, and the "gray matter" there, and how it would come all right with returning health, and she would have the past again which she had lost, and know that the present and we and our lives were new and foreign, and not her own. I knew they were very wise, and that I was very ignorant, but I could not feel that they were right in this. Perhaps I did not want to believe it. For I loved her so, and I was beginning to be jealous of a past in which we—Max and I—had no part. I liked to think that she was all our own, that God gave her to us, all new and fresh in her young girlhood, and yet with a kind of memory of things in our past which somehow made it her own, and drew her to us. I am growing sadly confused, and am quite beyond my depth, I see. You can not understand, and I can not put it into better words. But who could see the love that shone in her face when she looked at us, the child-like trust and confidence in us, and believe that she had not at least dreamed of us before? And, oh, how can I tell you of her feeling toward Max? No one could possibly mistake that. There was no room for doubt. She gave him the love a girl gives only to her promised husband. Something—I know not what—had given her the right to love him so, to claim his love. And Max loved her. I tell it abruptly, but it did not come as a sudden revelation to me. I seemed to know it from the first, and without any surprise, as if I had watched the love story in its very beginning, and knew how it would end. And so, without asking of his or consent of hers (unless in some dream-land we knew nothing of), they were plighted lovers. Perhaps you will wonder that we did not, as she grew stronger, question her as to her history. We dared not, for fear of startling her, and frightening away the reason which had just come back. The doctors agreed in this, that we should not trouble her with questions, but wait with what patience we could for the memory which they believed would soon return. We did not yet know what to call her. Her clothing was without mark of any kind, and she had never spoken of herself by any name. I have said that in the years gone by we had lost a young sister. That sister's name was Faith, and it was dearer to us both than any name on earth. The dead girl's picture hung in the sitting-room down-stairs, and the first day that our patient was carried there and placed on the sofa under the windows, she seemed attracted by the sweet face in the picture. She lay looking at it a long time silently, and at last I said, "Do you think our little sister Faith is like me?"

"No," she answered, thoughtfully; "I can never see any look in her face like yours, though I often look for it. I have always been glad that my name was Faith, like hers. I think you love me better for that." And so it was we came to call her by that dear name, and for her other name we gave her ours.

You will not wonder that in our quiet little village the story of our strange guest made much stir and talk. We said as little as possible of the matter, but such things come soon to be known among people who have little excitement in their dull lives. The notices inserted in the local papers, the inquiries made, the famous doctors' visits, the general air of mystery about our visitor and her illness, were talked and gossiped of, in spite of all we could do. And I saw that this pained Max greatly. As the days went on, and no word came to us from any one who might claim the girl, and as the tie between him and her grew stronger and tenderer, he shrank from any questioning into the matter even from me, and the village talk was intolerable; and so it came about that he accepted an offer made him some months before, and we left forever our old home, and went to a town hundreds of miles distant, where our story was unknown. And here our little Faith, bearing our name and living with us, was supposed to be some relative, and known also as Max's betrothed.

You would hardly think that a person without a past, or at least lacking the memory of one, would seem so like other people, and show the want so little. I can not tell you why this was so, but certainly no one appeared to notice anything strange about the girl, and we ourselves almost forgot at times how she had come to us. I can remember, as I look back, some things she said, which from time to time recalled the mystery of her former life, and made us wonder again, as at first, if we should ever know more. One day we had been reading together a story which told of a mother's devotion—a pretty tale—and Faith was very thoughtful afterward. She sat looking into the fire silently, and then startled me by asking,

"Ruth, do I remember my mother?"

"What do you think, dear?" I said.

She answered slowly, as if trying to recall something: "Sometimes I think I do, not as a person whose face or form I can at all remember, but as a love, a tenderness, a great beautiful care all about me, something that pitied and was sorry for me, and—" Her voice died away, and she sat thinking again; then suddenly said, "But it goes away, and then it is you I remember, and all your goodness to me." She left her seat, and coming over to me, knelt down, and putting her arms about me, said, "I have not needed my mother, dear Ruth, you have been so good, so loving; I have not needed anything with you and Max." I was so glad she said that! Were we indeed taking the place of anything bright and beautiful she might have had in that unknown world of hers?

Certainly she was very happy. I do not say much of the love which she and Max bore each other; it is something I can not talk of. Max had never loved before; his had been a troubled life, with many cares and some bitter sorrows. And his whole heart went out with a mighty love toward this fair young thing who came to him that summer day from some unknown world where she had loved and trusted and belonged to him while yet he knew it not. They were to be married in June. "I will wait a year," Max had said to me. "If we hear nothing before that time, I shall surely have the right to take her for my wife."

I have said that during her illness no name ever passed her lips. But afterward, in the winter, she spoke two or three names we did not know. She had taken a slight cold, and was somewhat feverish. I had gone to her bedside before I slept to give her a good-night kiss. As I stooped over her she said, drowsily, as if half asleep, "Are we going back to Greenmore to-morrow?" I caught at the name, the first she had ever spoken which might tell us anything, and asked, "Where is Greenmore, Faith?" She opened her eyes wider, looked strangely at me for just one instant, then said, "I meant Sudbury," and further questioning brought nothing more. She did not know Greenmore; she meant Sudbury, so she kept saying. But I told Max, and he agreed with me that we must follow out this new clew. No town bearing the name of Greenmore could be found. You may be sure that though Max dreaded unspeakably finding those who might take our little one away, still he was conscientious and painstaking in his search. But he sought in vain. When we had quite given up the search there was found in an old town history among some books belonging to our father the name we were looking for. But it was given as the ancient name of a village now bearing another and quite different one. However, Max went there, taking a long journey to the spot. He found a busy manufacturing village called Millburg, and was assured that it had never borne any other name. But on looking up and questioning some of the oldest inhabitants he was told that the first site of the town was on a bleak hill several miles away. Many years ago it had been deserted, and the inhabitants had come down into a more fertile and better watered spot, and built their new village there, and the old town had been called Greenmore. That was more than sixty years ago. Max visited the desolate spot, saw its few ruined buildings, the wooden walls black with time and wear, the windows gone, and came away with a strange wonder growing upon him. Where had she heard the name of this deserted, dreary, old-time place? Had she by chance met it in the old book where we first came across it, and which she might have taken from the shelf, where she often handled the volumes? Perhaps so; I can not explain it thus. It is only a part of the mystery to me. It was not meant for us to understand.

Another name came several times from her lips. The first time was when, as in

the case I last mentioned, she was ill. She had been suffering for several days with headache, and had with it some fever and restlessness. It was late in November, and during the night a light snow had fallen, the first snow of the season. Max rose early, wishing to see a patient before breakfast, and as the office boy had not yet come, he went himself outside, and wrapped in a rough, thick overcoat, not worn since the last winter, began sweeping the snow from the path. Just then Faith came from her room, and went to the window of the sitting-room. She had not known of the snow, and was all unprepared for the white world she saw. I was standing near her, and saw a curious look come over her face. I can not say what made it seem so strange, but it was as if a little child had waked in some unfamiliar spot, and was half frightened, half pleased. Then her eyes fell upon Max at his work, and a cry—I shall never forget it; it was made up of rapture, wonder, fear—came from her parted lips: "It's John!" I caught her in my arms, and in an instant—oh, I can not tell you how quickly, how suddenly, that strangely mingled look fell away from her like a mask, and her face, a little pale and wistful, but my own little girl's face again, looked up at me, as she said, "Oh, Ruth, for a minute I did not know Max; I think the snow dazzled my eyes." And she was her own happy, sweet self again.

In the sitting-room of our new home there was an open fire-place, but it was closed by a fire-board such as those in use at that time, and as the weather was still warm when we moved into the house, we had never had a fire made there. One chilly day in late October, when Max had gone to see a patient some miles away, I thought I would give him a pleasant greeting when he returned from his cold ride by lighting a cheery wood fire. It was soon done, with the help of my little maid. I had a pair of tall brass andirons which had belonged to my mother, and they had been carefully packed and brought with us from Sudbury. These were set in place, the hickory logs piled on, the kindling laid underneath and lighted, and soon my fire was blazing and roaring and sending up showers of sparks. I sat down before it in the large high-backed chair which had been my father's, and so fell to dreaming, as one does in the fire-light. The time slipped away, and the room grew dark, save where the light of my cheerful fire fell. Suddenly I heard a quick, light step, the door opened, and Faith came in. My back was toward the door, and before I could turn or speak, she called in her clear, sweet voice, "Grandfather, are you there?"

I was silent, being rather startled, and she came slowly across the room feeling her way in the darkness by chairs and table, and as she came she said again, more softly, as though afraid of waking some one: "Grandfather, is it you? Are you asleep?"

Then I turned, and speaking very quietly and naturally, said: "It's I, Faith; come and see my very pleasant fire."

She was at my side in an instant, stooping down and looking curiously into my face, a frightened look in her eyes. I laid my hand on hers and said: "You did not expect to see the fire, did you? And the lamps are not lighted, so you could hardly see me."

"Yes, yes," she said; "that is the reason. I am confused—it is all so strange. I thought—I can not remember what I thought; but it is all right now, and you are here, my dear quiet Ruth."

At another time, our little servant being absent, I asked Faith to go down to the kitchen pantry for something I needed. She did not return, and after waiting some minutes I went down after her. I found her standing in the pantry before a large basket of winter apples which had just been sent home from the market, the first we had seen. They were of different sorts, and made a pretty picture with their red, yellow, green, and russet tints; so I did not wonder the child was attracted by them. But as I came in she said, without looking up: "Isn't it too bad? There are no Dennison reddings here, and John does not care much for any other apples. May I go and see if there are any left on the tree by the well?"

How strange it sounded! Of course there was no well in our little town garden, and I had never before heard of a Dennison redding apple; and oh, who, who was John?

One day Max brought home with him from the hospital a little boy that had been brought to the city for medical treatment, from the country, some miles away. His father was a farmer, and the boy was quite unused to city sights and sounds, and very homesick. So Max with his kindly heart brought him to us for comfort.

As soon as she saw him Faith seemed strangely drawn toward him. She did not make many close friends outside our home, but she took the little lonesome boy at once into her heart. Every day she went to the hospital and brought him home to spend hours with us, and she was never so happy as when playing with or talking to her little friend. His name was Robert, but she always called him David, though he strongly objected to the name.

"What do you call me that for?" he asked, in blunt boyish fashion.

"Because you look like David," she answered, "and I sometimes think you are really he."

I suppose she was thinking of the boy David in the Bible, "ruddy and of a fair countenance," for his cheeks were like red apples, his eyes blue, his hair like flax. Such long, long talks as they had! He was about ten years old, and a real country boy—plain, practical, sometimes a little rough, though good-hearted and kindly. It was odd to see them together, so strongly unlike, she in her pretty daintiness, with soft, loving little ways of her own, and he a farmer's boy, in his coarse, ill-fitting clothes, with blunt speech and awkward manners. As they sat together she would put her arm about him and draw him close to her, often stooping to press a kiss upon his yellow curls. But he would push her from him, with a boy's dislike to such demonstrations, and say, "Don't do that; I hate it."

"But you used to like it, David," she would say, gently, with a puzzled look.

"No, I didn't," the boy would answer; "and my name is Robert. I keep telling and telling you."

She loved best to hear stories of his life at the farm, the simple, easy life there, of the cows and sheep, the pastures, the dairy, the hay-making, the corn-planting. Her eyes would shine, her face light up, as he told the tale in homely phrases, and she would draw him again to her with an almost passionate fondness, and cry, "Oh, David, was it not beautiful, our life at the farm?"

You see, she thought to please the boy by playing that she had been there with him, and remembered it all. But he was too practical for such fancies, and would retort:

"How do *you* know what 'twas like? You never was there; and I tell you again my name *isn't* David; it's Robert."

And she in her turn would tell him stories. I suppose she took them from books, for surely in such a summer-land as she must have come from to us there could have been no deep drifts of snow, no strayed and frost-chilled lambs, no ice-ponds on which to slide or skate, no bright frosty mornings with jingling sleigh-bells out-doors and roaring wood fires within.

It was a sad day when the boy left us for his home. Faith clung to him as if she could never let him go, kissing his ruddy cheeks, his flaxen hair, his rough, red little hands.

"Tell them—tell them," she cried out, in broken, half-understood words—"tell them—tell John—I—" And her words died away in sobs and caresses, from which the boy, so glad to go to his home and his mother, roughly broke away. She had heard him talk so much of the farm and the folk there that she fancied now that she knew and loved them all, for she was full of her fancies. It was many a day before she ceased to mourn for her lost playmate, and to speak of "dear little David" and "the farm." But time and the near approach of her wedding-day at last banished her sorrow, and brought forgetfulness and comfort.

They were to be married, as I have said, in June. Her simple preparations were all made. Many a happy hour she and I had sat together sewing on the dainty garments, talking of the future and her new life with Max. During this time I ventured sometimes to question her of her past life, but very cautiously, that she might not be startled. I asked her once if she remembered when she first came to us, but she said she did not, she was "so very small." And when, at another time, I asked her when she first began to love Max, she blushed and smiled, and answered that she could scarcely place the exact time she had loved him, so many years — "since she was a little child." So the days and weeks slipped by, and June came again with its blue skies and flowers. It was the day before the wedding, which was to be a very quiet one, from the little stone church near us. Faith was like a bird that day, in and out of the house and garden, singing to herself, or throwing me a light word or kiss as she came and went. Max was very busy paying his last visits to patients whom he must leave for a fortnight, for they were to have two weeks of rest together in the

mountains. But when he came in for a hurried word at intervals there was a look of such complete, such perfect content upon his face as I had never in all his life seen there before.

As the day grew to a close Faith seemed a little weary, and I did not wonder, for she had been busy since sunrise. As I sat in the doorway resting she came and sat down by me, and laid her head in my lap. I smoothed back the bright soft hair, and as I touched her forehead I saw that it was hot, and that her cheeks were flushed.

"You have tired yourself, my child," I said, "and Max will scold."

"Max never scolds," she said, softly. And then, raising her head, she looked into my face, and spoke gravely, and with almost a solemn sweetness in her tone. "Ruth, I do not talk much to you of my love for Max, do I? But I want to tell you to-night that my whole heart is his. If I should die before he makes me his wife, if he should die before he is my husband, we should still belong to each other, and some day God would bring us together again." I could not speak, and seeing the tears in my eyes, she dashed away some bright drops from her own, and rose hastily. With a radiant smile, and the pretty pink flush on her face which had been there since she came from her garden work, she said, "It is time for Max; I am going to meet him." She ran down the path, so fair and sweet in her simple blue dress, her straw hat hanging on her arm; and as she passed into the street she said, looking back at me, "Good-by; I am going to meet—*John*."

That name again instead of Max! But the child was tired and nervous, and I would not startle her by showing that she had spoken the wrong name. So I said nothing but, "Good-by, my darling." I rarely used pet names like that; it was not in my quiet, old-fashioned way. I am glad I said it then. And so she went down the dusty street through the sunlight toward the west, and into the misty glow, till I lost sight of her in the distance.

I never saw her again.

Few words are best. All that I could speak would tell you no better what came afterward. The first anxious doubt, the lingering suspense, the sickening dread, the seeking, the weary, weary watching for one who never came, I can not tell of it. As vainly as a year before we sought one ray of light from the unknown world she had left in coming to us, so all in vain we looked now for one glimpse of the life into which she had gone from us. I will not tell you one word of Max and his sorrow. You have no right to ask it, or even to guess at that grief with which a stranger intermeddleth not. I have told you how the child came, and how she went away; there is nothing more. Two years later I met one day a lady whom I had known slightly during the year the child was with us, and who knew nothing of her sudden going.

"So your pretty young cousin has left you," she said. "I have always remembered her so well since I met her here: Faith, I think you called her. So I knew her at once when I saw her again, though I caught such a hurried glimpse of her. I was in the cars, and the train stopped a minute before crossing a bridge, and just there, opposite my window, was your little cousin. She had run out from the prettiest old farm-house—her home I suppose—and was calling to some one whom I did not see. 'John! John!' she said, in that clear, pleasant voice of hers. I heard it as plainly as you hear me now; but before I could open my window or speak to her the cars went on." Another clew, another vain hope! The lady could not remember just where this occurred, but she told us all she could recall, and search again began. But in vain, of course, as I felt sure it would be. It was merely a fancied resemblance; and John is such a common name!

The learned doctor who had been always so interested in "the case," as he called our Faith and her story, talked wisely of it all. But I paid little attention to what he said, for I knew it was not true.

God sent her new and fresh to earth that day from some land where she had always dreamed of us, and where in some mysterious way, in some vision if not in reality, she had seen and loved and promised herself to Max. God took her away again. I do not try to guess why. But some day, through a misty glow, in a land where it is always summer, I shall see her coming down the golden street toward me, her soft brown eyes looking wistfully at me, her bright hair loose upon her forehead, her small, pretty hands reaching out toward me, and she will say again, as at first she said it: "You are waiting for me. Oh, I am so glad to be at home!"

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE is no doubt of the genuine success of the German opera in New York this winter. The operas have been admirably placed upon the stage. All the scenic accessories were satisfactory, and the music was thoroughly mastered by singers who appreciated and enjoyed it, and who were completely accomplished artists. They had, moreover, a certain national pride in the performance. They felt evidently that the cause of German music had been intrusted to them. They were here as missionaries among unbelievers, who, without much knowledge, had been bred in the Italian tradition. To win their hearty and enthusiastic favor would be a famous victory, and it was won. A more satisfactory series of opera presentations has not been known in New York, and for the first time "German opera" has not been an occasional and curious experiment on off evenings and with a chance-medley company, but it has been approved and accepted by "fashion" and "the town."

The fact shows a great change in the musical taste of "the town." It is not now the taste of the Truffi and Benedetti era. Indeed, to the boxes of the Metropolitan Opera-house Truffi and Benedetti are unknown or vague names. When they sang in Astor Place, the corner of Broadway and Fortieth Street was comparatively a lonely field, Madison Square was suburban, and Corporal Thompson's cottage still stood to cheer the pleasure-seekers on the Bloomingdale Road. It was a little, almost provincial, New York. The Philharmonic Concerts were scarcely begun, and were given in the old Apollo Rooms, on Broadway below Canal Street. It was even after the great day of Truffi and Benedetti that Thalberg came and gave his concerts at Niblo's saloon. Then, as the Easy Chair has before stated, came the Sontag opera at Niblo's. But when the Italian opera passed from Astor Place to Fourteenth Street, it saw its palmiest day with Gerster and Campanini.

During all those years the Italian opera "had the cry," and it was the opinion of "fashion" that German music was heavy and unmelodious, and that Germans did not know how to sing. "They can not open their mouths," said the learned youth of the boxes; "and no German woman knows how to dress." Meanwhile Theodore Thomas was steadily sapping and undermining the exclusive Italian taste. His indomitable resolution, his remarkable skill as a conductor, the high training of his orchestra, and his astonishing energy and activity, made him one of the most effective musical influences in the country. His summer-night concerts at the Central Park Garden introduced the Wagner music to American knowledge and taste. His May Festival three or four years ago was a full revelation of the character and charm of the modern music and its interpreters.

This was followed by the Wagner concerts of last year with Materna and her companions, and so the way was smoothed for the German opera. Meanwhile "fashion" found that Fourteenth Street was down-town, and the Metropolitan house was built. The Academy in Fourteenth Street thought to hold its own with the familiar and accepted Italian operas and the chief living Italian prima donna. The new house made its contest with the most lavish outlay, with a host of famous singers, and "new and splendid" scenery. But a double supply of the most costly pleasure was more than even New York could sustain. Patti's prestige and voice gave a seeming victory to the Academy, and the Metropolitan house was apparently exhausted. But the prosperity of the victor was apparent only. There was a universal feeling that the day of the exclusive glory of the Italian genius had passed.

There was a large and beautiful opera-house with every necessary appointment; there were fatigue and satiety with the old opera, interest in the new, a younger generation, a changed taste, a genuine enthusiasm for the modern music such as we read of in the stories of the Italian opera fifty and sixty years ago. There were needed intelligence, vigor, and skill to seize the opportunity. These Dr. Damrosch supplied, and under his baton German opera has triumphed, and "fashion" approvingly smiles and nods. This winter, therefore, will be always noted in the musical annals of the city for the admirable representations of German opera, and for the enthusiasm and appreciation with which they were received. Not less will the sudden and sad death of Dr. Damrosch at the very end of the season, and in the height of his great and well-earned success, be always recalled, with ample honor to his memory, when the striking operatic story of this winter is told. In the very scene of his triumph his obsequies were performed, and his service will be gratefully remembered.

But Mr. Thomas, who has made this triumph possible, does not relax his great work. He will give during the next season a series of popular concerts, and the arrangements which are made for them will secure what he has long desired—a permanent orchestra. The concerts will be continuous through the winter, and the music will be selected with the singular felicity which Mr. Thomas has always shown in preparing for popular concerts, choosing from the best music that which is most acceptable to the popular taste, which is thus both trained and pleased. This charming skill of the conductor has been illustrated in the Young People's Concerts of the last two seasons, which have been thronged by those for whom they were intended, and whose associations with the great masters will be always delightful from this intelligent introduction. The People's Concerts also, which are wholly

free, and the enjoyment of which is secured by careful arrangement to those for whom they are designed, are one of Mr. Thomas's musical ministries of the best kind.

The opera is, of course, always a luxury. But cheap "music for the million" is one of the most refining and civilizing agencies. "It is a cruel thing," wrote George Eliot in 1859, "the difficulty and dearness of getting any music in England—concerted music, which is the only music I care for much now. At Dresden we could have thoroughly enjoyable instrumental music every evening for twopence, and I owed so many thoughts and inspirations of feeling to that stimulus." Dresden must not stand before New York in the good work of cheap music.

For one day the thoughts of the civilized world were recently turned to one man, and that man one of the most romantic figures of contemporary history—General Gordon. His remarkable ride across the desert to Khartoom was in harmony with his strange career, and his long solitary hold of the town, enveloped by a hostile race burning with religious zeal, and his disappearance upon the very eve of succor, were but natural events in a story so extraordinary. The news of his death also produced in England a deep and universal excitement, which in intensity was doubtless like that which followed the tidings from Waterloo, or the Sepoy rebellion, or the passage of the Dardanelles by the English fleet. For a moment party strife was outwardly composed, and Tories and Liberals were only Englishmen resolved that the man who stood for England in the African desert howling with enemies should be avenged. The Past and the Future were forgotten in the duty of the Present. Why England was upon the Upper Nile in arms, or what disaster might impend in India, was not to be considered while the fate of Gordon was unknown.

But to us who look upon the English campaign in Egypt only as sympathetic spectators, the old proverb seems more than ever true, What is worth doing is worth doing well. This was Chatham's principle nearly a century and a half ago. It was the principle of Napoleon in the field and in the cabinet. It is the practical rule of success everywhere. Whether you are going to hunt a hare or a tiger, whether you march to meet barbarians or civilized regulars, the first and vital condition of success is not to underestimate the task, and to abandon it rather than to undertake it inadequately. But a government and its enterprises are continuous, and in England and in this country when the popular will decrees a change of administration, the newcomers must deal with a situation already made for them. England drives the Jingo from the helm, but he has set the course of the ship, and the Liberal must take it as he finds it.

The Jingo took England to Egypt, and combined with France to control its government. When he was dismissed, it was not possible simply to withdraw from Egypt. But it was equally impossible to remain without a strong hold and a determined policy. This is the point at which the Liberal seems to have failed. Apparently there was not a definite policy vigorously pursued, but an acquiescence in the vague demand of public sentiment—a following rather than a leading. When Gordon was sent to Khartoum, he should have been sustained by a commanding force. If England was to remain in Egypt at all, she should have staid for a purpose, and have supplied the means to accomplish it. What is worth doing is worth doing well.

But the cheerful aspect of the situation at the darkest moment was the response of England. In great emergencies the old quality of the English shows itself. There is not panic or despondency, but a wrathful resolution to atone for all short-comings by a mighty recuperation. The press had but one voice. All day, says the dispatch, the War-office was thronged with officers offering their services. Every Englishman felt a personal appeal. It was not what will this or that party do? but the tone of all that was said, the spirit of the whole people, was that England expects every man to do his duty. That duty is the rescue, if possible, of brave English soldiers, and the settlement of the Soudan trouble, with the broadest regard for the interests of humanity and civilization.

The revelations of the Carlyle memoirs, the feeling produced by the disclosure of Hawthorne's strictures upon Margaret Fuller, the controversy concerning the relations of Harriet Martineau and her brother James, and the painful incidents connected with the marriage of Lord Coleridge's daughter, together with the scope of newspaper interviews and reports of "society," have occasioned an uncomfortable feeling that the sacred seclusion and inviolability of personal relations, which is known as domestic privacy, is disappearing, and that those whom genius or circumstances make famous must pay the penalty by speaking and acting in the glare of a morbid public gaze. If they write letters to the most intimate friend, they must write with the consciousness that the coldly curious public will ultimately read them. If they record their feelings and opinions with perfect unreserve in a diary, and lock it close and hide it, they must not forget that Death will break the lock and scatter their secrets through all the newspapers.

The taste which such revelation engenders has naturally awaited the memoirs of George Eliot with eager curiosity. But happily no book could be a finer rebuke to this kind of anticipation. Mr. Cross has performed his task with the utmost delicacy, tenderness, and skill, and the result is one of the most interesting and valuable of literary memoirs. During her life no famous person was more completely veiled to the public than George Eliot. She was one

of the three great novelists of this generation in England. Her tales were universally read. Her commanding genius and literary position were universally acknowledged. But so guarded was the privacy of her life that even her face was unknown to the general public, and the gossip which hummed about all her chief contemporaries spared her.

Certain facts of her career were familiar. But they were few. That she was a scholar, a thinker, the friend of the most accomplished masters in science, philosophy, and art, and that her domestic relations were extraordinary, was substantially all that was known. And an impression undoubtedly prevailed, confirmed by portraits which were sometimes seen, that she was a severe and austere personage, supremely intellectual and "advanced," very much in earnest, but destitute of the charms and graces which are distinguished as womanly. It is most fortunate for one of the most justly famous of English women that the duty of revealing to the public her singularly noble and feminine character should have fallen to one so peculiarly fitted for its performance. Mr. Cross has told the story of George Eliot's life from her own records in her copious correspondence and her journal. He has chosen an original way to do it by blending passages both from the letters and the diary into a continuous narrative, indicating the sources by marginal references. This plan has required of him very few connecting words, and these he has supplied quietly and effectively, and with the utmost tact and good sense.

The general impression of the memoir is that of a woman of great genius, of a character of noble dignity and refinement, of a life and powers constantly consecrated to the humanest ends, and of domestic relations in the highest degree sympathetic, inspiring, and satisfactory to herself. If the story of the Carlyle interior should dispose any reader to imagine that the union of two strong intellectual lives must necessarily be discordant, this picture of the unsullied domestic happiness, the mutual mental stimulus and invigoration of George Eliot's household, will correct the tendency. The serene content, the absolute confidence, the increasing respect and affection, which the book discloses, furnish a timely counterpart to the Carlyle story.

The chief distinction of George Eliot's character as shown in this book was her moral independence and courage. Her intellectual superiority, the vigor, originality, and precision of her mind, are evident in her tales, and for pure intellectual grasp and power she must be placed before the three most noted contemporary women—Harriet Martineau, Charlotte Brontë, and Mrs. Browning. But if her books reveal her genius, her life displays her character. In June, 1857, she writes to one of her life-long friends a few words which express the profound moral conviction and courage upon which her life was founded. "If I live five years longer, the positive result of my existence on the side of truth and goodness will outweigh the small negative good that would have consisted in my not doing anything to shock others, and I can conceive no consequences that will make me repent the past. Do not misunderstand me, and suppose that I think myself heroic or great in any way. Far enough from that. Faulty, miserably faulty, I am, but least of all faulty where others most blame."

But while she tranquilly held her own way, the catholicity of her mind and heart is one of the pleasantest disclosures of the memoir. Not only was she wholly unlike the personage which is described as a masculine woman, but she had the gentlest and most generous appreciation of every degree of excellence in others. She speaks of many of her contemporaries and associates, but the tone of detraction to which the recent memoirs of eminent persons have accustomed us is wholly wanting. This appreciation is not a mere gush of good-nature, nor the condescending urbanity of acknowledged superiority; it is a clear perception and an intelligent regard, and it illustrates the sweetness and health of her own nature.

With all her force of character, however, she was exceedingly distrustful of her literary ability. Her works were all undertaken under a dark cloud of doubt and despondency, and the success which crowned them and the fame which followed were naturally very pleasant to her. She records some of the praise which she received, but wholly without vanity or excitement. It is not the current newspaper praise, but the response of other minds and hearts, which touches her, and she reads with attention any careful and intelligent review of her work. One of the most interesting passages in the memoirs is a letter from Dickens, to whom she had sent a copy of her first book, *Scenes of Clerical Life*. It is a manly and beautiful letter, showing a fineness of feeling and perception which are not always allowed to Dickens. The incognito had been perfectly kept, even from John Blackwood, the publisher. But Dickens writes that if he obeyed his conviction he should address George Eliot as a woman. Thackeray, on the other hand, said that the author was evidently not a woman.

The relation between George Eliot and John Blackwood, the publisher, who was the first person after Mr. Lewes to recognize her genius, is one of the pleasantest illustrations in literary history of the friendship of authors and publishers. It was like that of Scott and Constable. Mr. Blackwood was her confidant and counsellor, and she was always anxious for his judgment of her work. In her letters to him her good sense and sincerity are constantly apparent, and those who assume the existence of a necessary hostility between authors and publishers will be undeceived by this book.

The memoir can hardly fail to send the

reader to George Eliot's stories once more, and it will throw over them the tender light of the beautiful personality which shines through the story of her life. It is generally true that authors reveal themselves most adequately in their works, and that their biographies strip away the personal illusion which the imagination weaves around the genius which enchants and admonishes and allures. But the *Life of George Eliot* is one of the very few instances in which the intimate revelation of the author's personality and life heightens the interest and deepens the admiration with which the works of her genius are studied.

The completion of the Washington Monument in the city of Washington has recalled national attention once more to the greatest American. The huge shaft is in itself a rather meaningless memorial of a great man, although the same kind of structure on Bunker Hill properly marks to all the neighboring land the site of a great event. The Bunker Hill Monument has fulfilled the lofty anticipation of Webster in his most famous oration: "We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and glory of his country. Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit."

The constantly renewed tributes to Washington show how ever fresh is the national love and gratitude. And this feeling survives despite the criticism that he was not a man of genius, and despite, also, the characteristic American irreverence which vulgarizes his name and character in song and anecdote. No man in history is more fully revealed than Washington in every detail of his public and private life. But all the disclosures of all the witnesses and all the records serve merely to complete the symmetry of his greatness. No famous contemporary of his at home or abroad but dwindles a little under the light of increasing information. And the greatest figures of this century also, except Abraham Lincoln, do not gain by fuller revelation of every aspect and detail of their lives.

Some of the noblest and most discriminating praise of Washington has proceeded from Englishmen. The Easy Chair some years ago recalled the tribute of Professor Smyth, in 1812, at Cambridge University, in England. He is alluding in his lectures to the general upheaval at the time of the French Revolution, and the sophistries which in the name of liberty confused so many generous minds, and he says, "But the foundations of the moral world were shaken, and not the understanding of Washington." The greatest of living Englishmen, and the highest in official position, Mr. Gladstone, now says of him: "If among all the pedestals supplied by history for public characters of extraordinary nobility and purity I saw one higher than all the rest, and if I were required at a moment's notice to name the fittest occupant for it, I think my choice at any time during the last forty-five years would have lighted, as it would now light, upon Washington."

But as the old monks said that to labor is to pray, we may also say that to follow Washington is truly to honor him. The simplicity, directness, and honesty of his political conduct, for instance, the dignity of his disdain of political self-seeking, the independence with which, although a Federalist, he exercised the executive power, the courage of his convictions which made him satisfied with his own approval—as Garfield said there was one man whose good opinion he must be sure of, namely, himself—these are qualities more familiar in Washington than in the career of modern statesmen. Before he was dead, indeed, the party spirit against whose fury he had warned the country was burning fiercely. Before he had left the Presidency he, even Washington, was, in our modern phrase, blackguarded roundly; and no other retiring President, so far as we recall, was ever assailed, as he left the office, with such savage ribaldry.

Such insults may shake others, but "not the understanding of Washington." The serene steadfastness of the statesman amidst the storm of political and party passion recalls Parkman's fine picture of the young soldier calm and clear-minded in the disastrous Braddock's defeat. The image of such a man in our history shining, both in peace and war, in political and in military life, not with the meteoric and vanishing splendor of willful and eccentric genius, but with the beneficent and unfading light of the constant duty of the citizen nobly done, is that possession forever which the old Greek historian celebrates, and which may well be the amulet of the national welfare.

The indignation with which the dynamite crimes are regarded is very much greater than any terror which they produce. The means of criminal mischief were familiar long before the days of Guy Fawkes. Gunpowder and fire, the bullet and the steel, the bravo and the assassin, are all well known. But the ease with which a most destructive explosive can now be manufactured, and the secrecy with which it can be applied to its work, are so tempting to assassins that great catastrophes may be apprehended. But as they are merely wanton crimes, outraging humanity, and involving the lives and happiness of the most innocent persons, as, in fact, they are intended only to produce terror by indiscriminate destruction, they have but one effect—that of intense indignation and desire of vengeance.

If every public building in London should be destroyed by Irish dynamite, the result would be, not Irish independence, but Irish extermination. Carlyle's cynical suggestion

that the true Irish policy would be to put the island under water for twenty-four hours would become the purpose of England. The atrocities of the French Revolution are explicable. They were the mad outbreak of a misery and brutality which the government had fostered, and for which it promised no relief. But this kind of explanation is wanting to the dynamite terrorists. Their conduct might have been extenuated as at least not surprising during the height of the abominable oppression of the penal laws. But for nearly a century there has been a constantly advancing relief of Irish suffering and correction of injustice in Ireland, until now there remains no abuse or inequality for which constitutional agitation is not the surest remedy.

It is true, indeed, that the degradation and ignorance of a large part of Ireland are the logical result of English misconduct. George Mason truly said that Providence punishes national sins by national calamities. But this can not be pleaded in justification of the dynamite crimes. There is no people in the world that follow leadership more loyally than the Irish, and the Irish leaders, like Mr. Parnell and his associates, are neither ignorant nor degraded. Just so far as they yield to the brutality of their followers, they are guiltier than those followers, and the significant fact in the late crimes is not that they were committed, but that Mr. Parnell, speaking in Ireland at the very moment when the whole civilized world protested, said not a single word.

In protection against such attacks the cause of England is the cause of civilization. It is not a question of politics, or of a single national interest, it is that of orderly society against anarchy. But in the indignant pursuit of a crime of this kind there is always a pressure and a tendency to sacrifice general safeguards. This country and all countries will desire to prevent upon their own soil any complicity with the enemies of society, or the dispatch of any aid to them. Yet under the conditions of good government the method is not always obvious or adequate. The appeal for criminal aid may easily be made, and the assistance furnished in ways with which the law can not deal. Open and express incitement to specific crime may be restrained and punished. But a general arraignment, for instance, of English injustice and crime in Ireland, and a demand for redress, and solicitation of money to procure the means of redress—all these may be put in a way which, in a free country, will not violate the law of a free press, and yet whose criminal intention will be perfectly understood.

The strong, sad, "homely" face which is shown in the vignette to this number of the Magazine is that which the country saw when Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated as President.

A sudden stir and hurry in Broadway by the New York Hotel was remarked by the Easy Chair, and as it looked to see the occasion, it observed an open carriage coming down the street, with a few persons stopping and cheering as it passed. But there was no enthusiasm among the people in the street, and Mr. Lincoln looked about him with the sad eyes and the serious aspect of the portrait.

It was nearly two years afterward that the Easy Chair saw him again, on a Sunday evening in his official room at the White House. He sat by the fire in slippers, talking of the war in the most interested manner, and referring, as he talked, to maps upon the table. As the visitor and his friend arose to leave, Mr. Lincoln arose also, and as he opened the door he stopped, and, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the visitor, he said, in a kindly, paternal tone, and with the same sad weariness in his eyes and manner, "Courage, my son; we shall beat them—we shall beat them."

Two years later it was this face, then no longer smooth, but overgrown with a beard, that the committee of the Convention which had renominated him saw as it stood before him in a semicircle in the East Room at the White House, and heard him read the brief address in which he accepted the nomination.

Another year, and along Broadway, at the same point where the Easy Chair had seen the open carriage, it saw a funeral car moving amid the universal affection and grief of the great city. It passed out of sight amid the love and sorrow of a nation which had taken the dead man into its heart with a tender reverence shared only by Washington.

Editor's Literary Record.

It may seem to savor of exaggeration, but it is saying no more than its merits warrant, to say that *George Eliot's Life as related in her Letters and Journals*,[1] arranged and edited by her husband, J. W. Cross, is a work of transcendent interest, and one of the most perfect examples of mere biographical workmanship in English literature. Undoubtedly there have been lives that were fuller of incident, and richer in striking, imposing, romantic, or moving personal haps and mishaps, than befell George Eliot, although her life was by no means devoid of striking and interesting pas-

[1] *George Eliot's Life as related in her Letters and Journals.* Arranged and Edited by her Husband, J. W. Cross. With Illustrations. In Three Volumes, 16mo, pp. 348, 324, and 340. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 82, 76, and 75. New York: Harper and Brothers.

sages; and therefore when we speak of this memoir as being a work of transcendent interest, we have regard to the fact that it is the record of the interior and spiritual, the intellectual and emotional, rather than of the exterior and strictly personal life of the most largely gifted English woman of her generation. Mr. Cross has done ample justice to his subject in this particular. His account of the life of this remarkable woman, and of her surroundings and companionships, is full and thoroughly sympathetic; and it includes a close and continuous view of her literary and intellectual tastes and of her inner and spiritual nature, through all their transitions and perturbations, until they flowered in the ripeness of maturity. But if Mr. Cross does this well, he does more than this. He has employed a method in his work which, unless we greatly mistake, is destined to inaugurate a new era in biographical literature, and to render the old and more cumbersome methods distasteful. Justly recognizing the important part which letters play in displaying all the shades of character, and in introducing the reader to the most confidential and most carefully guarded phases of a life, Mr. Cross has made the largest use of them in his memoir, literally allowing the life of George Eliot, to use his own phrase, "to write itself" through her letters and journals, thus imparting to his work the peculiar charm that belongs to the best autobiography. But instead of following the usual course of those biographers who have had the good sense to make the largest use of letters, namely, that of introducing them separately and unabridged, with all their surplusage of immaterial jottings, and all their formalities of superscription, subscription, date, etc., and of bracketing them together as they are able, Mr. Cross has arranged George Eliot's letters and journals in a connected narrative with the least possible interruption of comment. Each letter has been pruned of everything that he deemed irrelevant to the purpose that he held steadily in view, of combining a continuous narrative of day-to-day life, with the play of light and shade which only letters, written in all moods and under various circumstances and environments, can give, the date and name of the person to whom it was addressed being given in the margin. Similar extracts with marginal dates are also given from George Eliot's journals, and these, together with extracts from her books and writings, which have an autobiographical interest as transcripts of her feelings, associations, and opinions, are interwoven with the narrative in the due order of time, and impart to it a rounded fullness and completeness that are very unusual in biography. Again, the slight thread of narrative or explanation—embodying particulars of which he has personal knowledge, or that he has derived from the recollections of some of George Eliot's more intimate friends—occupies an inside margin, so that the reader will see at a glance what is correspondence, what journalizing, what reminiscence, and what narrative, without any interruption of the attention, and without being subjected to the inconvenience of changes of type and frequent marks of quotation.

It is highly interesting to trace in this admirable memoir the line of demarkation that separates George Eliot's girlhood and womanhood. The girl and the woman are so unlike in many of the aspects of their character, more especially in the sphere of religious feeling and conviction, as to seem two different beings. The girl was marked by a faith in the supernatural as ardent, as humble, and as receptive as the woman was characterized, not merely by the absence and negation of such a faith, but by its denial and complete eradication. The religious ideas, emotions, and convictions of the one had no place in the mind or the heart of the other; and what the one regarded with the most passionate and at times pathetic yearnings and the utmost solicitude, the other regarded at first with indifference, and finally with hostility and contempt. This change can scarcely be ascribed to the great intellectual superiority of the young woman over the young girl who was almost a woman, since there is no evidence of any such superiority. George Eliot was singularly mature at a very early age, and the sudden change to which we have adverted was probably the result of an unconscious reaction, assisted by intimacies and companionships which introduced her to new views, and gave a new bent to her thoughts and feelings, at a time when her mind was peculiarly susceptible to their influence. In one respect, however, there was no change or mark of difference: always and at all times, in girlhood, in young womanhood, and in old age, intense earnestness, absolute absorption in her ideals, and inflexible devotion and entire surrender to her convictions, were characteristics of George Eliot.

Yet more interesting to the general reader are the opportunities which Mr. Cross's memoir gives us of enjoying George Eliot's inimitable descriptions of Weimar, its associations, and its memories of Goethe; of Geneva, Genoa, Rome, Naples, Florence, Berlin, and other Continental tarrying places, whither she resorted in her intervals of rest and recreation; of dallying over her crisp impressions and incisive opinions and criticisms of men and books and things, and noting their gradual mellowing as she gained years and experience; of being admitted behind the scenes of her social and daily life, and of accompanying her in her current readings, literary occupations, and zoological and philosophical excursions; and, above all, of sharing her inmost thoughts as she is engaged in the evolution of the masterly portraits, and the production of the absorbing scenes and incidents, that adorn her magnificent gallery of novels, poems, and romances.

THERE have been few pieces of biographical writing more satisfactory than Mrs. Custer's unpretentious little book called *Boots and Saddles*.[2] Much of the charm of the work is due to the writer's entire self-forgetfulness, her unusual absorption in another, her singular lack of self-consciousness.

It may be said, indeed, and with perfect truth, that Mrs. Custer is really unconscious of what she is doing, unaware of the great worth of her own work as a literary performance. With a modesty of that genuine sort which is the rarest of all things in literature, she mistakes her own purpose, and informs us that she has written for the sake of telling other women how camp life is conducted, what makeshifts are employed to bring something like comfort and grace into garrison homes, what domestic problems are set by circumstances for officers' wives to solve, and what devices they resort to in solving them. Doubtless all this constituted her only conscious object in writing, but, unknown to herself, another and much higher purpose crept into her mind and determined the result. The life she undertook to describe had its sun and centre for her in the personality of the hero who fell fighting in the battle of the Little Big Horn. He was the life of that life, its occasion, its motive, its central figure, and its sole source of interest for her. In recalling the circumstances of her residence in garrison and the memories of her experiences on the march she sees everything in its relation to him, and whatever she has to tell is told with reference to its capacity to illustrate his character, his ways, his personality. The book thus becomes in essence and in fact a biography, though it lacks the biographical form, and touches only a segment of its subject's life, and that not the segment to which a formal biographer would have given his attention chiefly. If we are right in thinking that the real function of biography is not to set the facts of a life in orderly array, but to reveal as completely as possible the character, the inner nature, the actual personality, of its subject, then this is biography in its best estate.

The manner of it is not literary. Almost every page bears witness to the author's lack of literary training and of the merely literary temper. The book is franker than any trained literary hand would or could have made it, and therein lie both its fascination and the secret of its worth.

Here a distinction of some nicety presents itself. It is not unusual for a biographer to hold his subject in unmeasured regard, to assume an attitude of hero-worship, and to devote his efforts from first to last to the one purpose of exalting the character of the person of whom he writes. But commonly such a purpose defeats itself; there are concealments, suppressions, perversions, and explanations intended to save the subject from all possible discredit, and these, being apparent, operate to modify the reader's judgment and to temper his ardor in accepting his author's opinions. In the present case there is no trace of anything of the kind. The author's faith in her subject's nobility and wisdom is so absolute and unquestioning that utter revelation is her supreme desire. Her confidence is complete that the most unreserved statement of whatever her hero did or said or thought or was must command admiration, and she therefore sets all forth lovingly, and with a degree of confident candor which is hardly to be matched elsewhere in the literature of biography. Nothing that her hero did was ignoble or unworthy or of doubtful propriety; nothing that pertains to him is, in her eyes, too trivial to be recorded; nothing needs suppression, apology, or explanation. She is willing and even eager that her readers shall know the hero of her admiration with the intimate particularity of her own acquaintance with him. She takes us absolutely into her confidence, and tells us freely all that she remembers, trusting us to receive the story with perfect sympathy, and with interest equal to her own.

We have here in actual fact what the novelist most strenuously endeavors to create by simulation, namely, a human life shown as it was lived, a human soul laid bare to our inspection.

Fortunately the subject of the biography was one who could endure such presentation. General Custer seems to have been truly a man of perfect simplicity and nobility of character, a man whose impulses were toward the right, whose strength to follow the lead of such impulses was great, and whose mind was most earnestly given to the conscientious discharge of every duty, to the daily and hourly cultivation of the good that was in his character, and to the suppression and eradication of whatever he deemed weak or unworthy. With great strength and robust vigor of mind and body he combined the utmost gentleness of spirit; with the sternest resolution in the discharge of every duty he united unusual tenderness and a truly extraordinary capacity for sympathy.

Hardly less remarkable than the biographical excellence of the work is its worth as an autobiography. If it reveals to us the man of whom the author is constantly thinking, it also reveals, though quite unconsciously, the woman who shared and illumined his life with the glory of a perfect and utterly unselfish devotion. The revelation is not one to be critically commented upon. We advert to it reverently as a feature of the book quite unintended by the author, and wholly outside the proper limits of critical analysis, but one which no appreciative reader can fail to recognize as a source of infinite fascination.

If it were possible to forget or overlook the charm that lies in the biographical and auto-

[2] *Boots and Saddles; or, Life in Dakota with General Custer.* By Mrs. ELIZABETH B. CUSTER. 12mo, pp. 312. New York: Harper and Brothers.

biographical aspects of the little book, it would be proper to commend it as a graphic and picturesque account of a woman's life in barracks, in camp, and on the march in our Northwestern Territories. It is in these respects all that it is meant to be, and if no other interest were in it, there would still be reason to read it with pleasure. But in its other aspects it rises so far above the level of mere picturesqueness that one easily forgets even to consider its qualities of that kind.

If we have made our meaning clear, it will be seen that the book impresses us as one of those rare, exceptional bits of work that, coming from a full heart and a perfectly sincere mind, far surpass in attractiveness and worth any possible result of merely intellectual effort. Such books owe nothing to literary art. They are expressions of nature, and their charm is almost wholly independent of the importance or unimportance of their themes. Those who have read Dr. John Brown's biography of a little girl will readily understand what we mean in saying this. Those who have not read that book will not have far to seek for our meaning when they shall have read Mrs. Custer's work.

Although unmistakable symptoms of that "goitre of egotism" which Emerson himself pronounced a prevalent ailment among certain of his followers and disciples are occasionally visible in some of the *Lectures on the Genius and Character of Emerson*[3] that were read in the special course of 1884 of the Concord School of Philosophy, and although several of the lecturers and essayists have been led into some extravagances of statement and appraisal by their fervid admiration of Emerson and their own self-complacency, there can be no debate as to the ability displayed by their authors, or as to the value of their contributions to our Emersonian literature. The lectures comprise personal recollections of Emerson, recalling some of his most characteristic traits and habits, outlines and analyses of his philosophic and religious methods and opinions, encomiastic and elegiac memorials in prose and verse, and comparative estimates of his rank as a thinker, a philosopher, and in literature generally. The range of the lectures is a wide one, and their literary execution is admirable.

Lady Jackson's new volume, *The Court of the Tuileries, from the Restoration to the Flight of Louis Philippe*,[4] admits us to closer and more familiar views than are afforded by the graver and more elaborate histories of the period, of Parisian and court life, and of French society in general, during the thirty-four feverish years that intervened between the overthrow of Napoleon and the entry of the Allies into Paris, and the flight of Louis Philippe and his family to England. Like her other compilations, *Old Paris* and *The Old Régime*, this later work, which is the complement of the others, leaves the severer paths of French history to professional or political historians, and is occupied with its lighter phases. From the larger histories, and from innumerable memoirs, recollections, letters, and diaries of distinguished personages, diplomates, men of letters, and others who were behind the scenes, and were familiar with the men and women who figured in politics and society, Lady Jackson has collected and grouped all the loose facts and floating gossip that throw light on the inner history of the times as reflected by the intrigues, ambitions, and rivalries of parties and individuals. The book abounds in racy anecdotes and entertaining reminiscences illustrative of public and private morals, and furnishes a key to the secret history of many important transactions which have been shrouded in mystery. Although it would have been impossible to give a picture of the French court and of society as represented in the salons and literary circles during the period described in her work without some allusion to the scandals that prevailed, Lady Jackson has exercised great discretion in her references to them, and while chronicling them with all the fullness that is necessary to show their influence upon men and events, she carefully tones down or suppresses whatever is indelicate or impure.

Under the title *The Land of Rip Van Winkle*,[5] those portions of the Highlands of the Hudson in and around the Catskills which have been invested with a haze of romance and made classic ground by the genius of Washington Irving are made the subject of a crisp and sparkling itinerary, in which the scene of Irving's inimitable legend and the adjacent hills and woods and waters are described with delicious minuteness by A. E. P. Searing, and are illustrated by more than fifty fine engravings by Ernest Heinemann, from spirited designs by Joseph Lauber and Charles Volkmar. The legends and traditions associated with this romantic region are gracefully revived and retold, and its dreamy nooks and glades, its weird or fantastic or secluded haunts, its wilderness of rock and forest and mountain, and its panoramic landscapes, are reproduced in pictures of great artistic excellence. The volume is a superb quarto, printed on heavy paper of perfect texture, and elegantly bound.

[3] *The Genius and Character of Emerson.* Lectures at the Concord School of Philosophy. Edited by F. B. Sanborn. 12mo, pp. 447. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[4] *The Court of the Tuileries, from the Restoration to the Flight of Louis Philippe.* By Catherine Charlotte, Lady Jackson. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 77. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *The Land of Rip Van Winkle.* A Tour through the Romantic Parts of the Catskills. Its Legends and Traditions. By A. E. P. Searing. With Illustrations. 4to, pp. 147. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE author of *The Wearing of the Green*[6] has the knack of blending romance and reality, love and Irish politics, in agreeable proportions. The heroine of his spirited tale is one of those charming creations with which we have been made familiar by the best Irish story-tellers—probably because they truly represent a prevalent type—who are at once bright and unsophisticated, vivacious and pensive, fearing no evil because thinking none, frank, courageous, a little hoydenish, or perhaps we should say audacious, and withal true gentlewomen, albeit they are ignorant or careless of the conventional proprieties by which polite society is ruled as with a rod of iron. Of course, as is the case with the generality of novels of Irish life, this captivating maiden is the only child of a decayed Irish gentleman, whose ancestral possessions have shrunk into exceedingly small proportions, their sole remnant being the dilapidated "Castle Rackrent" of his fathers, in which he, his sunbeam of a daughter, and a few faithful family servitors reside, and manage to dispense an open-handed hospitality quite disproportionate to their slender means. Of course, also, there is an accidental and very piquant meeting between the heroine and an educated and well-bred English tourist, who is smitten with her beauty and *naïf* simplicity, and falls in love with her on sight. Of course, once more, the country is in its usual state of chronic unrest caused by evictions for rent and other staple grievances; the peasantry, rendered desperate by their real distress and their real or imaginary wrongs, resort to the favorite national remedy of shooting down the landlords, their agents, and sympathizers; and having been mistaken for one or the other of these, the tourist is singled out as a victim, but his life is saved, at the risk of her own, by the courage and presence of mind of the heroine. This raises his passion to fever-heat, although its subject is unconscious of it, and has already given her heart to a life-long comrade, a gifted young Irish agitator, who contemns the cowardly and atrocious methods of his compatriots, and is devoting his talents and energies to the cause of Irish nationality by worthier methods, in which he has the hearty sympathy of his sweetheart. Unpleasant and dangerous complications, involving the safety of the heroine and her father, ensue in consequence of the service she had rendered the young Englishman, and in gratitude to her, as well as to take her out of harm's way till the storm blows over, he persuades the father and daughter to pay a visit to his family in England. The author's description of this visit is highly entertaining, and comprises a graphic statement of the gross misapprehensions that prevail in England among the wealthy middle class respecting the grievances and the character of Irishmen. The visitors return home, after some comic and some semi-tragical experiences, with no pleasant impressions of England and its people, and with an increased love for Ireland with all its faults; and on reaching Ireland new trials and perplexities await them as the result of a new crop of Irish murders and outrages, in which the heroine's Irish lover is wrongfully implicated, and he barely escapes the hangman by exonerating testimony produced at the last and critical moment. The tale is one of sustained and varied interest, and in a series of ingeniously interwoven episodes presents a striking view of the present social and political state of Ireland and its unhappy people.

THE old and favorite theme with novelists, of a change of children in the cradle and the consequences that it entails, has rarely been as skillfully and agreeably handled as it is by Mr. Compton Reade in his vigorous romance, *Under which King?*[7] At the outset of the story Mr. Reade lets us sufficiently into the secret to enable us to detect, or at least to strongly suspect, the substitution of the child of a sturdy peasant and day-laborer for that of a baronet of finer fibre and more delicate mould, while all the parties interested, except the immediate actors in the fraud, are held in ignorance of it; and he manages his narrative so cleverly that our enjoyment of the spirited drama that ensues is in no wise abated by our partial knowledge of the transaction, or by the fact that we hold the clew to the labyrinth of cross-purposes and entanglements that result from it. Of all the involvements of interest and affection, and of all the social and family incidents and vicissitudes that belong to such a situation, Mr. Reade has made the most in his bright and changeful story; but aside from the entertainment of his reader, which as a true artist he has undoubtedly had in mind while tracing these to their consummation, he has also had the more serious purpose in view of exhibiting, in the persons of the two changelings, the influence of heredity on the one hand, and of education, training, and social habitudes on the other, upon character, manners, and physical conditions. The changeling who was the rightful son of the aristocrat, though brought up among rude and uncultured peasants, like his father is of a finer fibre, physically and intellectually, than they, and he is the possessor of latent tastes, talents, and qualifications to which they are strangers, and which strongly differentiates him from them, while at the same time, under the contagion of their example and associations, he contracts tastes, manners, habits, and modes of thought and action which belong to the class into which he has been transplanted. On the other hand, the son of Hodge,

[6] *The Wearing of the Green.* A Novel. By BASIL. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 73. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *Under which King?* A Novel. By COMPTON READE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 89. New York: Harper and Brothers.

brought up in an atmosphere of culture, refinement, and elegant leisure, while retaining the sturdy and athletic form, the moderate abilities, the simple ways and tastes, and the coarser nature generally of his peasant father, is transformed by his surroundings into a very genuine but truly lovable aristocrat, with all the conventional ideas, tastes, aversions, and prejudices of the class into which he had been thrust. The character of the two men, as unfolded under the counteracting influences severally of education and associations, and of ever-present hereditary forces, is brilliantly discriminated. The story abounds in sparkling episodes and dramatic incidents, which are disposed with telling effect.

Dr. Hammond is earning a conspicuous place among our American novelists, as well by the rapidity with which he writes as by the ability with which he portrays anomalous mental states and conditions. His new novel, *Doctor Grattan*,[8] ministers to the curiosity and entertainment of the reader, while putting him in possession of some highly interesting information derived from the author's professional experience. Its scene is laid at the foot of the Adirondacks, fine descriptions of which, and of the forest and village life in and around them, are given in the course of the narrative. As the story unfolds, close and very charming glimpses are given of the household life and the frank and loving comradeship of Doctor Grattan and his energetic and beautiful daughter, who soon become prominent actors in the drama, but toward whom we are drawn with a feeling of cordial interest even before we are invited to witness the incidents and companionships that later on introduced new influences into their secluded lives, and invested them with a glamour of mystery and romance. The story embodies two cleverly developed love stories, which are told with great straightforwardness and refreshing freedom from tantalizing eventualities. But the special and peculiar interest of the tale does not reside in its fine descriptions or its drama of love. Rather is it to be found in its delineation of a curious form of mental aberration as exhibited in the person of one of its chief actors, under the operation of which he becomes a victim to morbidly recurrent hallucinations of sight, hearing, and perception, so that while generally retaining his mental sanity, he fancies himself to be another man whom he had never seen, and changes his identity so completely as to ascribe to himself with the utmost circumstantiality and perfect sanity of manner and statement the shameful and criminal deeds of the other, and, in obedience to an imaginary sentiment of remorse, assumes all their terrible responsibilities.

[8] *Doctor Grattan.* A Novel. By William A. Hammond. 12mo, pp. 417. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

The art and mystery of racing stables and the race-course in England, the devious and often underhand and flagitious ways of owners and professional trainers of horses, the training, functions, and methods of celebrated jockeys, and the dishonorable tricks and stratagems by which a horse is made to win or lose a race, are set forth by Mr. Hawley Smart in his racing romance, *From Post to Finish*,[9] with a fullness and particularity, as well as with a spirit and vivacity, that will be highly attractive to those who are wont to surrender themselves to the fascinations of the turf, while those whose tastes do not lie in the direction of that favorite but debatable diversion will find ample entertainment in its animated descriptions of English rural and village society and its checkered love romance. To most readers the special interest of the story will be found to reside in its engaging delineation of the career of its hero, a well-born and high-minded young squire, whose father had been ruined and his life shortened by the perfidy of some racing sharpers. One of these was a professional trainer, with whose beautiful, sensible, thoroughly practical, and, despite her parentage, really refined daughter, the hero is ardently in love. Reduced to penury by the ruin and death of his father, his education incomplete, being master of no occupation, and with his carefully nurtured mother and sister dependent upon his exertions, the young hero—for he is scarcely more than a lad—by the advice of his *inamorata*, takes advantage of his remarkable skill in horsemanship to become a jockey, and, without the knowledge of his mother and sister, sinks his birth and standing, and under an assumed name goes through the necessary training, soon becomes the most successful and most incorruptible jockey in England, and by his large earnings is enabled to maintain his mother and sister in comparative luxury, and to rescue the family home and possessions. Finally his identity is discovered by some old friends and social intimates of his father, and he resumes his rightful position in society. Throughout all his vicissitudes of hard and good fortune he maintains his loyalty to the true-hearted and practical trainer's daughter—for steadfastness and loyalty are two of his most conspicuous virtues—and despite the moans of his aristocratic sister, who at length yields to what she can not avert, the twain become one, and are as happy as they deserve to be.

Old "sea-dogs" of every degree, from the forecastle to the quarter-deck, are proverbial for their story-telling prowess. To "spin a yarn" comes as natural to the genuine tar, when off duty and engaged in overhauling the log of his memory, as to grapple fearlessly with the dangerous realities of wind and wave when

[9] *From Post to Finish.* A Racing Romance. By Hawley Smart. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 82. New York: Harper and Brothers.

duty calls. Admiral Porter has exercised this sailorly faculty in true sailor fashion in the production of a romance entitled *Allen Dare and Robert le Diable*,[10] which has few rivals in modern fiction for the surprising turns and astounding incidents of its narrative, and none for the magnitude of its dimensions. Its nearly nine hundred pages teem with doings and adventures that border on the marvellous. Its heroes—who are almost invariably superlatively good or evil—are prodigies of strength and models of manly beauty in its grandest proportions, and they are so liberally endowed with physical and intellectual resources that, under a variety of disguises so cleverly devised as to baffle detection, they perform the most amazing feats without apparent effort, easily extricate themselves from the gravest dangers and the most complicated difficulties, and as easily penetrate the most inscrutable plots, and expose and defeat the most successful iniquities. Its heroines, although rather more commonplace than its heroes, are in the main of the same superlative order. The romance is interesting as the maiden effort with the pen, in the department of fiction, of a naval hero whose gallant deeds will ever be held in grateful remembrance by his fellow-countrymen.

The hero of Mr. Payn's new novel, *The Talk of the Town*,[11] is a second Chatterton in all save his original genius; and it is evident that his character and career have been modelled after those of the "marvellous boy.....that perished in his pride." The reputed son of a zealous but shallow and credulous black-letter antiquarian, and in love with and beloved in return by the virtuoso's favorite and beautiful niece, he is disliked and despised by the old man for his lack of antiquarian taste and knowledge, and is tacitly disowned by him. To win the old man's favor and cheat him into an approval of his suit for the niece, the young fellow bethinks himself, as an expedient, to play upon his putative father's hobby as an antiquarian, and sets himself to counterfeit, and presents to the old gentleman as an authentic original, an autograph signature of Shakespeare, which he had fabricated, but pretended to have found by accident among the manuscript collections of an imaginary patron who had employed him to classify and arrange his books and papers. The ruse succeeded so admirably, so thoroughly delighted the old man, and so completely won his favor and approbation for the clever counterfeiter, that the latter was led on step by step, at the outset seldom and with great caution, but, as he became expert, with greater frequency and boldness, to produce still other fabrications, first of other autograph signatures, then of omitted or supplemental passages and emendations of some of Shakespeare's plays in the poet's own handwriting, and then, as his success and the credulity of the old man and his brother antiquarians gave him confidence in himself, of entire scenes and acts, and finally of a complete hitherto undiscovered play by Shakespeare, which he pretended to have found in the same imaginary collection. The excitement that ensued among black-letter collectors and Shakespearean scholars, critics, and pundits—among whom Malone and other doughty antiquarians and commentators figure conspicuously—their investigations, comparison of documents, debates, squabbles, and crusty animadversions upon each other, until the authenticity of the newly discovered manuscripts is generally admitted, and all the doubters save Malone are silenced, are portrayed with inimitable gravity and humor and with rare scholarship, until at length, after the young man had been generally trumpeted as a veritable discoverer to whom all gratitude was due, and had become "the talk of the town," and indeed of all England, the bubble bursts—the manuscripts are conclusively shown to be more or less ingenious counterfeits, the genius that was discerned in them is pronounced mere fustian and bombast, and the young fellow's life goes out in ignominy and disgrace. The story, though one of the briefest, is one of the best of Mr. Payn's sparkling romances.

In the number of this Magazine for June last the attention of our readers was invited to *The Virginia Cookery Book*,[12] compiled by Mrs. Mary Stuart Smith, of Virginia, then recently published in the "Franklin Square Library." Since then the economical and gustatory value of this excellent compilation of family recipes has been satisfactorily tested, and is so cordially and generally recognized as to warrant a new edition in a more permanent and convenient form. The opportunity of the publication of this new edition has been availed of by Mrs. Smith for the introduction in the body of the book of some approved recipes that were not given in the first edition, and for the addition of two new chapters, comprising a number of recipes designed especially to suit the simple or difficult tastes of the sick and to meet the wants of a sick-room. A useful and convenient feature of the new edition is an appendix of twenty blank pages for jotting down such recipes as may from time to time come to the knowledge of housewives and approve themselves to their judgment.

[10] *Allen Dare and Robert le Diable.* A Romance. By Admiral Porter. With Illustrations by Alfred Fredericks. In Nine Parts. 8vo, pp. 876. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[11] *The Talk of the Town.* A Novel. By James Payn. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 48. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[12] *The Virginia Cookery Book.* Compiled by Mary Stuart Smith. 16mo, pp. 352. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 17th of February.—The electoral votes were opened and counted in Congress, and the election of Cleveland and Hendricks was formally declared, February 11.

Apropos of the dynamite outrages in London, the United States Senate, January 26, on motion of Mr. Bayard, passed a resolution expressing horror and detestation of such crimes against civilization. There was but one negative vote, that of Mr. Riddleberger.—Senator Edmunds introduced a bill providing for the punishment of any one engaged in the manufacture, sale, or conveyance of explosive compounds with intent to destroy life and property in this or any foreign country.

The Senate, February 4, substituted the Cullom inter-State commerce bill for the Reagan bill, and passed it by a vote of 43 to 12.

The following appropriation bills passed the Senate: Consular and Diplomatic, February 6; Pensions, February 10; Army, February 12; Indian, February 16. The Legislative Appropriation Bill passed the House February 17.

The bill for the retirement of General Grant failed, February 16, to receive the two-third vote in the House necessary for its consideration.

The House refused, January 27, to take up the Mexican treaty bill; and the Senate, January 29, refused to ratify the Nicaraguan treaty.

The following United States Senators were elected: William M. Evarts, New York; Orville H. Platt, Connecticut; Wilkinson Call, Florida; Henry M. Teller, Colorado; J. D. Cameron, Pennsylvania; George G. Vest, Missouri; John K. Jones, Arkansas.

The decrease of the United States public debt during January was $9,420,046.

O'Donovan Rossa was shot in New York, at the corner of Chambers Street and Broadway, February 2, by an English woman named Yseult Dudley.

Lord Rosebery has been appointed Lord Privy Seal.

An attempt was made in London, on the afternoon of January 24, to blow up the Houses of Parliament and the Tower with dynamite. There were three explosions. The first was in the crypt of Westminster Hall; the second, three minutes later, was under the Peers' Gallery of the House of Commons. The western extremity of the House was totally wrecked. At Westminster Hall four persons were badly injured, including two policemen. One-half of the hall was wrecked. Almost simultaneously with these explosions a third occurred in the Tower of London. The place was filled with visitors. The explosive was placed in the inmost structure, known as the White Tower. The report was terrific, and was heard for miles along the Thames. Sixteen persons, including a number of children, were injured. The damage to the Tower itself was not very great.

England and Italy have signed a treaty providing that Italy shall occupy the territory from Massowah south to Obok, a distance of some three hundred miles. England also agrees to support Italy's occupation of Tripoli, should the question arise, and will favor the creation of an Italian colony in West Africa.

The French Senatorial elections, held January 25, resulted in the return of sixty-seven Republicans and twenty Conservatives—a gain for the former of twenty-two seats.

Two notable events in the Egyptian war occurred during the month—the defeat of the rebels near Metemneh, January 17, and the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Burnaby; and the fall of Khartoom, January 26, and the death of General Gordon.

A severe anti-Socialist law was introduced in the Austro-Hungarian Reichsrath. It forbids the formation of clubs; provides for government control of charitable societies in order to prevent the covering up of Socialist plots; empowers the authorities to forbid any public meeting, and to confiscate Socialist pamphlets, whether printed in Austria or abroad. The last clause of the bill provides that persons accused of Socialistic offenses shall be tried without jury. The act is to remain in force five years. The Explosives Bill, also introduced, allows punishment by death where culprits could foresee the fatal effect of their deeds.

DISASTERS.

January 20.—Many villages in Italy and France devastated by avalanches, with great loss of life.

January 30.—Forty passengers killed by the falling of a railroad train through a bridge, near Sydney, New South Wales.

February 10.—Thirteen men killed by explosion at the Vale Colliery, Nova Scotia.

February 12.—Sixteen lunatics burned to death in a Philadelphia almshouse.

OBITUARY.

January 18.—In Newburgh, N. Y., Charles Downing, pomologist, aged eighty-three years.

January 22.—In New York, ex-Mayor C. Godfrey Gunther, aged sixty-three years.

January 25.—In St. Andrews, Canada, Thomas C. Fields, aged fifty years.

February 1.—In Camden, South Carolina, General James Chestnut, ex-United States Senator, aged seventy.

February 10.—In New York, Hon. Samuel G. Courtney, ex-United States District Attorney, in his sixtieth year.

February 15.—In New York, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, in his fifty-third year.

Editor's Drawer.

THE Drawer congratulates those of its readers who are alive in this latitude upon the end of the sheer struggle for existence this year. It is the great advantage of a large circulation—and it is confessed with frankness—that the Magazine has readers the year round. It needs a vigorous circulation to keep the body warm; and the larger the body is, the more need of an active circulation. But granted all the activity possible, in the case of this Magazine, it is doubtful how many readers the Drawer could keep alive in the winter months in this latitude by the mere force of its circulation. There are so many influences against it. And while the Drawer is naturally partial to those of its readers who pull through—who came, perhaps, to laugh in December, and remain to weep in April—it nevertheless has a feeling of security in an audience, in having a circulation through all the longitudes and most of the latitudes of the globe.

A great deal has been said about the effect of climate upon intellect, and not much of the effect of intellect upon climate, or, to be more exact, of the power in mental activity to resist or control climatic influences. Some philosophers have held that there is an occult sympathy between mind and matter, and that a great accumulation of mind upon one point—that is to say, the direction of a strong current of desire for or against some operation of nature—would be effective. For instance, if all the people in a wide district suffering under drought should unite in a common longing, a sincere mental struggle, for rain, that nature would feel the subtle influence through all its being, and rain would come. Unfortunately the experiment has never been tried, for common consent at any moment never has been attained—there is always somebody who has hay out.

But this at least we can say, that it is safer to have the desire of the general mind in the right direction. Now two of the vulgar notions of this latitude are that we need "bracing up," and that snow is a useful product, consequently that the more severe cold weather we have and the more snow, the better off we are. And people go on believing this to their deaths every year. As to snow, there is a sentimental notion of its beauty as well as of its utility. And a good deal can be said for it from an artistic point of view. But we are not placed in this stern world merely to indulge our sensuousness. We are put here to make the most of our powers, in view of a hereafter; and long life is a duty, besides being, in the Old Testament view, a reward of virtue. It is probably necessary to have snow at the poles in order to keep the poles cool, and insure a proper circulation and change of air round the globe, just as it is necessary to keep the equator so hot that it is as unpleasant to sit on it as on a kitchen stove. Snow, indeed, might do little harm in a land where the sun never shone. But in this region, where the sun does shine, where half the winter days are clear, the only effect of the presence of snow is to fill the atmosphere with chilling moisture, lung fever, pneumonia, and that sort of thing. The pleasanter the weather, the more sunshine we have, with snow on the ground, the worse is our condition. And yet it is in vain to argue this with people. They are wedded to traditional ideas and full of prejudice, and it seems impossible to convince them that snow in this region is harmful. It does no good to demonstrate to them that but for snow we should have a royal winter climate. On a small scale we see occasionally what it might be. There were such days in January last. The snow had disappeared, the sun shone with the light but not the heat (like an electric lamp) of May, and the air was pure, exhilarating, but not damp and grave-like. It would have been perfect but for the chill that came down from the vast snow-fields of Canada, where cold and snow are worshipped and fêted all winter. And yet, after such experience, people, convinced, go back to snow. The ignorance of this scientific age is discouraging.

The other vulgar notion is that a hand-to-hand struggle with extreme cold for months does a person good—braces him up. It must be admitted that up to a certain point any struggle or trial is invigorating to the moral and intellectual nature. But we see what too much indulgence in this leads to. The Esquiman is but little raised above the polar bear and the seal. His whole existence is just an effort to keep alive, to get blubber and skins enough to generate and keep in his body vital heat. He can think of nothing else; he has room for no other mental effort. We see the same thing in the diaries and accounts of the polar exploration fanatics. It would be the most painful reading in the world if it were not so monotonous. Each one tells exactly the same story—the story of his physical struggle to keep alive with the thermometer fifty degrees below zero. Soon the mind has no other occupation than this struggle. It almost ceases to work in any other direction. This is interesting to us at first as a study of the capacity of the human organism to resist the unrestrained attacks of nature. The experience of a person who should in this latitude, in winter, retire to an ice-house, with a hatchet and a supply of frozen hash, a whale-oil lamp, and a fur overcoat and body-bag, and sit on the ice in the darkness, and record his feelings, the gradual lowering of the vital powers, the concentration of the mind upon the numbness of his legs, would doubtless have a physiological interest. But the second experimenter would

not interest his readers so much as the first with his narrative.

It is perfectly evident that the extreme winter cold of this latitude drains vitality, exposes the strained frame to disease, and is an ill preparation for the sardonic attacks of what we call spring, and especially for the onset of the hot summer. The body "braced up" to endurance! It is worn out and weakened by the awful physical struggle during four or five months of the year, and in no condition to meet the perils of the cucumber and green-apple season. In order to merely sustain life in this frigid period people are compelled to stuff themselves as they do their house furnaces, to heat their houses to a withering temperature —a heat that dislocates furniture, dries the natural oil out of the hair, makes the bones brittle and the muscles tender—to resort to inflaming liquors, in short, to be intemperate in every way. There is no such thing as moderation—zero out-of-doors, eighty degrees inside, with all the vitality burned out of the atmosphere, artificially armed with heavy food and spirits. The house furnace gets clogged by spring, and so does the human furnace, run at such a high pressure. And still people wonder that they die off so in the spring after all this bracing up.

The notion is equally delusive that this bracing conduces to intellectual activity. A moderate climatic stimulation is perhaps beneficial to some natures. But let us look at the matter rationally. Take the Dominion of Canada, not by way of fault-finding or criticism, but as an illustration. There are no nobler or more hospitable people in the world than the Canadians, none who more heartily enjoy physical life perhaps, although they are in a fight all the time for life, and know nothing of that calm existence in extremely temperate climates where the pleasing throb of life is felt all through the body and mind in a delicious sense of being without effort. But what is the intellectual product of Canada? Canada is as old as the United States. What is its annual contribution to the intellectual stir of the world in the way of books or ideas? The race is certainly as capable as the old stock at home, and, besides, it has a delightful mingling of Gallic genius and *esprit*. We should expect from Canada a literature with the best qualities of the two parent stocks. There can be nothing in the way of this result but the eccentricity of the thermometer. The social qualities are charmingly developed by the necessities of the situation. People must flock together to keep warm. Montreal is as gay in the winter as St. Petersburg, and for the same reason. Every energy is bent and employed to keep up the circulation. A man doesn't stop to write books and dream out delightful essays when the thermometer is twenty degrees below zero. Society must keep in motion. Skating, tobogganing, driving, snow-shoeing, dancing, vigorous attacks on ice palaces, incessant physical movement—these are the necessities of the temperature.

And what do we see in New York and Boston and the other large Northern cities? Is the winter a time of great intellectual activity in society? Doubtless it is the temperature that sets people dancing and ball-ing, and tea-ing and receiving, and keeps up that mad movement that goes faster and faster as the days begin to lengthen and the cold begins to strengthen, whirling along in a wilder gallop and a break-neck race till, like a runaway team, it is precipitated, exhausted, all in a heap, against the snubbing-post of Ash-Wednesday, and scatters its *disjecta membra* over the plains of Lent.

Well, let us be thankful "that April with his shoures sote" is at hand.

When we are getting into a feeling of complacency as to the general diffusion of education in this country, why will any one disturb us by an account of the fashionable lady who had just come into a fortune and set up for an authority, who talked about her set of "real chinchilla laces," and who accepted with warmth an invitation to go and see *Hamlet* at the theatre, because she "had seen about all of Shakespeare's plays, but had never seen one of Hamlet's"? or the verdict of a coroner's jury on Long Island: "Cause of deth from the effects of old wounds and old ague, including the shortliness of breth"? These things do not interest us.

THE END OF SIR COYOTE.

A famous fellow was Sir Coyote,
Brimful of pluck and chivalry;
A regular four-legged knight was he,
The quadrupedal peer of Don Quixote.
This doughty knight of the silver crest,
What wonders he wrought in the far wild West!

Strange that great ones must totter and fall—
Wolseys, Napoleons, Coyotes, and all;
But it's true
That they do,
And small folk can't help it.
Well,
To the tale the Cahroes tell:

Sir Coyote, successful from birth,
At length became such a puff
There was not room enough
For him on this little earth—
A wolf of his size
Must move to the skies.

Now each night came a star
Not so very far
From the hill-top Coyote was wont to sit on,
And a very cute plan his Bigness hit on.
Never chap had a better chance.
Instanter he made up his mind for a dance
With the golden-robed lady.
"To-morrow night," said he,
"I'll hail her right here by this tree,
And, everything ready,
Forever quit of the vulgar ground,
I'll be at her side in a single bound."

But the keenest earthly craft
May fail in the heavens. The star,
Holding her course afar,

Only twinkled a little, and laughed
At Coyote's proposal; that's all
The attention she paid to his call.

Now the knight of the silver crest
Swelled so the buttons flew off his vest.
"Ha! lady," quoth he,
"You defy me. We'll see,"
And he began to bark.

Thereafter every night,
As soon as 'twas dark,
With all his might and main,
Coyote began again.
Bark! bark! bark! *bark!*
Never was heard such a racket.
It's a wonder the rascal's jacket
Staid on him at all. The little star,
Shy as our timidest maidens are,
Poor thing! she was so dazed and distracted
By the shameful manner in which he acted,
That to end the matter she promised him square
To lead him next night a dance in the air.

Coyote, tricked out in his Sunday best,
Was prompt in his place on the peak in the West;
Thence, when the star came up on her round,
He gave a most prodigious bound,
And rearing upright in a manner grand,
Courtly took hold of the lady's hand.

Then for it! Tripping and prancing,
Away they went, dancing
Light as a feather,
The star and the wolf together.
Far, far, far
Spun the wolf and the star;
Into the dim, still sky
Whirled up so high
That the Klamath, winding slow,
Lay, miles and miles below,
Like a slack bowstring,
Dwindled almost to nothing;
The valleys looked narrow as threads,
And the Cahroc camps mere arrow-heads.

Higher and higher the dancers flew.
Oh, how cold, bitter cold, it grew!
Stiffer and stiffer Coyote's knees,
His hands so numb he could hardly hold.
Cold, cold, oh, bitter cold!
Unless there came change of weather,
No help for him—he must freeze.

"Sir Lupus! Sir Lupus! we've not come far;
Cheer up; spin on," cried the rollicking star.
"Never did fairies foot neater together.
Sir Lupus! Sir Lupus! look to your knees;
If you love me, Sir Lupus, I pray you don't freeze."

Faster and faster, on and on,
Went the two,
Skipping and dancing,
Tripping and prancing,
Up the blue,
Till Coyote's last hope was gone.
Cold, oh, so aching cold!
Frozen from tip of nose
To tips of fingers and toes,
At length he lost his hold.

Then— What then?
Back to the earth again.
How far it was no one can tell,
But ten long snows Sir Lupus fell—
A thousand times farther than th' angel in Milton;
And when found, near the spot he was spilt on,
Sir Coyote lay flat
As a willow mat.

It's rather unsafe to dance with a star,
For coyotes or you, sir, whoever you are.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

WELLINGTON'S FRENCH COOK.

ONE autumn evening many years ago, in one of the more secluded rooms at Strathfieldsaye (the Duke of Wellington's country house), a very strange scene was being enacted. A tall, thin, sallow, black-haired man was striding fiercely to and fro, rolling his eyes, clinching his teeth, flourishing his hands about, tugging frantically every now and then at his long hair, and making gestures of anguish and despair worthy of any tragic hero in Shakespeare. Indeed, he might well have been taken for a tragedian rehearsing his part; but if so, he was rehearsing it rather expensively, for his superb white shirt frill was hanging in tatters, and his gold-rimmed eyeglass, flung down and stamped upon in fury, lay strewn in fragments over the carpet.

"Jamais! jamais! nevare!" howled he, in a queer jumble of French and English. "C'est trop fort! it is too moch—too moch! Allons, vite, vite, from dis place away! I lose ze reason if I sall stay here!"

And the speaker gave a groan that might have broken the heart of a paving-stone.

"Why, Monsieur Bonplat, what's the matter?" said a deep voice from the doorway, in which, as in a picture-frame, appeared the square, thick-set figure, hard, weather-beaten face, and iron-gray mustache of old General H——, one of Wellington's ablest commanders.

"Ze mattaire?" echoed the French cook (for such he was), with an intensity of irony to which no words can do justice. "Dis is ze mattaire, M. le Général: it must be dat I go instantly ont from dis house or I sall go mad, and bark, and bite, and com-mit murdaire!"

"That would be a pity," remarked the old soldier, with perfect gravity, although he was inwardly choking with suppressed laughter. "But are you really thinking of going already? Why, you've only been in the house a week."

"A veek?" yelled the Frenchman, capering about like a scalded monkey. "An age—a century—an eternity of suffering! Ah, tonner-r-r-re!"

And he rolled and rumbled the word till it sounded like the thunder which it implied.

"Well, M. Bonplat, without wishing to be inquisitive, I should be glad to hear your grief," said the General, as gravely as ever, although the mischievous twinkle in his eye showed that he expected some fun. "It must be terrible indeed to move a man like *you!*"

"Écontez, done—listen!" said the cook, in a hollow whisper that would have befitted the confession of a bloody and barbarous murder. "Ze day dat I enter-ed ze household of his Grace ze Duc de Vellainton" (the sarcastic emphasis of these last words fairly set General H——'s teeth on edge) "I come and say to him, vid all ze solemnity befitting so important a question, 'Vat vill your Grace please to have for dinnair dis day?' And he answer me (it is so true as I do stand here), 'Oh, any-

thing, anything!' No reflection, no reverence for ze sublime science of cooking—none, none!"

"How dreadful!" shuddered General H——, with an affectation of horror worthy of Garrick in *Hamlet*.

"My heart boil-ed vidin me," pursued M. Bonplat; "but I restrained mine r-rage. I said to myself, 'I vill be merciful; I vill give him yet one more chance.' Day after day I put ze great question to dis man vidout soul, and *vat* vas his answer? 'Oh, same as yesterday—same as yesterday!' And dis day—dis ve-ree day," he added, raising his voice to a perfect screech, "ven I ask him vonce more, he reply quite short, 'Oh, what you like; I never know what I put in my month!' *Figurez-vous cela, mon Dieu!* That I—*I*, Xavier François Auguste Napoleon Bonaparte Bonplat, should cook for one who know not what he put in his month!"

Here the orator became incoherent from excess of emotion.

"A hard case, truly, my dear M. Bonplat," said the General, sympathetically; "but remember how many other great geninses have been neglected and persecuted before you. What was the fate of Galileo the astronomer, Columbus the discoverer, Tasso the poet? Yet *their* art was sufficient for them; surely yours is sufficient for *you!*"

A faint smile dawned upon the Frenchman's convulsed features.

"Is the genius of a Bonplat to be lost to the great science of cookery," resumed H——, with enthusiasm, "because one man is blind to it? It is as if your countryman, the great Molière, had ceased to write comedies because one man failed to enjoy them. Moreover, the Duke has hitherto dined alone; but to-morrow the house will be full of guests, all warm admirers of your wonderful skill. Will you punish so many for the fault of one unfortunate who has been denied the happiness of appreciating your great works? You have been deeply injured, it is true; but show yourself a brave Frenchman, and pardon the Duke his offense."

"Ah, M. le Général!" cried the cook, springing forward as if some one had stuck a pin into him, "you have conquered. I vill be magnanimous; I vill pardon all to le Duc; I vill keep my place!"

And he did so.

DAVID KER.

A NUMBER of years ago Mark Twain delivered a lecture at Mattoon, Illinois, in a public hall that had a hall above it that was used by a secret order, and during the lecture there was frequent noise from above, as if some one was being taken into the lodge with a good deal of fun, so much so that it disturbed the lecturer very much. Just before the close of the lecture Mark Twain said that he had lectured in school-houses, churches, theatres, and opera-houses, but he believed this was the first time that he had ever lectured in a livery-stable where they kept the horses overhead.

THINGS said and done malapropos are sometimes very amusing. Here is an example:

On a certain charge of one of the Methodist Conferences in the Valley of Virginia there was a change of preachers. The newly appointed preacher's name was Wolf. His predecessor was a serious, solemn man, who could scarcely appreciate a joke when made, much less be guilty of perpetrating one.

This preacher was present with the Presiding Elder of the district at the first quarterly meeting. The P. E. requested him to close the morning service on Saturday in the usual way. Taking the hymn-book, the preacher looked rather hurriedly for a hymn, and read, with a solemn air:

> Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,
> To Thee for help we fly:
> The little flock in safety keep,
> For, oh! the *wolf* is nigh.
>
> It comes, of hellish malice full,
> To scatter, tear, and slay;
> It seizes every straggling soul
> As his own lawful prey.

The preacher, absorbed in his reading, never noticed the amused smile that lighted up every face in the congregation.

THE Rev. Mr. ——, now a member of the California Conference, began his ministerial career in Iowa. He there preached at three different places each Sunday, which gave him twenty odd miles' travelling. He rode horseback at first, but finding his mare too light to easily carry his weight, he purchased a road sulky, and, much to his comfort, discovered that his horse possessed considerable speed. One Sunday, while going from one church to another, he overtook a man, also in a sulky, driving a fine animal. As our friend was in a hurry he passed the stranger, who kept close behind him until a long stretch of good road was reached; then he heard his fellow-traveller urging his horse, and before he knew it he was taking part in a spirited heat, in which the stranger came off second best. On reaching a bit of rough road both slowed up, and the stranger sung out:

"That's a good mare you've got, my friend. Does she belong to you?"

"No," replied Mr. ——; "she belongs to my Master."

"Who's he?"

"The Lord," was the response.

"Then I guess you don't trot her much."

"Oh yes, I do."

"What do you trot her against?"

Mr. —— replied, very solemnly, "The devil."

"Um!—um! I guess you get beat pretty often, then."

"Well," said Mr. ——, "I rather think I'm ahead of him *now*."

Mr. —— afterward ascertained that his adversary was the most violent infidel in the neighborhood.

SPRING BLOSSOMS.
From a drawing by Howard Pyle.

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ESPAÑOLA AND ITS ENVIRONS.

I HARDLY know how we came to spend so much time in Española. Our original intention in starting for New Mexico had been to settle in Santa Fe. But all our plans were elastic ones, and we had taken with us an artistic compass whose needle, exquisitely sensitive to beauty, was liable to switch us off at any point on the route. It had already made our course a rather devious one, and I suppose that it only is to be held responsible for stranding us eventually in the out-of-the-way little corner known as Española.

This baby city lies in the beautiful valley of the Rio Grande, in the midst of a cluster of hoary old Spanish towns and Indian pueblos. It is thirty miles north of Santa Fe, about sixty miles south of the Colorado State line, and is the southernmost point reached by the Denver and Rio Grande Railway. Eleanor and I boarded this adventurous little narrow-gauge at Pueblo, on the Arkansas River, at 1 o'clock A. M. We were pulled and jerked up over the Rockies in the darkness, and descending the western slope just as dawn was breaking, we traversed the beautiful San Luis Park to Alamosa. From this point we moved southward all day, in full view of the snowy peaks of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. The country was weird and Dantesque in the extreme. Leagues upon leagues of wild volcanic débris and weary stretches of arid alkali plains monopolized the landscape.

But all this desolation only served (like one of Wagner's tremendous discords) to emphasize the beauties that were to come, when the pigmy train, plunging recklessly down a wild cañon, entered the valley of the Rio Grande. The wide and lovely lowlands were redolent with the odor of blooming orchards. The landscape was deliciously green with the tones of early spring. Groves of patriarchal cottonwoods bordered the river, and Mexican towns and Indian pueblos lay scattered here and there across the valley. The train wandered on for twenty miles or so through sprouting fields of Indian corn and green peppers, and drew up at length at a nondescript collection of canvas tents and board shanties on a flat beside the river. This was Española.

When we had decided definitely to remain there, we were met by a novel difficulty. *Where* were we to live? There was no hotel or boarding-house. Hotel! The individual to whom I directed my inquiry looked me over from head to foot with a sort of pitying interest, as though I were some strange and hitherto unknown species, who certainly should not be allowed to travel about unprotected. There was, indeed, a sort of shanty called a "section-house," where we could procure our meals, but there was evidently no place wherein we could lay our weary heads, protected from the weather. It looked like a desperate case. We at length found a man, however, who consented to show us the only uninhabited domicile in town. His name was McBride, and he was the station-master. He led us to a small two-roomed board shanty, which was situated on the flat plain not far from the rushing Rio Grande. It looked an airy place in the gathering dusk. The boards gaped apart in wide cracks, through which the night wind sighed, and the stars were beginning to twinkle through numerous little round holes that looked suspiciously like the tracks of former bullets.

McBride proved to be a jewel of a man. He not only let us have the house at a very moderate rent, but he supplied us with bedding, two chairs, some rugs, and a lamp. When he had done bustling about, the place had come to have an almost habitable look. But when the light was extinguished, and we tried to compose ourselves to sleep, the

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air grew suddenly full of ominous sounds, and we thought we could hear the stealthy tread of rustlers and Indians and murderous Mexicans all about us.

The sun arose the next morning with a dazzling brilliancy, and I was out early, taking an inventory of our artistic properties and belongings. I found that our possessions were large and valuable. We owned, first, one lovely plain of dried and yellow grass; second, one range of snow-capped mountains, which were quite hazy and beautiful in the morning sunshine; third, one rushing, rolling, rather turbid river; fourth, a great sandy *mesa*, or table-land, with plenty of sage-brush and cactus; and fifth, quantities of adobe houses, and divers odd effects and brilliant bits of color in the canvas town of Española itself.

THE OLDEST CHURCH IN AMERICA.

I learned that in addition to all this we were in possession of the oldest church in America, in the Mexican town of Santa Cruz, across the river; also, of three Indian towns or pueblos of that remarkable race of sedentary Indians which has of late been attracting so much attention; and lastly, in a valley six miles distant, of hundreds of those peculiar cliff-dwellings which have been such a puzzle to archæologists. I also made a valuable discovery in the shape of a broad-shouldered, long-legged individual, whom I found sitting on the railway platform. He was gazing about with a lazy, dreamy expression of countenance, and was evidently not averse to having somebody to talk to. His name, he told me, was Buckskin Joe. Dear old Buckskin! When I came to know him well I grew to love him like a brother. He was a great blonde child-like giant, with the heart of a woman, the courage of a grizzly, and an uncontrollable love of a yarn. He had been teamster, miner, ranchero, soldier, Indian fighter, and trapper, especially the last two. For twenty years he had lived by his rifle, hunting, and fighting Indians. Like most men who have lived much alone in the silence of the woods, he was very fond of company. At present he owned a little ranch up on the mesa. He told me all this and much more about himself while we sat on the cool side of the station-house watching two burros enjoying the luxury of an uninterrupted roll in the hot dust.

When I returned from my ramble I found that our house had undergone a metamorphosis. With the aid of a few bits of drapery, an oil study or two, an easel, a few wood-engravings, and some

A GROUP OF ADOBES.

fluffy sheep-skins, Eleanor had performed wonders. The larger of the two rooms had been transformed into a very excellent substitute for parlor, sanctum, dining-room, sleeping-room, and studio. The smaller room, with the addition of a cooking stove and a small battery of tin pans, made a very fair kitchen.

"Isn't it lovely?" she cried. "It's just like camping out; and I don't mind the cracks at all; they will give us plenty of ventilation."

She did not change her opinion until we were visited next day by a New Mexican sand-storm, when the free circulation of air proved a doubtful advantage.

We sat ourselves down in the studio to map out our plan of action.

"In the first place," said Eleanor, "you must promise not to go to work for a week."

As an artist I had always found my first week or ten days' work in a new place of very little value. The mind needs time to adapt itself to new surroundings. It must assimilate the tones of the landscape before it can render their true spirit. So I readily conceded that point.

"And what," I asked, "does your ladyship propose that I should do with myself during that period?"

"Well, if you don't mind, I would like you to take me to see the cliff-dwellings first of all. I want ever so much to see how people could have lived up in those holes."

"The object is laudable. The mind of woman should ever be on the household. Perhaps even the primitive dwelling will not be without its lesson."

"Nonsense!"

So that was settled. The rest of the day we spent in organizing a party. Buckskin Joe readily volunteered his services as guide and spinner of yarns in chief.

The next morning early he appeared at my door with a band of six burros, or Mexican donkeys. Apart from the Indians and the Mexicans, these animals are the most characteristic and ubiquitous objects in New Mexico. The shaggy little brutes range from the size of a small Newfoundland to that of a six-months old heifer. It is practically impossible to overload them. They will carry all that can be piled on their backs. I have frequently seen a solid heap of wood gliding mysteriously into town, with no apparent motive power, but I knew that somewhere underneath the pile there was hidden a burro. When released from their burdens they will immediately set to work with diligence and gusto picking up a living in the midst of stones and dry cactus, where any other animal would starve to death. Joe proceeded to attach them, by a wonderful series of knots, to the supporting posts under the house. I watched him curiously as he tied knot after knot, and at length ventured to inquire whether burros usually employed their spare time in performing juggling tricks.

Joe regarded me with a smile which was compounded of one part of good-natured contempt, two of superior knowledge, and three of genuine amusement.

"Wa'al," he said, "you are summat of a tenderfoot; that's so. Why, a burro is a born devil."

"Do you mean to say that a burro can undo one of those knots with his teeth?" I asked.

"I don't purfess to say what he does it with. He may do it with his tail for all I know, but if you will learn me a knot that a burro can't undo, if you give him time enough, I will tell you thanks. Why, the father of all evil is not a patch on an old jack burro fur infernal cleverness and mischief."

The day was perfect. A gay if undignified band was soon wending its way past the Gem Saloon, and the store of A. Garcia, through lounging groups of Mexicans and Indians, and up the arid bed of an *arroyo*. Following this for a few hundred yards, we ascended to the broad mesa. It was blazing with scarlet and crimson cactus, tall lily-white yuccas, and other gorgeous flowers. The air was breathless and palpitating, but far down the valley, where the mirage was lifting the hills into the sky, we could see little shifting whirlwinds dancing about on the level sands. Far away to the east the Sangre de Cristo range rose vibrating in a soft blue haze. In the lowlands between, the Rio Grande flowed gracefully on, like a river of molten silver.

This landscape certainly lacks the large simplicity of the great plains east of the range, the solemn expanse of sky and prairie, with its infinite changes of soft and delicate color. But *en revanche*, everything here is flashing, scintillating, iridescent with color. Each adobe, each stray figure, frames itself into a brilliant little *genre* picture.

We traversed three miles of mesa, and then descended into a wide cañon full of lovely chaparral and piñon bushes.

Rising up out of the cañon again, we passed the Indian town of Santa Clara on our left. It was one of the *festa* days of the pueblo. A long track had been cleared out on the mesa, a winning stake, decorated with coyote-skins, erected at each end, and old and young were engaged in foot-races, amidst clapping of hands and shouts of enthusiasm. Little toddlers of four and five, and old toddlers of eighty and ninety, started valiantly out on the course. To the credit of the Indians be it said that the young athletes of eighteen and twenty, speeding by at the rate of a through express train, did not receive half the applause that fell to the lot of the patriarchs and babies.

Passing on, we soon entered a labyrinth of dry red sandstone hills, which seemed to jostle one another in endless confusion, and came at length to a stand in a valley of horseshoe shape, larger than the rest. It was an arid, inhospitable place, growing nothing but a few dry cactus bushes. A cotton-tail rabbit rose as we halted, and hopping away to a neighboring cactus, sat watching us from behind its friendly shelter.

The red sandstone cliffs positively blazed in the sunlight. The strong blue sky seemed to come down and touch their summits with burning fingers, and where they met there was a scintillating shimmer of pale pink fire. All around near the sky-line these cliffs were perforated with hundreds of little blackened holes, like so many swallows' nests in a sand-hill. These were the doors and windows of the cliff-dwellings. Most of them were entirely inaccessible, being from two to three hundred feet up the sheer side of the cliff. In a few places great quantities of débris had fallen—enough to allow a venturesome climber to reach the apertures; but Buckskin Joe, who knew the ways of the place, led us to a stairway which had been cut in the rock by the prehistoric inhabitants.

Eleanor, who was the first to enter one of the little black doorways, re-appeared almost immediately with a shudder and a little scream.

"Oh! you mustn't go in there," she cried. "It's all full of horrid things."

Notwithstanding the earnest nature of the warning, I ventured in, dislodging as I did so two large lizards and a horned toad, which came scampering out, indignant at being disturbed.

Joe, who had meanwhile entered another doorway, came out, offering a human skull to one of the ladies. Then ensued a general stampede in search of relics. We found arrow-heads, bits of decorated pottery, small agates, and some broken bones. In one room we found some fresh-looking corn cobs, which had been preserved, who could say how many centuries, in this wonderful dry atmosphere. In another we came upon millions of butterflies' wings. They strewed the floor in rich layers—a wonderful carpet—and fluttered like living things as we moved about. We could find no spiders or other deadly

INDIAN FOOT-RACE.

insects to account for their presence. Why the beautiful little creatures had come away up there to die, none but the god of butterflies could tell. Some of the rooms we found in a state of perfect preservation, the whitewash on the plastered walls as fresh as the day, centuries ago, that it was laid on. The dwellings consisted generally of only one room, with a door, a window, and a chimney reaching up to the top of the cliffs above. In one case, though, we found as many as four rooms connecting one with another. Occasionally two dwellings would be connected

together by a low dark passage. While I was exploring one of these holes an incident occurred which had very nearly brought our junketing to a melancholy conclusion. When about half-way through, a dark object suddenly appeared in front of me, shuffling and breathing heavily. I instantly jumped to the conclusion that a bear or some other wild animal had made his lair at the further end of the passage. The situation was unpleasant, and my heart fluttered disagreeably as I pulled and cocked a large 44 Colt's revolver. I was about to fire, when an answering click came from the mysterious figure.

"Don't shoot," I cried.

"Wa'al," said Buckskin Joe—for it was he—"if I didn't take you for a cinnamon bear!"

We both of us kept out of those holes for the remainder of the day.

One of the members of our party was a typical Western woman, who had never been east of Kansas, and who went by the name of Aunt Sukie. She had volunteered to attend to the commissary department, and had laid out the luncheon on an open copy of the New York *Herald*. Selecting a neighboring room as a kitchen, she proceeded to light a fire in its chimney-place with a view to tea, but was peremptorily smoked out. She appeared with streaming eyes and a choked utterance.

"Well, sakes alive!" she coughed, "if that's the kind of a racket these old cliff-dwellers had to stand every time they lit a fire, I'd rather live out-doors."

"Perhaps you didn't give it draught enough, Aunt Sukie," said Joe.

"Draught enough!" eying him savagely; "well, perhaps you'd better try it yourself. You men always know so much better about these things!"

Thus adjured, Joe took the matter in hand, but with no better success than his predecessor. After ten minutes of blowing he re-appeared, blear-eyed and nearly suffocated, much to the delight of Aunt Sukie.

The apartments were generally so low that I could hardly stand erect, and so small that an average man could not lie down at full length in comfort. Poor old cliff-dwellers! we did not much envy them. They must have been content with the very smallest modicum of comfort. Abandoning all hopes of tea, we attacked the more solid elements of the feast with excellent appetites, enjoying at the same time what seemed to be the only enjoyable thing about the place—a certain refreshing coolness in the surrounding desert of heat. We had scarcely finished our repast when Buckskin Joe, who had been off on a fruitless search for water, re-appeared at the door with an anxious expression on his kindly countenance.

"I don't like to hurry you," he said, "but it looks like there wur going to be a sand-storm, and I misdoubt the ladies won't like it. Perhaps we had better be getting back to Española."

Hurrying out, we could see no reason for anxiety. The air was still as death, and there was not a puff of wind nor a rag of cloud in the whole horizon. I observed, however, that the sky had undergone a curious change. There was no diminution of the blazing sunlight, but the deep blue had been superseded by a strange white glare that was nearly blinding, and the heat had increased rather than diminished. We saddled hastily, and were soon threading our way through the broiling labyrinth of sand-hills and out on to the broad mesa again. We had not gone more than a mile or two in the direction of Española when Joe, who had been glancing about in all directions, suddenly remarked, "There she comes!" and jumping off his burro, commenced tying him up behind an adjacent heap of large bowlders. We stared in the direction he pointed, but could discover nothing save the white sky, the hills, and the sandy plains. As we looked, however, we gradually became aware that far down the valley two or three of the hills had entirely disappeared, and, stranger still, that more of them were being eaten up under our very eyes! A little brownish-black cloud, no bigger than one's hand, was the monster that was thus devouring the landscape. We hastily secured the animals in the shelter of the rocks, and came back to look. The cloud had already spread quite across the plain and valley, and was approaching with frightful rapidity. It was not more than five miles away. It swept along toward us, with constantly accelerating speed, a bellying, portentous black wall of dust, that sent long waving fingers up to the zenith. Mile after mile of mesa, and hill after hill, disappeared in its vast maw, until there was only one rise left. This was swallowed up, and then, almost before we could seek shelter, the storm was upon us with a shriek and a blast like the breath from a cannon.

In an instant everything was obscured. I peered through my half-closed lids, and could not see a sage-bush which I had noticed the moment before only a few feet distant. The air was full of the dull roar of the battling winds. We could barely hear the sound of our voices when we shouted. Everything had been wiped away from the face of the earth, and a blur of gray dust was all that remained. I could barely distinguish those nearest me through this strange mist. The worst of it lasted for about half an hour, I should think, but the air was still full of dust when we arrived home about two hours later. Such is a New Mexican sand-storm. We found all our household goods covered with a mat of from half an inch to an inch of an impalpable powder, which had sifted in through every crack and cranny. Nothing had escaped. Sugar was a wreck, salt a ruin, and bedding a sight to make one weep. Most of the men of Española spent the remainder of that day wandering about in the open air: whatever latent temper had existed in their good housewives had been suddenly developed to its fullest extent. Late in the afternoon the weather cleared up entirely, and that evening there was a wonderful sunset. The western sky was a cataract of magnificent and impossible color, and the east was filled with a rosy splendor, that did not die away from the snow-tipped summits of the range until long after the stars were out.

INTERIOR OF THE OLDEST CHURCH IN AMERICA.

The town of Española itself was a continuous source of amusement and interest to me. I had lived for many years in humdrum old France, so I could be excused the profound admiration with which I regarded the wonderful and fearless

manner in which its component parts were thrown together. Its fifteen or twenty male inhabitants represented every class of society from the Boston lawyer down to the Missouri Pike, and its architecture ranged from the three-storied magnificence of "the store" down through all varieties of frame shanties and canvas tents to a six-foot adobe. "The store," which was run by a genial giant of the name of Taylor, was a nine days' wonder to me. A happy family of Mexicans, Indians, Pikes, French Canadians, railroad men, hunters, and prospectors jostled one another always in its hospitable doorway. It was the club and social reunion of all the environs. Buckskin Joe and the Sims boys were in full force there of an evening, and yarn after yarn rippled forth from their inexhaustible store. Of course I was immediately spotted for a tenderfoot, and was treated to the usual stock of gratuitous information in regard to the country and its fauna.

Our easels and large white sun-umbrellas soon became familiar objects on the yellow plains about the town, and it frequently happened that the motley group of Mexicans and Indians who gathered about us was more picturesque than the subjects we were sketching. Our most frequent visitor on these occasions was Buckskin Joe. He would stand behind us and gaze in child-like wonder as the picture gradually grew under the brush.

If I were to believe all the evil things that were told me concerning the Mexicans, I should think it necessary that another Inferno should be constructed for their special use. Nowhere have I ever encountered a race prejudice so inveterate as that which exists between the Mexicans and those whom I must differentiate as their "white neighbors." At the same time I must record the fact that to us they always appeared in the light of a gentle, polite, and kindly people, ready to laugh and ready to oblige. As a rule they are a diminutive, *chétif*, and dark-skinned race, with a considerable admixture of Indian blood. Many of them bear a sort of weakly resemblance to the próud old Castilian soldiers who conquered the country centuries ago—the pathetic sort of resemblance that a soiled and battered silk hat bears to the same article of apparel when fresh from the shop. But furbish one of them up a little, stick a plume in the wide sombrero, exchange the leathern trousers and woollen shirt for silken hose and doublet, and you could easily imagine that a sitter of Velasquez had stepped down from the canvas. I do not believe that even their swash-buckler ancestors could excel them in the air of dashing bravado and swagger with which they ride into town, spurs jangling and arms flying. Every time that I saw one of these dilapidated hidalgos at the plough, or urging along a team of recalcitrant mules, I was oppressed with a sense of some ludicrous incongruity in the thing, and I was never able to overcome the feeling.

They display a royal contempt for time in its financial relations, and will never work more than just enough to eke out a bare subsistence. They prefer the luxurious *dolce far niente* of poverty to hard-earned wealth. This fact finds its reflection in the labor market. When white labor is worth two dollars a day, Mexican labor will only command fifty cents a day. This is the key-note of the Mexican and his position. I remember my surprise one morning on going out to criticise my wife's sketch to find her surrounded by an admiring but respectful audience of seventeen Mexicans, who were excitedly criticising and hugely enjoying the process of transferring to canvas the adobe cottage of one of their number. No work was done that morning for a mile around. Plough and harrow were left standing in the field while Francisco and José and Benigno enjoyed their first lesson in the fine arts.

Nowhere in the world is superstition more rife and ignorance more dense than here. Some years ago the Assembly at Santa Fe passed a bill giving to each county the option of having public schools. The question was decided by ballot, the result in two of the principal counties being as follows: Taos County—for, 8; against, 2150. Rio Arriba County—for, 19; against, 1928. Española, with its railroad, its telegraph, and its nineteenth-century agitation, was like a flaming brand cast into this pit of Egyptian darkness.

Of course this deplorable state of affairs, when looked at from an artistic stand-point, has its compensations, for the same conservative spirit which objected to the introduction of schools and other innovations has preserved to us certain delightful bits of sixteenth-century costume and architecture. Foremost among these was the dear

old adobe church at Santa Cruz. It soon became one of our favorite sketching grounds. In order to reach it we had to cross the bridge and traverse a mile of

THE PENITENTES.

blazing sand to where it sits gracefully on a slight rise in the midst of the old town of Santa Cruz de la Cañada. It is remarkable as being the oldest church in America in which religious service has been uninterruptedly performed from the time it was erected until the present day. Built in the year 1610—ten years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock—by a body of Franciscan friars who had accompanied Coronado in his conquering march into New Mexico, it was consequently the mother church of the new territory. It has witnessed many a bloody rite of the Penitentes and many a scene of Inquisitorial torture, and one battle was fought at its very doors.

It is at present as venerable as anything in America can well be, but it failed somehow to impress upon me the idea of its great antiquity. It is charming, but seems only old enough to be comfortable. It does not crush one with a sense of antiquity, as do many of the old churches of

Europe. Perhaps this is due to the fact that adobe does not admit of the discolorations and mossiness of old stone and mortar. The general impression of the interior is delightful. The walls are whitewashed, and the floor is of simple adobe, but the carved oaken rafters of the ceiling are stained the deep brown of age, and the grand altar, which entirely fills one end of the church, is a mass of glowing golden color.

I spent many a delightful day here in company with pleasant little Father Francolon, rummaging about its odd corners, and delving among its ancient treasures. There were records centuries old, whose vellum covers and illuminated pages would have made the heart of a virtuoso ache with envy; there were old crosses and an altar service of solid beaten gold and silver; there were dozens of little decrepit saints of an ugliness so profound as to make one wonder whether they would not have been far more serviceable and efficacious as demons; and lastly, there were quantities of old Spanish pictures representing every variety of religious subject. Some of these canvases were not without considerable artistic merit. They might have been from the brush of some favorite pupil of Murillo or Velasquez. They helped to solve for me a question which has vexed me for years, namely, what became of the quantities of good second-rate pictures that must have been produced during the long years of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, while the great masters of art were painting their *chef-d'œuvres*. Here was the evident solution of the problem. Judging by the liberal fashion in which this church was supplied, there must have been shiploads of them disseminated through the churches of old Mexico and of Central and South America.

The little French father gave me much curious and interesting information about the history of the church, and also about the strange and secret order of the Penitentes, which has always been intimately connected with it. This society, until it is crushed out, will remain an effectual barrier to the progress of morality and good order in New Mexico. It was founded at Santa Cruz in 1693 by the old Franciscan missionaries. It was originally intended as a means of bringing the whole population within the pale of the Church, and its principal dogma was that no sin could be forgiven without confession and expiation. As time wore on, and the society became independent, it added dogmas of its own. One of these, the inverse of the above, was that no sin could be so great but that a sufficient expiation would purge it away. There are twenty thousand Penitentes, and as they are mutually sworn to assist and protect one another, even to the extent of perjury, it will readily be seen what a formidable hydra the New Mexican judges have to deal with. It is only the powerful influence of their priests that keeps them at all within bounds.

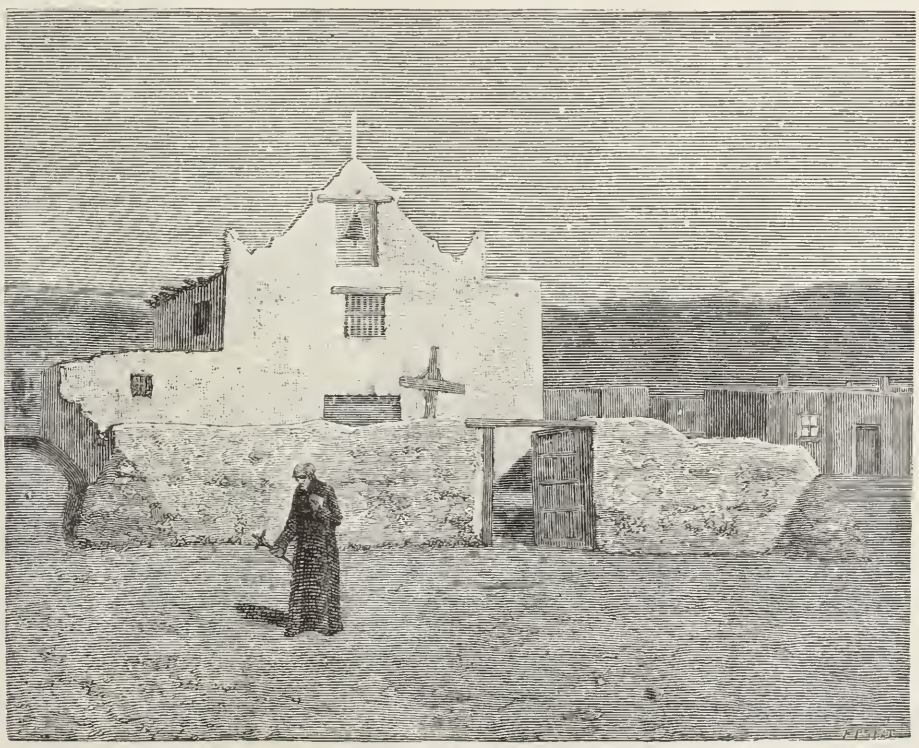
The public services of expiation are held once a year, in Holy-week. There is never any lack of expiants. An image of the Virgin is placed in the centre of the Church, or in the campo santo before it, and the ground for many yards in front of it is strewn knee-deep with cactus, whose poisonous spines will sometimes pierce the heaviest soled shoe. Through this bed of living thorns the Penitentes march with naked feet or crawl along on bare knees, calling piteously the while to the Virgin for forgiveness of their sins. As if this were not sufficient, they scourge themselves with great bunches of cactus tied together on a thong, and slash themselves with knives. The natural result of these horrible exercises is a death now and then, and many maimed and pitiable creatures who drag out a miserable existence for the remainder of their days. In one of the little chapels we visited, the whitewashed walls were splashed with blood to the height of six or eight feet. Monsignor Lamy, the present enlightened Archbishop of New Mexico, has made strenuous efforts to abolish this evil, but so strongly is it intrenched in the customs of the people that he has met with but little success in his efforts.

The Mexican population is scattered thickly all up and down the great valley wherever the ground is not covered by Indian reservations. Every inch of soil is cultivated to which water can be coaxed by an intricate and thorough system of irrigation. As there is no rain-fall during eight months of the year, of course those areas which are above the reach of water are useless for agricultural purposes. This gives rise to sudden and curious contrasts. On one side of the irrigating ditch lie luxuriant fields of corn and grain, while on the other, not ten feet distant, stretch arid wastes of sand and desert sage. The houses of the better

class are generally surrounded by inclosures filled with fruit trees and vegetables. No one who has not lived in this country of drought and blazing skies can form any conception of the freshness and beauty of these little gem-like gardens, rich with clusters of luscious fruits, and overflowing with flowers. Even artistic eyes, that had learned to detest green as an invention of the Evil One, were fain to confess themselves in the wrong.

Until of late years the Mexicans have been content with their sleepy, Arcadian life, but the irruption of modern ideas has brought with it the modern lust for gold. Untold millions are said to lie hidden in the hills about Española, and each man feels that a lucky blow of the pick or glance of the eye may bring him fortune. Even the lazy and careless Mexicans are awaking to golden day-dreams of a coming El Dorado, and examine specimens of mineral with as curious an interest as the oldest Colorado miner. Every man in the country carries in his pocket a lump of green or blue mineral and a microscope. They are as common as Colt's revolvers, and perhaps quite as dangerous. One of my every-day experiences consisted in being drawn mysteriously aside by some rough diamond, who would immediately produce the afore-named object with the simple but emphatic remark, "Examine *that*, sir." Any one who, subjected to this ordeal, is found wanting in the proper degree of enthusiasm, is immediately set down as a tenderfoot. for there is no code of honor in the world more exacting than that which requires of all old miners that they shall admire one another's "mineral."

This fever is apparently not without some foundation. According to the old Spanish records, some of the richest of their mines lay in this region — mines which produced more than a million dollars yearly. During the past year some individuals, by shrewdly following the indications of the ancient Spanish papers, were able to relocate some of the old diggings, but the richest remain undiscovered as yet. Is it any wonder that "mineral" has such a charm for the good people? With a million-dollar prize at the end of the vista, the quest takes on something of the fascination of a fairy tale, and then Española feels that if it is ever to arise from the slough of despond in which it lies at present nearly smothered, it can only be as a great mining centre.



OLD MEXICAN CHAPEL BY MOONLIGHT.

IN the year 1630, when Pieter Minuit was Governor or Director-General of New Netherlands, under "the Right Honorable Prudent Lords, the Lords Directors of the Honorable West India Company, of the United Provinces of the Netherlands," there landed at New Amsterdam a sturdy Dutchman named Roeloff Jansen. He had been a man of some position, and even of official standing, in his native town of Maasland.

The spirit of adventure, however, was abroad. Emigrants of high and low degree were leaving old homes for new fields of enterprise and industry. Bold discoverers were revealing new wonders of the sea and land, and bringing to light the hidden mysteries of the geographical world. New maps were planned; new enterprises stimulated the curious or the avaricious.

Hardy mariners were bringing into the Zuyder Zee the spoils of captured galleons, the golden fruits of Mexico and Peru, and adding new domain to the now independent and triumphant United Provinces of the Netherlands. Others cheerily sailed away, sanguine to discover a new passage to China by the northern seas. The household gods were being disturbed from their old nooks. The rich plantations of America, the golden Ind, and the balmy tropical isles were beckoning to the old European to come and rescue them from barbarian hordes. El Dorados and fountains of youth and spice islands and Golcondas glittered through many a dream and stirred many a restless spirit. Colonists were flocking over the Eastern and Western worlds from the crowded European cities, some for spiritual, some for political freedom, most of them for commerce and gain.

Roeloff Jansen caught the spirit of unrest. He had a strong young wife, willing to brave the seas, and a little family, and there was a future to make for them; so they bade farewell to the fatherland and sailed for the Dutchman's new field of adventure and fortune, "Nieuw Nederland."

Jansen procured a position as one of the superintendents at Rensselaerswyck, on the Hudson, the great territory granted as a patroonship to Kilian van Rensselaer, the rich diamond polisher of Amsterdam.

Jansen's name was perpetuated there in that of the kill or creek called "Roeloff Jansen's Kill," which runs into the Hudson River between Red Hook and the present city of Hudson.

After a sojourn of a few years, filling the duties of his post under the patroon's agents at Rensselaerswyck, Jansen seems to have moved with his family to New Amsterdam, having obtained from Director Van Twiller, in 1636, a ground brief or patent for the farm or *Bouwery* of about sixty-two acres which has been for nearly two hundred years a prominent bone of contention.

Roeloff Jansen did not long enjoy his new possessions; he was called to another world about the year 1637 or 1638, leaving behind him five sturdy little children, and a buxom, attractive widow, then and now widely known as Mrs. Annetje or Anneke Jans.

The little colony, where there was a comparative scarcity of the fair sex, could not well afford to let any of its members remain idle. A female, too, in those bustling and dangerous days required protection; besides that, the widow was of a lively and coquettish disposition, and fair to look upon. She required sympathy in those stirring times, when the red man used to make eccentric and sudden visits to the settlement, and no man's life was safe, and no man's property secure.

These inducements, and the gentle pleadings of Hymen, in the person of Domine Everardus Bogardus, soon caused the widow to dry her tears, and within a year of her bereavement the subject of our monograph could boast of being the wife of one of the most prominent and remarkable characters in the early history of our city.

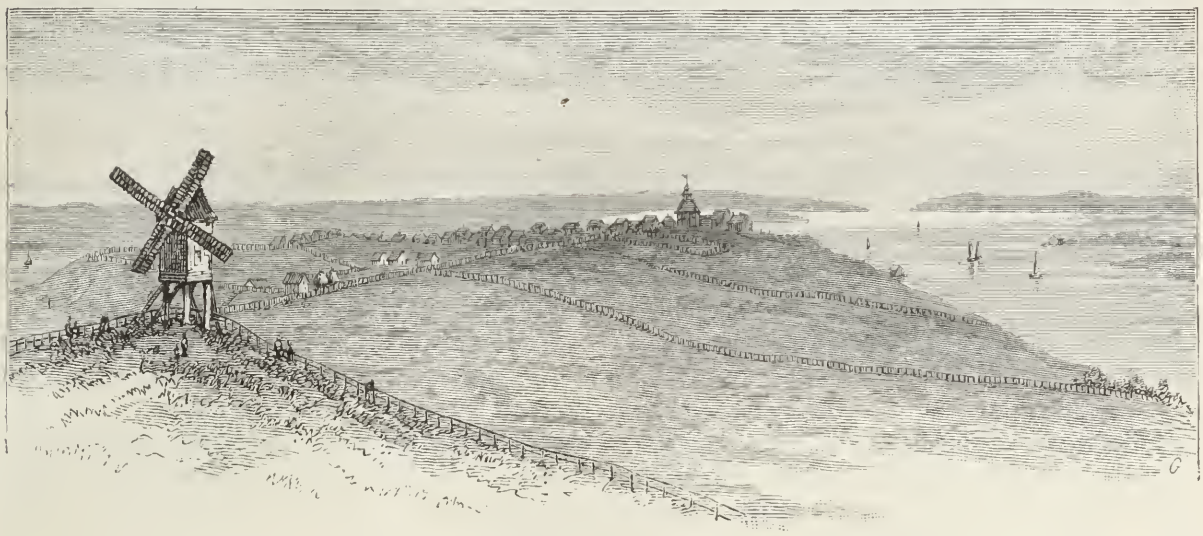
The widow, however, was of a prudent turn of mind, and before her marriage to her new husband she took care to make a proper settlement of her estate. Her marriage settlement is still among our archives. By it she settled 1000 guilders upon her children by the first marriage out of their father's estate. The settlement thus concludes: "She, Anna Jans, and E. Bogardus also promise to bring up the children, with the help of God, decently, provide them necessary clothing and food, keep them at school, let them learn reading, writing, and a

good trade." The contract is witnessed by Director Kieft, Councillor De la Montagne, and Cornelius van Tienhoven, the most distinguished men of the colony.

Domine Everardus Bogardus, the second husband of Mrs. Anneke Jans, came over from Holland in the year 1633 with Wouter van Twiller, who succeeded Pieter Minuit as Director-General of the little Dutch colony. He was the second established clergyman in the settlement, and was a man of education and intellect, as well as one of a very determined and independent character. His position was an important and distinguished one. He held his trust directly from the directors of the Company in Holland; and when he differed from the local government in matters either of a moral or political nature, he did not hesitate to assert his opinions and enforce his views openly and vigorously.

The primitive church building where he first exercised his functions was a plain barn-like structure on the river-side, situated on what is now known as Pearl Street, between Whitehall and Broad streets. There he enforced the reformed theological views promulgated at the Synod of Dort, until, on account of the edifice being exposed to the attacks of the Indians, it was deemed prudent that a more commodious structure should be erected in the Fort, which was located just south of the present Bowling Green. Within the inclosure of the Fort, therefore, the new building was constructed in the year 1642. It was built of stone, about seventy-two feet long by fifty-two feet in breadth, and was erected under contract with John and Richard Ogden, of Stamford, Connecticut.

Director Kieft, lacking money for the purpose of building the church, bethought him of an expedient to have subscriptions taken for the same by taking advantage of the condition of the guests at a certain wedding festival given by Domine Bogardus in honor of the marriage of his wife's daughter Sara.



LOOKING SOUTH OVER BOGARDUS FARM.

A chronicle of the time thus naïvely gives us the story of the subscription:

"The Director thought this a good time for his purpose, and set to work after the fourth or fifth drink; and he himself setting a liberal example, let the wedding guests sign whatever they were disposed to give toward the church. Each then with a light head subscribed away at a handsome rate, one competing with the other; and although some heartily repented it when their senses came back, they were obliged to pay; nothing could avail against it."

Although the Domine was a man of intellect, and delivered good sermons, as the chronicles of the day attest, and filled many positions of trust and responsibility for his fellow-townsmen, like all Dutchmen of the day he was not averse to good fellowship and good cheer, as we can imagine from the above occurrence at this marriage of Miss Sara Roeloff's.

We read also of other incidents illustrating the jovial feature in his character.

When Cornelius van Vorst, who came out as Michael Pau, the Patroon of Pavonia's Intendant, and settled at Ahasimus in a new frame house thatched with *cat-tails*, the dignitaries of church and state came over from New Amsterdam to pay him a visit. There was the Director Wouter van Twiller, who, we are told, was fond of good wines, Domine Bogardus, and Captain De Vries, the bold navigator, who relates the incident.

Van Vorst, it is said, served up a lot of good Bordeaux wines that he had brought over with him to entertain his distinguished guests, who, warming up under their many potations, grew very disputatious with their host with reference to a murder which had just occurred at Pavonia. As the drinking grew deeper, however, the dispute grew less acrimonious, and soon they parted such good friends that as they entered their row-boat to start back over the river, Van Vorst, to show his appreciation of such distinguished visitors, fired for them a salute from a swivel which he had mounted on a pillar in front of his house. De Vries recounts that a spark unfortunately flying on the roof, set it in a blaze, and in half an hour the first house erected in Communipaw was burned to the ground.

As I have before stated, the Domine was also a man of fearless and determined character, perhaps a little too much inclined to assert himself and his spiritual authority in opposition to the local government.

Director Van Twiller's incapacity was a matter of general comment. De Vries, a contemporary, says that the Company had promoted him from a clerkship to a commandership to act "farces" in Nieuw Nederland.

Domine Bogardus was opposed to the policy of Van Twiller in the province, and did not refrain from speaking his mind to him. He is once stated to have sent Van Twiller a message denouncing him as "a child of the Devil," and threatened him with such a shake from the pulpit on the following Sunday as "would make them both shudder."

The Domine was a bold man, too, under Director Kieft, and, we are told, freely expressed himself against the Indian massacres, covetousness, and other excesses of the government, and particularly for the bringing on the terrible Indian war of Pavonia in 1643, which, leading to bloody reprisals, nearly extinguished the settlement. The Director, for revenge, charged the Domine with drunkenness, and with dishonoring the pulpit by his passionate behavior, and also that his sermons were nothing but the "rattling of old wives' stories, drawn out from a distaff," and that he was a great cackler, who spoke without tolerating contradiction, and that he was a seditious man who sought nothing else than to excite people and the servants of the Company against him who was their sovereign ruler.

The Domine, in his turn, fulminated against the Director from his pulpit. "What are the great men of the country," said he, in one of his sermons, "but vessels of wrath and fountains of woe and trouble? They think of nothing but to plunder the property of others, to dismiss, to banish, to transport to Holland."

Kieft and his abettors were by these denunciations actually driven from the church; but he caused drums to be beat and even cannon to be discharged during the service, and encouraged nine-pins, leaping, and noisy amusements among the soldiers.

The Domine, however, continued his denunciations of the Director, who finally, finding that the colonists sympathized with the minister, caused the latter to be summoned before a court, and charged him with inciting rioting and rebellion and unbecoming conduct. The Domine refused at first to plead before a court, but finally put in a plea to the jurisdiction. The interference of mutual friends, however, finally settled the matter.

The marriage of Mrs. Anneke Jans to the Domine naturally excited the envy of other ladies of the settlement, and they began, as usual with envious people, to gossip about her. Soon after her marriage she went to visit Jacob van Corlaer's family, and learning that Grietje Reiniers van Salee, a woman of poor reputation, was in the house, she concluded to retire. About the same time the Domine commenced an action for church dues against Anthony Jansen van Salee, the woman's husband. These two matters exasperated Van Salee and his wife. She gave it out through all the neighborhood that the minister's wife, on leaving Van Corlaer's home, when passing a blacksmith's shop, had exposed her ankles more than was necessary to avoid the mud. She also accused the Domine of making a false oath. The

LISPENARD MEADOWS.

Domine, with his usual determination, then began an action of slander against Van Salee and wife, and produced witnesses to show that Mrs. Domine had flourished her petticoat no more than was necessary to clear the mud.

The court pronounced judgment that Grietje Reiniers should make public declaration in the Fort, at the sounding of the bell, that she knew the minister to be an honest and pious man, and that she had lied falsely, and further condemned her for the costs and three guilders for the poor. Van Salee was also condemned in costs and a fine, and adjudged "not to carry any weapons this side of Fresh-water Brook, and not to offend the minister further either in words or acts." Van Salee was also adjudged to declare in open court that he had nothing to say against Mrs. Bogardus, and acknowledged her to be an honest, virtuous woman, and promised that he would never say anything more against her or her husband.

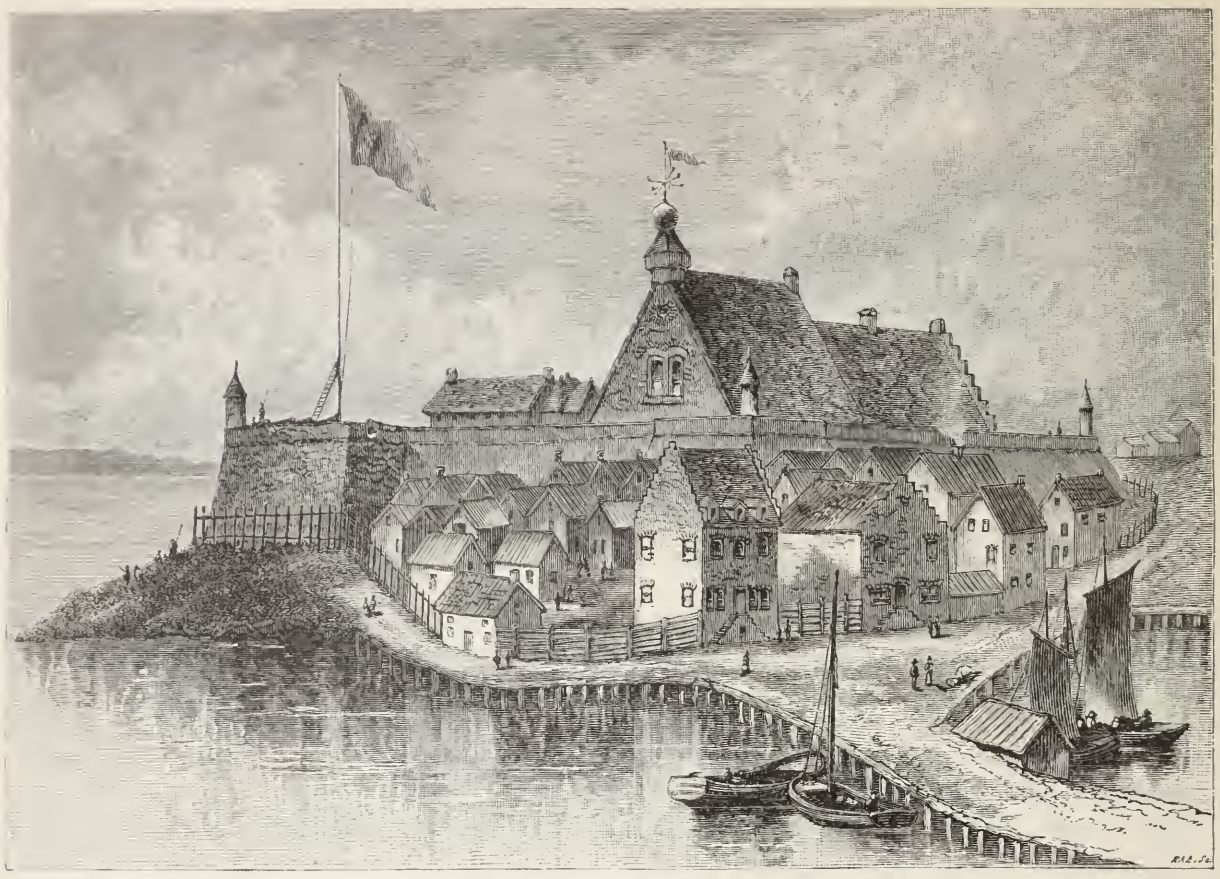
If people of modern days had the moral courage of the good Domine and his wife, there would be less of those two mean and dangerous elements in a community, gossip and slander.

The Domine had another rather disagreeable suit on his hands. One Jacob Govertsen, an admiring friend of Mrs. Bogardus, had presented her with a handsome piece of cloth. It appears that Jacob's admiration was considerably in excess of his pecuniary ability, for we find in 1639, about a year after the marriage, that one Maryn Andiraesen sued the Domine for the debt due plaintiff by Jacob Govertsen for the price of the cloth, on the ground, the record reads, "that Govertsen could not make a present till he paid his debts, and whosoever received such presents was bound to pay his debts." The court ordered that the plaintiff be only paid *pro rata* out of Govertsen's estate.

The Domine was also several times sued for slander; once by Thomas Hall, the great tobacco planter, for saying that Hall's tobacco was bad. He was also sued by Deacon Oloff van Cortlandt for saying that he, Van Cortlandt, had enriched himself with the Company's property. The parties, after long arbitration, were reconciled.

The Domine's piety was illustrated in all the details of his business and life. In a lease between him and Robert and Mark Meuloff, the Domine, among other things, is to stock the land with goats and pigs. The lease then reads: "of which animals they shall have the use for four years, provided that half the increase *which God will grant* shall belong to Everardus Bogardus, and the other half to the lessees; and if it happens, *which God forbid*, that one or more of the aforesaid goats or hogs come to die, Domine Bogardus shall have the choice from the increase to his full number."

The Domine's character and attributes are so vividly portrayed through the annals of the ancient colony that one can easily picture him to the eye. We may imagine ourselves seeing him some fine Sunday morning coming out of his house in the Marckvelt, situate in the present Whitehall Street near Stone, on his way to the church. A large, dignified, portly man, with a determined, grave expression on his square Dutch face, relieved by a



THE CHURCH IN THE FORT.

kindly eye and a benignant smile, clad in a long black serge coat with large black buttons running to the bottom; a broad felt hat covers his brow, and black worsted stockings incase his sturdy limbs. His portly figure and somewhat roseate face show that it was no part of the theology of the Synod of Dort that there should be an entire abstinence from the *flesh-pots of Egypt*. On his arm is Mrs. Anneke, in her waist-jacket of dark cloth, with the little pendent tails behind. Her petticoat is of purple cloth; her neat colored stockings, with clocks on the side, are incased in high-heeled shoes, betokening that she was a person of consequence; in her hand is her silver-clasped Bible, brought with her from the old country; and from her girdle on one side depends by silver chain the Psalm-book, and on the other side hangs a purse embroidered by her own skillful hand; over one arm hangs her yellow and red rain-hood, to protect against a possible shower.

Just in front of them is walking gravely Johannes de la Montagne, the Huguenot physician, and a learned and vigilant member of the Council, and the right-hand man of the Director. With him is Cornelis vander Huyghens, the *Schout Fiscaal*, whose office corresponded with our attorney-general and sheriff.

Before the Domine and his wife walks their pretty daughter Fytje, in her striped petticoat and golden head plaques, then a ruddy miss of sixteen, holding by the hand her sturdy little brother Cornelis, then six years of age, in his knee-breeches and silver-buckled shoes; near them are Dr. Hans Kierstede, the leading surgeon of New Amsterdam, and his wife Sara, who is daughter of Mrs. Bogardus by her first husband.

Domine Bogardus met with a sad ending. He bade farewell to his wife and children for a visit to the vaderland, and took passage in the ship *Princess*, in the year 1647. His old antagonist ex-Director Kieft was also a passenger, returning with a fortune of ill-gotten gains extracted from a misgoverned province. The vessel mistook the channel, and both Kieft and the Domine perished by shipwreck on the rocks off the coast of Wales.

Not long after the Domine's decease, Mrs. Bogardus determined to leave New Amsterdam and settle among her early

friends on the Hudson. She accordingly took up her residence at Beverwyck, now the site of part of the present Albany, and sold her house in New Amsterdam. She was at this time, doubtless, a lady in very comfortable circumstances for those times. Besides her farm and her two houses, she was the proprietor of many acres of land near the present village of Newtown, on Long Island, and also at Hell Gate, where she owned eighty acres granted her in 1654. She acquired, also, land at Beverwyck, and from the provisions of her will we may conclude that she was quite well to do in the world.

She must have lived several years at Beverwyck, and died there in the year 1663, about thirty years after her arrival in the province. Her will was made at Beverwyck before Dirck van Schelluyne, the notary, and two of her friends, Rutger Jacobs van Schoonderwert and Everet Wendell, as she lay, according to the recitals in the will, "on her bed in a state of sickness, but perfectly sensible and in the full possession of her mental powers, and capable to testate, and recommending her immortal soul to the Almighty God, her Creator and Redeemer, and consigning her body to Christian burial." Her remains were interred in the yard of the old Dutch church in Hudson Street in Albany, and there they still are.

Mrs. Bogardus had four children by the first and four by her second marriage. There were Jan, Sara, Catrina, and Fytje Jansen by the first, and Jonas, Wilhem, Cornelis, and Pieter Bogardus by the second. There seems to have been also a daughter Annitje by the first marriage, who probably predeceased her mother. Her daughter Catrina married Johannes Pietersen van Brugh; she was widow of Lucas Rodenberg when her mother died.

Sara Roeloffsen, the daughter who married Surgeon Hans Kierstede, lived on the present northeast corner of Pearl and Whitehall streets. She afterward married Cornelis van Borsum, the owner of the ferry to Long Island, and subsequently Elbert Elbertsen. She was a great proficient in the Indian languages, and acted as interpreter between Stuyvesant and the Esopus and the Wappingers, the *Agh-insack*, the Long Island, and the Staten Island Indians, when their treaty was made with Stuyvesant in the spring of 1664.

The great session was held in the council chamber at Fort Amsterdam, where the various representative chiefs assembled. That was the last treaty of peace between the Hollanders and the Indians, and was signed under a salute from the guns of the Fort. Another daughter, Fytje, died before her mother. Then there was Cornelis Bogardus, who married Helena Teller, of Albany, where he resided till his death in 1666; William Bogardus, who was clerk in the Secretary's office at New Amsterdam, and subsequently postmaster of the English colony there. Pieter was the youngest, born in 1645; he afterward lived at Albany, and in 1673 was a magistrate there.

By the provisions of her will the first four, Roeloff Jansen's children, are to divide among them 1000 guilders, to be realized out of proceeds of the farm on Manhattan Island. She also gives to her son Jan, who is yet unmarried, a bed and a milch cow, and to Jonas and Pieter a lot and house in Beverwyck, besides to each a bed and a milch cow as an equivalent for what her married children had received. She gives to her grandchildren, Roeloff Kierstede, Annatie van Brugh, and Gametje and Rachel Hartgers, and to Fytje Bogardus, a silver mug each. As to the rest of the property, the children and descendants are to share alike by representation.

THE FARM.

The farm called the Domine's Bouwery, which has been the subject of much contention, was granted by Governor Van Twiller to Roeloff Jansen and his wife in 1636. It was then in a very rough state, and had never been cultivated.

The grant was confirmed in 1654 by Director Stuyvesant, by a patent to Mrs. Annetje Jans, as widow of Everardus Bogardus.

The description in the patent from Stuyvesant is in two portions, bounded together northerly by the partition line of "old Jan's land," east by the Cripple Bush and "the Kalckhoeck," westerly by the river, and southerly by the posts and rails of the Company's land.

On the 27th March, 1667, three years after the occupation by the English, Governor Nichols made a confirmatory patent to the heirs of Mrs. Bogardus, reciting the original grant from Van Twiller. The boundaries in this patent are of two pieces, one bounded on "old Jan's land" and the swamp on the north and east, the river on

the west, and by a line drawn from the house by the strand side on the south. The other piece, adjoining and south of the former, is bounded south by the fence of the land belonging to the Company, and by the "Chalke Hooke" on the east. The Kripple-bosh, or swamp, above referred to, was one of the outlets of Fresh-water Pond, in the rear of the present City Hall; it covered the land now occupied by the lower part of Canal Street, and was afterward known as part of Lispenard's meadows.

As transferred by the above patents, the farm is described as consisting of 32 morgens, or 62 acres.

The description given would comprehend a tract between a line drawn near the north side of Warren Street on the south, and Canal Street, or perhaps Desbrosses Street, on the north, on the west by the river, and on the east by a series of irregular lines west of Broadway.

The southern boundary was the Company's, Duke's, or King's or Queen's farm, as it was variously termed, running from Fulton Street north to Warren Street, and bounded by the river and Broadway.

This term *King's or Queen's farm* in subsequent conveyances and patents was supposed to include, and it seems to have been conceded in most of the actions brought, the Domine's Bouwery above described, although properly the latter was no part of the Company's or King's farm.

The eastern boundary was partially some high ground called the Kalck-Hoeck, or Lime-shell Point, extending to the pond, and also the swamp, while to the north was the swamp and Jan Cele's land, or "old Jan's land," as it was called. In 1766 we find Trinity Church selling a twelve years' lease of "old John's land."

We give herewith a fac-simile of an advertisement of the sale published in the *New York Gazette*.

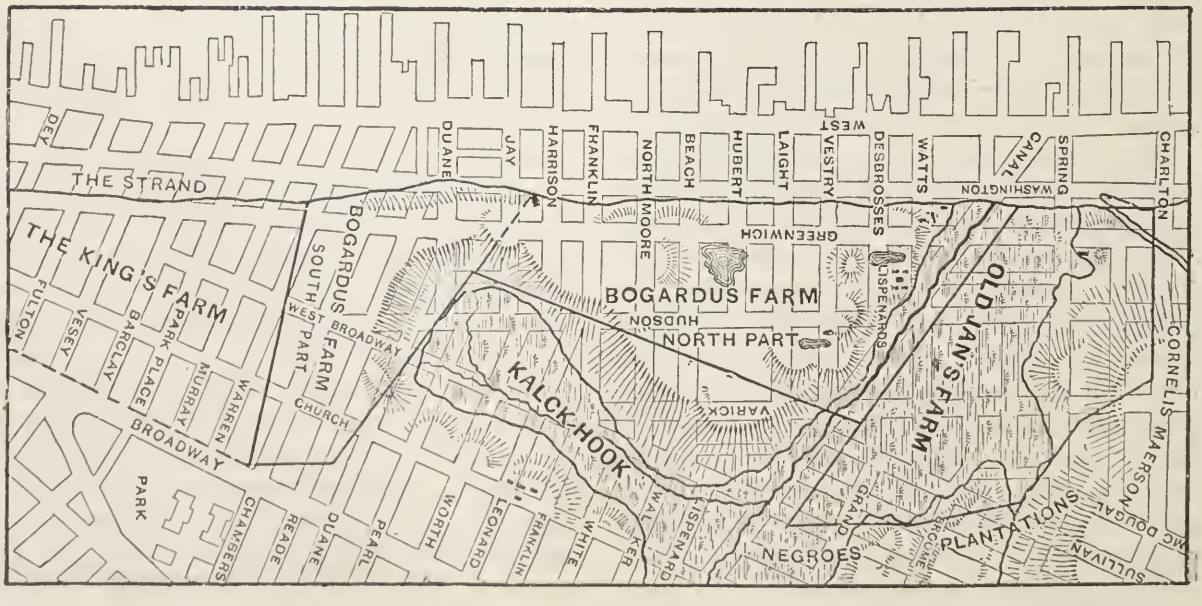
TO BE SOLD,

AT Vendue, on Tuesday the 12th inst, at the House of Mr John Williams, near Mr Lispenard's: A Lease from Trinity Church, for Old John's Land, for 12 Years to come.

All this northern boundary, however, is vague, and it is claimed that the Anneke Jans family owned far above the Desbrosses or Canal Street line, to a line on Christopher Street, the same being embraced in another tract called the Domine's Hook. I do not find that this ownership is clearly made out by the records, and the location of Domine's Hook has not been determined to be in this region.

The next deed we find is one from the heirs in March, 1670.

The deed reads that for a valuable consideration H. Johannes van Brugh, in right of Catrina Roeloff his wife, Wilhem Bogardus for himself and his brothers Pieter and Jonas Bogardus, and Cornelis van Borsum, in right of Sara Roeloff his wife, and by assignment of Pieter Bogardus, convey to Colonel Francis



PLAN OF THE BOGARDUS PROPERTY.

Lovelace the Domine's Bouwery of about sixty-two acres, as described in the deed from Stuyvesant.

This deed from the heirs, it will be observed, did not convey the share of Cornelis Bogardus, who was not mentioned in the deed, and who at that time was deceased.

It will be remembered that in 1673, two years after this deed was given by the heirs to Governor Lovelace, the Dutch recovered possession of New Amsterdam from the English by a sudden attack, and held it about a year. On its restoration to the English in 1674, under the Treaty of Westminster, Governor Andros, representing the Duke of York as proprietor, took possession of the farm in his behalf, and, as it is understood, seized and confiscated, in behalf of the Duke, Governor Lovelace's estates, including this Bouwery.

The fact of this deed having been given by the heirs to Governor Lovelace seems to have been for a long time forgotten. In December, 1785, it was discovered by the Trinity Church trustees, and its contents communicated to some of the heirs as if it was a complete answer to their claims.

It does not appear that Lovelace's title was ever directly conveyed either to the Duke, the crown, or to Trinity Church; but the transfer to him seems to have been treated practically as if it was a deed to the Duke of York, or, what is the same, to the crown.

Various leases had been made of the farm down to the period above last noted. In 1639 it was leased to Richard Brudnell, for a tobacco plantation. It was also leased by the Domine to Richard Fouls, with various cattle. At an early period it was leased to one Jan van Lieden, for the rent of two hogs. In 1658 we find that Mrs. Bogardus, through her son-in-law Van Brugh as her attorney, undertook to collect this rent before the court sitting at New Amsterdam. In the recorded proceedings she demands of Laurens Duyts, as assignee of the lease, the full rent of the Bouwery, which she leased to Jan van Lieden.

The defendant answers that he is not indebted, as Mrs. Anneke had released him from the rent, for which he was to pay *two hogs*, and that he hath paid one. The court very properly ordered him to pay over the other hog.

In November, 1651, a lease was made by the agents of the widow to Evert Pels, with divers cattle and horses, showing that the farm was in good keeping. The rent was 225 guilders and thirty pounds of butter.

In 1677 it was leased by Governor Andros to Dirck Secker for sixty bushels of wheat, under the name of the Duke's Bouwery.

In 1697 Governor Fletcher leased "the King's farm" to the *corporation of Trinity Church*, for a rent of sixty bushels of wheat, for seven years from August 1, 1698.

The lease by Governor Fletcher was deemed by the government an extravagant grant and a breach of his trust, inasmuch as the King's farm was theretofore applied to supply the Governors for the time being with grain, and to provide timber for ships.

The Earl of Bellamont, who succeeded Fletcher, had orders to use all legal means to break up such grants, and by the Colonial Legislature a bill was passed in 1699 vacating the above grant, and forbidding Colonial Governors from making any grants of the *King's farm*, and certain other public property, for a longer period than his term of office; any other grants of the same were to be *null and void.* Subsequently, during Lord Cornbury's administration, in 1702, an act was passed repealing the above act for vacating the extravagant grants; but Queen Anne, by an order in June, 1708, confirmed the vacating act of 1699, and not the act repealing it, and resumed possession of all the lands for the crown.

In 1700, Lord Cornbury, who was a zealous protector of the Established Church, leased the Queen's farm to Trinity Church for as long a period as he should be Governor, and in 1704 Trinity Church sublet it to one George Ryerse for five years, at a rent of £30.

We now come down to the grant in fee of the year 1705. We find the church in actual possession, under the lease from Lord Cornbury, of what they claim as not only the old *Company's* or *Duke's* farm, extending from Fulton Street north to Warren Street, but also of what was comprehended under the name of the Domine's Bouwery, extending north to Canal Street.

In the year 1705 the grant was made to the church under which they claim to hold adversely and in hostility to all other interests. It was a patent from the Colonial Governor, Cornbury, as acting for

Queen Anne, to the corporation of Trinity Church of the tract known as the Queen's farm, as then in the occupation of George Ryerse, bounded easterly partly by Broadway and partly by the common and partly by the swamp, and westerly by the river. It will be observed that there are no boundaries given on the north or south.

The quitrent received by this grant was three shillings, but was subsequently commuted by a payment in gross to the New York State government in 1786 in full extinguishment.

The validity and effect of the patent by Queen Anne has been a frequent subject of discussion in the courts, and forms the principal feature in the claim of title by Trinity Church. Edward Hyde, Lord Cornbury, the Colonial Governor through whom the above grant was made, was a cousin of Queen Anne, being a son of the second Earl of Clarendon. His term of office lasted six years, and was characterized by high Tory principles, and an inconsiderate zeal for the suppression of religious liberty. He was, besides this, a very eccentric character, and was fond of masquerading in woman's clothes. A portrait of him so taken is still extant. In a communication by Lewis Morris to the Secretary of State at London, he recommends a certain party for Governor in these words: "He is an honest man, and the reverse of my Lord Cornbury, of whom I must say something which, perhaps, nobody will think it worth their while to tell, and that is his dressing publicly in woman's clothes every day, and putting a stop to all public business while he is pleasing himself with that peculiar but detestable magot."

THE LAWSUITS.

The history of the various litigations with reference to this valuable territory is interesting both to the antiquarian and the jurist. The heirs seeking "their own again," in their persistent attacks upon the venerable sacerdotal institution now in possession of the debatable land, have presented to the courts for decision abstruse questions on the validity of ancient viceroyal patents, of acts of the Colonial Assembly, and of ordinances by the British crown — questions of adverse possession, of possession in common, and of the limitation of real actions, as well as of the direct transmission of the title by conveyance.

The city of New York has also put forward its claim, and the State has not been idle in asserting its rights as owner paramount, succeeding to the rights of the British crown. Time will not admit of more than a hasty glance at some of these historical controversies.

Since the possession by the English of the province of New York, and the introduction there of Episcopacy, there had always been considerable antagonism and jealousy between the followers of the English Church and the Dutch descendants adopting the principles of the Synod of Dort. This feeling manifested itself strongly against the corporation of Trinity Church, which was supposed more particularly to represent British influence and power.

It was charged by their Dissenting opponents that the Trinity Church property was obtained from the crown by misrepresentation and deception; accordingly some of the leading Dissenting citizens, including William Livingston, John Morin Scott, and William Smith, Jun., assisted and perhaps stirred up Cornelius Brouwer, a descendant of Mrs. Bogardus, to assert his claims as part owner of the church lands. The above-named gentlemen appeared as counsel for him on the trial of an action brought in his name to recover his share of the farm, which took place in 1760, before Judge David Jones, of Queens County. After a trial which lasted two days and almost two nights, the jury brought in a verdict for the church.

Relative to this trial we find the following notice in the New York *Mercury* of October 27, 1760: "Last week a remarkable Tryal, which has been in the Law near 20 years, came on in the Supreme Court here between the Rector and Inhabitants of the City of New York of the Church of England, as by law Established, and the family of the Browers, who sued for 62 acres of the King's farm; when the Jury, after being out for 20 minutes, gave their verdict in favour of the Defendants."

Soon after this trial the church corporation made extensive leasing of the property. We find the following advertisement inserted in 1763: "To be let by the churchwardens of Trinity Church, two hundred lots of ground, joining the stockadoes, and along the North River, for the term of 21, 42, or 63 years."

Another action was brought by one Colonel Malcolm, and tried in the year

1807. Malcolm set up a present possession. He claimed that he took possession soon after the Revolution, the farm being then deserted. In the defense Trinity Church claimed possession for sixty years before that time under a tenant named *Vandenburgh*. The gallant colonel was defeated, and the old adage was again verified of *arma cedent togæ*.

About the year 1830 a suit was brought by Cornelius Bogardus for one-fifth of one-sixth of the proceeds of the land known as the Domine's Bouwery. The bill was based on the claim of Cornelius as heir of his ancestor Cornelis, who died in 1707 seized of one-sixth of the farm, his brothers Jonas and Gans Roeloffsen having died without issue. The plaintiff claimed one-thirtieth by descent from him, and averred that the church entered under Queen Anne's deed, and became tenants in common with said Cornelis. The legal doctrine invoked was the well-known one that no statute of limitations runs as against one tenant in common in favor of his co-tenant in possession, but that the possession of one is the possession of all of them. The plea in bar put in by the church was that in 1705, Queen Anne, being in possession of said Domine's Bouwery, by the patent referred to granted the same to Trinity Church in fee-simple, as above related; under which the church corporation had held *adversely* to all others and not in common; that it did not enter or claim under any deed from Mrs. Anneke Bogardus, or her children or heirs, and never admitted itself to be holding in common with them, and that even if originally they were tenants in common, it did now and for 130 years had held in hostility to the other tenants in common, thus barring their right. On the other hand, the heirs claimed that Queen Anne, if she held any title at all, held it in common with the heirs, as did the Duke of York before her, and that her patent only conveyed what she actually had, *i. e.*, five undivided sixths of the farm. They also contended that Queen Anne's patent was neither signed nor sealed, and that the church was only in possession under a lease given it in 1702, which continued in force. That the church was in possession, therefore, either as tenant for years under its lease, and could not disseize its landlord, or as tenant in common with plaintiff under the deed of transport from the heirs, and that therefore the church's possession was also plaintiff's possession, and not adverse to him, and consequently that no statute of limitations could invalidate the plaintiff's claim.

The court held that it was not disputed that Governor Lovelace took, in his representative capacity for the Duke of York, and claimed to take, the *whole* title, to which title and claim Queen Anne succeeded, and that leases were made by subsequent Governors and subleases by Trinity Church of the whole tract. That therefore, through the assertion of the title to the *whole*, as well as actual possession through its leases, the title was in the crown absolutely, and not as tenant in common of only a part. The court also held that it made no difference whether the patent from Queen Anne was good or bad; that the church entered and enjoyed possession under it, and not under the deed of transport from the heirs, and consequently its adverse possession, which was proved in fact, was of the *whole*, barring all outstanding interests.

The above case was twice decided, once on a demurrer to the plea of adverse possession interposed, and subsequently on the proofs taken. The case was decided adversely to the plaintiffs on the law raised by the demurrer, and also on the proofs subsequently put in as to an adverse possession by the church.

An action was also brought in 1834 by one Humbert and other heirs, in Chancery, against the church, and decided on demurrer adversely to the complainants, the court holding that the statute of limitations and adverse possession was a bar. This decision was affirmed by the Court of Errors.

In that case the complainants took the new ground that the Domine's Hook or the Bouwery *was never part of the Duke's or Queen's farm*, and therefore did not pass under the grant from Queen Anne, but that Trinity Church was merely an *intruder* on the Bogardus region and possession, except that in 1785 it bought out the right of Cornelius Bogardus in the property for £700, and then went into a regular unrestrained possession, but which possession was merely as tenant in common with the other heirs.

It appeared in the evidence that the church had never put on record the above-mentioned deed from Cornelius, and had kept it somewhat secret. The claimants averred that the deed was concealed be-

cause the church feared that its legal effect would be to establish it as tenant in common with the other heirs.

The Cornelius above referred to as selling out was the fighting Cornelius hereinafter alluded to.

Nine other suits were brought in 1847 by Cornelius Brouwer in the Supreme Court, in which the plaintiff suffered a nonsuit.

In 1851 another system was tried, and a suit was brought by one of the descendants of old Dr. Kierstede, who married a daughter of Mrs. Bogardus. In this action the State of New York was made a defendant. It was decided in April, 1856, adversely to the plaintiff. The claim of Kierstedt was that there was an obligation, legal and equitable, on the crown to restore the possession to the heirs of his ancestor, and that this obligation had devolved upon the State of New York; that the church was holding under a grant from Governor Cornbury in 1705, *which was void under the vacating act of* 1699. The plaintiff demanded that the State be required to recover the lands from the church, and then turn them over to the heirs, and that a receiver of the lands be appointed.

The court, on a demurrer to the complaint, held that there was no power in any of the courts of this State to entertain a suit brought against the State, except when specially authorized by statute.

The claims on the part of the State to the property have been on the ground that the church held over as tenant of the crown, and that the State had succeeded to the rights and property of the crown.

A bill was introduced in the Legislature of 1785 authorizing proceedings on the part of the State to recover the property. A remonstrance was thereupon sent to the Legislature by the church, and the bill was never passed. A counter remonstrance on the part of the heirs sent to the Legislature concludes with the forcible remark, that "*when the devil's kingdom is in danger he roars the loudest.*"

Recently, however, in 1856, the State woke up again, and an ejectment suit was brought by the State for a lot on Murray Street, just south of the Domine's Bouwery, but part of the King's farm.

The corporation of Trinity Church set up as a defense its old plea of statute of limitations, and also a seizure in fee by the church. The case was tried before a jury, and the State was nonsuited, which nonsuit was upheld by the Court of Appeals in 1860.

The State, in a recent case, claimed that the grant from Lord Cornbury in the name of Queen Anne in 1705 was void, because the act of 1702 was then in force, by which no grant could be made by a Colonial Governor for a longer period than his term of office.

The court held that *prima facie* the land had been granted by the crown, and that the evidence of the plaintiff showed it; and that the adverse possession of the church, as against the State, was fully made out; also that the reservation of a quitrent to the crown in the patent was merely a mode of payment of the consideration of the grant.

A claim was also supposed to exist in favor of the city of New York. It was made a matter of research, and in 1867 was submitted to the Corporation Counsel, Mr. O'Gorman, for his opinion. He reported that the city had no claim whatever.

The claim was based upon certain sovereign rights over the trial supposed to have been continued in the State of New York, as successors of the crown of England, which had passed to the city of New York from the State.

It will be observed that by the charter of Governor Dongan to the city in 1686, and of Governor Montgomerie in 1730, the King's farm and the adjoining swamp were expressly reserved from the general grant to the city of all vacant and unappropriated lands.

The last great attack on Trinity Church was in 1871. A suit was brought by Domine David Groesbeck, in his complaint alleging himself to be a Protestant minister of the Gospel, against the officers of the church.

The ground taken by the reverend plaintiff was that he was a successor of some of the original Dutch inhabitants who were corporators on the original establishment of the Episcopal Church in the colony.

He claimed that there had been a perversion and waste of the church property, and charged its corporation with having neglected to provide for the poor of the parish, while pampering the pride of the worldly-minded, and "laying up treasures on earth in bonds and mortgages held over Episcopal churches." He also averred that the purpose of the founders

of Trinity Church was to prevent the increase of vice in the city of New York, and not merely to support the "parasites of any sect," and he claimed a right to preach in Trinity Church as a believer in the doctrines established at the Synod of Dort, but was deprived of that right. He averred also that the corporation had violated its duty in allowing "one Morgan Dix," who was made a defendant, to preach that "Protestantism, as a moral system, was a failure," and also for allowing said Dix to say that "Luther perceived that he had committed a gigantic error in advocating the Scriptures alone as a means of salvation, knowing that the Church was the instrument that should decide controversies of faith." The plaintiff averred also that the officers of the corporation had paid said Dix a salary for uttering such blasphemies, and had allowed the services of the Greek Church to be performed in Trinity Church, and that the said Dix, with the connivance of said officers, advocated the establishment of institutions of able-bodied young women in the parish by means of the surplus revenues of the church. The plaintiff therefore claimed that a receiver of all the property be appointed, subject to the further order of the court.

Other grounds were that the corporation of the church sought to gain political weight, and treated the Legislature with contempt. The defendants to this comical complaint put in a demurrer, that is, put in a defense, that even if the facts alleged were true, the plaintiff could not by law have any recovery. Some of the alleged grounds taken in support of the demurrer were as queer as those of the complaint. Among them were that the Church of England holds the Catholic faith to be necessary; that it does not use the word Protestant; that by its Twenty-first Article it acknowledges the authority of the Church in matters of faith; and that although Luther is esteemed as a saint among Protestants, in the calendar of the English Church he is not so great a worthy as St. Peter or St. Clement, Bishops of Rome, or St. Boniface, St. Sylvester, or St. Gregory, also Bishops of Rome.

Other grounds in support of the demurrer were that the Synod of Dort never pretended really to settle any doctrines of the Christian communion, but only some miserable controversies between Calvinists, Gomarists, and Arminians, and that although certain representatives from England were present at the Synod, they had no power to commit the Church of England to anything, and that its decrees were never accepted in England. Another answer was that even if heresies had been preached in the church, that was no reason why the salary of the preacher should not be paid.

The learned jurist who pronounced upon all this tangled theological and legal matter sustained the demurrer, and thereby threw the plaintiff out of court.

In the course of its opinion the court profoundly remarks, as to the plaintiff's willingness to preach in Trinity Parish Church, as follows: "I have no doubt whatever in regard to such willingness; nay, more, if such willingness were just cause of complaint, or if such condescension on the part of plaintiff could be made the basis of a good count upon which to sustain an action, that there are many of the clergy in the different Protestant denominations who would most willingly condescend in like manner to preach in Trinity Church. Indeed, I am afraid, if such were the case, and this court had jurisdiction over the subject-matter, there would be no end of actions against the corporation."

Lately an old Dutch Bible, alleged to have belonged formerly to Mrs. Anneke Bogardus, has come to light in the hands of one Miss Harriet Van Atten, of Glenville, Schenectady County, a direct descendant of Pieter Bogardus, a son of the old lady, to whom it is stated to have been given by her. On the strength of this, and a pair of gold ear-rings that once belonged to her venerable ancestor as personal property, application was recently made to the Surrogate of Albany for letters of administration upon the personalty of Mrs. Anneke Bogardus.

The Surrogate of Albany County refused to entertain the application, and the matter is now on appeal to the General Term of the Supreme Court from his decision. If letters of administration are granted, the intention is to open the legal battle again, and to claim an accounting from Trinity Church.

This coveted tract of land has not only been the subject of forensic battle, but bone and sinew have been engaged in the contest; heads have been broken and shots have been fired in support of the claims of the redoubtable and indefatigable heirs.

Mars has been invoked where Mercury has failed, and for years before and after the evacuation of the city by the British forces, in November, 1783, the community was kept in alarm by the contests of the contending factions seeking to obtain and hold an actual possession of the old Bouwery.

Long before the Revolutionary war the Trinity Church physical warfare was begun. We find that in September, 1773, under orders from the authorities of the church, a force of a dozen men armed with broad-axes entered upon the premises where Cornelius E. Brouwer had located himself on the tract, and tore down and burned the fences he had erected to define his possession.

In 1775 they also tore down the fences about one Noblet's house, a tenant of the heirs, and destroyed Noblet's field of rye. The wounds received in this campaign, the chronicle tells us, were, an old woman kicked in the eye, and her husband wounded, who sought to get her out of the way.

During the troubles consequent upon the occupation of the British the old farm had been in a comparatively deserted state. The great contest for national liberty had turned people's minds from private interests. On the return of peace, however, the premonitory rumblings indicating the renewal of the great war for the old Bouwery were heard.

The Council appointed by the new State government for the temporary government of the southern district of the State took possession of the temporalities of Trinity Church, and in January, 1784, issued a proclamation against the conduct of Cornelius Egbert and Everardus Bogardus, Cornelius Cooper and Abraham Brouwer, senior and junior, in intriguing with and menacing the tenants on the land of the church. It may be here remarked that this temporary occupation of the property of the church by the State authorities was afterward made use of as an argument in the various claims made by the State for the ownership of the land. This proclamation was published in the *New York Gazette*. To this the Bogardus heirs responded by another published manifesto claiming the legal title, and that they and their grantors and tenants had had possession until the church, taking advantage of the absence of the Bogardus family during the Revolution, had taken surreptitious possession, and they charge the church with pilfering their lands, and "with an unconscientious defense at the suit of honest title."

The great champion and leader of the barred-out heirs now appeared in Cornelius B. Bogardus, who had been absent from the city during the war, and returned after the evacuation. He now sounded the trumpet call. A notice was published in the *New York Packet* of May, 1784, calling upon the heirs and representatives of Annie Bogardus, widow, deceased, to meet at Cape's Tavern "on business of high importance relative to the lands called Domine's Hook, which formerly belonged to her."

Bogardus now took practical steps for the resumption of possession by the heirs, so as to avoid the legal effects of an undisturbed possession by the church. He accordingly established himself in a house on the farm on what is now Chambers Street; he put his son Henry on a part of the farm at Reade Street, and his son John in a house at the corner of Reade and Chapel streets; he also located Lewis B. Bogardus in a house near formerly St. John's Square, in Hudson Street, which was known among the heirs as the "*possession*" house.

Cornelius B. also took possession of a pit of clay near Thomas Street, and daily dealt it out at a shilling a load, and also sold gravel from a pit which he had surrounded by rails.

An old lady claiming to be one of the heirs, named Mrs. Broad, also took possession of an old house called the Fort, near the foot of Reade or North Moore Street, surrounded by a breastwork and trench. Here the old lady intrenched herself, and stoutly maintained her possession from the time the British left, in November, 1783, until 1787. We are told that she drove away people who came to take away any of the earth from her fort by pouring boiling water on them.

The doughty Cornelius also located a dozen more of his retainers on different other portions of the farm as tenants. He menaced and intrigued with the tenants of the church, and defied the temporal and spiritual forces of the church to dispossess him.

In June, 1784, Trinity Church raised an army of men and boys, under the command of one George Trenis, a Hessian, and pulled down and burned the Bogardus fences. The Trinity Church army then

put up its own fences, which were in turn burned by the Bogardus retainers. As a bloody incident of this war, one of the witnesses of the fight under oath stated that one of the church party, John Bertine, "took hold of Hannah Marsh, about 63 years of age, and pulled her down on her knees, and attempted to put her head into *a pail of grog*, first having dragged her across the street, and gave her very indecent usage otherwise."

There was also a fight in October, 1785. One Joseph Forbes, who had been appointed by Trinity Church as a sort of curator, undertook, with a body of retainers of the church, to pull down certain fences erected by the Bogardus heirs on the land, one of the fences running to the house occupied by one George Higday, who was in possession as *châtelain* in the interest of the claimants. In performance of his duties as keeper of the castle, the doughty Higday fired his shot-gun at Forbes and his men, and wounded Forbes and four others with bird shot. The victory in these contests rested, however, with the church.

In 1788, the church corporation having advertised for sale a number of lots on the tract, with a statement that the title was as good as any in the State, the heirs published the following proclamation:

"TO THE PUBLIC.

"Whereas the corporation of Trinity Church have advertised for sale at the Merchants' Coffee-House, on the 1st of April next, a number of lots of land situate in Chambers Street, Reade Street, and other places within the bounds of Domine's Hook Patent, in the West Ward of this city; the heirs of Annekie Bogardus, and those holding rights under them, in the said Patent, *Do Hereby Give Notice* that they are determined to support their claim to said lands, within the grant formerly made to the said Annekie Bogardus. And this notice is given to prevent any person hereafter from pretending ignorance of the said claim; which the Heirs and those deriving title from them are determined to support.

"NEW YORK, *March* 31, 1788."

The result of all these troubles, however, was that all the Bogardus fences were in time taken down or burned.

Lewis Bogardus's wife and children were driven from their house, during his temporary absence, by the Trinity Church forces. The rails around the clay pit were torn down, criminal charges were made of assault and perjury against the Bogardus retainers, the tenants were frightened away or bought off, and, worst of all, the doughty Cornelius himself sold his birthright to and was bought off by Trinity Church for the paltry sum of £700, and too humiliated to meet his former companions in arms, he therefore abandoned not only the scene of his contests, but the city.

The last one of all the heirs who held out in the war of 1784–5, and who is entitled, on the Bogardus side, to all the honors of war, was old Mrs. Broad, who lived in the stockades of the old fort at the foot of Reade Street. One of the witnesses in the suit brought in 1830 testified in 1842 that he knew the old lady, and that she continued in possession of the old redoubt, refusing to leave until the opposing forces actually dug it away, when she made a fair compromise with parties representing Trinity Church.

The heirs have not yet succumbed. Meetings are still held for the assertion of their claims. The contest will probably continue until through the natural increase of the multitudinous claimants the pecuniary result of even a successful attack would be reduced for each to a minimum.

LOVE.

LOVE was primeval; from forgotten time
Come hints of common lives by love made great,
In pastoral song or fragmentary rhyme,
While fades the fame of many a warlike state.
Love lives forever, though we pass away;
Still shall there be hot hearts and longing eyes,
Hyperion youths, and maids more fair than they,
Loath lips and lingering hands and parting sighs,
When we have vanished and our simple doom
Is blended with the themes of old romance;
Ay, from our dust young buds and flowers shall bloom
To deck bright tresses in a spring-tide dance,
And be the mute sweet signs of love confessed
To passioned hopes, upon a maiden's breast.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A HONG-KONG MERCHANT.

HONG-KONG, *June* 14, 1882.—This begins the fourteenth volume of my diary. Fourteen volumes! I suspect that few bachelors who have lived in one place and passed their lives in the China trade can show so much. And yet I, the journalist, in the days of my youth, of my *jeunesse orageuse*, when I might have kept a journal to some purpose, kept none at all. Perhaps it is as well. It would not be pleasant reading now, though it might serve as a lesson, which, however, I hope I no longer need.

I am afraid there was not much of general interest in Volumes I. to XIII. inclusive. I doubt if even I shall ever read them over. And I fear they will not prove of absorbing interest to my heirs, remote collaterals as these must be. I kept my diary in order to form systematic habits, and now that I have formed the habits, they keep the diary. I wonder if this volume will be more interesting? Telegram today from Rowbotham Brothers, ordering hemp, 800 barrels first, June–July, 1881, x. on Bombay, deliverable all Oct.-Dec.

June 15.—Telegraphed Rowbotham about his hemp. Saw Russell to-day; he is going home to get married. Year after year I have seen my friends go home to get married—some succeed and some of them don't—leaving me in peace and Hong-Kong. Many of them have gone, as the event proved, never to return. . . . I wonder whether I shall ever go home to get married? I suspect not. . . . Marriage is one of those rash things we do in our youth. Would I had never done anything worse!

June 16.—Rowbotham by cable countermands those two cargoes of hemp. I had already bought one of them. This telegraphing has spoiled the China trade. Now I have either got a lawsuit on my hands or a cargo of hemp. Well, I prefer the hemp, hate rows, and would rather do anything than go to law. A quiet life— By-the-way, had a letter from Uncle John to-day; he wants me to go home and marry his grandniece. Cabled, "Impossible to leave this year; fear a panic." Uncle John's mind must be going.

June 17.—Saw Russell to-day. Never saw a man so happy. He is going off Saturday. Told him of my uncle's wanting me to go home. He slapped me on my back (all the fellows slap me on the back—luckily it is a stout one). "Rummy, my boy," said he, "you must go with me." All the fellows call me Rummy; I don't know why; I have never been intemperate in my habits. Didn't tell Russell why I was to go home. My uncle's grandniece, indeed! She must be hardly out of long clothes. Why, her mother was hardly too old for me to be a little in love with her. I wonder if the daughter is like her? Business very dull just now.

June 18.—Cablegram from Uncle John: "Panic be blanked! Come at once. Don't break my heart." Just ten words. Intemperate old fellow, Uncle John. Of course I've got to go. He sent me out here, and now he sends me back. *Que la volonté de Uncle John soit faite*, as we say in French. A knowledge of French is the only profit I made the last time I disobeyed Uncle John's orders. And now I am all he has got in the world; that is, I and the grandniece. Russell seems delighted. Haven't told him about the grandniece, though; it would never do. He would be certain to tell all the fellows; and they insist on giving us a dinner the night before we go. Rowbotham took that hemp, after all; very kind of him. Nice fellow, Rowbotham.

June 19.—We had a great dinner last night. Very nice fellows these boys are in Hong-Kong, all of them. 'Pon my soul I was sorry to leave them, but said I'd be back in three or four months: just the time to convince Uncle John of his folly, and I'll come home again to Hong-Kong. . . . Here we are on the steamer, already out of sight of land, and I am smoking on the deck. Russell has a headache, and says, petulantly, he don't see how a fellow can do it. *I* don't see how a fellow can take too much wine on the very night that he is leaving Hong-Kong and going back to get married. If *I* were going home to get married, I am sure— After all, though, there's nearly ten years between us. He's a young fellow yet. His character isn't formed. He isn't much older in feeling than I was fifteen years ago, when I left Vienna—per order Uncle John, as usual. But Uncle John's orders had some sense in them then. Poor Mademoiselle Tavernier! she

must be nearly sixty now. I thought my heart was broken; I was sure of hers. *Sic juvat*— There is something in Virgil which hits it off exactly—I must brush up my Latin—something about deep waters and a quiet shore. When Uncle John's letter came I looked upon it as a sentence of transportation for life, and now I am almost as sorry to go home. Home! Which is home, after all? Uncle John is a peremptory old fellow, but he knew what he was about when he sent me away. I know now that I was in a sad, bad way then. The ways of Uncle John are inscrutable. Possibly this present sentence of transportation may turn out for the best. I hope not for life, though. Now I don't think Russell would care if he never saw Hong-Kong again. He growls because I am so deuced rosy about the gills.... After all, I am no longer a boy in disgrace. I may properly oppose any mad schemes prompted by Uncle John's affection for his only relatives. I should think the grandniece might have something to say in the matter too.

June 21.—I wonder whether he can have told her of my wild youth? No; of course not. Still, it would be only right to give her some warning that I have not always been what I now seem. I think the fellows in Hong-Kong all regard me, within reasonable business limitations, as a sort of practicable modern saint, just sufficiently mitigated by memories of my own youth to act as father confessor to them. I only hope I am not a prig. Then Uncle John seemed to think that Nero and Heliogabalus rolled into one were nothing to me. His letter ordering me to go to Hong-Kong was a masterpiece of concise English, and he called me a profligate young scoundrel. True, that time it was by letter; I don't think that even Uncle John would call me a profligate young scoundrel by telegraph. But the dear old fellow had given me a letter of credit for a thousand pounds, and just after I had been dropped from college, too. I certainly ought to have made it last longer than ten months.

And I had been so anxious to go to a German university! I had professed such a fondness for books, and begged him so earnestly to send me to Heidelberg. And then the way I went off from Heidelberg —"so dark the manner of my taking off!" I know some one must have written him, though, about Mademoiselle Tavernier—Ned Wyman, probably—when I wanted to fight that duel about her. Still, it was not quite true to call me a profligate young scoundrel; it was not my fault that she would not marry me. But Uncle John very properly did not approve of opera singers in the family. And the very day I drew my last fifty pounds she disappeared, and left me in Vienna, with no acquaintance but my creditors, and no friend but the second in the duel I was to fight. Only, as it turned out, the other fellow had gone off with her. I suppose Uncle John has forgiven me since; he never referred to it in his letters.... But I hope he has not told Miss Millison.

June 22.—Really, Russell is so happy that he is almost getting to be a nuisance. No, I don't quite mean that; of course I am glad to see the boy so. I suppose I should be just as happy if I were in his place. Only he seemed to hold in well enough while he was in Hong-Kong. He says he likes to talk to me about her; I am just old enough. The weather is perfect.

June 24.—After all, it seems that Russell is only eight years younger than I; hardly that, for he was born in April and I in December. When you're both past thirty, eight years don't make so much difference.... Russell is overjoyed to-day because the ship made 366 miles. His eagerness to get home is increasing. I tell him that is no reason he should bet every day on the ship's run, though. As a habit, it is little better than gambling.

June 27.—Russell showed me a photograph of his *fiancée* to-day. Didn't know he had one; he didn't show it to any of the fellows in Hong-Kong. A pretty girl enough.... I think Uncle John might have sent me out one of his grandniece, by way of sample. Didn't dare, I suppose; knew I wouldn't come then. She is probably some intellectual creature, whom no one else would fall in love with. I like intelligence in women, but I hate intellect.

June 30.—Had a heavy gale to-day. To-morrow we go into the Red Sea. I had a picture of her mother somewhere; I must hunt it up. Haven't seen her since the year before I went to college. I've a great mind to tell Russell about the daughter, and ask his advice. He only left the States five years ago, and will know what these girls are like.

July 1.—I told Russell of the grand-

niece to-day. He was really quite enthusiastic. "Go in, old boy! do go in!" said he. I told him it was too serious a question to treat flippantly. Then he laughed immoderately at what he called the idea. I don't see what there is so very funny about the idea, nor why he should call me "old boy" either. I am only seven years older than he. But you can't be angry with Russell long.

July 5.—Saw two big fish and a waterspout. The captain says it is one of the most favorable voyages he ever made. I wish I were sure which way I wanted the ship to go. Russell is getting sentimental.

July 6.—Brindisi. Russell has purchased a strip of tickets a yard long, and means to go straight to New York with them. I am not sure they don't even carry him to Mount Desert, where his sweetheart is. I suppose I must go with him to keep him out of mischief. Profit of foreign travel when you go with a man in love!

July 8.—I am getting weary of this continual railway journeying. And I did want to stop at Rome! Russell got a packet of letters at Brindisi, and takes up all the time reading them. He says there is nothing in them that would interest me. I am not so sure.

July 9.—London. It seems Russell was engaged to Miss Morley before he left Boston. That, of course, is different. Odd, a letter from Uncle John tells me his grandniece is also at Mount Desert, where the Morleys have a cottage. Uncle John writes that she is in love with me already. Great heavens! I wanted to hear a debate in the House of Commons, but Russell will not wait.

July 14.—Mid-Atlantic. Russell becomes more and more sentimental and worse company than ever. Now I don't consider his state of things a circumstance to mine. Fancy going to meet a young maid who has, as it were, been instructed to fall in love with you! For I know the cut-and-dried way Uncle John puts things. He told her very much the same way he told me to leave Hong-Kong. I fancy she was more upset than I was, though. Poor girl, how he must have frightened her!

July 19.—New York. I have had a long talk with Uncle John. It is as I feared. He tells me he has brought up Emily—her name is Emily—with the expectation of marrying me. It is the dearest wish of his declining years, he says. This is a favorite phrase of his, and he repeats it continually. He says it is the dearest wish of her declining years also. I think Russell's example must have worked upon me, for sometimes I catch myself considering as if it were the dearest wish of my declining years. But how the deuce am I to know?—about her dearest wish, I mean. There will, I suppose, be a tell-tale blush when I meet her: in books there is always a tell-tale blush, which every one sees but the hero. I must be on the lookout for it. Pshaw! As if I, with my grizzled beard, could cause a tell-tale blush in anybody! Fortunately I am not bald. Russell, I think, is a little bald, and he is quite as gray as I am. Not that we are either of us very gray. He is off to Mount Desert to-morrow. He really seems to enjoy the prospect, and wants me to go with him. So does Uncle John. In other words, he wants the goods delivered as per consignment. I think there ought to be some order from the consignee. It seems she is actually staying with the Morleys.

July 20.—Boston. The more I think of it, the more determined I am that I will not go down and gobble up this poor girl perfunctorily, like a Minotaur. Not that I am ill disposed toward her; on the contrary. If I could only get some private way of finding out whether her heart is really as dutiful as Uncle John thinks it is? If I could only be present at our meeting, and yet not be met—a dispassionate third party, as it were—I think I could tell. I could then note the tell-tale blush and other indications. How curiously unpractical of Uncle John to think she can really be in love with a man she has never seen! I might present myself incog., but that trick is used up; besides, she expects me, and would see through it directly. Moreover, it would be all up with me the moment she saw me, I fear. Uncle John never told her how old I was, and I never had but one photograph taken—in Hong-Kong—and that was five years ago.

July 22.—Rodick's Hotel, Mount Desert. This is a curious place. A great big tinder-box structure with a huge piazza, several hundred rooms, and almost as many young girls. The piazza is crowded with them, and I hardly dare go out there. When I do, I catch the eyes of so many of them that I feel I am blushing myself. I ought to be beyond blushing, but I am

not. I am afraid I am a very simple old fellow. I wonder whether Emily Millison is among them? I don't think so.

Russell has been to the Morleys', and come back disgusted. He saw nobody. Miss Morley, not expecting him so soon, is away on a journey to Canada. This comes of travelling through Europe without stopping to look at the scenery. Uncle John's niece is there, and I am to go and see her to-morrow.

Evening.—She was pointed out to me to-night driving by the hotel. She seems to be a pretty girl. Poor thing, how she must dread my arrival! It was absurd in me to fall in with Uncle John's preconceived notion so easily in New York. A young girl like her, really attractive too, with probably half the young fellows in town at her feet. But in this instance common humanity dictates that Uncle John should be thwarted. I won't trouble her long.

July 23.—I have just had a brilliant idea. It came to me in my dream. Why shouldn't Russell be presented in my place? He is complaining of nothing to do. Then I can go with him—as Mr. Russell—and watch how they behave. If she loves him she will, metaphorically speaking, rush into his arms. If she does that, I will disclose myself at once. . . . I have just spoken to Russell. He seems rather pleased at the idea. But he laughs at what he terms my quixotic scruples, and says if she doesn't care for me she will say so. I have a feeling she will be too modest, too shy, too submissive. Russell doesn't know Uncle John. He says I don't know American girls. I have always noticed a certain want of ideal in Russell. He agrees with me, however, in thinking that Uncle John was probably mistaken in the warmth of her affections toward me. Still, it is quite understood between us that if she does rush into his arms, he is to hand her over to me at once. We have timed our call at dusk, so there can be no prejudice of age or faces. . . . This afternoon we went to drive. I never saw so many young people all out-doors together at once. I wondered whether Miss Millison could be among them; but every maiden had a youth by her side, and I could not but hope the contrary. Even a youth would be no despicable rival for an old fellow like me.

6 *P.M.*—She just passed through the hall of the hotel. I hope she will give me—that is, Russell—a warm reception to-night. Ought she to kiss him? No: that would be too much. The pressure of the hand, the glance of the eye shyly looking up, will tell it all. Odd, I don't think that a month ago I should have minded her kissing him—except on her account. . . . I have just been to tea, and Russell is dressing. I do hope he will put on a becoming coat. First impressions amount to something even in a future husband selected by Uncle John. I tried to drop Russell a hint just now, but he didn't seem to understand. . . . The sun is setting, and the village street is full of girls. It is a lovely sight. Beyond lies the bay with moonlight accompaniment; I am growing sentimental. At my age it is almost improper. . . . I have just been to hurry up Russell. He got quite angry with me because I criticised his coat. I am sure I should wear a black coat if I were going to call on my *fiancée* for the first time. I have been giving him a few points on Uncle John, that he may carry off the situation. And if Uncle John's vagary should haply prove well founded, we are to pretend that it was all a mistake taking him for me. Here goes for the tell-tale blush!

10 *P.M.*—It is all over. I don't see how I could have been such a fool; I was sensible enough when I left Hong-Kong. We called at eight, sent up our cards; that is, I sent up Russell's and he sent up mine. Emily—Miss Millison—was out on the piazza with a lanky youth called Tim Chipman, who removed himself awkwardly from the field. While Russell went forward, I lurked behind one of the pillars, with the light well behind me, to mark the tell-tale blush. But instead of blushing she turned a little pale, I thought; and could not speak for several seconds, just as if it were a terrible moment which she had hoped would never arrive. Finally, "How do you do, Mr. Witherspoon?" said she, almost with a tone of sarcasm (my name does have a ludicrous sound if you dwell upon it too much), and hardly left her hand in his a second. And I will swear that at that moment Russell had the heart to look around at me and grin. The meeting was over so much sooner than I expected that I had no time to get out from behind the pillar, but stumbled about among the chairs in the dark while Russell was introducing me as his friend Mr. Russell, and I could see that she was a little angry with me, even, because I was

the friend of her unwelcome husband that was to be. It was easy to see how she hated him, though it was quite dark; for she hardly looked toward him once again, but spoke pointedly all the evening to me. I think Russell was much piqued that he had made so ineffectual an impression, but what was his pique to my disappointment—being an eye-witness of the horror with which she regarded the match! So I told Russell, and he got quite angry with me, and called her a silly little chit. I wish she were! But she is a sweet, intelligent woman; I must do Uncle John the justice to admit it. Heigho! here ends my day-dream. I am off to-morrow.

July 24.—Russell begs me to stay a few days with him; at least, until his lady-love gets back. It is a lovely morning, and I am half inclined to do so. He insists that I overrated Miss Millison's coldness to him last night, and that she squeezed his hand on parting. It is only wounded *amour propre* that makes him say this. But he insists also on going to see her this morning, and meantime I am going out for a sail. I have just had a telegram from Uncle John, saying he was coming down to bring his formal congratulations. Replied, "For Heaven's sake, don't do anything of the kind," but the telegraph girl seemed to think this was too strong, so had to send, "Please don't be such a fool," which was ruder, if less profane. But nothing weaker would have stopped Uncle John.

1 *P.M.*—Russell has just returned, and declares that she received him perfectly. According to his account, she talked as if the idea of marrying a middle-aged Hong-Kong merchant had grown with her so from early infancy as to be part of her very being. One would think that I, John Witherspoon, aged eight-and-thirty, were the Prince Charming of her fairy tales; that is, the idea of me, temporarily incarnated in Russell. Russell swears that he kissed her hand, which I do not believe. He would have the audacity to say that she kissed him if he thought I would swallow it. Still, he has almost persuaded me to try it a few days longer. He says he is willing to keep up the travesty if I am. I shall try to win her esteem as the old friend of her lover.

July 26.—I am afraid the old friend plan does not work very well. The moment I get at all fatherly in my manner she seems frightened, and looks to Russell as if for protection. And she has been very cold to me since, as if there were something dishonest or ungentlemanly in my advances. And when I called this afternoon there was a youth calling there too, and she wouldn't let him go while I was there. His name was Chipman—Tim Chipman. Can there be anything between them, I wonder? Or is she really offended with my friendly advances? I suppose I ought to remember that she thinks I am Russell, and engaged to Miss Morley, her friend. Can it be that she really takes me for thirty-one? I am fairly not old-looking for my age; and she is twenty-one. Russell still thinks that I am a great fool, and that her heart is in the match with me; that is, as she thinks, with him. Russell is an ass.

July 27.—I wish I could persuade myself that Russell is right, and that it is not all the conceit of an advocate. I have a great mind to make love to her in earnest as Russell. If she really cares for her uncle's wishes, she will repel me with more scorn than ever. Then all will be well. But if, in her desire to escape from such cut-and-dried matrimony, she grasps at the first straw that presents itself—even at me—I shall know that Uncle John was, as I suspected at Hong-Kong, little better than a fool at love affairs, though a good enough business man in other respects.

Evening.—I have dressed myself as young as possible, and am going there alone. Tim Chipman is a nuisance; he was there all the afternoon. Boys of that age haven't any business to be loafing down here with young women at the seashore; they ought to have some steady occupation. When I was Tim Chipman's age I was sent to Hong-Kong.

Night.—True to my regular habits, I must write in my journal as usual, though the events of the evening verge on tragedy. I went there, and was admitted. I furnished some weak excuse for Witherspoon's absence—she did not seem deeply grieved. This was already a bad sign, I thought, as I sat down a little nearer to her than usual. She seemed sad, and if I read her eyes aright by the soft glow of the lamp, there was a tender dimness in them as of tears she had not yet forgotten. Ah, mine uncle, my kind old uncle, you should not have called your middle-aged nephew back home again only to break his middle-aged heart!

Well, well! how it began I do not know. There was some talk of Hong-Kong and Mount Desert, and of Uncle John, and of artificial marriages, and of love and misery, and of her and me, and I thought she was going to cry, and I took her hand, and, by Heaven, I kissed it. Oh, the artful, miserable girl! the light, unfaithful, contemptible coquette! She let me kiss her. She, as she supposes, engaged to another man, and he a most worthy fellow, and nephew to her uncle who has been more than a father to her; and I, engaged to another woman, and that woman her dearest friend and hostess, now temporarily absent, and she breaks her plighted troth, and the most sacred obligations of friendship, and the dearest wish of her elderly uncle's declining years, at my first smile, at the very first advance of the first middle-aged stranger who makes bold to kiss her! Ah, American girls, the half has not been told! Daisy Miller, you are a mere mitigation of the naked truth!

I suppose the horror of my expression after that fatal salute must have been apparent to her, for she started back in alarm. It is, of course, unusual for a man who has been shown the signal favor of a kiss to appear shocked or enraged. But I could not conceal from her all that I felt. At the instant I had seen the kiss about to become a realization all my heart for mockery had left me, and I had dropped her hand as carelessly as if it were a burned-out match.

Probably most men look pleased when a pretty girl allows them to kiss her, and my bearing must have seemed eccentric. She drew back and blushed. She did have the grace to blush. And I was silent. At one moment I was on the point of kissing her again; then, of leaving her forever. It was the latter course that I finally adopted. She, I presume, was awaiting a more explicit avowal—waiting for me to show my treason to my friend, as she had proved her treason to her troth. Uncle John, you built your hopes on shifting sand.

July 28.—Now am I fit for stratagem and spoil. So far, I have always been ingenuous and sincere; but the duplicity of this woman would disarm the compassion of a pelican. I won't go away. Why should I? I have no place else to go to—except back to Hong-Kong. Some time, I hope, I may go home to Hong-Kong, but not now. Here will I stay and see this tragedy to its end. Russell's young woman is to arrive to-morrow; but I have begged him to take her into the secret for a day at least, that I may see how far this woman's perversity may go. I am convinced that if it had not been that Russell was presented to her in the trying light of duty, and I in that of idle and perverse amusement, she never would have preferred me to him. As it is, even with an elderly guide like myself, the wayward path is the flowery one to her.

July 29.—Russell's girl has returned. She seems a nice, true creature. Pity she is not so attractive as Emily Millison. Little she knows what a faithless friend she has in her. We have great difficulty in getting her to consent to our plot, even for a day or two, as of course it separates her from Russell, and gives her to me instead. It is remarkable how much she cares for him—a careless fellow, who doesn't deserve it.

Can Miss Millison be only flirting? Not that that would be any excuse for her; but though I have left her for Miss Morley, she seems to bear it calmly enough. It ought to surprise her, after our scene of the other night.

July 30.—Russell is beginning to growl at being kept so long from his sweetheart. Some men have no discrimination. Now if he knew what a nuisance it is to be always at Miss Morley's beck and call. I suppose she may be attractive to some men, but she is wholly lacking in intelligence.

3 *P. M.*—We have been to walk. I have a more terrible suspicion still. Can it be that she is not only doubly but trebly false? We walked in the woods, and sat down in a damp, mossy sort of place at the foot of an oak-tree—I, of course, with Miss Morley, Russell with Emily Millison. I took advantage of Miss Morley's going to sleep to walk around the tree and see what they were doing. Russell got up and left, and she and I entered into conversation. With fine irony I deplored her fate in being married off by her uncle. With irony, I say, for the line of conduct she sees fit to pursue in the premises makes any commiseration superfluous. But she chimed in, as if she were the enchanted princess in a fairy tale, and Uncle John the ogre. She hinted that my caress the other day was prompted by fatherly pity alone (I'll be hanged if it was!), and that it was the rarity of kind treatment which

moved her to tears. Then she went on to speak of old suitors and young lovers, as if Tim Chipman were the man, after all. Kind treatment, indeed! If she expects every man to coax away her moods with a kiss, I hope it is a rarity. But I fancy it won't be long. I must warn Uncle John against Chipman. A boy with no visible occupation at twenty-three will surely take to vicious courses sooner or later. Why, I myself— But then I was younger at the time of the Tavernier episode. When I went back to the other side of the tree I found the Morley girl awake again, and Russell with her. They were parted with some difficulty, and have flatly refused to go on for another day.

I shall bring on the catastrophe to-night. Possibly Mr. Tim Chipman could do it better, but I will try. I must see how far that girl will go.

Midnight.—I have found out. We have been to row in a boat, Emily Millison and I. I went around and asked her, after tea, and she accepted readily, though, as she could not have known that Russell did not mean to call, I had hardly expected it. We started about sunset; the sea was silent, and soon the moon came out, large and round, above the peak of Green Mountain. We rowed across the bay alone, and landed on Bald Porcupine, a solitary rocky islet covered with small firs. I was sorry that she consented to land, but it gave me the brutal nerve I needed. It was my part to play the impassioned lover, and I did so recklessly and relentlessly. Even then and there she did not shrink. It became horribly evident that she was luring me on.

It was terrible. I began to pity even Chipman. I could feel the cold sweat on my forehead. I forgot that she was Uncle John's niece. My irritation—to use no stronger term—forced me beyond all bounds. Clasping her hand (the night was warm and light, the waves scarcely murmuring on the rocks, moonlight, and all that sort of thing; just such a night as when Jessica's, or Lady Julia's, or all other love affairs or elopements have been carried out)—clasping her hand, again I kissed it; and she seeming nothing loath, but rather leaning toward me still more, I swore to her that I loved no one but her. I told her that I cared nothing for Miss Morley; that I had been engaged to her in my early youth; but that since I had seen her, Emily (I called her Emily), the other had been naught to me. I told her that her betrothal out of hand to a man she had never seen could not be binding; that her Uncle John was a tyrant—I lied even to that extent; that I (Russell) knew myself (Witherspoon) to be a profligate. Even that cowardly, backbiting slander on the man she supposed herself engaged to did not rouse her indignation. Finally, I clasped her in my arms and besought her to leave him and fly with me. And, by Heaven, she said she would!

Then, indeed, I rose, and with a bitter laugh denounced her. I dropped her hand upon the bank, and told her that I scorned her treasonable love. And she laughed! She seemed without a vestige of a conscience, and my invective became so strong that at last I was grimly pleased to see her cry. Finally, she cried so much that I was forced to soothe her a little. I feared she might become hysterical. She had something clasped in her hand, and was weeping over it strangely and unnaturally. I looked at it: it was a photograph. The photograph of a fourth? I took it from her and held it up to the moonlight. It was mine. It was one I had taken in Hong-Kong five years ago. Uncle John had sent it to her before my arrival.

Emily was still crying, but laughing a little too.

"How long have you known me?" I asked her.

"From the first, of course," she said, "when your friend Mr. Russell was presented as yourself—as Mr. Witherspoon." And the little drawl she gave my name recalled to me at once her sarcastic, offended manner of receiving me.

When we got to talking about practical things—that is, just now—I began to blame her a little for her deceit. She asked me what I thought of mine. I had no answer ready at the moment. So I told her we ought to write to Uncle John at once. The old fellow will be so much pleased!

July 31.—I am not going back to Hong-Kong. We are to live in New York. Tim Chipman is going to Hong-Kong.

I must reserve the last page of my journal for some commissions I have to do for Emily in the city. So this is the

END OF VOL. XIV.

MAIDA HILL TUNNEL.

THROUGH LONDON BY CANAL.

WHEN a certain famous financier from San Francisco visited London, a few years ago, he was called on, the morning after his arrival, by his English correspondent, who, finding him characteristically anxious to plunge at once into the business for which he had come, proposed that they should start for "the City." "The City!" exclaimed our magnate; "why, what do you call this place we're in? I was two or three hours riding through what I should call a city, last night, before I reached this hotel." But the placid and precise Englishman went on, statistically, to explain that "the City" was still a long distance away; that they could go there inside a cab or outside a 'bus; by boat down the river; under-ground, beneath the houses, by rail; or by rail, above the roofs, through the Borough — all to the astonishment, expressed with naïve and native vehemence, of the San Franciscan. I fear that the resources of the Pacific slope language would have been unduly taxed had he been told that he might pass from end to end of London on a canal; and I am sure his visitor, as well as most Londoners, would have felt equal surprise.

Yet it is true: an unheeded and almost unknown river runs through the heart of London, holding its quiet, untroubled course, while the busy city has pushed its way all about and beyond it. It is not so many years since pleasure-boats plied upon it; and even now, chartered to commerce as it is, a trip along its length is a delight and a surprise, not only to the Londoner, who may not be averse to the novel form of amusement to be found in learning something of his own town, but even to the alien prowler by profession, who prides himself on thoroughly knowing his beloved prowling place. But it can never be thoroughly known: each day brings some new scene, each stroll discovers some quaint, unexpected, out-of-the-way, and altogether delightful nook. Disraeli used to say that his idea of perfect happiness was to be driven on top of a coach, behind four fast horses, over the green turf of rural England, regardless of roads; my idea of undiluted bliss is to be driven perpetually on the top of the same old 'bus, behind two slow old horses, through the same old London streets—which yet are ever new. Beside all others, it has the crowning charm that one may always get away from it, as it were, in a moment, and with a few steps find himself in a far-away city, or even in another country. M. Guizot said, "*Londres n'est plus une ville; c'est une province couverte de maisons*"; and even as

long ago as the Restoration, in a comedy by John Crowne, called *The Country Wit*, there is the same thought:

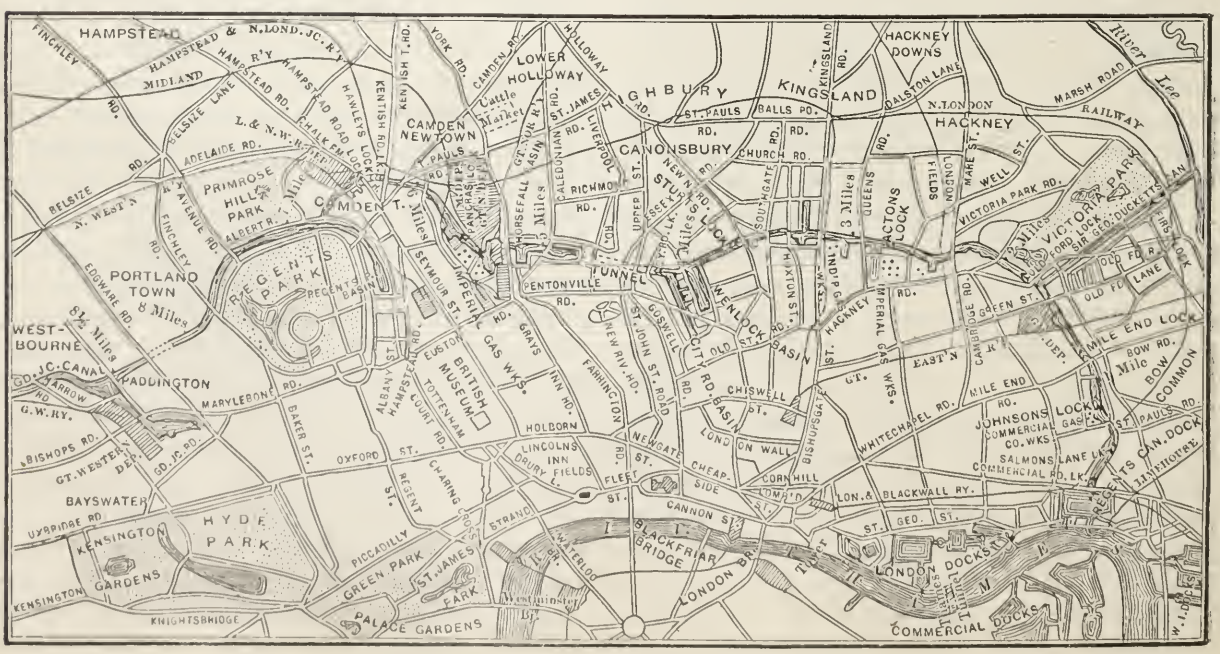
Sir Mannerly Shallow. What a brave place is this London! It is, as the song says, the finest city town that ever I saw in my life.

Booby. Ah, 'tis a brave place! *'Tis not a city; 'tis a great country, all o' houses.*

Indeed, London is a kingdom in itself; and within its sixty odd square miles we find bits of English town and country, bits of foreign towns and countries. Notably do we thus travel on our canal, passing through odd and unknown characteristic corners of London, as well as through quiet country scenes, through parts of provincial towns, through unexpected glimpses of Dutch villages, of Venice, of American cities, of old French hamlets beside French streams.

The Regent's Canal is the last link in the great canal chain of England; by it the Mersey is married to the Thames, and shakes hands with the Humber; it connects the whole great scheme of inland navigation with London and the sea. The Grand Junction Canal, through which flows all the traffic of the canals of the north, of the midland counties, and of the west, joins the Thames at Brentford, and entering it here, we may pass around and through London, and come again into the Thames at Limehouse. The Regent's Canal proper reaches from Paddington to Limehouse, a distance of eight miles and a half, in which distance there are forty bridges or more, and twelve locks, at short intervals, to enable it to make the descent of eighty-four feet. There are many basins and docks; some deep cuttings; and to pass through the great ridge at Islington it was necessary to cut a tunnel, straight and deep. The canal has a mean depth of about six feet, is thirty feet in width at the bottom, and forty-eight feet at the surface, to allow three full-sized barges to pass comfortably, these barges being thirteen to fourteen feet wide, and from sixty-five feet to seventy feet long. The whole inland navigation of the country once stopped at Paddington. This canal, continuing the water communication of the interior to the Thames and its docks at Limehouse, was begun October 14, 1812, and finally opened for traffic August 1, 1820. It received its name from "the first gentleman in Europe," as he was then regarded by a subservient nation. There were fine doings at its formal opening: an aquatic procession of boats and barges flaunting with streamers, flags floating everywhere. Mr. Pink's *History of Clerkenwell* gives a truly loyal description of the festivities.

The journey from Brentford to Paddington is made up of twenty miles of the commonest country canalling, albeit through a charming country. Our entrance to London is, oddly enough—and yet quite like London, which holds within its infinite self every other place in the world



MAP OF REGENT'S CANAL.

KENSAL GREEN.

—through a bit of France. Passing the long sombre wall and the sedate elms of Kensal Green Cemetery, under an old-world wooden bridge, we come in view of a piece of the Loing at Nemours, or of the Seine at Elbœuf, just above Rouen. The wooden shanties rise straight from the water's edge; the grass slopes away beyond; one indolent tree droops listlessly at the end: we look to see the brawny arms of the cheery, cheeky washer-women hanging their linen, the streak of soap-suds floating down-stream. But it is all a vision of the old French towns, and we are startled back to newest London by the rows of fresh brick houses of Queen's Park, a new quarter of "working-men's homes." The somewhat commonplace street is already labelled—not in derision—"Fifth Avenue" on a small board; and, in addition to this attraction, along the road between it and the canal pass all the long day, all through the year—a cheering procession for the future residents—the "revolting absurdities" of the British funeral. Under a small foot-bridge, known locally as "the 'a'penny bridge," and we are in the midst of a little fleet of monkey-boats, deep down in the water with bricks and sand, which they have brought from Dawling and Yedding and Yewsley, and are here unloading for these brand-new suburbs of Kensal New Town and Queen's Park. We are really in London at last.

It is a characteristic introduction to the world's mart that we have, and all along this mile through Paddington trade speaks eloquently to sight and smell and hearing. The tall telegraph poles bristle skyward as in American towns; the squalid houses recall the suburbs of the most manufacturing of English provincial towns; the gigantic goods stations and the teeming industry tell of London alone. These long rows of shabby brick tenements on our right give directly on the canal, and seem to use it as a sewer for their refuse; nastiness is all about us, and vile smells pervade space. Their back yards are used as drying grounds for the washing that is perennial with such people all the world over; similarly, too, as we see forever in such quarters everywhere, there are countless small children taking care of very big babies in these back yards and on the roofs of the small extensions. On the opposite side is a great Board school, the play-ground of which comes to the water's edge; on its railing squirming boys climb, trying to impale or, failing that, to drown themselves. Then we come to wharves and yards and little docks without end, at which barges are loading and unloading; they are piled with sand and stone and wood, lumber, hay, manure, dust, ashes; clumsy carts are coming and going, saw-mills are buzzing, hammers clattering on stone, men busy with shovels, "low on the sand and loud on the stone," all about. It was here and at Battle Bridge below that the dust and ashes

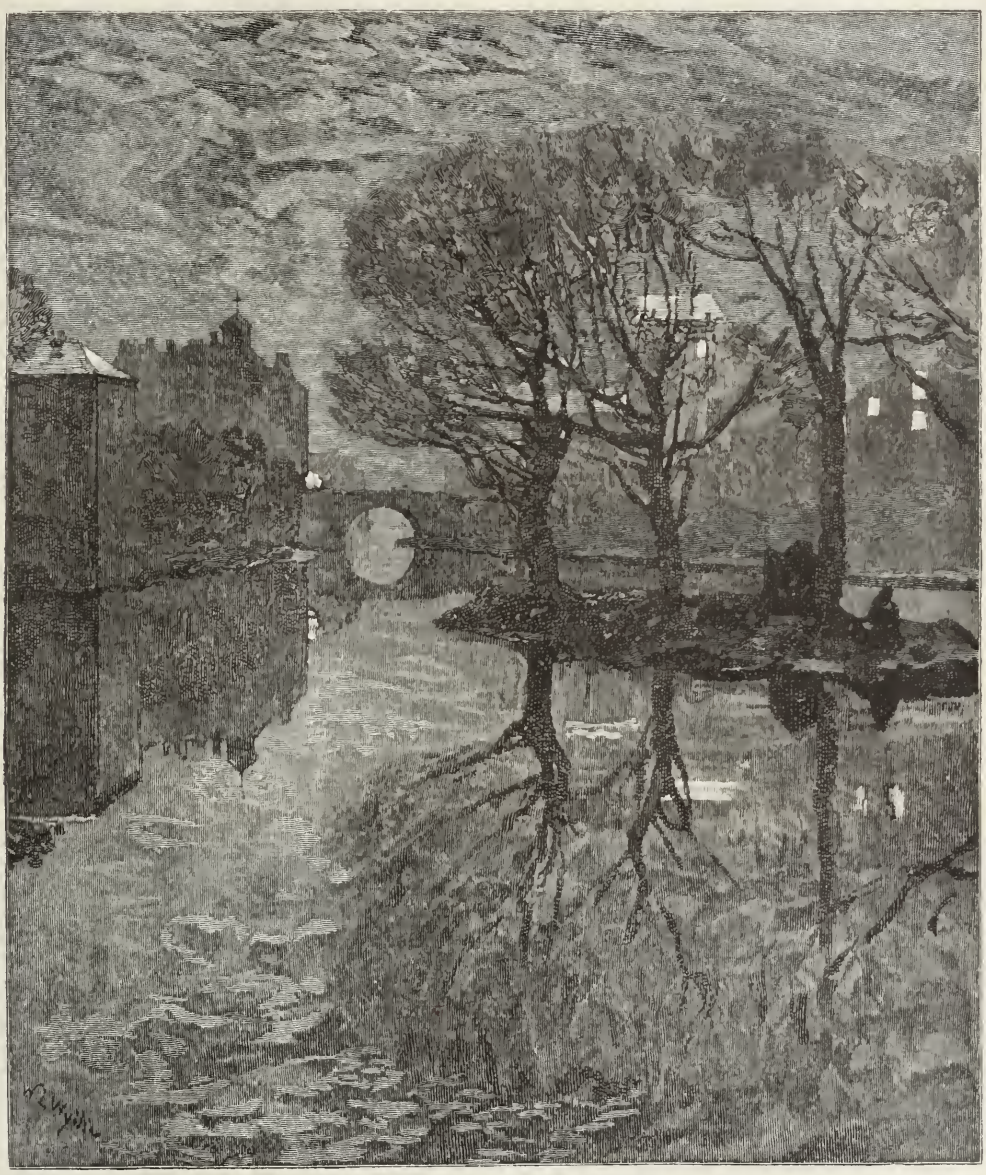
THE WEIGH-BRIDGE.

of the whole town used to be piled in mountain heaps that grew higher and higher year by year, and on breezy days the wind was wont to amuse itself by driving dust and disease thence to all quarters. It was just about here, turning off the Edgware Road, that Boffin had his Bower, where the elder Harmon had accumulated his "continents of cinders," in Carlyle's phrase. Some of these mounds were worth thousands of pounds sterling. This whole region is a place sweet to the contractor and the dustman doubtless, but surely to no one else. Everything is mercantile, money-grubbing, sordid. Meantime we have been slowly passing, on the right, the great dreary goods station and the yards of the Great Western Railway, covering many acres hidden by a monotonous wall; just opposite are the tall chimneys and the dreary brick buildings of an immense iron-foundry; then we come to Paddington work-house, a long dreary brick structure, set in a vast dreary field; and next beyond it, at the side of the Harrow Road, stands the Lock Hospital for destitute fallen women, dreary too, spite of the good work it does.

Passing under Harrow Road Bridge, we burst into a silent sea of shabby gentility, drearier in its assumption than all that has gone before. A pretentious terrace stretches away on either hand, faced with a make-believe massive balustrade, cracked and broken; the heavy houses fronting upon it are stuccoed shams, seamed and shabby; its few disconsolate trees seem tired of trying to keep up appearances, and the faded grass is completely discouraged and is going back again.

Amid all that is dirty and dreary and distressful through which we have passed there have been some glimpses of brightness. Small pleasure-boats are allowed to ply on parts of the canal, and have given life to the scene. A long barge called the *Cambridge* is anchored in front of a green field, and its owner, one G. Brooks, informs us by his sign that he has "boats to let for schools and picnic parties." "Picnic" promises well in this commercial quarter, and that sign gladdens us. Near by a bit of squatter sovereignty asserts itself. On the ragged piece of land there are rough shanties, stumps of trees, the wreck of a real rural hedge. Men smoke pipes and do nothing very hard, and women are wiping their stripped arms and resting after their perpetual conflict with soap-suds and duds. We pass Green's boat-house, a long narrow shed, wherein there is a pretty picture of men tinkering those slim shells, graceful enough, but which make a man, safe in a broad barge, shudder to look at; and just when we can bear the squalor of the tenement-houses no longer, we are saved by the sight of the remains of a country village. On the low brick cottages vines clamber, and birds are

whistling in them and in the few old trees; genuine green hedges divide the little gardens, in which geese waddle, chickens cackle; waving rushes rise right from the water, which has become a stream, sparkling in the sunshine, rippling in the breeze; a



PADDINGTON ISLAND.

gentle smoke floats from the chimneys. A nice old lady in a sun-bonnet is picking at things in the bushes; a clean old gentleman mends a rake; a muscular maiden mixes manure at a stable door. It is all peaceful and pretty, and it is all that remains of the quiet rural spot called Paddington. Once "a choice promenade for the nobility and gentry," no human being can now tell where London begins and Paddington ends.

It ends for us practically at this picturesque little building standing beside the canal beneath the Warwick Road Bridge. It is queerly enough called the Weighbridge, and in it are measured the loads carried by the various barges, from which are calculated the tolls due by each. This measurement is made by means of a hollow staff, through which runs a rod marked off in feet and inches, and as the boat lies along the edge of the canal, here narrowed to just the width to admit it, this staff is plunged into the water, the rod projecting above, thus marking the "dry inches." Within the office are tables giving the tonnage of each boat used on the canal, and thus the amount of the load is calculated, and the charge is made according to a fixed rate. These charges are

"booked" in those cases where the barge is one of a number owned by a company or by a large owner; payment is usually made at the first lock at either end where the barge is the property of the man managing it. The canal company itself owns many barges.

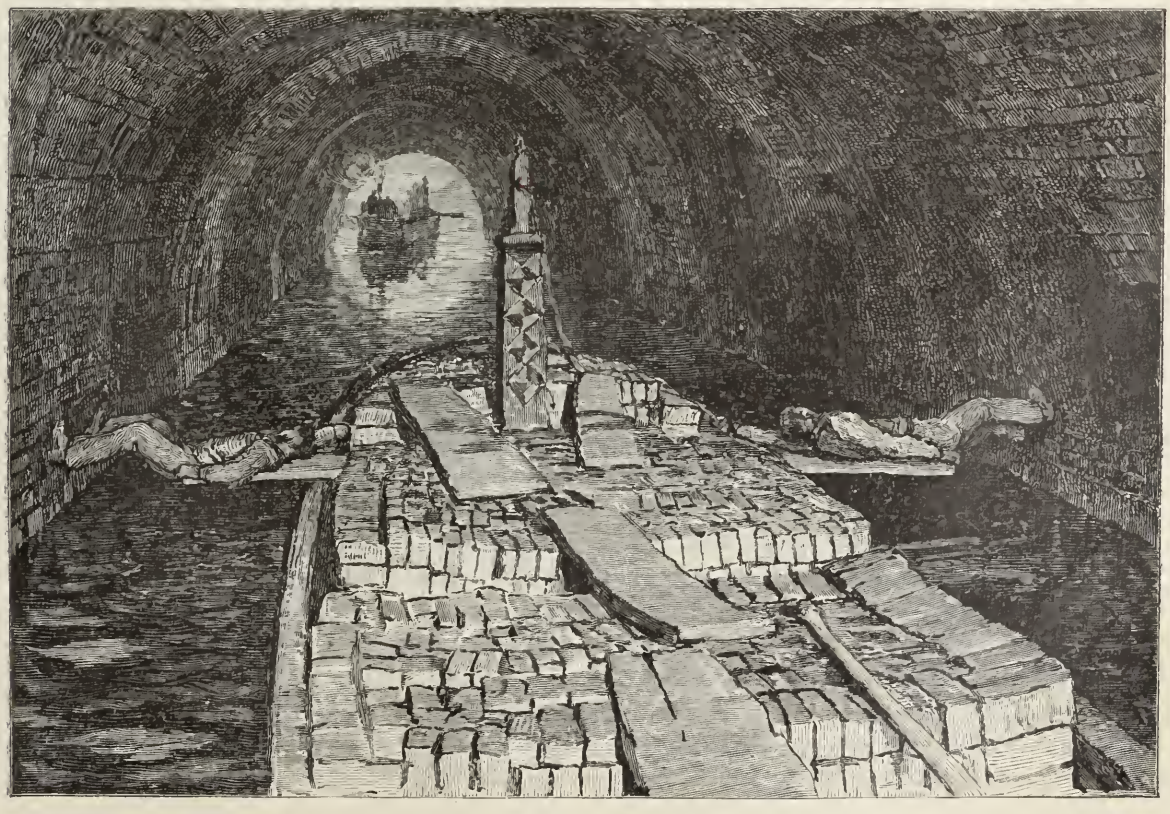
Emerging from beneath the weigh-house, the canal widens suddenly before us into a pleasant sheet of water, dividing into two branches at the pretty little island just ahead. That to the right plunges straight into the heart of Paddington, carrying its barges to the many wharves pushing out all along, greedy for stone and timber and coal and hay and all the material that a great city demands from the country. Here are barges from Maidstone, and from all the ports on the Medway, tied up cheek by jowl with monkey-boats from Warwickshire and the interior of the country.

This little island at the parting of the waters has been dropped here for our delectation. It has the greenest of sward, the most graceful of trees. "There is a willow grows aslant the brook"—for this is surely a country brook here, and Ophelia, "clambering there on the pendent boughs," might have dropped herein. Behind the island a grassy point juts out, holding a massive porticoed house, and from its side springs the one majestic arch of the bridge spanning the stream, under the other end of which snuggles a queer little triangular house. In its wedge-shaped room sits an ancient clerk, up to his eyes in papers and account-books. This is the office of the Regent's Canal, which may be said to begin here. From the bridge the canal shoots straight and shining to the tunnel under Maida Hill, which glimmers an evanescent ellipse in the distance, half solid stone, half shimmering effigy. On each side the road slopes upward with a graceful rise to the summit of the hill; between it and the water is only a low fence, and back of it are pleasant houses hidden in vines and gay with gardens. Above the precipitous parapet of the bridge over the tunnel, crowned with the flowers of some vagabond street merchant, is massed a great army of trees, whose skirmishers are thrown out on either side toward us. A broken line of monkey-boats hugs the south side of the canal, and along the tow-path on the other side sit the pensive, persistent fishermen, and a ragged tramp is stretched in sleep in the shade of the bank. They might all be Italian lazzaroni, so easy their attitude, so careless their concern. Indeed, the whole scene calls up Venice to us all, whether we see it with the setting sun sinking behind, or with the dawn breaking over it, or the full moon flooding it. It must surely have been of this bit that Byron wrote, "There would be nothing to make the canal of Venice more poetical than this of Paddington were it not for its artificial adjuncts."

While our eyes are delighting in this scene, many barges are slipping by, among which, when ready for a start, we select the *Alice*, of Rochester, the rather for that she bears that daintiest of names than that there is anything especially attractive in the boat itself. She is laden with ashes for the brick-makers down on the Medway, and the cindery fluff covers everything, and the grit makes its way even to the inmost recesses of our lunch of weal-and-'am-ers; but her deck load consists entirely of cordage, pulleys, chains, spars, sails, and a mast, all laid out on deck when these sailing barges leave the river and pass into the canal. There is also a large boat, bottom up, on deck, and a small fluffy dog that seems all over the deck at once, except where a sedate cat crouches motionless at the cabin hatchway. The rest of the crew is made up of a young man and woman, evidently man and wife; he a quiet, earnest young fellow, clad in the canal-man's careless costume; she tidily dressed in simple stuff, a blue spotted handkerchief over her head—altogether a compact and comfortable little woman. The old skipper, from whom we have received reluctant consent to step on board, is a weather-beaten mariner, whose grizzled hair shows scantily below his old fur cap, and whose oaken visage is seamed with peevish wrinkles. His trousers are stained and patched, his blue jersey—by no means a new jersey—is faded and ragged, and around his neck is twisted a dreadful rag of a handkerchief. He is very depressed, and takes gloomy views of life in general, and especially of his part in it. The management of the canal does not commend itself to his judgment, and when the barge gets aground, owing to the lowness of the water—a frequent occurrence in this part—he expresses himself with voluble indignation: "There! her starn's all afloat now; it's 'er 'ead as 'as got it; yer never know 'ow to load your barge; they never tells yer w'en they're goin' to lower the water, nor no-

thin'. It's a disgrace to the country, the hull thing; nothin' right. It's never clean, an' it's allers low water, and there's nothin' but naked men a-bathin', and thieves wot robs your barge and takes all they can git out of 'er, and blackguard boys wot calls yer names and spits on yer and throws stones at yer—nothin' else. Then, if yer complains, they pelts yer with brickbats wuss 'n ever, and the hull country and the magistrates sides with 'em!" Things are very dark to the old mariner, chiefly because he is in ill health, on which, indeed, he rather plumes himself: "I ain't never well, I ain't; I hed a barge sink with me, and I 'ain't never been well sence." Then with superior merit, as one raised by misfortune above us: "It don't make no difference wot I do, it don't. Now 'ere's men that it 'urts, and even kills, to 'leg through' this 'ere tunnel; but it don't make no difference to me; it can't make me wuss, and I ain't never right nohow."

Maida Hill Tunnel, to which he refers, confronts us here at the foot of the hill; it is but a short one, less than a quarter of a mile in length. The tow-path stops at its mouth, our horse is led up to the road above and around to the other end to meet us, while we "leg through." To accomplish this mysterious mode of progression "wings" are used—two long planks hinged together in the middle so that they may be folded up and laid away, and when unfolded and hooked on to irons fitted for that purpose the wings project on each side near the bow nearly to the sides of the tunnel. On each wing a man lies flat on his back—an extra man is waiting here to be taken on for such work—and these tread slantingly with their feet along the wall, thus painfully propelling the boat. As they take their places, the woman appears from the cabin stairs and holds the helm. It is a strange sensation as we plunge into this bath of blackness; only a long slender streak of daylight follows us in the water, lengthening as we advance, until this too is suddenly blotted out and all is made darker by the entrance of a lighter astern of us. But now another streak streams in ahead, and in a few moments we are again out under the summer sun. Here is a new surprise: the canal is no longer straight and formal, but commences to curve capriciously, and so continues all through this smiling stretch. Many little bridges span it, under whose graceful arches we catch bewitching glimpses beyond. Its sides slope easily to the water, and small gardens come down



LEGGING THROUGH MAIDA HILL TUNNEL.

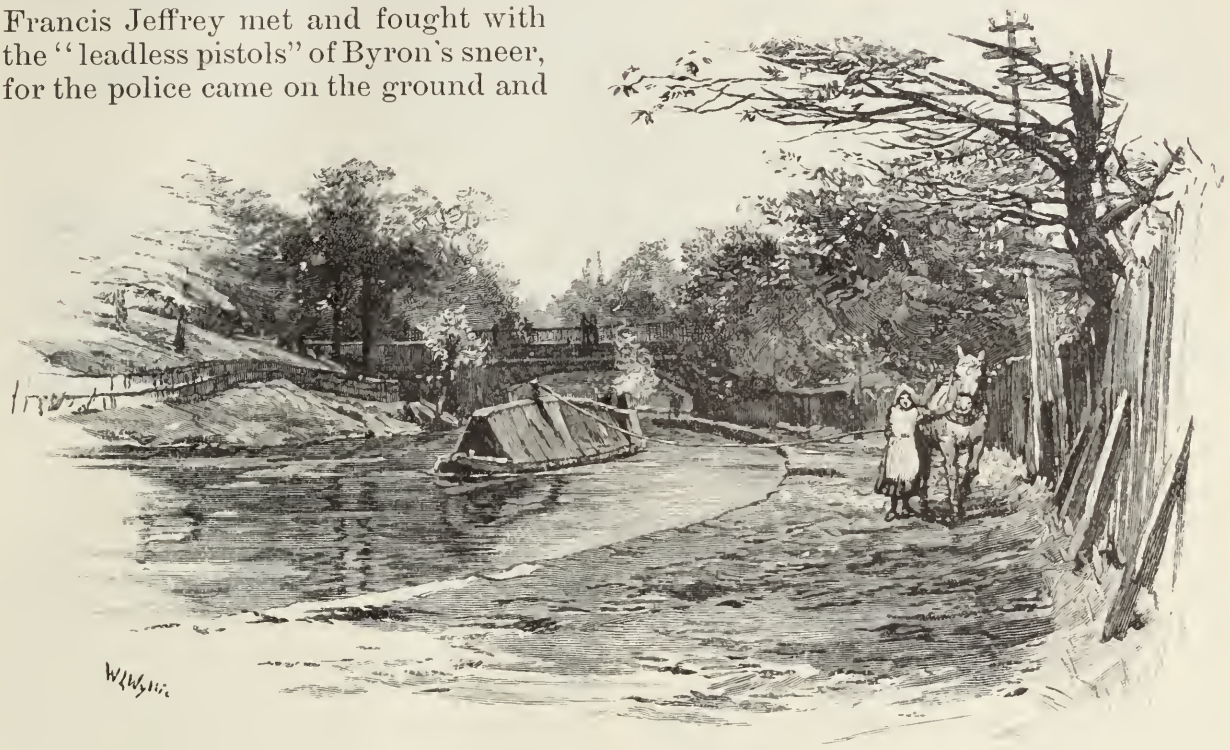
to the edge, opposite the tow-path; not spick and span show gardens, but left to nature's cheerful neglect, with light wire fences between them, or neat wooden palings, and here and there a gay little summer-house. In one garden a tall mast is erected, with cross-trees and cordage, "W'ich they h'ists a flag there, sir. W'en? W'ensoever they chooses, sir." Nor is the scene without life: cocks crow and girls giggle in the gardens; babies are playing on the little lawns; the inevitable boy grins through the palings at us; an absent-minded maiden sits on an empty soap-box, with a long pole in her hand, and pretends to fish. It is a pleasing panorama that is passing by; and who would believe this to be London? It is the charmed ground of St. John's Wood, half country and half town, made up of cozy cottages in their own grounds, and of semi-detached villas in dainty gardens. Here dwell the artist, the literary man, the musical people—that delightful world of well-to-do Bohemianism.

Now the scenery grows more country-like; the canal curves coquettishly, and shoots into sudden nooks between banks sloping languidly, where lies the greenest of grass, and where arched trees overhang; its bosom mantles and sparkles in the sunlight, and darkens in dusky coverts. We are, in fact, passing through Regent's Park, and so to the grounds of the Zoological Gardens; the quaint buildings, half hidden by the foliage, the queer boxes and cages lying about on the bank above, in which beasts and birds have been brought from other lands, give a flavor of these other lands to the unfamiliar scene. The discordant shrieks of the parrots, housed here in hundreds, drown the piping of the little wild birds in the trees; there is a far-distant rumble of cab wheels: no other sound comes to us, save the steady tramp of our sedate steed and the musical plash of the tow-rope as it is pulled taut with each impulse, and then swishes against the water. Across a little bridge ahead—it might be a scene on the stage of Drury Lane—passes a bevy of young girls skipping and chatting, swinging their picnic baskets in their hands, and, not more graceful than they, the fawns stand still under the trees and gaze upon us with unfrightened eyes. "Purty as my leetle dawg, they are," says our grim skipper. Even he is touched by the tranquil beauty of the scene, albeit his admiration is tempered by his depressed professional view of everything. "Pleasant place this, sir, w'en there's plenty o' water; but w'en there ain't, and *that's* mostly always, it's a mis'able 'ole. Thank goodness, there's lots to-day, and our troubles is over for a bit."

Not entirely over, for at this juncture we are passing a row of the pervasive youth sitting on a fence, "all silent and all damned," our suspicious skipper would quote had Shelley been in his line. Their silence is portentous to me; and as we pass—only just moving, our old horse thinking only of the oats in the tin bucket tied over his nose, his driver thinking of nothing at all save how to sleep without stopping in his walk—one ribald youth leaps down, and by vehement gesture and alarmed tone induces the old mariner to turn and listen: "I say, there, mister, I say! if you don't take care you'll be took up and run in afore the beak for furious driving!" He turns toward us dolefully: "Now, then, you gents of the Humane Society, why carn't you do something about this sort o' thing, instead o' botherin' forever about *dumb* animiles?" This was the position in which, after much cogitation, he had at last placed the two mysterious strangers, having dismissed from his mind as utterly untenable his first theory that we were scientific parties, on discovering our gross ignorance of all the phenomena of canal navigation, and his second theory—held for but a fleeting moment—that we were capitalists willing to purchase part of the canal if we found the business warranted such investment. At no period of the voyage had he held us guilty of being addicted to missionary work, on the suspicion of which we had been reviled at frequent intervals from the tow-path. We now revealed to him our true calling on the canal. Never shall I forget his despondent visage as he shook his head ruefully, after rumination: "Ah, it's a fluctooatin' game, this 'ere litery game; ye're all up in yer stirrups one day, and flat down on the ground the next. I can write and cipher, and I might ha' gone into the office up our way; but, lor', a office! I'd ruther hev forty year a-bargin', as I hev hed."

So, floating on our barge or lazing along the tow-path, through as pleasing a scene in its way as any for which we sail around the world, we reach the end of Regent's Park, with Primrose Hill rising on the left—two places in such close proximity,

yet in such contrast to each other in every way. The town has grown up all around them both, careless of Mother Shipton's prophecy "that when London shall surround Primrose Hill, its streets shall run with blood." Just behind it lies Chalk Farm, now a commonplace railway station, once famous as a duelling field, being a secluded spot, yet not too far from town. It was here that Tom Moore and Francis Jeffrey met and fought with the "leadless pistols" of Byron's sneer, for the police came on the ground and



THE CHARLES STREET BRIDGE, REGENT'S PARK.

took them all off to Bow Street. Here stood the Chalk Farm Tavern, a famous old-time resort; and here was held the Chalk Farm Fair, that "melancholy mockery of merriment," as Mr. Sala calls it.

We turn a sharp corner to the left, shoot under the Meet-water Bridge—so called because here the canal splits into two—and surprise a new scene. The arm to the right turns south along the east edge of Regent's Park, among fine residences, past the great Albany cavalry barracks, for half a mile or so, ending in the "Jew's-harp Basin." We keep on to the left, among stately mansions, whose very backs, giving on the canal, have an air of respectability of the most unfriendly form. They are square and solid and "genteel." "Our rates and taxes are promptly paid," they seem to say, "and bill collectors never have to call twice *here*." Brick walls and iron railings separate their trim gardens, which are toned down from the cheerful country *abandon* of those we have just passed to town-bred decorum. Hester Grazebrook has learned her lesson; Lady Teazle has put on her fine clothes.

Everything in this quarter is frigidly fine, portentously proper: a massive church on the bank above frowns down upon our vagabond enjoyment; we are awed by a noble garden of such aristocratic bearing that it might be the *parc aux cerfs* of some great swell; and all our reverence is excited by the ruins of a church or a château picturesquely posed in an old *plaisance*. It is a shock to our finest feelings to find that it is all artificial—a theatric fabrication, like the dungeon of Eccelino at Padua. Here, however, is a wall real enough; a hard high wall, its top cruel with bits of bottles and bits of glass cemented in. One would not be surprised if the owner wrote after his name, "Hon. Sec. of the Society for the Abolition of Climbing Boys."

Boys! No picture of the canal would be complete without them. "Men may come and men may go;" the canal may change its character in each new quarter through which it passes; but the Boy remains, always the same, all along its course, playing on its tow-path, basking

on its banks, hanging over its bridges, climbing its walls. He is drawn to it from all neighboring parts, as ships are fabled to be drawn toward the loadstone rock. It has an irresistible fascination for him; above all, it has the charm of being forbidden. Naturally, when a small boy is forbidden to scale a fence and to go near the canal, his "not to reason why" is but to go and do it. They are not Good Boys; not nice clean boys with shiny hats, and sound boots, and starched collars over their jaunty jackets: that precise and proper prig would be splashed with mud and water, his garments rent, and he stoned away by the Bad Boy of the canal. This one never wore a collar nor owned a whole pair of shoes; sometimes he is enshrouded in a dilapidated jacket a world too big for him; but he usually disports himself in ragged shirt sleeves and but one brace, holding up a voluminous pair of trousers, the mending of which has been given up by his mother in despair. His head-covering is quite unique in its variety of shabbiness; it serves less as an article of wearing apparel than as a missile. When he hails you from his perch on the wall, "Hi, mister, chuck us up that there cap, will yer?" you look again at the abject skin of drowned dog lying on the ground before you obey his behest. Of course I do obey and "chuck" it up to him; and when he calls to me, "Say, will yer gimme that stick down there?" I proceed at once to wait on him. For the Bad Boy has a baleful fascination for me, and he knows it, and imposes on me. But then he also flatters me by confiding in me, and thus leads me to lend myself easily to his imposition. After taking stock of me in many a shy sideway glance, he graciously permits me to claim kinship in vagabondage. He displays with pride a large bottle full of dirty water, in which gasp three or four microscopic fish, flabby and moribund. "Them's tiddlers, they is. *Wot* are they good for? Oh, we keeps 'em a long time." He's a faithful fisherman, and the surreptitious stickleback and gratuitous gudgeon afford him a fearful joy; he will sit for hours, an envious crowd about him looking on at his efforts, with implicit faith that his stump of a stick, his hideous bits of twine knotted together, and his bent pin form a glorious sporting outfit—"a sight to make an old man young." When he is not fishing he is playing in the water, dying to bathe therein, but deterred by the placard posted on every bridge and wall, detailing the fearful penalties of fine and imprisonment dealt out to boys who have been caught taking the forbidden bath. In default thereof he lies flat at full length on the tow-path, his head over the water, his hands paddling in it; or he flounders about on loose logs, springing ashore just in time to save himself from drowning, to the dismay of every passing parent, to the delight of every well-regulated mind with no responsibility in the matter. Or he wades in up to his thighs, his trousers tucked carefully up only to his knees, dragging after him a pleasure-boat made of half a shingle, a match for a mast, a rag for a sail—as grand to him as the *Bucentaur* to the boy of the Venetian lagoons. He has a dog as depraved a vagabond as the boy himself, who consents to swim ceaselessly with an impossible lump of wood in his mouth, till he is soaked through and shivering. When they are both worn out they don't go home, of course, but huddle together in heaps with other boys and dogs, and play a dreadful game with a knife, throwing it up in the air and watching its gleaming open blade drop with breathless interest.

We are glad enough to get away from this region of high walls and stuccoed gentility, and come into the workaday world of warehouses, of saw-mills, and of foundries. This is Camden New Town, its wharves piled high with timber and tiles, its workshops loud with buzzing saws and with hammers on boiler plates. A fleet of black barges filled with coal lies alongside the sheds of the London and North Western Railway; its great goods station is a bustling place; its trains rattle overhead on flat iron bridges. All this busy life is a refreshing change after the long lazy stretch we have sailed through.

Now we come to our first lock; and here, within a quarter of a mile, are three locks close together, forming a sort of water staircase of gigantic dimensions—Hampstead Road Lock, Hawley's Lock, and Kentish Road Lock—for the land here slopes suddenly up toward the heights of Hampstead and Highgate. This region leaves with us a vague remembrance of mingled locks, barges, wharves, docks. The great wheels whirl about, chains rattle, men push the long tiller-like arms, the heavy iron-bound sluice-gates swing slowly to, the water gradually rises, and we with it, out from the dripping stone walls about

AN AFTERNOON'S FISHING.

us, that give only a glimpse of the sky above. It is a simple old affair, this lock, hardly changed in its construction since Leonardo da Vinci built the first one in 1497. I think of this, and of much other meritorious matter; of how old canals are; of how the Chinese dug them, and the Egyptians used them; of what the Assyrian and early Greeks did with them; of what the Roman opinion about them was. Then I come down to the Duke of Bridgewater and his great work, and am fast becoming an obnoxious member of the Society for the Diffusion of Useless Knowledge, when the lower gates sag apart, and we crawl out, and are again on our way. It is a way, for a mile or more, among poor dwellings and wealthy workshops; between the little back yards of houses and high warehouse walls; under stone bridges over which rumble vans and carts, 'busses and cabs; under iron bridges with trains rattling over them into a mad medley of rails on both sides; past wharves whereon is piled everything in the world with which men are able to build—bricks and stone, lime and laths and lumber, cement and shingles, plaster and tiles, chimney-pots for your roof, pipes for draining your cellar, stone for your streets, and slabs for your grave withal; for "it is your grave-digger who builds better than them all; the houses he makes last till doomsday." Here rise the walls of a great warehouse for the storage of corn and of beer, the absurdly small space devoted to corn contrasting queerly with that for beer barrels, in a way to delight Falstaff's sense of proportion — "a pennyworth of bread to all that sack." The walls of a gigantic brewery rise sheer from the water's edge, and the pleasant pungency of the malt tingles our nostrils. Near at hand the huge warehouse of a great wine firm forms a solid wall along the canal for a long distance. "Is that where they store it?" "Yez-zur, that's where they *makes* it," confidentially whispers our skipper, as morosely as Eugene Wrayburn himself, with his suggestion of "Day and Martin" when Mortimer Lightwood hesitates for the name "of the place where they make the port-wine."

Here a low bridge and the style of buildings about call up the Back Bay of Boston; here at Great College Street a high terrace runs along the fronts of the houses, and looks down on the canal far beneath, even as just such a terrace looks down on the sea below at Ramsgate; here is a timber pond fenced in full of logs, on which we float back to Maine; here are gas-works and foundries belching smoke and flame, such as darken the sky and light up the night in the Black Country and about Birmingham; here, oddest of all, in the heart of London, is a place for

making macaroni, and the vermicular stuff is hung out in endless hanks and skeins—is it to bleach or to blacken, to dry or to absorb damp in this London air?—just as one may see it on the road from Naples to Portici. In the midst of all this manufacturing and selling and making of money, there is one man determined to show that he can do nothing: he sits in a tiny summer-house, and doesn't even smoke his pipe nor read his paper. The little garden looks lazy enough; there are two or three self-satisfied trees, a lot of careless bushes, a handful of happy grass. The little cottage, with indolent pigeons cooing on its roof, seems contented, forgetful of business all about. The whole outfit is the oddest, the most delightful, most out-of-place, but that everything is in place in this strange voyage. Indeed, we are not surprised to come on a plantation of that sacred English vegetable, the object of daily worship all the year round to the Briton. I refer, of course, to the unutterable cabbage. A plot of ground along the bank has been seized by the market-gardener, and the very slopes of the railway embankment are devoted to the unhallowed culture.

For now we are again in the midst of the railways. The gigantic goods station of the Great Northern and Midland railways encompass us all about. The trains of the latter roar over the iron bridges just above our ears; and before we become fairly sane from the concussion, the canal itself shakes and the barge trembles as a Great Northern train rushes through its tunnel beneath. The passenger station of St. Pancras shows its tall towers away on the right. These are the towers and that is the façade designed by Gilbert Scott for the new Foreign Office in Whitehall; but Palmerston, then the pet and autocrat of England, refused to have anything to do with the Gothic style, protesting with his solid sense that it was out of place for a public building in this climate, where light and air are needed; and the architect was forced to pocket his plans—with his pride—and give the Foreign Office its present Renaissance front, utilizing his Gothic designs later for this station of St. Pancras.

As we sink down within the lock the scene itself seems to rise—as in the new patent melodrama—and the stage is set suddenly anew. It is the year 61; the Fleete, a pure and sparkling stream, flows through this valley, crossed here by a simple bridge, called since that day Battle Bridge, until it gave way to the more modern King's Cross. Along the slope and on the crest are encamped the Roman legions, ten thousand strong, under the proprætor Suetonius Paulinus. Against them is advancing the great army of the Britons, of two hundred and thirty thousand half-savage warriors, under the lead of Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, and of her daughters. We seem to see her heroic figure moving through the ranks, exhorting them to "conquer or die gloriously"; we seem to see the long combat, the Romans in phalanx form unbroken by the successive onslaughts of the Britons; we seem to see the scythed-wheeled chariots mowing down men, and the great war elephants trampling them. The weapons which are cast upon the ground in the flight of the Britons have been dug up at intervals ever since, the bones of their eighty thousand dead lie under these streets and shops, and even the skeleton of one of the Roman war elephants has been unearthed near by us here.

We are dragged out of the past and out of the lock into the daylight of to-day. "Thorley's Food for Cattle" stares us in the face from huge signs, and its huge works stretch along the canal. Continents of timber and sierras of cement darken the sky; a basin widens out on the right, with its usual wharves and warehouses; it is the Battle Bridge "Wide." Past it, and past rows of neat houses, their terraces giving on the canal, their moribund trees insisting on looking alive, under the Caledonian Road Bridge, and ahead of us rises a hill, at its foot the open mouth of Islington Tunnel, and we haul up alongside the tow-path, and other barges and monkey-boats come up and form a little fleet, all waiting for the tug that is to tow us through.

It is tea-time on board the *Alice*—tea-time all through this island, the hour in which no man—"no, nor woman neither"—will do any manner of work; the hour sacred for tea. The smoke curls cheerfully up from the cabin funnels all about us; men stretch out on their decks; pipes are lit, crumpled newspapers are thumbed, and the canikin clinks as it is passed from hand to hand with the smoking tea. From the cozy little cabin on which we sit come up fragrant fumes, and we are gratified by an invitation to come below. We go down the steepest

CITY ROAD LOCK.

of little ladders into the smallest of cabins; yes, surely the smallest place in the world inhabited by human beings; yet the space is so cleverly apportioned, and the proportions of everything so well in keeping, that we do not feel uncomfortably cramped. Along one side, from the foot of the ladder to the stern, runs a narrow ledge, which does duty at once as a bench and as a locker. On the other side are two bunks, one above the other, so small and so wedged in among a nest of drawers and of cupboards that we should marvel how grown men could ever get into them if we were not lost in wonder how they ever get out. A small upright stove is squeezed in under the staircase, its little funnel running through the deck above. In the narrowing space at the other end is swung a tiny table, which lets down on its hinges when not in use. Every square inch is utilized; and on the very ceiling are strapped and hooked up packages of papers, account-books, scrubbing-brushes, an extra cap, some tools, and a tin pail, against which you hit your head. It is such a toy house that its small floor is nearly covered by a pair of woman's cloth gaiters lying under the table. But the owner's heart is as large as her foot, and no duchess could serve out her tea with a more delicate hospitality. It is a tea of the sort alliteratively advertised by the British grocer as "pungent, powerful, and pleasing to the palate"; it affords but slight stimulation to the nerves, and is rasping to the stomach; but it is flavored with all its queer surroundings to us, and fragrant with the spirit with which it is offered. Exquisitely clean and neat as everything is, our hostess apologizes for the state of the cabin and the boat. "The blacks *do* come in on everything so in town; down the river we really can keep clean." She is all womanly in her desire that we should think the best of all her belongings, and even the surly skipper is put in the best light. That irascible old party is peevishly growling down the hatchway for "some on 'em to come up and take this 'ere 'elm," that he may come below to get his tea; and to us, mere strangers, she is moved to say: "Father *do* grumble a good bit; but you see he is very old, and he don't mean it, and we don't take no notice. Why, he left the navy 'cos he was so tender-'arted; he couldn't a-bear to do no 'arm to no one, and so when they put him as a guard over four or five prisoners as 'ad deserted and been caught, he lets 'em all go, one at a time, while he pretended not to be lookin'; they was all caught agin, but none on 'em ever peached on 'im; yet he was allers in dread after that, and so he left. And he was admiral's fisherman, too, he was."

It is a grade I never heard of; but if he had been the admiral himself she could not have spoken with more pride of it, nor with tenderer shielding of the old fellow from harsh judgment.

It is five o'clock: out of the mouth of the tunnel come in dramatic procession two monkey-boats lashed together, like the catamarans of Brazil, pushed by the tug, which tows in turn a long line of barges behind. It is a queer sort of a boat—a very broad-bottomed barge, almost the width of the tunnel; from its flat deck rises an arched iron structure nearly filling the interior of the vault. Within this iron roof is the machinery—an engine with a drum and cog-wheels, over which is wound the chain, lying along the bed of the canal within the tunnel, by which the tug is dragged along. The line of the tunnel is perfectly straight, 2910 feet in length, 19 feet 6 inches high, 17 feet 6 inches wide, and is cut through the blue, the genuine London clay. It is a grewsome place to enter, and our voyage over this "sunless sea," although lasting less than half an hour, does not tempt us to repeat it frequently. As we become submerged in the opaque blackness, we see through the opening behind all objects—the banks, the trees, the boys fishing—in singularly distinct outlines, but without a trace of color, as in a photograph; these fade slowly away, the smoke floats back and blots out the opening, giving it all the seeming of the setting sun in a February fog. Now we are surrounded by night and silence, broken only by the blasphemous bargees singing snatches of Moody and Sankey hymns, and filling the vault with not unmusical ribaldry. The air we breathe is almost as poisonous as the delectable compound called by that name provided for the passengers by the underground railway. There was an early explorer of this subterranean river whose vivid imagination led him to write as follows: "The passage by steam-tug has a truly Tartarean aspect: the smoke, fire, noise of the engine, the black gloom of the arch, the blackness of the water, the crashing of the barges against the sides of the tunnel, the lurid light gleaming at each extremity, form an aggregate of infernalia"—which is quite fine.

We are passing, here and there, streaks of water trickling down the vault in a ghastly sort of fashion; they come from the New River, which passes over the tunnel just under the crest of the hill. We follow it in thought to where, a little further down the Islington slope, it forms its reservoir, the New River Head, which furnishes more than a quarter of the whole London water supply.

The glorious summer sun sparkles on the water and a brisk breeze dimples it as artist and writer climb down to the tow-path the next day, and in a moment we are hundreds of miles away from London—from its bustle and its business, from its splendor and its squalor, from its streets, all full of poetry to me, as Fleet Street was to Dr. Johnson, but which are to so many, as to the young De Quincey, only "stony-hearted step-mothers." A row of ecclesiastical houses with pointed windows and brick battlements looks down on the canal; their gardens slope to the grassy banks, stalwart trees hang over, and at the end of the vista shines the white arch of the tunnel—a broken circle half full of water—about its black mouth. Perfect silence has possession of the place. Even the glimpse of activity seen through the graceful arch of the bridge beyond is not intrusive, and when we have passed under it, and look down the City Road Basin, with its wharves and carts, its puffing steam-barges, its smoking chimneys, the town dimly seen behind it all seems far away, and does not trouble us. The little house of the lock-keeper at the City Road Lock is picturesquely placed on the summit of the slope, wedged in against the wall, for our pleasure. Indeed, all the lock-keepers' houses that we pass are in harmony with the strange scene, and not like any other houses. They are usually but one story high, thin as a lath and but little longer, all doors and windows; the narrow roof holds up half a dozen chimneys of red brick, with great red chimney-pots all in a row. In this queer construction everything is compact, clean, cheerful: there is a little fire in the little kitchen; a contented woman is ironing at the little table; in the little sitting-room beyond a modest meal is set out awaiting the leisure of the lock-keeper, and the two or three little bedrooms beyond are as cozy as those of a yacht. There is a day and a night man to each lock, each one on duty from six to six of the clock, always ready to open and shut the gates, and to "do the paddles."

Our barge this morning is large and massive, its deck entirely unencumbered, its dead level broken only by the tiller,

by two solid square posts near the stern, and one toward the bow; there is no trim cabin, but a dark and dirty den doing duty for one, and deck and sides are a dull

IN LIMEHOUSE BASIN.

black. This barge is one great wooden tank, filled with gas liquor from the works above, to be converted at the chemical works at Beckton, down the river, into dyes, perfumes, and "harmonium," which seems to be our skipper's expression for ammonia. It is not a liquid that one would select for a perfume now; indeed, it is vilely malodorous, and even the terrible "tuppenny" cigars we have found along shore do not drown its fragrance.

From the City Road Lock to Victoria Park are two miles of toil and of traffic. We see the change from above in the character of the barges, which become larger, running up to eighty tons and even more; many of them have masts, and are adapted for sailing on the river. They hail from Rochester, Stroud, Maidstone, Faversham, Sittingbourne, and from every town in Kent which a boat can reach; some come even farther afield—from Harwich, Ipswich, and the ports in the north. Few monkey-boats come as low as this, for they turn in to unload at the City Road Basin.

Along shore, too, we pass through a stirring scene. All the ashes of all the town that have gone down the river to these just-mentioned ports have come back in the shape of bricks, and are piled up here along the banks. The monster coal yards of Rickett Smith and Co. hold mountains of coals, and farther along are acres of chains, and castings, and pipes, and every sort of unwieldy iron thing. The massive walls of foundries stretch along the bank, their tall chimneys, like grenadier sentinels, keeping watch over these fortresses of trade. "Them's the Blenheim Works, and that one's where they makes them *Grutling* guns for the war," our skipper explains. The skeleton shapes of the gas-holders stand out misty

MOUTH OF THE CANAL, ON THE THAMES.

against the sky ahead. We come under their walls, and there find a long line of black barges being unloaded by begrimed Titans, whose movements and whose attitudes are superb studies for the sculptor, sketched in soot. We look through the openings by which they pass into the vast and dim interior and there fade into slow-moving shadows. At intervals a retort door is opened to throw in coal; the lurid light leaps out with startling effect on these dusky figures.

Here, if anywhere, timber is made picturesque. It is piled high to the heavens in the shape of a château with a grand entrance, broad staircase, windows, and a terrace on the roof; or it is a fortress, its solid walls broken only by embrasures, out of which timber guns protrude; Quaker cannon look over the battlements, and a flag waves from the staff on top. And here all the lumber is made up into all sorts of things; saw-mills buzz on the bank, cabinet and cigar-box makers, turners of spiles and shives, hewers of wood, are busy all about. Every shape of wooden 'thing is piled up in these yards; lads are playing among them, and ladders of all sizes stand up against the sky.

All this mechanical money-making machinery has an odd and unexpected charm, and in the midst of it, here and there, are little touches of humanity and of a home life. Here is a row of workmen's dwellings, commonplace enough, doubtless, but redeemed from squalor by the tender care given their little gardens. These other small houses, but one story high, are the homes of toil and poverty; but they *are* homes, with their windows full of tiny bird-cages, of flower-pots, and of common boxes transformed into window-gardens by careful hands. On the narrow terrace that runs along their front, children play and look out through the iron railings on these queer people that are passing on the barges. The London poor are fond of a bit of nature, and no matter how degraded the quarter, one's eyes are cheered by the delicate green of leaf or the vivid splash of color of flower on the cellar doors or away up in garret windows. And this is certainly a squalid quarter we now pass through—Shoreditch and Hoxton and Bethnal Green on our right, toward the south; Kingsland and Hackney toward the north, on our left. And while our odorous barge is passing through Acton's Lock we will go ashore and look about. An engine is snorting alongside the lock —"a stationary engine," explains our skipper, "'cos it's always there"—and it pumps water into the canal when needed. There is one at nearly every lock below this to the Thames.

We are skirting the southern edge of

Victoria Park, and while Old Ford Lock holds our barge we shall have time to take a look about. I am at once irresistibly reminded of the Buttes Chaumont of Paris; not indeed by any likeness in the lay of the land, but by the situation of both in their respective cities, and by the class of people for which each is planned. They are both reclaimed from wild lands lying in the northeast of each city; both intended as play-grounds for the working people and the poor population all about them. Victoria Park lies near the low commercial quarter of Whitechapel, adjacent to the manufacturing districts of Bethnal Green and of Spitalfields, the latter filled with families who have been weaving silk ever since their Huguenot fathers settled here, fleeing from Catholic persecution after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The park covers about three hundred acres, the ground admirably laid out, and almost perfect in the disposition of its trees, its flower beds, its long lines of rose bushes, its graceful sheets of water. It is kept as clean as a conservatory. Beyond are acres of woods, of open fields, of generous spaces—real country—all enshrouded in the delicate haze which makes the English landscape so lovable, softening the hardness of outline, concealing defects, harmonizing all harshness. The park and its surroundings are in marked contrast to Regent's Park, through which we passed yesterday. These little gardens back of the houses on the opposite side of the canal are mostly utilized as clothes-drying grounds, and are unkempt and unshorn, while at the West End we saw nature with her hair combed and curled. Here are old wooden palings, there were trim iron fences; here we find ducks in the water, there swans swam. The well-dressed idlers of all the week round, the tidy nurses and proper children, of Regent's Park have given way to the smallest of ragged girls taking care of the biggest of babies, to the shabby student on a bench with his book—an engineer out of a place, perhaps—and to the workman getting sober after his usual "blue Monday"; while on Sundays all the toilers—men, women, and children—of these crowded quarters fill the park with an orderly and well-behaved throng.

We come back to our barge past a row of veritable Chicago houses, along the bank of Sir George Duckett's canal—a long and lonely stretch of water, reaching up to Stratford Marsh and Wanstead, there making connection with the river Lea navigation and Bow Creek, to the Thames. No barge is visible anywhere upon it; its long vista is broken only by a bridge and a few far-distant masts; its banks are bush-grown, its tow-path desolate.

It is here, at Old Ford Lock, that the projected railway will leave the canal, and here I may as well make a show of Information. This project has long been in contemplation, but it was only in the session of Parliament of 1882 that the bill finally passed. The railway is intended to run along the bank of the canal from Paddington, the Great Western terminus, tapping each railway which enters London on the north, and leaving the canal at its junction here with the Hertford Union Canal, at the southeast corner of Victoria Park, to go direct to Victoria and Albert Docks at Plaistow, on the river opposite Woolwich. It is designed to take the immense freight traffic from all these railways to the great ocean steamers at these docks. Of coals alone 750,000 tons are brought annually from South Wales to Brentford, and there barged for going down the river to the steamers, to say nothing of the coal brought by the Midland and other lines. In addition to this coal traffic, there is the immense amount of freight, yearly increasing in amount, going to these great steamers, yearly increasing in size; all this and all the return freight can be sent on these new rails direct to its destination without transshipment. Even now on the canal, let alone the river, nearly one hundred boats and barges a day, nearly thirty thousand a year, pass between Limehouse Basin and the Old Ford Lock; nearly a million and a half tons of goods are carried every year upon it. Then there will be a large passenger traffic, it is believed, a great part of it from districts in the north of London not yet opened by a railway. To bring this traffic to the city a branch is to run south to Barbican; and those of my readers who have seen the masses of men pouring out of every city station from under-ground and suburban railways of a morning, and in again at night, will own that new ways of transit are needed.

The bill ordains that the canal shall be kept forty feet in width, its wharves and landing-places all retained; its sides, moreover, are to be cut straight up and down, instead of shelving toward the middle of its bed as now. The railway company is

to pay £1,170,000 for the canal; thus finding on its banks a road-bed almost ready-made; there will be no severances to cut, no right of way to fight for. They will have to buy nearly nine hundred houses, and to widen several streets. Those who come to the banks of the canal to sketch and stroll and enjoy the pittance of peace and of beauty left to them amid the city's ugliness and noise feel deeply the loss which is threatened them, and protest—albeit unlistened to by promoters and projectors—against the threatened inroad of iron rails, signal-boxes, steam-whistles, rattling trains, and all that Modern Improvement means.

We come back to our barge weary and warm with our walk, and our skipper kindly conducts us to "the best public thereabouts," where he is gratified with "three penn'orth of Irish cold," and we confidingly demand lemon squashes—which is English for lemonade. But the "Royal Cricketers" contains no lemon, and we are fain to put up with the "refreshment"—so called by the ironical barmaid—of tepid soda-water. Once again embarked, we pass for nearly two miles through a strange scene. In the twilight which has gathered down about us, common things, seen from this unaccustomed side, take on unknown aspects: walls and chimneys loom mysteriously all around us; the latticed sides of the warehouses for drying whiting give them the air of mere skeletons of buildings; blank walls frown on us as we pass under them; the sullen arches of the bridges await our coming to swallow us; iron cranes, like skeleton hands, seem to start out and clutch at us as we pass. The smoky air gives weird effects: the long low sheds of the Great Eastern goods station seem to stretch to the horizon; from their upper windows ropes dangle in the air or chains rattle mournfully, as if they were buildings made ready for the grim work of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee. There are vast spaces stretching out on either hand, dusky distances far ahead. A strange sense of desolation takes hold of us; we seem isolated from our fellow-beings, far distant from all haunts of men, floating forever on this strange stream to an unknown sea. It is a scene for Gustave Doré's pencil. Amid all its strangeness there comes toward us a barge, dead black from stem to stern, no horse pulling it, no rower visible; it comes on swift, silent, sullen, "a blot upon the stream," like Elaine's

> "barge,
> Pall'd all its length in blackest samite."

The ghostly vision passes, and is resolved into a steam monkey-boat, well laden, its tarpaulin stretched taut, its screw merrily whirling, its little engine gasping. It is the *Fidget*, and it belongs to a "Limited Liability Company"!

There are other signs of life which bring us back to reality. Here is Tomlin's boat-building yard on the bank, with its long sheds full of barges in every stage of repair, on which men are pounding. Back of it is a large brick school, its playground alive and jubilant with boys. Model lodging-houses and Industrial Dwellings shoulder up against the dim sky, huge as the adobe pueblos of the Zuñi Indians. We pass under Trick-folly Bridge; and to our casual and meek interrogatory as to its name our skipper replies, regretfully scornful of such ignorance: "Wy, wot *else would* you call it? That's its name." We do not ask him why another is called Gunmaker's Bridge, nor what poetic vestryman gave the name of Longfellow Road to that shabby street facing us, nor how "The Hamlet of Mile End Old Town" came by its name. But when Ben Jonson's Bridge—one fittingly homely and aggressive arch—faces us, carrying the Ben Jonson Road over the canal, and we are in Jonson's Lock, and see, towering to the heavens, the walls of the Ben Jonson Board School, the hugest fortress against the battalions of ignorance in all London, I venture to wonder timidly how the old worthy's memory came to be perpetuated in this quarter. "I s'pose there's been a public-'ouse 'ere o' that name, and *that's* 'ow they gets called so," says our oracle from the heights of superior knowledge—by whiskey raised to that bad eminence.

We are passing through the parish of Stepney, and everything becomes more nautical. We meet many large sailing barges, their masts and sprits showing picturesquely, their brown sails triced up against them. This is the parish to which all children born at sea are accredited, and it would seem that ancient mariners nearly done with their voyage of life have put into final port and anchored along this shore. Here one smokes peacefully in what he evidently considers a princely pleasure-ground: to me it has the air of a

very diminutive cemetery for cats, covered with dying grass, containing a ghost or two of a tree and the shaking skeleton of a summer-house. Here some retired ship-carpenter has decreed himself a lordly pleasure-house in the shape of a windmill. On its roof pigeons gurgle and tumble; above them its arms whirl briskly; and over all a weather-vane twirls in the guise of a man fishing, with complete rod and tackle and a fish as big as he—all in the shiniest of tin. "On'y a bit of 'is 'obby," explains our skipper, solicitously lenient now, lest he has been too severe with our ignorance. Most memorable of all the sights of this afternoon is a row of delightful little cottages, with queer roofs, convoluted tiles, and odd windows. The tiny gardens are filled with dahlias and hollyhocks and sunflowers, which climb over the *bijou* bowers of bliss built on the water's edge; they are painted green and white, with latticed fronts of lively patterns. In them sit weather-beaten men, smoking forever, and aged women lean over the wooden palings and forget their woes. This is surely Holland.

And now we have a glimpse ahead, under the Great Eastern Railway Bridge, hung high over the canal, of masts and yards and pennants beyond; and at the thoughts of the river there, leading to the sea and out to the vast unknown waters into which all these vessels sail, our hearts beat high, as once those of old sea-dogs at the sight of the enemy's topsails off the Spanish Main. Our last view of the canal gives the impression of a great wreck washed up by the river: there are broken boats, smashed wheels, crippled carts, old barrels, a wild whirl of lumber, and in the midst, on a little knoll, droops a despondent tree, hanging its head all alone —truly a weeping-willow. At last, with a gentle curve between two grassy banks, albeit worn and patched, under the two railway arches and through our last lock, we glide into Limehouse Basin.

At once we are in another world, half sea, half land. Vast stone quays and jetties surround a water area of about ten acres, and on the quays and in the water is a busy scene. Men and machinery are at work loading and unloading vessels of every build and every rig, lying alongside the jetties or in the basin, beleaguered by barges. There are sloops and schooners and brigs, paddle-wheel steamers and screw colliers, bluff-bowed Dutch boats, sharp and shapely coasters, some low in the water with their heavy cargoes, some high out, already unladen. Moored together in neighborly way is the *Ulrika Wardo*, with pine from Norway, and the *Carolina*, with ice from Boston; and queer foreign names are painted on the sterns of vessels from every foreign port. The huge rudders of the barges take up as much space as their vessels. On one side men are piling timber; on another they are screening coals; on another they are breaking into small bits and redressing gray granite from Aberdeen and blue granite from Guernsey, which comes rough-dressed for building and for paving. Here are mounds of small stones and sand dredged from the bottom of the Thames, to be sifted and used for concrete; here are heaps of lime and cement; here under sheds is the maddest medley of old iron ever seen—iron pots and pans, hoops and horseshoes, bars and bolts, rails and railings, tubing, rings, nuts, screws, nails, hooks, all the queer scraps ever dreamed of, all that can be bought all over London by perambulating "old rag and bottle men." It is brought here in great vans, piled with that brought up from the Medway by barge, weighed and shipped to Hartlepool, Sunderland, Newcastle, and there born again into useful iron things.

We have come to the river-front of the basin, where we stand on its massive stone walls, looking down at the two great locks which give entrance from the river, the one for barges up to seventy-nine feet in length, the other for ships up to three hundred and fifty feet. On our left are the quaint brick houses, with low roofs and queerly curved tiles, of Limehouse; over them looms large the gratuitously ugly steeple of the parish church, the whole mass a stone hash of Greek architecture spiced with lumps of all schools and all times. Within it are many mural monuments, and all about in its roomy graveyard the stone slabs in memory of the host of "captains" who seek this as their favorite burial-place. Out beyond we look over Limehouse Reach, in which float always for us a busy fleet of historic craft, from the state barge of Queen Elizabeth sailing down to Deptford Creek, wherein Sir Francis Drake has moored his three-hundred-ton *Golden Hind*—the news has got about that "Franky Drake has come back from the Indies," and all London is flocking to see the little circumnavigating ves-

sel, and the Queen is going down to dine with him to-day—down to the filthy and furtive boat rowed by Lizzie Hexam, in the stern of which sits her father on the look-out for his prey. This reach is always alive for us with such shadowy sailors. Beyond it stretches the Isle of Dogs, famous for its great India docks, and for the bother its name has given to the searchers for derivations.

We look across the river, alive with its many craft, to a sloping bank of mud, the tide being out, on which lie barges stranded sideways and in every contortion, as if they were marine monsters that had been having fits. Above them are more stone quays, and the entrance of the Surrey Commercial Docks; above these the walls of warehouses, and great sheds all roof; and behind all, the myriad masts of the vessels in the docks. If you will take a wherry or a Thames steamboat with me here I will pilot you across to Surrey, as you think; but you shall find that for twopence and at slight fatigue you have made the voyage to Norway and Sweden. There is nothing that speaks of London over here; the gigantic basins bear no characteristic English names. Here is Lavender Pond and Acorn Pond, Canada Dock, Russian Dock, Lady Dock. These are filled with strange craft, bearing old Norse names, which have brought sweet-smelling timber from the pine-clad North. The pervasive odor of tar titillates our nostrils, and with it we are wafted far away with the Norsemen on a voyage of exploration. They are all about us here, queer of costume and strange of speech; on the clean white or blue bosoms of their flannel shirts you may try to read the unknown names of their vessels. Here they are sitting, and swigging some fiery foreign potion poured from oddly shaped flagons; they sit on wooden benches, at a wooden table, unpainted and miraculously clean, in a little space cut off from the sidewalk at the side of the public-house. When did we land in Christiania or in Stockholm? We are quite sure that we are there when we come to the small shops a little further on, and see their Scandinavian signs, and when, opposite "Swedish Yard," we stop and look upon a lovable little two-story house, green with vines, from out of which shine the little panes bright with cleaning, as one sees them over there. The grotto in the front garden and the bushes trained to queer shapes are all foreign, and even when we reach Deptford and the Rotherhithe Roads we find that the common houses have suffered a sea-change; in Ram's Fort Terrace—we are not surprised by the singular name—there is a row of little brick dwellings, with polished "stoops" and supernaturally spotless windows, that takes us back to old Amsterdam, or, better yet, to the young New York of our boyhood. From these docks and from the river, all through this charmed region, the Grand Surrey Canal cuts its straight course, soon ending ignominiously in Camberwell and Peckham. I do not know what it is doing down there, nor why it exists, but I know that I do not intend to follow it into those commonplace suburbs. That I will leave to the Londoner who has not before suspected that he can make this journey "through London by canal."

CONSTANCE ROYAL.

IT was a sad fact. The Reverend Edward Royal did not believe one word of the doctrine he expounded. Besides this originality in a clergyman he possessed the further distinctions of a private fortune, and a lovely, high-bred wife, as good as, or better than, she was beautiful.

Such were the exceptional influences which combined to create Miss Constance Royal. Her father continued to preach the doctrine which he had disbelieved for years, from force of habit, and because he would have been ashamed to tell his wife that he was a fraud and a coward—as if loving wives of even average intelligence are ever deceived, unless they cheerfully concur in the process. Mrs. Royal concurred to the extent of silence. Her existence became a hidden wound, sensitive to every touch. She found rest from complicated thoughts only in her child's prophetic eyes, clear and dark as the wells where Truth lies concealed from all but her votaries.

It is not what we do, but what we are, which affects our children, and their intuition, when we see its effects on their growth of character, seems strange to us.

Constance grew up doubting human sincerity, and arraying her soul in defiant truthfulness against her kind. She was truthful to all, and she had faith in none, not even her mother, nor her friend Eva Douglass.

Eva's brother was a surgeon. He was unfortunate enough to lose a distinguished patient through a hazardous operation. The patient's widow exonerated Dr. Douglass from every shadow of blame.

"That sounds noble," said Constance; "but what do you suppose she would say if there was anything to be gained by letting people know what she really felt?"

"You are cruel," returned her friend, "especially when you know how my brother loves you."

"I wish you would be more careful of your English," said Constance. "You mean how your brother says he does."

Mrs. Royal saw how beautiful her daughter was growing. She marked her refinement of manner, her dignity, her power over young minds, her contempt for everything mean, yet something in her anxious heart took the shape of a fear, as in the presence of evil. Constance realized the fear, but never dreamed of its cause.

"My precious child!" said Mrs. Royal, smoothing her daughter's hair with trembling adoration.

"Say 'child,' mamma: nobody can deny that."

"Oh, Constance, are you not precious to me?" cried her mother, wounded to tears.

"Not quite really, mamma. You have a horror of me because I understand life too well."

Mrs. Royal shrank from her daughter's eyes, and left the room.

"I will sacrifice everything called happiness," said poor Constance, "but there shall live one human being unduped by the others."

"Constance," cried her friend one day, "congratulate me."

"What for?" asked Constance, lifting her dark unconquerable eyes from a volume of Voltaire, bound in the softest calf. Like many another, she chose the literature which fostered her dearest weakness, and taught her to deem it strength.

"I am engaged—engaged to Alaric!"

"Why?" inquired Constance, unmoved.

"Don't be savage, darling! Because I love him, of course."

"He has been a bad, wild fellow, Eva."

"Oh, he is going to change now. He says I can make a new man of him. He says his salvation lies in my hands. Oh! what could be sweeter than to be his good angel?"

"Bah!" said Constance. "You like his figure and the shape of his nose, and you are delighted to be licensed to meddle. As for him, he has concluded that he had better reform, and he prefers that his wife should have the bother of it to exerting himself."

The day after her friend's marriage Constance was standing under a rose arcade looking at the sea. There was a brighter light than usual in her dark eyes, and a roseate spot burned softly in either cheek.

"Dear, noble Constance," Dr. Douglass was saying, "you must not send me from you because of my love. Though I love you with all the fervor which the truest husband can feel for his wife, your refusal must not banish me. Your friendship, dear, if your priceless love can not be mine, is a greater happiness than I ever hoped to win before I met you."

"Dr. Douglass," said Constance, as if listening to a voice and repeating its words, "you love my beauty and my intellect; you do not love *me*. You have never even taken the trouble to find out my real nature. You find my image haunting your thoughts, perhaps disturbing your work, and you take the natural way to exorcise its power. As for your wanting my friendship, you must excuse me if I can not accept a pretense through which you would hope to win me."

"You chill my very heart, Constance," said Robert Douglass, sadly. "It is true, I did not know you. But oh, child, I believed in you! You will never be saved by faith. Good-by!" And he went his way.

Constance threw herself down in the grass, and cried and sobbed. She had sacrificed her own living heart as well as her lover's on the altar of her disbelief. At last she rose. "This is what the truth costs," she said. "No wonder few people can afford it!"

Ten years passed.

Constance sat with her friend, whose husband had been killed in a drunken frolic. Eva was worn and haggard. She wept on her friend's shoulder. Constance wondered if the poor woman remembered how she had tried to save her from the marriage. Suddenly Eva raised her head.

"But I pity you the most," she said, through her tears.

"Me?" asked Constance, amazed.

The children came in, and Eva forgot to answer. Constance watched them caress their mother with a dawning terror. She had seen children before, of course, but something new now struck her. She had never doubted the sincerity of a child.

"Darling little mamma!" murmured the little ones. "Be happy! we love you."

The oldest girl, a child of eight, with a sweet, serious face, laid her cheek against her mother's, and put her arms round her neck, while the younger ones climbed about her, and one little thing patted her thin hand, chanting,

> "Dat sweetie hand, dat sweetie hand,
> Dat sweetie hand of mine."

Constance's eyes brimmed over. In vain she tried to keep back the unwonted tears. The accents of loving trust sank into her heart like drops of molten lead.

Eva took up her baby, feeling in the pocket of her black dress for a letter, which she handed to Constance.

"Read it," she said, and fell to kissing her boy, as mothers do when they want a draught of heavenly balm, fresh drawn, for the healing of earthly sorrows.

Constance opened the letter mechanically. Her eye fell on the signature, and she started and flushed as never but once before, under the rose arcade ten years agone. "*Robert Douglass.*" The letters ran in lines of fire.

"Mamma pet, mamma pet," chimed the little voices.

Constance sprang to her feet. "I must go, Eva. I will bring it back. Good-by."

Locked in her own room, she read the letter which destroyed her youth's illusion.

"My darling Eva,—I wish I could come to you, but all you say shows me that you are my own true-hearted little heroine, undaunted by grief. And your letter tells me more than this. It tells me that all through your fierce trials you have kept your *believing heart*, that best blessing of all.

"No, dear, you can not help it that the cruel memories will come back and mingle with the retrospect which every bereaved wife would wish unalloyed. You must sometimes feel indignant still, for truth will not and should not be distorted. But light as well as shadow is in every aspect of life and love, and if Truth gives one hand to Justice, she should give the other to Faith. Dear girl, to worry about me! I am a little perturbed just now. No less a question than marriage presents itself. Our good old Dr. Dane has died quite poor, and sweet little Sibyl is too delicate a blossom to escape crushing if some loving heart does not give her a shelter.

"I am not overhappy in the thought of such a marriage, nor do I ever forget that I once dreamed—how vainly!—of a noble creature sharing as an equal in all my joys, all my aspirations.

"Well, sister mine, shall I wed the wood blossom? Children, at least, build up our old shrines of faith again.

"Write of your own babies and of your own dear self to your brother,

"Robert Douglass."

"Now comes the penalty," said Constance. "I have never spared myself for the truth; I will not spare myself now." And she wrote to Dr. Douglass. The cry of the proud woman's heart, confessing her life's mistake, was eloquent, and revealed the priestess of the "old shrine," in all the sweetness and strength which her lover's dream had lent her a decade past.

When her letter was gone, Constance was seized with a horror of what she had done, but it was past recall. She moved aimlessly about, going without food or sleep for two days and two nights, and then the answer came.

Constance flew to the place where she had lain in the grass and cried her heart out so long ago.

"Here, only here!" she cried. Her trembling fingers almost tore the letter opening it.

Strange, the letters danced before her eyes, now appearing a confused mass of hieroglyphics, now receding altogether.

A hand came over her shoulder and covered the page. She turned with a cry of rapture, and two strong arms closed around her with an answer which needed no eyes to read. An hour later the two walked down to Eva's cottage.

"But where is my answer—the letter, I mean?" asked Constance.

"Do you love me?" he asked.

"Perhaps—a little," she answered, laughing.

"Do you believe in my love for you?"

She looked up into his eyes. "As I believe in God and my own soul."

He stooped and "kissed her where she stood." "Then you shall see;" and together they read:

"CONSTANCE,—I have no right now to stop to pity myself or you. One hour ago I pledged myself to guard the life of a sweet child, who *must not be betrayed by one disloyal word* from

"ROBERT DOUGLASS."

Constance dropped the letter, and looked away from her lover. For one instant Suspicion and Doubt fought for their old prey, and then she put them away, and, raising her glance to his with the shining light of unassailable faith in her clear eyes, she smiled, and said, "Well?"

"My darling, you never will know what it cost me to write those cruel words. When I had done my duty I was like a maniac. I could have torn down walls of stone to reach you. Oh, to hurt you, my dove, in return for your glorious love! to kill your new-born trust! Oh, darling, that hour has left its mark. Sibyl found me in a swoon, and, child-like, sought its cause, and found it in your letter."

"Oh!" cried Constance, and covered her eyes.

"Why, dearest, have you any idea how grand your letter was? Little Sibyl, when she had half drowned me to bring me to consciousness, cried: 'Go to her this minute! Tell that angel you are free!'

"'But you, Sibyl?' I said, like a fool.

"'Me?' she cried; 'I never loved you.'

"And so I followed my letter just in time."

"Yes," said Constance, with a radiant look, "for I never would have given you a second chance to snub me, had I read this answer once."

She put the paper in her bosom.

He whose loyalty to an unloved bride, she thought, is of this calibre, when tempted by the woman he loved, is a true man; and she said aloud: "There is one trouble, Robert: I shall believe in *you* only too much; but are you going to teach me to find heroes and heroines everywhere?"

EAST ANGELS.

CHAPTER VII.

"I AM not partial to it myself," said the Reverend Mr. Moore—"this confection of oranges called marmalade. I am told, however, that the English are accustomed to make their breakfast principally of similar saccharine preparations; in time, therefore, we may hope to establish an export trade."

A fresh breeze astern was blowing the *Emperadora* down the lagoon in a course straight enough to please even Mrs. Carew, if that lady could have been pleased by anything aquatic. She was present, in spite of fears, sitting with the soles of her prunella gaiters pressed tightly against the little yacht's side under the seat (the peculiarity of the attitude being concealed by her long skirt), with the intention, probably, of acting as a species of brake upon too great a speed.

The position was a difficult one. But she kept her balance by means of her umbrella, firmly inserted in a crack of the planking before her, and did not flinch.

The broad sails were set wing and wing; the morning was divinely fair. Down in the south the tall trees looming against the sky seemed like a line of hills; owing to the lowness of the shores, on a level with the water, and the smoothness of the sea stretching eastward beyond Patricio, the comparative effect was the same. Above, the soft sky bending down all around them, touching here the even land and there the even water, conveyed nothing of that sense of vastness, of impersonality, which belongs so often to the American sky further north. This seemed a particular sky belonging to this especial neighborhood, made for it, intimate with it. And the yacht with those on board did not appear like a floating atom, unnoticed, lost in immensity. On the contrary, it was important, interesting; one could not rid one's self of the idea that its little voyage was watched with the most friendly curiosity by this bending personal sky and these near low shores.

The Reverend Mr. Moore had been sent upon this pleasure party by his vigilant wife. Mrs. Penelope Moore was sure that a pleasure party would do him good. The Reverend Middleton therefore endeavored to think the same, though it was not exactly his idea of pleasure. He was not fond of

sailing; there was generally a breeze, and a breeze he did not enjoy. There was, indeed, something in his appearance, when exposed to a fresh wind, which suggested the idea that a portion of it was blowing through him, and finding an exit at his shoulder-blades behind, his lank vest somehow having that air; and the sensation (so the spectator thought) could hardly have been agreeable in so thin a man even on the warmest day.

Mrs. Penelope Moore was a brave woman. And she knew that she was brave. Not being able, on account of her delicate health, to take part personally in the social entertainments of Gracias, she sent her husband in her place. And this was her bravery. For he was without doubt the most agreeable as well as the handsomest of men, and anybody with any sense could foretell what must follow: given certain conditions, and the results all the world over were the same. Other people might say that quiet little Gracias was safe. Mrs. Penelope Moore knew better. Other people, again, might be blind. But Mrs. Penelope Moore was never blind. She knew that such a man as her Middleton passed, must pass, daily through temptations of the most incandescent nature, all the more dangerous because merged inextricably with his priest's office. But he passed unscathed. He came out always, as she once wrote triumphantly to her mother, "without so much as a singe upon the hem of his uttermost garment." And if, on the other hand, it might have seemed that so little (blessedly) that was inflammable had been included in this good man's composition that he might have passed safely through any amount of incandescence, even all that his wife imagined, here again, then, others were most decidedly mistaken. Mrs. Moore was convinced that her Middleton was of the fieriest temperament. Only he kept it down.

Gracias-á-Dios was certainly quiet enough. But Mistress Penelope, like many good women before her, could believe with ease in an amount and degree of depravity which would have startled even the most hardened of actual participants. Having no standards by which to gauge evil, no personal experience of its nature, she was quite at sea about it; as Dr. Kirby once said of her (when vexed by some of her small rulings), "If people don't come to Friday morning service, sir, she thinks it but a small step further that they should have poisoned their fathers and strangled their wives. That woman can swallow anything."

On the present occasion this estimable lady set her husband's hat straight upon his amiable forehead, and gave him his butterfly net; then from her Gothic windows (the rectory of St. Philip and St. James was of the same uncertain Gothic as the church) she watched him down the path and through the gate, across the plaza out of sight, going back to her sofa with the secure thought in her heart, "I can trust him—anywhere!"

The party on the yacht was composed of the same persons who had taken part in most of the entertainments given for the Northern ladies, save that Manuel Ruiz and De Torrez were absent. De Torrez had not been allowed to "address" Garda, after all, Mrs. Thorne having withheld her permission. The young Cuban was far too punctilious an observer of etiquette to advance further without that permission. He had therefore left society's circle, and secluded himself at home, where, according to Manuel, he was engaged in the occupation of "consuming his soul."

"His cigars," Winthrop suggested.

Whereupon Manuel, who was not fond of the Northerner, warmly took up the cause of the absent Ernesto (though ordinarily he declared himself tired to death of him), and with his superbest air remarked, "It is possible that Mr. Wintup does not understand us."

"Quite possible," Winthrop answered.

Mrs. Thorne had consulted him about the request of De Torrez. Not formally, not (at least it did not appear so) premeditatedly; she alluded to it one afternoon when he had found her alone at East Angels. Winthrop was very severe upon what he called the young Cuban's "presumption."

"Presumption—yes; that is what I have been inclined to consider it," said Mrs. Thorne, with her little preliminary cough. But she spoke hesitatingly, or rather there seemed to be hesitation in her mind behind her words, for her words themselves were always carefully chosen and clear.

Winthrop looked at her, and saw, or fancied he saw, a throng of conflicting possibilities, contingencies, hopes, and alternatives crowding to and fro and pressing against each other in the back part of her small bright eyes. "Your daughter is too young to be made the subject of

any such request at present," he said, curtly. For it seemed to him a moment when a little masculine brevity and masculine decision were needed in this exclusively feminine atmosphere.

Mrs. Thorne accepted his suggestion. "Yes, Garda *is* young," she murmured, emerging a little from her hesitations. "Quite too young," she repeated, more emphatically. Winthrop had given her a formula; and formulas are sometimes as valuable as a life-raft.

De Torrez, therefore, being engaged in the consumption of his soul, and Manuel having haughtily declined the Northerner's invitation, the party on the yacht consisted, besides Winthrop, of Mrs. Rutherford and Margaret Harold, Mrs. Carew, Garda, Dr. Kirby, and the Reverend Mr. Moore, Mrs. Thorne having been detained at home by the "pressing domestic engagements" which Winthrop had been certain would lift their heads as soon as the day for the *Emperadora's* little voyage had been decided upon. Wind and tide were both in their favor; they had a swift run down the Espiritu, and landed on Patricio a number of miles below Gracias, where there was a path which led across to the ocean beach. This path was narrow, and the gallant Dr. Kirby walked in the bushes all the way, suffering the twigs to flagellate his plump person, in order to hold a white umbrella over Mrs. Rutherford, who, arm in arm with her Betty, took up the entire track. Patricio, which had first been a reef, and then an outlying island, was now a long peninsula, joining the mainland some forty miles below Gracias in an isthmus of sand. It came northward in a waving line, slender and green, lying like a ribbon in the water, the Espiritu on one side, the ocean on the other. When the ocean beach of the ribbon was reached, Mrs. Rutherford admired the view. She admired it so much that she thought she would sit down and admire it more. Dr. Kirby bestirred himself in arranging the cushions and rugs which Winthrop's men had brought across from the yacht to form an out-of-door sofa for the ladies; for Betty, of course, decided to remain with Katrina. The Doctor said that he should himself bear them company, leaving the "younger men" to "fume and fluster and explore."

The Reverend Mr. Moore was, in actual years, not far from Dr. Reginald's own age. But the Reverend Mr. Moore was perennially young. Slender and light, juvenile in figure, especially when seen from behind, his appearance was not that of an elderly man so much as of a young man in whom the progress of age has been in some way arrested, like the young peaches, withered and wrinkled, and yet with the bloom of youth about them still, which have dropped to the ground before their prime. He now stood waiting on the beach, armed with his butterfly net. And as his butterfly net was attached to a long slender green pole, one end of which rested on the ground, he had the air of a sort of marine shepherd with a crook.

The Reverend Mr. Moore always carried this entomological apparatus with him when he went upon pleasure excursions. His wife encouraged him in the amusement; she said it was a distraction for his mind. The butterflies too found it a distraction; they were in the habit of laughing (so some persons thought) all down the coast whenever the parson and his net appeared among them.

"You are going to explore, aren't you?" said Garda to Margaret Harold. "It's lovely, and we shall not fume or fluster in the least, in spite of the Doctor. We shall only pick up shells. Over these shells we shall exclaim. Mr. Winthrop will find charming ones, and present them to us. And then we shall exclaim more. We shall dote upon the ones he gives us; we shall hoard them away carefully in our handkerchiefs and pockets. And then, to-morrow morning, when the sun comes up, he will shine upon two dear little heaps of them outside our bedroom windows, where, of course, we shall have thrown them as soon as we reached home."

Mr. Moore listened to these remarks with surprise. Upon the various occasions when he had visited Patricio he had always, and with great interest, picked up shells for the ladies present, knowing how much they would value them. He now meditated a little upon the back windows alluded to by Garda. It was a new idea.

"Oh, how *delightful* it is to go marooning!" said Mrs. Carew, who, beginning to recover from the terrors of the voyage, had found her voice again. Her feet were still somewhat cramped from their use as brakes; she furtively extended them for a moment, and then, unable to resist the comfort of the position, left them extended. Her boots were the old-fashioned thin-soled all-cloth gaiters without heels, laced

at the side, dear to the comfort-loving ladies of that day; her ankles came down into their loose interiors without any diminishing curves, as in the case of the elephant.

"Are you going, Margaret?" said Mrs. Rutherford, in her amiably patronizing voice. "Don't you think you will find it rather warm?" Mrs. Rutherford inhabited the serene country of non-effort; she could therefore maintain without trouble the satisfactory position of criticising the actions of others. For whether they succeeded or whether they failed, success or failure equally indicated an attempt, and anything like attempt she was above. "People who *try*," was one of her phrases. She would not have cared to discover America, for undoubtedly Columbus had tried.

"I like this Florida warmth," Margaret had answered. "It is not heat; it's only softness."

"It's lax, I think," suggested Mrs. Rutherford, still amiably.

No one disputed this point. It was lax.

"Doesn't he look like a tree?" murmured Garda to Margaret, indicating by a glance the Reverend Mr. Moore, as he stood at a little distance, gazing at the sea—"a tall slim one, you know, that hasn't many leaves. His arms are like the branches, and his fingers like the long twigs; and his voice is so innocent and—and vegetable."

Margaret shook her head; Garda really went beyond bounds sometimes. But she did not mean it; that made it harmless.

"You don't like it," said the girl, laughing; "you think I am disrespectful. I am not disrespectful at all; I adore Mr. Moore. But you must acknowledge that he's a mild herby sort of man. He's like lettuce—before it's dressed. All the same, he's an angel."

Dr. Kirby meanwhile was entertaining Betty and Katrina, now seated together on the out-of-door sofa he had made. He was arranging a seat for himself near them by piling together with much careful adjustment the scattered fragments of drift-wood which he had found in the vicinity, in a sort of cairn; his intention was to crown this cairn, when finished, with one of the boat cushions, which he had reserved for the purpose. "No," he said, pursuing his theme and the dovetailing of the drift-wood with energy, "I can not say that I admire these frivolous new fashions which have crept into literature. The other day, happening to turn over the pages of one of these modern novels, I came upon a scene in which the hero and heroine are supposed to be swept, shaken, by the violence of their emotions, stirred to their utmost depths, and yet the author takes *that* opportunity to leave them there, leave them in the midst of their agonies—and the reader's as well—to remark that a butterfly flew in through the open window and hovered for a moment over their heads. Now he poised here, now he poised there, now he did this, and now that, and so on through a quarter of a page. I ask you—what if he did?" (Here he finished his cairn, and sat down to try it.) "Who cares? Why should the whole action of the tale pause, and at such a critical moment, in order that the flight and movements of an insignificant insect should be so minutely chronicled?"

"But the butterfly," said the Reverend Mr. Moore, who had drawn near, "can hardly, I think, be described as an 'insignificant insect.'"

"Have you read these modern novels?" demanded the Doctor, facing him from his cairn.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Moore. "I am familiar with *Bracebridge Hall*, *Swallow Barn*, and several other works of fiction of that type." And he stood there looking at the Doctor with the peculiar mild obstinacy which seems to belong to light blue eyes that are not widely open at the corners.

"But, Doctor, you are attacking there one of our most cherished modern novelties," said Winthrop, who, having given his directions to the men about lunch, had now joined them, "namely, the new copartnership between Nature and Literature. Nature is now a very literary person indeed; and a butterfly can mean a great deal."

"Nature has nothing to do with literature; of course I mean the literature we call polite," Dr. Kirby protested, still fiercely (while Mrs. Rutherford admired his ardor). But the clergyman had nodded his head in approval. A butterfly could certainly mean a great deal. He himself had long been of the opinion that they possessed reasoning powers—he had so seldom been able to capture one.

The explorers now left the sofa and cairn, and started down the beach, Garda and Winthrop first, Mr. Moore and Margaret following. It seemed natural to

everybody that Winthrop should be with Garda, he had been with her so much; his manner, however, had in it so little of admiration (as admiration was understood in Gracias) that this had occasioned no remark. Manuel (whose admiration had the local hues) cherished resentment against this Northerner, but it was not the resentment of jealousy; Manuel, indeed, did not dream that he had occasion for jealousy. He was sure that he had but to speak, and he should succeed. He was sure that Mrs. Thorne yearned for him, that her highest aspirations regarding a son-in-law could go no further. But there need be no haste; he must see something of the world first. He had made a beginning (so he flattered himself) by seeing something of it in that charming though rather silent Mrs. Harold. And, judging from her, he thought he should like the Northern ladies, as a change, quite well. As for De Torrez, that dark youth could never have conceived the possibility of admitting any one to a serious rivalry with himself—any one, at least, outside of Spain. Who was this Winthrop? Only an American. Even Manuel was but an American Spaniard, as any one could see. But Garda was all Duero, Spanish to the finger-tips; Garda understood him. And this was no small matter—to understand a De Torrez. Many persons, even when thrown with them daily, had lived all their lives without accomplishing it. And Garda understood herself also; he was convinced of that. She might delay; have little freaks; but in the end it was impossible that she should be content with anything less than his distinguished personality, in case it should be present, as he fully expected that it would be.

For a time the four pedestrians kept together. "See the great pelicans out on the bar," said Garda. "The wish of my life has been to go out there and chase them with a stick."

"Why should you wish to do that, my child?" said the clergyman. "Surely there are many occupations more interesting, as well as much more instructive."

"Shouldn't you love to be a curlew?" said the girl, going to him and putting her arm in his. "The sickle-bill, you know; he hasn't the least realization of the faults of his profile, and that must be such a comfort."

"Profiles," responded Mr. Moore, with a little wave of his hand, "are quite unimportant. What is a profile, in most cases, but the chance outline of a nose? Handsome is as handsome does, Garda, my child; that is the best view to take."

Winthrop listened to this little dialogue with entertainment. Evidently the good rector had no more realization of Garda's beauty than he had of the new short length for sermons; his standard in profiles was probably the long thin nose and small straight mouth of his excellent Penelope.

"The Bermudoes lie off in that direction," continued the clergyman, looking over the blue water. Garda had now left him and gone back to Winthrop. "I mean the Barbagoes," he added, correcting himself. He was silent for a moment. Then, clearing his throat, he said, "No, not Barbagoes; I mean, of course, the *Bahamoes.*" Again he was silent, and his face began to wear a slightly troubled expression. He slackened his steps, and repeated softly to himself, as if trying them over, "Bahamoes. Barbudoes. Certainly, Tor—no, To—yes, *Tobaga* is one of them." He now stopped and meditated, leaning on his green pole. "At least," he murmured, half aloud, "I am not wrong in thinking one of the groups to be the Dry Tortugoes? *That* is certain—to begin with." And yet it did not seem quite certain, after all. He gazed at the beach with severe concentration of eye, as if trying to arrange there, as on a chart, the position of the groups whose names had become entangled in his memory.

"A butterfly—a splendid one," called Garda, looking back.

And then the reverend gentleman, leaving the groups in their tangle, brandished his net with ardor, and leaped hither and thither in pursuit.

Garda was now with Margaret; Winthrop walked on beside them, and they went southward at a leisurely pace, down the broad beach. To the ordinary observer Winthrop and Margaret appeared to be on the usual friendly terms; the only lack that could have been detected was the absence between them of little discussions, and of references to past discussions, brief allusions where one word is made to do the work of twenty, which are natural when people have formed part of the same family for some time. Margaret and Winthrop talked to each other, and talked familiarly; but it was almost always when other persons were present. Garda, though

she seldom troubled herself to observe closely, had remarked these little signs. "I think you are horrid to Margaret," she had once said to Winthrop with warmth. "And Margaret is far too good and too gentle to you."

"Yes, Mrs. Harold has always a very gentle manner," he had answered, assentingly.

"That is more horrid still! Of course she has. But I wish she hadn't—at least with you. I wish she would be sharp with you—as I am."

"Are you sharp?" Winthrop had asked, smiling indulgently at the contrast between her allegation and the voice in which it was uttered.

Garda, with her hand on Margaret's arm, was now walking onward, humming lightly to herself as she walked. Her humming was vague, as she had no ear for music. Winthrop never liked to remember that she had not; but the lack could not be denied. It was a complete lack, however; she was not one of those persons who are haunted by tunes half caught, who can afflictingly sing a song all through a note or semi-note flat, and never know it.

Margaret's eyes were following the sands. "Lovely sea-weeds," she said, as little branching fibres, like crimson and pink frost-work, began to dot the silver here and there.

"Now how feminine that is!" said Winthrop, argumentatively, as he strolled on beside them. "Instead of looking at the ocean, the broad sweep of the sky, or this grand beach as a whole, stretching southward out of sight, what does Mrs. Harold do? She spends her time admiring an infinitesimal pink fragment at her feet. Fragments!—I am tired of the fragmentary taste. In a picture, even the greatest, you fragmentary people are always admiring what you call the side touches; you talk about some little thing that has been put in merely as a decorative feature; or if for a wonder you do select a figure, it is sure to be one of minor importance. The effect of the whole as a whole, the central motive to which the artist has given his best genius and power, this you do not care for, hardly see. It is the same way with a book; it is always some fragment of outside talk or description, some subordinate character, to which you give your praise; never—no matter how fine it is—the leading motive and its development. In an old cathedral, too, you women go putting your pretty noses close to all the little things, the bits of old carving, an old inscription—in short, the details; the effect of the grand mass of the whole, rising against the sky, this you know nothing about. It almost seems as if you had never been there, had not seen it."

"I am glad at least that the noses are pretty," interpolated Garda, amid her humming.

"I think I have met a few men also who admire details," observed Margaret.

"A few? Plenty of them. They are the men of the feminine turn of mind. But don't imagine that I don't care for details; details in their proper place may be admirable, exquisite. What I am objecting to is their being pushed into a place which is not theirs by you fragmentary people, who simply shirk (I don't know whether it is from indolence or want of mental grasp) any consideration of a whole."

"Never mind," said Garda to Margaret; "let's be fragmentary; let's shirk. We'll even pick up the fragmentary sea-weeds if you like (though generally I hate to pick up things); we'll fill your basket, and make Mr. Winthrop carry it."

"No," said Margaret. "On the contrary, let us give ourselves to the consideration of a whole." And, pausing, she looked over the sea, then up at the sky and down the beach, with a slow musing sweep of the head which became her well.

"You're not enough in earnest," said Garda; "we can see the edge of a smile at the corners of your lips. Wait—I'll do it better." She stepped apart from them, clasped her hands and let them hang down idly before her, while she turned her eyes toward the sea, where they rested with a soft, absorbed earnestness that was remarkable. "Is this wide enough?" she asked, without change of expression. "Is it free from details—unfragmentary? In short, is it—a Whole?"

"Yes," said Winthrop; "far too much of one. You are as universal as a Universal Geography. Come back to us—in as many details and fragments as you please; only come back."

"By no means. I have still the beach to do, and the sky." And slowly she turned the same wide, absorbed gaze from the sea to the white shore.

The beach was worth looking at; broad,

smooth, gleaming, it stretched southward as far as eye could follow it. Even there it did not end, it became a silver haze which mixed softly with the sea. On the land side it was bounded by the sand cliff which formed the edge of Patricio. This little cliff, though but twelve or fourteen feet in height, was perpendicular; it cut off, therefore, the view of the flat ground above as completely as though it had been five hundred. Great pink-mouthed shells dotted the beach's white floor; at its edge myriads of minute disks of rose and pearl lay heaped amid little stones, smooth and white, all of them wet and glistening. Heaps of bleached gray drift-wood lay where high tides had left them. Little beach-birds ran along at the water's edge with their peculiar gait—many pauses, intermixed with half a dozen light fleet little steps as though running away—the gait, if ever there was one, of invitation to pursue. There were no ships on the sea; the track of vessels bound for Cuba or the Windward and Leeward islands lay out of sight from this low shore. And gentle as the water was, and soft and warm the air, the silence and the absence of all signs of human life made it a very wild scene. Wild but not savage; the soft wild remoteness of an uninhabited Southern shore. For no one lived on Patricio, save where, opposite East Angels, the old Ruiz house stood on its lapsed land—lapsed from the better tilling of the century before.

The Reverend Mr. Moore had come gambolling back, striking actively hither and thither with his net, still pursuing the same butterfly. The butterfly—at his leisure—flew inland. And then Mr. Moore gave up the chase, and joined Margaret Harold calmly, seeming not in the least out of breath, his face, indeed, so serious that she received the impression that while his legs might have been gambolling, his thoughts had probably been employed with his next Sunday's sermon. He had an introspective, mildly controversial air that indicated "heads."

Garda and Winthrop walked on in advance. The beach waved in and out in long scallops, and when they had entered the second they found themselves alone, the point behind intervening between them and their companions.

"What a dreadfully lonely place this beach is, after all!" said Garda, pausing and looking about her with a half-appreciative, half-disturbed little shudder.

"Not lonely; primeval," answered Winthrop. "Don't you like it?" he added. "I am sure you do; take time to think."

"Oh, I don't want any time. Yes, I like it in one way; in one way it's beautiful. One could be perfectly lazy here forever, and I should like that. As for the loneliness, I suppose we should not mind it after a while—so long as we had each other."

Before Winthrop could reply to this, "Suppose we race," she went on, looking at him with sudden animation. And she began to sway herself slightly to and fro as she walked as though keeping time to music he could not hear.

"I think you mean suppose we dance," he answered. She had soon deserted the mood that chimed in with his own. Still, he had not misjudged her; she had it in her to comprehend the charm of an existence which should be primitive, untrammelled, far from the world, that simple free life toward which the thoughts of imaginative men turn sometimes with such inexpressible longing, but to whose attractions feminine minds in general are said to be inexorably closed. The men of imagination seldom carry, are seldom able to carry, their aspirations to a practical reality. That makes no difference in their appreciation of the woman who can comprehend and sympathize with their dream. Here was a girl who, under the proper influences, would yield to such a life, would enjoy it richly. But the vast majority of educated women, no matter what influences they should be subjected to, would never be able to do this in the least; they would want—china and rugs!

"Racing or dancing," Garda had replied, "I don't believe you can do either one or the other; you are too slow."

"And you too indolent," he rejoined.

He had scarcely spoken the words when she was off. Down the beach she sped, and with such unexpected swiftness that he stood gazing instead of following. The line of her flight was as straight as that of an arrow. He was surprised; he had not thought that she would take the trouble to run; he had not thought her fond of any kind of exertion. But this did not seem like exertion, she ran as easily as a slim lad runs. Her figure looked very light and slender, outlined against the beach and sky. As he still stood watching her, she reached the end of the scallop, passed round its point, and disappeared.

He looked back. There was no one in

sight. If he had a mind to revive his school-boy feats, he could do so without being observed. It was a beautiful day. But running might make it warmer. At thirty-five one does not run for the pure pleasure of it, as at sixteen; if one is not an acrobat, it seems a useless waste of energy. Garda was probably waiting for him beyond the next point; even her desire to surprise him would not take her further than that. He walked onward at a good pace. But he did not run. He reached the point, turned it, and entered the next scallop. She was not there.

It was not a very long scallop; she had crossed it, probably, while he was crossing the last. He went on and entered the next. Again she was not there. But this scallop was a mile long; she had certainly not had time to cross it. Where, then, could she be? There was nothing moving on the white beach; the perpendicular sand cliff afforded no footing; he walked on, thinking that there must be some niche that he could not see from where he stood, in which she had hidden herself. But though he went further than she could possibly have gone in the time she had had, he found nothing, and retraced his steps, puzzled. The firm white sand showed no trace of her little feet; even his own heavier tread was barely visible.

Not far from the entrance of the scallop across which he was now returning there was a pile of drift-wood higher than the other chance heaps, its base having been more solidly formed by portions of an old wreck which had been washed ashore there. Upon this foundation of water-logged timbers the white branches and nondescript fragments, the flotsam and jetsam of a Southern ocean, had been flung by high tides, and had caught there one upon the other, until now the jagged summit was on a level with the top of the sand cliff, though an open space, several feet in width, lay between them. Could it be that Garda had climbed up this insecure heap, and then sprung across to the firm ground of Patricio beyond? It seemed impossible; and yet, unless she had an enchanted chariot to come at her call, she must have done so, for there was no other way by which she could have escaped. Winthrop now essayed to follow her. But it was not without difficulty that he succeeded in reaching the top. For it was not so much a question of strength (of which he had an abundance) as of lightness; it was not so much a question of a good hold, as of no hold at all and a good deal of luck: the very place, he said to himself, for feminine climbing, which is generally hap-hazard clutches diversified by little screams. At length, not without much fear of bringing the whole pile toppling down upon himself, he reached the summit, and from an insecure foot-hold looked across to the firm land. Patricio at this point was covered, at a short distance back from the edge, by a grove of wild-myrtle trees. There was no path, but the grove was not dense; Garda could have passed through it anywhere. There was no sign of her visible. But he could not see far. He sprang across, and went inland through the myrtles, his course defined in a measure by the thick chaparral which bordered the grove on each side. Suddenly he heard the sound of voices. He pushed on, and came to a little open space, thickly dotted with large bright flowers. On the further side of this space an easel had been set up, and a young man was at work sketching. Behind this young man, looking over his shoulder, stood Garda Thorne.

As Winthrop came out from the myrtles, "How long you have been!" she said. Then, without any further comment, "Come and see this sketch," she went on, her eyes returning to the picture. "I've never seen anything so pretty in my life."

As Winthrop, after a moment's survey of the scene, came toward her over the flowers, "Oh," she said, "I forget that you don't know each other. Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Lucian Spenser, civil engineer, from Washington, the District of Columbia. Mr. Spenser, Mr. Evert Winthrop—he is nothing in particular now, I believe—from the city of New York."

"It's an occupation in itself, isn't it? to be from New York," said the artist, going on with his sketching, after the little motion, half nod, half wave of the hand, with which he had acknowledged Garda's introduction. Winthrop in the mean while had neither spoken nor bowed; he had only, as slightly as possible, raised his hat.

"Why do you stop there?" said Garda. She came to him, took his arm, and led him behind the easel. "The picture—the picture's the thing to look at!"

The sketch — it was in water-colors — represented the little arena, which was in itself a brilliant picture, done by Nature's hand. It was an open oval space about fifteen feet in diameter, entirely bare of

trees or bushes, and covered with low green through which rose lightly slender leafless stalks, each holding up, several inches above the herbage, a single large bright-faced flower. The flowers did not touch each other; they were innumerable spots of gold and bright lavender, which did not blend. On three sides the thick dark chaparral, on the fourth the dark myrtles, inclosed this gayly decked nook, and seemed to have kept it safely from all the world until now. The artist was making a very good sketch, good, that is, in the manner of the new foreign school.

"Isn't it beautiful—wonderful?" insisted Garda.

"Ah, yes—very clever," Winthrop answered.

The artist laughed. "You hate the manner," he said. "Many people do. I think I hate it a little myself, now and then." And he began to sing softly to himself as he worked:

"Oh, de sun shines bright in my ole Kentucky home,
'Tis summah, de darkies are gay—"

"'Twas his singing, you know, that attracted my attention," said Garda to Winthrop, under cover of the song. She did not seem to be explaining so much as repeating a narrative that pleased herself. "I had climbed up here to hide myself from you, when I heard singing; I followed the sound, and—here he was!"

"You have met him before, of course?" was Winthrop's reply.

"Never in the world—that is the beauty of it. It's so delightful to meet people you have never met before. And then to find him here in the woods, where I didn't expect to see anybody, save perhaps you, later, coming slowly along. And isn't it nice, too, that we're going to have a new person to add to our little excursions and parties? For they were getting to be a little dull; don't you think so? Always the same people. He is a cousin of Mr. Moore's," she added, "or rather his mother was; he has just been telling me about it." She did not bring out this last fact as though it were the most important. Important? The only important point was that she should be pleased. She had kept Winthrop's arm all this time. Now she relinquished it, and turned back to the easel.

"De corn-tops ripe, an' de meddars all abloom,
In my ole Kentucky home far away,"

sang the stranger; and this time he let out his voice, and sang aloud. It was a very good voice. But Winthrop did not admire it.

"The others have probably no idea what has become of us," he said to Garda. "Shall we go and look for them?"

"Yes," said Garda; "of course they must be wondering. You go; I will wait here. Go and bring Mr. Moore to see his cousin."

"It will be quite easy for Mr.—for this gentleman—"

"Spenser," said the artist, good-humoredly, as he painted on.

"—to see Mr. Moore at any time in Gracias," continued Winthrop, without accepting the name. For the life of him he could not put full confidence in this impromptu relationship which Garda had discovered, any more than he could in this, as one might say, impromptu man, whom she had also unearthed, miles from any inhabited point, on a wild shore. If the stranger were indeed a cousin of the Reverend Mr. Moore's, why had he not made himself known to him before this? He must have come through Gracias; Gracias was not so large a place that there could have been any difficulty in finding the rector of St. Philip and St. James; nor was it so busy a place that one could have been pressed for time there.

"The truth is," answered Spenser, after he had completed a bit of work which seemed much to his mind—"the truth is," he repeated, looking at it critically, with his head on one side, "that I have, so far at least, rather shirked my good cousin; I am ashamed to say it, but it is true. You see, I only faintly remember him. But he will very clearly remember me. He will have reminiscences. He will be sure to tell me that he knew me when I was a dear little baby. Now I maintain that no man can really welcome that statement; it betokens recollections into which he can not possibly enter. All he can do is to murmur inanely that he fears he must have been a very bad little boy."

"I know Mr. Moore will say it," said Garda, gleefully; "I know he will. Do go and call him," she said to Winthrop. "He will walk down to Jupiter Inlet if you don't stop him."

But Winthrop stood his ground. Mr. Moore's cousin or not Mr. Moore's cousin, he did not intend to leave Garda Thorne with this chance, this particularly chance acquaintance again. True, this was a very remote, secluded place, to which city rules

did not extend. But the very seclusion had been like a wall; probably the girl had never made a chance acquaintance in her life before.

"I will go myself, then," said Garda, seeing that he did not move. She did not seem annoyed; she was, in truth, very seldom ill-tempered. On the present occasion Winthrop might have been better pleased if she had showed some little signs of irritation; for she was simply not thinking of him at all; she was thinking only of Mr. Moore's cousin.

She crossed the flower-decked space quickly, and entered the myrtle grove. Winthrop followed her. When they reached the verge, "There they are," she said, looking southward.

"I don't know how I am to get you down," said Winthrop. "We could jump across from the drift-wood, but we can not jump back upon it; it's not steady."

"I don't want to go down now," said Garda. "They must come up." And she called, in a long note, "Mar—garet!"

"Mar—garet!"

Mrs. Harold heard, and turned.

"There! I've called her Margaret to her face!" exclaimed the girl.

"To her back, you mean."

"I never did it before. But I was sure to do it some time. We always call her Margaret when we talk about her, mamma and I; and we talk about her by the hour."

"Mr. Moore and I together can, perhaps, get you down," said Winthrop, trying the edge of the sand cliff to see if a niche could be trodden out.

"How odd you are! When I tell you I'm not going down? Of course the others are to come up. Mr. Moore will be enchanted to see his cousin. I am sure I was—though he isn't mine."

Winthrop asked himself whether he should take this opportunity to give this beautiful Florida girl a first lesson in worldly wisdom. Then he reflected that what he had admired the most in her had been her frank naturalness, the innocent freedom with which she had followed all her impulses, without pausing to think where they would lead her. So far, her impulses had all been child-like, charming. As regarded this present one, though it was child-like also, he would have liked, with it, a little more discrimination. But discrimination is eminently a trait developed by time, and time, of course, had not yet had a chance to do much for Edgarda Thorne.

He decided to leave her to herself, and to return for the moment to his old position (from which he had rather departed of late), the position of looking on, without comment, to see what she would do or say next. What she did was simple enough. She directed, with much merriment, the efforts of the Reverend Mr. Moore, as in response to her request he climbed up the jagged pile of drift-wood first, in order to show Mrs. Harold the best foot-holds, his butterfly pole much in his way, but not relinquished by any means; for had not that butterfly flown inland? Perhaps he should encounter him again. When he was safely landed on Patricio, Margaret Harold followed him. Winthrop, in spite of the difficulties of descent, wished to come down and assist her. But this she would not allow; and assistance, indeed, was plainly worse than useless in such a place. Nor did she betray any need of it; she climbed with an ease which showed a light foot and accurate balance, and was soon standing by Garda's side.

When they reached the little flower cove it was immediately made evident that the mother of the singing, painting stranger had really been (she had been dead many years) a cousin of Middleton Moore's, Winthrop himself, unless he was prepared to believe in an amount of plotting for which there seemed no sufficient motive, being forced to acknowledge the truth of the story. The conversation between the clergyman and Spenser went on with much animation. Mr. Moore was greatly interested; he was even excited; and they talked of many things. At last he said, with feeling, "I remember you *so* well, Lucian, as a baby; I was in the same house with you once for a whole week when you were just able to walk alone."

"Ah, yes! I am afraid I was rather a bad little boy," Spenser answered.

"You *were* rather—rather animated," the clergyman admitted, mildly.

Garda, who, as usual, had her arm in Margaret's, leaned her head on Margaret's shoulder and gave way to soft laughter.

Middleton Moore talked, enjoying his adventure greatly. But though he talked, he did not question; he was too complete a Southerner for that. He leaned on his butterfly pole, and regarded Lu-

cian with the utmost friendliness, not thinking, apparently, of the fact that he had come upon this interesting young relative quite by chance, and that this same young relative must have passed through Gracias (if indeed he were not staying there) without paying him a visit, though he knew that his cousin was rector of St. Philip and St. James; he had confessed as much. Lucian, who had left his easel, now moved toward it again, and stood scanning his work with the painter's suddenly absorbed gaze — as though he had forgotten, for the moment, everything else in the world but that. Then he sat down, as if unable to resist it, and began to add a touch or two, while (with his disengaged faculties) he was good enough to give to his cousin, of his own accord, a brief account of himself in the present and in the past. It seemed that he was by profession a civil engineer (as he had already told Garda), and that the party of which he was chief were engaged in surveying for a proposed railway, which would reach Gracias-á-Dios (he thought) in about seventy-five years. However, that was nothing to him; there was undoubtedly a company (they had got an English lord in it), and he, Lucian, was quite willing to survey for them, if it amused them to have surveying done; that part of the scheme, at least, was paid for, if nothing else was. His party were now some distance north of Gracias; they had reached one of the swamps; it had occurred to him that it was a good time to take a day or two, and come down and see the little old town on the coast. And as he was a dabbler in water-colors, he had not been able to resist doing some of the little "bits" he had found under his hand. "I was coming to see you, sir, to-morrow," he concluded. "The truth is, I had only these rough clothes with me; I have sent back for more."

"To the swamp?" said Garda.

"To the swamp—precisely. I keep them there very carefully in a dry canoe."

"You must not only come and see us, Lucian; you must come and stay with us," said the clergyman, gravely. He considered hospitality one of the graver pleasures. "Penelope will hear of nothing else," he added, bending in his near-sighted way to look at the picture, and putting his nose close to Lucian's pinks and blues. "Isn't it rather—rather bright?" he asked, blinking a little as he drew back. Mr. Moore's idea of a picture was a landscape with a hill in the background, a brook and willows in front, a church spire peeping out somewhere in the middle distance, and a cow or two at the brook's edge, all painted in a dark and melancholy—what he himself would have called a chaste—green, even the cow partaking in some degree of that thoroughly decorous hue.

"It's not brighter than the reality, is it?" said Lucian.

"I—don't—know," answered Mr. Moore, straightening himself, and looking about him as if to observe the reality, which he evidently was now noting for the first time. "You have put in a butterfly; that is, I don't think it's a bird," he added, returning to his inspection. "I haven't seen any. Was there one here?"

"There should have been, then; it's the very place for them," Lucian declared.

"I don't think, Lucian, that we are capable of saying where they *should* have been," answered the clergyman. "I have been through all that myself; they are very seldom there."

Garda again gave way to merriment, hiding it and her face on Margaret's shoulder.

"Hasn't your sky rather too vivid a blue, Lucian?" Mr. Moore went on, his face again close to the picture.

"Well, sir, that's as we see it. *I* see that color in the sky, you know."

"How can you see it if it is not there?" demanded his relative, with his temperate dwelling upon his point. And he transferred his gaze from the sketch to the young man.

"But it *is* there for me. It's the old question, sir, of the two kinds of truth."

"There are not two kinds, I think, Lucian," responded the clergyman, and this time he spoke with decision.

"There are two ways of seeing it, then. We state or believe a thing as we see it, and we do not all see alike. You see the hues of a sunset in one way, Turner saw them in another. He painted certain skies, and people said there were no such skies; but Turner saw them."

"The fault was still there, Lucian; it was in his vision."

"Or take another instance," continued Spenser. "A man has a wife whom he loves. She has grown old and faded; there is no trace of beauty left, but he still sees her as she was. To him she does not merely seem beautiful, she is beautiful."

The eyes of Garda and Margaret met, one of those rapid exchanges of a mutual comprehension which are always passing between women unless they happen to be open enemies. Even then they are sometimes forced to suspend hostilities long enough for one of these quick pass-words of intelligence. Men are so slow. The mutual thought of the two women now was—Mrs. Penelope. Certainly she was old and faded, and very certainly also her husband regarded her as as much of a Venus as it was proper for a clerical household to possess. Their entertainment continued as they saw that the clergyman made no personal application of Spenser's comparison, but merely considered the illustration rather an immoral one.

As if to change the subject, the good man now demanded, in his equable, unresonant voice, "How do you return to Gracias, Lucian?"

"There's a contraband with a dug-out waiting for me over on the Espiritu side," answered Spenser. "I walked across."

"Ah! *we* are sailing," remarked the clergyman, in a gently superior tone. Little as he himself enjoyed maritime excursions, he felt that this was the proper tone to take in the presence of his host, the *Emperadora's* owner. "We shall reach home, probably, much sooner than you will," he went on, looking off at the chaparral with an abstracted air.

Winthrop, smiling at this innocent little manœuvre, invited Spenser to return to Gracias with them. He could send one of the men across to tell the negro of the change of plan. Spenser accepted the offer promptly. He packed his scattered belongings into small compass, and slung them across his shoulder; his easel, under his manipulation, became a stout walking-stick.

"That is a very convenient arrangement," said the clergyman.

"Yes; I am rather proud of it. I invented it myself."

"Ah, that's your father in you," said Mr. Moore, unconsciously betraying something that was almost disapproval. "Your father was a Northern man. But your mother, Lucian, was a thorough Southerner; *she* had no taste for invention."

"She wouldn't have had it even if she had been a Northern woman, I fancy," responded Spenser. "Women are not inventors. I don't mind saying it before Mrs. Harold and Miss Thorne, because they haven't the air of wishing to be. It's a particular sort of air, you know."

"Is your invention strong?" asked Winthrop. "I don't know how we are going to get the ladies down to the beach, unless we make a perch for them by driving that stick of yours and Mr. Moore's butterfly pole into the sand drift half-way down. From there, with our help, they might perhaps jump the rest of the distance. We should have to tread out some sort of footing for ourselves."

Mr. Moore involuntarily glanced at his green pole, and then at Margaret and Garda, as if estimating their weight.

"We shall certainly snap it in two," exclaimed Garda, gayly. "Snip, snap, gone!"

"But there's a descent not so very far above here," said Spenser. "I've found it once, and I think, if you will trust me, I can find it again." He led the way into the chaparral, and the others followed.

The chaparral, a thicket of little evergreen oaks, rose round the flower cove to a height of ten feet. But soon it grew lower, and they came out upon a broad stretch of it not much over four or four and a half feet in height, very even on the top, extending unbroken to the south as far as they could see, and rising gently on the west, in the same even sweep, over the small ridge that formed Patricio's backbone. Their heads were now all well above the surface of this leafy sea.

"There's my track," said Spenser.

It was a line which had been made across the foliage by his passage through it; the leaves had been rippled back a little, so that there was a trail visible on the green surface like that left by a boat which has passed over a smooth pond. They made their way toward the trail.

The little oaks were not thorny, but their small stubborn branches grew as closely at the bottom as at the top, so that it was necessary to push with the ankles as well as with the shoulders in order to get through.

"Deep wading," said Lucian, who led the way. "I hope you're not discouraged."

"Wading?" said Garda. "Drowning! These thick leaves are like *waves*. And I'm sure that fishes are biting my ankles. And snakes! I shall sink soon; you'll hear a gurgle, and I shall have gone."

Spenser, laughing, turned and made his way back to her from the front at the same moment that Winthrop, who was

last, pushed his way forward from behind; they reached her, and placed themselves, one on each side, so that they could make her progress easier.

The Reverend Mr. Moore, who had been calling back a long, careful explanation that the Florida snakes, the dangerous ones, were never found in chaparral, was now left at the head of the party, to keep the course for them by the line of rippled leaves. This duty he performed with much circumspection, lifting his arm with the long butterfly pole high in the air every now and then, and stretching it forward gently as far as he could to tap the line of rippled leaves, as much as to say, "There you are; *quite* safe." He had the air of a magician with his wand.

"I think I shall have to stop for a moment," said Margaret Harold, after a while, speaking for the first time since their entrance into the chaparral. She was next to Mr. Moore in their little procession, but a distance of ten or fifteen feet separated them, while Garda, with Spenser and Winthrop, was at a still greater distance behind. Winthrop waited only an instant after she had spoken (long enough, however, to give Spenser and the clergyman the opportunity, in case they should desire it); he then made his way forward and joined her.

"Here; lean on me," he said, quickly, as soon as he saw her face. He thought she was going to faint.

Margaret, though she looked pale, smiled, and declined his help; she only wished to rest for a moment; the chaparral had tired her. She stood still, embosomed in the foliage, her eyes closed, the long dark lashes lying on her cheeks. Winthrop could see now more clearly how delicate her face was; he remembered, too, that though she was tall, she was a slender woman, with very slender little hands and feet. Her grace of step, though remarkable, had probably not been of much use in forcing a way through chaparral. But her cheeks were growing whiter; he was afraid she would fall forward among the bristling little branches; he pushed his way nearer and supported her with his arm. Garda meanwhile, her fatigue forgotten, had started to come to her friend, Spenser helping her, while Mr. Moore, his pole carefully held out over the trail (as though otherwise it would disappear), watched them with anxiety from the front.

But now Margaret was recovering. The color came back to her face, she opened her eyes, and immediately began to push her way forward again, as if she wished to show Winthrop that he need have no further fears. He staid to aid her, nevertheless.

"Why didn't you go to her?" said Garda to Lucian Spenser, as they resumed their former pace after Margaret's recovery. "I mean why didn't you start before Mr. Winthrop did? There was time."

"He had the better right; he knows her; I don't."

"It wasn't a question of knowing, but of helping. As to knowing—you don't know me."

"Oh yes, I do!" answered Spenser.

"But you have never seen me until today. Now please don't tell me that I am so much like some one else that you feel as if you had known me for ages."

"You are like no one else; your type, as a general thing, exists only in dreams, the dreams of artists mad on color. And it's in my dreams that I have seen you," he went on, surveying her with the frankest and most enjoying admiration. "Aren't you glad you're so beautiful?"

"Yes," responded Garda, with much seriousness, as though it were not at all a matter to jest about; "I am very glad indeed."

They came before long to the descent of which he had spoken. It was a miniature gorge, which descended to the beach in the scallop where Garda had begun her race. As soon as they reached the lower level, Garda went to Margaret and took her hands. "Do you really feel better?" she said. "We'll stay here awhile and rest."

Margaret refused, saying that the feeling of fatigue had quite passed away.

"You *have* got more color than usual," said Garda, scanning her face.

"A sure sign that I am perfectly well again," answered Margaret, smiling.

"A sure sign that you are very tired," said Evert Winthrop.

Margaret made no reply. She began to walk northward with Garda up the beach. Spenser kept his place on the other side of Garda, and Winthrop joined the Reverend Mr. Moore, who was alone. These two walked faster than the others, and were soon some distance in advance. The Reverend Mr. Moore improved the occasion by relating the entire history of the Spenser, or rather the Byrd, family, the mother's side of the house (connections of the cele-

brated Colonel Byrd), which he seemed to consider very interesting. That is, their history in the past. As to the present and its representative, he seemed quite without definite information.

The present representative spent several days at the rectory, and probably imparted the information which was lacking. During his visit he formed one, as Garda had anticipated, of the various little parties which Betty still continued to arrange and carry out for the entertainment of her dearest Katrina. Then he took leave of the rector and his wife, and returned to the camp at the swamp.

Three days later he came back to remain some time. He took a room at the Seminole, saying that his hours were quite too uncertain for a well-regulated household like that of the Moores.

His hours proved to be uncertain indeed, save that a certain number of them were sure to be spent with Garda Thorne. A few also were spent in bringing De Torrez out of his seclusion. For Lucian took a fancy to the young Cuban. "I don't think you half appreciate him," he said, in his easy, unattached way—unattached to any local view. "He's a perfect mine of gold in the way of peculiarities and precious oddities; he repays you every time."

"I was not aware that oddities had so much value in the market," remarked Dr. Kirby, dryly.

"My dear sir, the greatest!" said Lucian, still in his detached tone.

The Doctor was not very fond of Lucian. The truth was, the Doctor did not like to be called "my dear sir." The possessive pronoun and the adjective made a different thing of it from his own Johnsonian monosyllabic mode of address.

"*I* appreciate Mr. De Torrez," Garda had answered; "I always have appreciated him. He's like a thunder-cloud on the edge of the sky. You feel that he could give out some tremendous flashes if he pleased. Some day he will please."

"I'll tell him that," said Spenser, who, among his other accomplishments, had that of speaking Spanish.

Whether he told or not, the young Cuban at any rate appeared among them again. He was tired, possibly, of the consumption of his soul. But there was this advantage about De Torrez, that though he might consume his own, he had no desire to consume the soul (or body either) of any one else; whereas Manuel appeared to cherish this wish to an almost sanguinary degree. The dislike he had for Evert Winthrop was nothing compared with the dislike he now nourished for Lucian Spenser. For Lucian trespassed upon his own ground, where he had hitherto reigned supreme: if Manuel was handsome, Lucian was handsomer still.

"A finer-looking young man than Lucian Spencer," Mrs. Rutherford had more than once remarked, "is very—seldom—seen."

Lucian having no horse, as Winthrop had, could not, as Garda expressed it, ride over the pine-barrens in every direction and stop at East Angels. But he had a fisherman's black boat, with ragged sail, and though it was not an *Emperadora*, it could still float down the Espiritu with swiftness enough, giving its occupant the opportunity to stop at the same Spanish residence, where there was a water landing as well as an entrance from the barrens. The occupant stopped so often, and his manner when he did stop was so different from that of their other visitors, that Mrs. Thorne felt at last that duty demanded that she should "make inquiries." This duty had never been esteemed one of the prominent ones of life at Gracias-á-Dios. Mrs. Thorne's determination, therefore, showed that her original New England principles were alive somewhere down in her composition still (as Betty Carew had always declared that they were), in spite of the layer upon layer of Thorne and Duero traditions with which she had so carefully overlaid them. She was aware that it was a great inconsistency on her part to revert, at this late day, to the old methods of her youth; but what could she do? The Thornes and Dueros were all dead, and had left no precedents for a case like this, an essentially modern one; and Lucian Spenser was alive (particularly so), and with Garda almost all the time.

"She asked me," said the Reverend Mr. Moore to his wife, "what I 'really knew' about Lucian, which seemed to me, Penelope, a very singular question, Lucian being so near and dear a relative of ours. I did not, however, comment upon this; I simply gave her a full account of the Spenser family, or rather of the Byrds, his mother's side of the house, going back (in order to be explicit) through three generations. Strange to say, this did not appear to satisfy her. I will not say that

she interrupted me, for she did not. But she had nevertheless, in some ways, an appearance of—of being perhaps somewhat inwardly impatient."

"Oh, *I* know!" said Mrs. Moore, nodding her head. "She coughed behind her hand. And she shook out her handkerchief, holding it by the exact middle between her forefinger and thumb. And she tapped on the floor with the point of her slipper. And she settled her cuffs. And then she coughed again."

"That is exactly what she did! You have a wonderful insight, Penelope," said her husband, admiringly.

"Give me a *woman*, and I'll unravel her for you in no time—in no time at all," answered Penelope. "But men are different; *so* much deeper. You yourself are very deep, Middleton."

The clergyman stroked his chin meditatively. His eyes wandered, and after a while rested peacefully on the floor.

"There! I know just what you're thinking of now," resumed his wife from her sofa; "I can tell you every word."

Her husband, who at that moment was thinking of nothing at all, unless it might have been of a worn place which he had detected in the red and white matting at his feet, raised his eyes and looked at her with amiable expectancy. He had long ago learned to acquiesce in all the discoveries respecting himself made by his clever Penelope; he even believed in them after a vague fashion, and was always much interested in hearing the latest. But he was so unmitigatedly modest, he took such impersonal views of everything, including himself, that he could listen to her eulogistic divinations by the hour without the least real appropriation of them, as though they had been spoken of some one else. He thought them very wonderful, and he thought her almost a sibyl as she brought them forth. But no glow of self-appreciation followed: this frugal man was not easily made to glow. At present, when his wife had unrolled before him the interesting thoughts which she knew he was thinking (and the rector himself was always of the opinion that he must be thinking them somewhere, in some remote part of his mind which for the moment he had forgotten), she concluded, triumphantly, as follows: "I can always tell what you are thinking of from the expression of your face, Middleton; it's not in the *least* necessary for you to speak." Which was on the whole, perhaps, fortunate for Middleton.

Mrs. Thorne, not having succeeded in obtaining "definite" information from the Reverend Mr. Moore, addressed herself, at length, to Evert Winthrop. Something that was almost like a friendship had established itself between these two. Mrs. Thorne found Winthrop very satisfying. She mentioned that she found him so. She mentioned it to Margaret Harold, with whom, also, she now had an acquaintance which was almost intimate, though in this case the intimacy had been formed and kept up principally by herself. "Yes, extremely satisfying," she repeated. "On every subject of importance he has definite information, or a definite opinion, and these he gives you—when you ask for them—with the utmost clearness. Touch him anywhere," continued the lady, tapping her delicately starched handkerchief (which she held up for the purpose) with her little knuckle, "anywhere, I say," she continued, still tapping, "and—he *resounds*."

"Dear me, mamma! is he hollow?" said Garda, while Margaret gave way to laughter. But Mrs. Thorne liked even Margaret's laughs. Margaret too she found "very satisfying," she said.

When she spoke to Winthrop about Lucian Spenser, however, she found him perhaps not so satisfying as usual.

"I know nothing whatever about Mr. Spenser," he answered.

"We are seeing a good deal of him at present," remarked the little mother, in a conversational tone, ignoring his reply. "It's rather better—don't you think so?—to know something—*definite*—of those one is seeing a good deal of?"

"That is the way to learn, isn't it—seeing a good deal of them?" Winthrop answered.

Mrs. Thorne coughed in her most discreet manner, and looked about the room for a moment or two. Then, "Do *you* like him, Mr. Winthrop?" she said, her eyes on the opposite wall.

"My dear lady, what has that got to do with it?"

"Much," responded Mrs. Thorne, modestly dropping her eyes to the carpet. "A man's opinion of a man, you know, may be quite different from a woman's."

"There is his cousin, Mr. Moore."

"I have already asked Mr. Moore. He knows only Mr. Spenser's grandfathers," replied Mrs. Thorne, dismissing the cler-

gyman, as informant, with a wave of her dry little hand.

"Dr. Kirby, then?"

"Dr. *Kirby*," said the lady, with an especial emphasis on the name, as though there were a dozen other doctors in Gracias—"Dr. *Kirby* admires Mr. Spenser. But we should not count too much upon that, for Dr. *Kirby* looks upon him, as I may say, medically."

"Good heavens! does he want to dissect him?" said Winthrop.

Mrs. Thorne gave her guarded little laugh. "No; but he says that he is such a perfect specimen, physically, of the Anglo-Saxon at his best. He may be. I am sure I am willing. But we are not all ethnologists, I suppose; and something more definite in the way of a background than ancient Saxony or Gaul would be, I think, desirable, when, as I remarked before, one is seeing so much of a person."

There was a short silence, which Winthrop did not break. Then he rose, and took up his hat and whip; he had been paying one of his afternoon visits at the old house. "Don't be uneasy," he said, in the half-protecting tone which he often adopted now when speaking to the little mistress of East Angels. "If you are seeing much of this Mr. Spenser, you and your daughter, you must remember that you are also seeing much of others as well; of Manuel Ruiz, of young De Torrez, even of myself. There's safety in numbers, you know."

"Mr. Spenser is not in the least like any of you; that is my trouble," Mrs. Thorne declared, with emphasis. "I do not mean," she added, with her anxious particularity, "that *you* are in the least like Manuel or De Torrez, Mr. Winthrop; of course not."

Winthrop did not reply to this beyond a smile. He took leave, and went toward the door.

Mrs. Thorne's eyes followed him. Then with her quick little step she crossed the room, and stopped him on the threshold. "Mr. Winthrop," she said, repeating his name as if she wished to impress herself and her words upon him, "do you like to see *Garda* showing such an interest in Lucian Spenser?" Her voice was almost a whisper, but her bright eyes met his bravely.

For a moment he returned her gaze. Then, "I like it immensely," he said, and went down the stairs.

Soon after this, however, there was what Mrs. Thorne called "definite" information about Lucian Spenser in circulation in Gracias; it was even very definite. He might have the background of honorable grandfathers which Mr. Moore attributed to him, but for the foreground there was only himself, himself without the adjuncts of wealth or any fixed income, even the smallest. He was a civil engineer (apparently not a very industrious one). He had whatever emoluments that profession could bring in to a man who painted a great many pictures in water-colors for his own entertainment; and he had nothing more. This he told himself, and with the utmost frankness.

"Nothing more?" commented Mrs. Rutherford. "But he has always his wonderful good looks; that in itself is a handsome fortune."

"His good looks, I confess, *I* have never seen," answered Mrs. Thorne, who was paying a morning visit at the eyrie. Garda was at that moment on the eyrie's east piazza with Lucian, and the mother knew it. True, Margaret Harold, Dr. Kirby, and De Torrez were there also; but Mrs. Thorne had no difficulty in picturing to herself perfectly the success with which Lucian was engrossing Garda's attention.

"You've never seen them? You must be a little blind, aren't you?" said Mrs. Rutherford, pleasantly. Mrs. Rutherford was not fond of Mrs. Thorne.

"I am blind to the mere sensuous delights of the eye," responded the little mother, the old Puritan fire sparkling for a brief moment in her own blue ones. Then she controlled herself. "I can not admire his expression," she explained. "His nature is a very superficial one; I am surprised that Mrs. Harold should listen to him as she does."

"Oh, as to that," remarked Mrs. Rutherford, "he amuses her, you know; Margaret and I are both very fond of being amused. However, we do not complain; we find a vast deal of amusement in Gracias. It's a very funny little place," added the Northern lady, with much tranquil entertainment in her tone, paying back with her "funny" her visitor's "sensuous." (Mrs. Rutherford could always be trusted to pay back.)

That evening she announced to her niece, "Little Madam Thorne has designs upon Evert."

Margaret looked up from her book. "Isn't she too old for that sort of thing?"

"*That* sort of thing? Do you mean designs? Or attraction? Attraction is not in the least a matter of age," answered Mrs. Rutherford, with dignity. She disposed her statuesque hands upon her well-rounded arms, and looked about the room as though Margaret were not there.

"I meant feeling," replied Margaret, smiling. "There's such a thing as age in feelings, you know."

"Yes; and in manner and dress," said Mrs. Rutherford, accepting this compromise; "certainly Mrs. Thorne is a marked example of all three. I don't think any one of our family *ever* looked so old as she does now, even at ninety! But how could you suppose I meant that she had designs upon Evert for herself? For Garda, of course."

"Garda is very young."

"Why don't you say she's a child? That is what they are all saying here; I think they have said it too much. To be sure, she is only sixteen, barely that, I believe; and, with us, girls of that age are immature. But Garda Thorne isn't immature. She talks as maturely as I do."

"She does—in some ways," admitted Margaret.

"She talks remarkably *well*, if you mean that," responded Mrs. Rutherford, who always felt called upon to differ more or less from her niece. "And she is certainly quite pretty."

"She is more than pretty; she is strikingly beautiful."

"Oh no, she isn't," replied Mrs. Rutherford, veering again; "you exaggerate. It's only because you see her here in this dull little place."

"I think it would be the same anywhere, Aunt Katrina."

"Well, we shall not have to compare, fortunately. She will stay here, of course, where she belongs; she will probably marry that young De Torrez. But that little ill-bred mother's designs upon Evert—that is too amusing! Evert, indeed! Evert has more coolness and more discrimination than any man I have ever known."

The man of discrimination was at that moment strolling slowly through the St. Luz quarter, on his way to the Benito. He reached it, and walked out its silver floor. The tide was coming in. On that low coast there were no rocks; the waves reached the shore in long, low, unbroken swells, like quiet breathing. They had come evenly in from deep water outside, and now flowed softly up the beach a little way, and then back again, with a rippling murmurous sound that was peace itself. Warm as was the land, still dreaming of the sun, the ocean was warmer still; the Gulf Stream flowed by not far from shore, and the air that came from the water was soft on the cheek like a caress. As the stroller neared the end of the point, the many little islets which lay clustered together in reedy shallows just within the harbor's mouth came into view in the moonlight. They seemed asleep, but were not. They were waiting, waiting to feel the deepening sea flood all their miniature channels, come higher and higher round their low margins, until they should lie, they too, in all the full-wrapped glory of high tide. From the many orange groves of the town dense perfume came to him. He walked through belts of it. At last, at the point's end, he found himself surrounded by it, bathed in it. He threw the light overcoat he had been carrying down upon the sand, and stretched himself upon it, with his back against an old boat. Lying there, he could look down the harbor and out to sea.

He was thinking a little of the scene before him, but more of Garda Thorne; her liking for the new-comer. For she had confessed it to him herself. Confessed, however, was hardly the term; she had no wish apparently to conceal anything: she had simply told him, in so many words, that she had never met or known any one so delightful as Lucian Spenser. This was innocent enough. Garda was, in reality, very child-like. True, she was not shy; she was very sure of herself: she talked to him and to everybody with untroubled ease. Her frankness, indeed, was the great thing; it had an endless attraction for Evert Winthrop. His idea had been (and a very fixed belief it had grown to be) that no girl was frank after the age of long clothes; that the pretty little creatures, while still toddling about, developed the instinct to be "good" rather than outspoken; and that the "better" they were, the more obedient and docile, the less outspoken they became. He could not say that he did not admire obedience. But the flower of frankness had come to seem to him the most fragrant of the whole bouquet of feminine virtues, as it certainly was the rarest. He had told Mrs. Thorne

that he liked to see Garda show her preference for Spenser, and this had been true, to a certain extent; he knew that he had felt a distinct pleasure in the swiftness and completeness with which she had turned from him to the younger man as soon as she found that the younger man pleased her more. For it was known now in Gracias that he (Winthrop) was endowed with an unusual number of what are called "advantages." The salient points of his history had by this time been narrated (in strict confidence, of course) by Katrina to Betty, and immediately re-narrated by Betty (in the strictest confidence also, and the very smallest bits) to all her friends. The good lady confided to one the beautiful country place on the Hudson which he had just bought, and nothing else; to a second, his attainments in science by themselves; to a third, his iron mine, and that alone; to a fourth, his travels; to a fifth, his flawless moral character; to a sixth, his kindness to his poor relatives; to a seventh, simply the amount of his income, grandly but baldly stated, and nothing more; and so on through the list, priding herself, meanwhile, on the strict care with which she had abstained from telling the whole. That with this knowledge of his attributes (and trust Aunt Katrina for a rich description!) Garda Thorne should unceremoniously push him aside, as one might say, to bestow all her attention upon a new-comer who had openly confessed that he possessed none of them, this had given Winthrop a good deal of satisfaction of a certain sort. For it proved that the girl was not touched by ambition, nor tempted by wealth, by a desire for personal luxury; and Winthrop held (he knew that many people would not agree with him) that young girls are far more apt to be influenced by wealth, more apt to be dazzled by it, to covet it, than older women are. The older women know that it does not bring happiness in its train; that it may bring great unhappiness. The young girls do not know; and, from their very ignorance, they do not care, because they have not learned as yet what a cruel, torturing pain unhappiness may be. Garda Thorne was poor, and even very poor; she had a natural taste for luxury. Yet her passing amusement was evidently far more to her than anything else in the world; she simply did not give a thought to the fortune that lay near. And even her amusement was founded upon nothing stable. Lucian, though she considered him so delightful, was by no means devoted to her. He openly admired her beauty (Winthrop thought far too openly), he preferred her society to that of any one in Gracias; but all could see that Gracias was probably the limit; that in other and larger places he would find others to admire; that he was, in short, a votary of variety. In spite of this, Garda found him supremely entertaining, and that was enough for her. She followed him about, always, however, in her indolent way, in which there was never any trace of eagerness. But if she were not eager, she seemed to consider him her own property; she always wished to be near him, so that she could hear all he was saying; she laughed far oftener when with him than she did when with any one else. Winthrop was always attracted by Garda's laugh. He seemed to hear it again as he lay there in the moonlight, breathing the dense perfume, and looking over the warm low sea.

"There isn't a particle of worldliness about her," he said to himself.

It was midnight and high tide.

ADMONITION.

WELL mayst thou halt, and gaze with brightening eye!
The lovely Cottage in the guardian nook
Hath stirred thee deeply; with its own dear brook,
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!
But covet not the Abode; forbear to sigh,
As many do, repining while they look;
Intruders, who would tear from Nature's book
This precious leaf, with harsh impiety.
Think what the Home must be if it were thine,
Even thine, though few thy wants!—Roof, window, door,
The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,
The roses to the porch which they entwine:
Yea, all, that now enchants thee, from the day
On which it should be touched, would melt away.

"ADMONITION."

—*Wordsworth's Miscellaneous Sonnets.*

From a drawing by Alfred Parsons.

COOMASSIE.

From photograph by Schreiber and Sons, Philadelphia.

JERSEY CATTLE IN AMERICA.

Bless'd cow! thy praise shall still my notes employ,
Great source of health, the only source of joy;
Mother of Egypt's god—but sure for me,
Were I to leave my God, I'd worship thee.
How oft thy teats these pious hands have press'd!
How oft thy bounties proved my only feast!
How oft I've fed thee with my favorite grain!
And roar'd, like thee, to find thy children slain!
Ye swains who know her various worth to prize,
Ah! house her well from winter's angry skies!
Potatoes, pumpkins, should her sadness cheer,
Corn from your crib, and mashes from your beer;
When spring returns she'll well acquit the loan,
And nurse at once your infants and her own.

—Joel Barlow.

NO breeder who pushes his efforts in any of the numerous branches of domesticated animal nature follows his theme with greater enthusiasm, keener enjoyment, or more constant devotion than he who chooses the dairy cow as the object of his attention.

Great superiority was long since established in the beef breeds, particularly in England. Nor has the importance of the dairy breeds been overlooked. Most of the latter, whether developed in Great Britain or on the Continent, are only great in the milking specialty as relates to quantity, and it has remained to the Channel Islands, or Alderney group of islands in the English Channel near the coast of France, to produce the most notable of those breeds in which quality of milk as relates to its product of cream and butter is the paramount feature.

For nearly one hundred years these islands have by law excluded all foreign cattle from their shores, excepting those imported as food, and subject to compulsory slaughter at the port. They discovered that their native herds surpassed all others in richness of milk, and these laws were enacted in order that they should remain unmixed with other breeds. Interchange between the islands continued until much more recent dates; but finally Guernsey, and afterward Jersey, each separately established an exclusiveness for its own cattle, and ceased admitting others even from the sister islands. Under government patronage local agricultural societies were established, and encouragement was held out to the farmers upon these two islands to breed with more care and system. Hence an improvement was effected and a more fixed type of cattle established upon each. The old name of Alderney, which formerly applied to the cattle of all the islands alike, is now seldom used, and only in reference to the cattle of Alderney and Sark, while the more definite appellations of Jersey and Guernsey describe the two improved breeds that have been established on the islands

from which they respectively take their names.

These breeds are somewhat different in type, having been moulded to conform to different standards. They nevertheless bear so much resemblance that many breeders hold to the opinion that they are still practically one breed, with so little divergence in essential qualities as to transmit successfully the characteristics of a pure race when interbred. However this may be, the breeds as such will never be reunited, since separate herd books have been established in various countries, and cross-bred animals fail to find a place in either book.

The cattle of the island of Jersey have been received by American and English buyers with the greatest favor, although those of Guernsey are recognized as of parallel excellence. A few specimens of the Channel Islands stock arrived in this country as early as 1815. They appear to have been imported merely as novelties, and even up to a much later date there seems to have been no attempt to maintain the breed here for useful purposes.

A few Americans who had become interested in dairy cattle commenced about 1840 to import Jerseys on a limited scale for the purpose of establishing thoroughbred herds, and in consequence their characteristics began to be somewhat known in various parts of New England and the Middle States, where they were still almost invariably called Alderneys. They were not generally liked by the superficial observer, and were condemned without trial by the mass of practical dairymen because they gave less milk than the native cattle, and were held to have neither the size nor conformation to fatten to advantage when past usefulness in the dairy. Still, from their earliest history in America, the few people who were induced to become practically familiar with their dairy qualities rarely discarded them in favor of other cattle. Their peculiar colors and shadings rendered it easy to distinguish traces of the blood when crossed upon native stock, and in time the least observant farmer seldom failed to notice that his richest milk came from the cow with the Alderney cross. So it began to be con-

BOMBA.
From photograph by Schreiber and Sons, Philadelphia.

It is not clear from which of the islands they came; they were called Alderneys, and possessed the rich creaming qualities claimed for the breed, and mention of this characteristic was made in local agricultural reports. While these reports indicated them superior in butter production to the native cattle, they disclosed no such remarkable yields as have since frequently been obtained from Jersey cows.

ceded that these grades made superior dairy cattle long before the prejudices of most dairymen would allow them to admit that the thorough-breds could be of any practical value in working dairies. They were declared to be only rich men's playthings, and until late years failed to gain general recognition upon a more creditable footing.

But if the progress made by the Jersey

was slow, it was nevertheless sure. When she once formed a friend or converted an opponent, she held him "for good and all." Between the years 1850 and 1865 larger numbers were received through the importations of Thomas Motley, of Boston, Massachusetts; John A. Taintor, of Hartford, Connecticut; John T. Norton, Farmington, Connecticut; R. L. Colt, Paterson, New Jersey; R. L. Maitland, New York; William B. Dinsmore, Staatsburg, New York, and a few others. Great care and excellent judgment were exercised in the selection of the cattle for these importations, and much of the present popularity of the breed in America is directly due to the skill of the practical gentlemen who conducted this enterprise.

EUROTAS.
From photograph by Schreiber and Sons, Philadelphia.

There is abundant evidence that there was at the time, and ever has been since, a considerable proportion of undesirable stock on the island of Jersey, although few actually non-paying cows are retained, yet so uniformly good were the cattle that were purchased for these early importations that to this day most of the older American-bred herds built up exclusively of their blood far surpass in dairy qualities the average standard that has been maintained on the island, and in special cases compare favorably with the very best of later fashionable importations.

But while the general excellence of the cattle brought thus early to this country paved the way to the present great popularity of the breed in America, the more active causes of the recent high prices came at a later date in the shape of several remarkable cases of enormous butter capacity shown by Jersey cows, which opened the eyes of breeders and dairymen to the possibilities within reach of the breed. So great were some of these reported yields that for a time the lesson came near being lost upon the public through disbelief in their truthfulness. But gradually, as one test after another was claimed, each in its scope sustaining the possibility of the others, and as some of them were vouched for by men of character and prominence, a few breeders began to give them credence. These earlier converts were ridiculed and made subjects of no little raillery for their credulity, but their ranks increased in numbers. At length those who believed began to buy of the strains of blood that had produced the cows for which great tests were claimed, and others, who possibly did not believe, also bought, because they reasoned that there would be dupes and speculators enough to make a market. No sooner was this point reached than a re-adjustment of values began to receive substantial recognition at the hands of buyers, and the element of special blood or family became an important consideration.

This additional importance of the question of exact pedigree sadly encroached upon time-honored precedents, and took many of the older and more conservative breeders by surprise. Hardly one of them had had occasion to study the pedigrees of their animals enough to have the faintest idea of their lines beyond the nearest crosses. Prize-winning at fairs had been

the highest recognized badge of merit. This was accomplished wholly upon the external appearance of the cattle exhibited. A scale of points had been adopted by the American Jersey Cattle Club, and was supposed to give due credit to each and all features, marks, and traits that, combined at their maximum, constituted a perfect animal. This standard was therefore purely symbolical, but was recognized by common consent as the end of the law. In addition to the scale of points, certain requirements relating to fancy markings, color, absence of white, etc., based entirely upon æsthetic grounds, and bearing no relevancy to the usefulness of the animals, had obtained a most arbitrary hold upon breeding fashions. So far were these fashions in the ascendency that sellers made them the chief claim to public consideration when offering their stock for sale. The appearance that a cow would present upon the lawn of a country residence was a studied feature, and values were much enhanced by superior qualifications in that direction. Under such circumstances the breed progressed remarkably in beauty of form and in the development of that combination of general outward indications of excellence which in the average successfully marks the good cow among poor ones, but which too frequently fails to detect the superlatively great cow among a herd of good ones. Nor have these influences disappeared under the new *régime*. While they were not in themselves sufficient to create the wide popularity and high prices that were due to the butter tests, they still maintain a secondary force, and act in a modified degree in conjunction with the latter in influencing prices.

When the claim was at length made that a few cows, good, but not great, by the scale of points, were giving two or three times the amount of butter that could be obtained from other cows that far outscored them by that standard, it was received as no less then heresy by the followers of the established order. At first the tests were ridiculed only in a good-natured way, but when it became evident that they were greatly influencing values and undermining previously established methods of selling, no little acrimony was shown, and good-natured criticism gave way to that which was uncomplimentary. The honesty of owners was discredited by some, and others expressed the belief that the owners were earnest in their convictions, but were deceived by their own employés. That the cows actually yielded the amounts claimed for them was not to be credited for a moment.

ALPHEA.
From photograph by Schreiber and Sons, Philadelphia.

Of course this slumbering antagonism finally reached a climax, and one of the most prominent owners astonished the doubters by sending a written request to the directors of the American Jersey Cattle Club that they select and send to his place a committee to witness and guard a trial of one of his cows for the period of

one week. A majority of the directors were either skeptics or avowed disbelievers of the claims regarding this same cow, and the committee was sent. The cow gave even more than was previously claimed for her, and more than had been claimed for any cow that, like her, had only reached her second milking season. The case in point was that of Bomba, 10,330, and her yield for the week was 21 pounds 11½ ounces of thoroughly worked, unsalted butter. The club has since formulated rules for testing cows under the inspection of official committees provided by that body.

The verification of Bomba's test gave another powerful impetus to prices of special strains of butter blood, not only in close alliance to this particular cow, but also to others for which great yield was claimed upon creditable authority. Value some instances for animals of special blood will not seem strange. But the mass of people have looked upon these values as almost entirely fictitious, and have long expected a collapse in the Jersey market.

There has, in fact, been a decline in values, not unwelcomed by many people who have for a long time been impatiently waiting for the day when good animals could be obtained at conservative prices. But it may be doubted whether this decline has yet greatly affected animals of the highest caste. A depression has for some months prevailed in almost every branch of trade, commerce, and agriculture, and Jerseys have not only suffered in sympathy, but in addition have had to bear the effects of an outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia in the West which completely paralyzed the interest there, and with-

MARY ANNE OF ST. LAMBERT.
From photograph by Schreiber and Sons, Philadelphia.

2d, 6844, was soon after officially tested for Messrs. Watts and Seth, of Baltimore, Maryland, and gave 25 pounds 2 1-12 ounces in seven days. The truthfulness of these tests was taken as evidence not only of the possibility but of the probability of others, and where several large yields were reported of cows closely related in blood, the value of the strain became doubly enhanced. It is said that Mr. A. B. Darling was twice offered $15,000 for the cow Bomba; one of her calves recently sold at auction for $5200, and another sold privately at a similar price. To people familiar with the most successful theories of breeding for great performance in other branches of the calling, the very high prices paid in drew the strongest demand upon the Eastern market. The scare seems to have been out of all proportion to the trouble upon which it was based, and although carefully nursed by the more apprehensive, has probably lost its power to depress much longer the Jersey interest below its normal level.

It is a noticeable feature of the advancement of the Jersey interest that many ladies become deeply interested in the welfare of their husbands' herds; in fact, quite a number of herds are registered in the ownership of ladies. The subject affords a wider field of profit than the poultry business, and gratifies a spirit of legitimate speculation that is not unpleasant

DANDELION AND CALF.
From photograph by Falk, 949 Broadway, New York.

to the female mind where suitable opportunity occurs for its indulgence.

The dairy, which is an almost inseparable companion to the breeding herd if any considerable number of cows are kept, is a feature of no little importance, and one that, to be successful, requires a peculiar care that is seldom disassociated from a greater degree of intelligence (one may almost say refinement) than is often found among hired help. Where it is conducted on a large scale it necessitates the employment of expert help; but many an owner of Jerseys in a small way has failed to get his butter to suit him until his wife became sufficiently interested to study the subject that was once her grandmother's pride and special accomplishment, and take the matter in hand.

Some of the most successful breeding, judged by modern standards, has been accomplished by men who are prominent in other fields. Colonel Richard M. Hoe, whose inventions and improvements in printing-presses have revolutionized the business of printing, and rendered his name familiar thoughout the world, is almost as widely known as the breeder of the famous cows Alphea, 171, and Eurotas, 2454. Even the excessive demands of his great business could not altogether overcome his love of animals, and "Brightside," his little farm above Harlem River, will remain historical long after it has disappeared beneath the brick and mortar and pavements of an advancing city. It was there that he bred Alphea, an incomparable cow, whose blood is still potent in many a valuable herd. Her unforced tests at the rate of over twenty-nine pounds of butter a week, with only six quarts of ground feed a day in addition to pasture, and her repeated trials on grass alone at the rate of twenty-three to twenty-four and a half pounds of butter a week, mark her as a marvellous animal. From her he bred Europa, and from Europa came Eurotas, that in the herd of Mr. A. B. Darling made 778 pounds 1 ounce of butter in eleven months and five days, and dropped a calf within a year from the beginning of the test. Here was superlative merit for three generations in the blood; and it did not end with Eurotas, for although she had no daughters that lived to come into milk, Mr. Darling

bred a granddaughter, possessing also the blood of his great cow Violet of Darlington, 5573, that gave 21 pounds 11½ ounces of butter in seven days on her second calf. This was the cow Bomba, previously mentioned.

Mr. Darling, whose success as a breeder is in part due to blood derived from Colonel Hoe's herd, is also a man of prominence in other business, having been from its first opening senior proprietor and manager of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, which, covering a period of twenty-five years, is generally considered to have been the most successful hotel enterprise in the United States, if not in the world. "Darlington," in the Ramapo Valley, Bergen County, New Jersey, will long be remembered as the source from which a great quantity of valuable Jersey blood has been distributed throughout the United States. The success of "Darlington" has reflected great honor upon "Brightside," and the fortunes of the two establishments have been closely linked together, each owing the other much for the common fame which the public has accorded to their strains of blood.

Among other devoted fanciers of the Jersey cow who have achieved prominence in various walks in life may be named Mr. William B. Dinsmore, prominently identified with the organization and development of Adams Express Company. His farm is at Staatsburg, on the Hudson. It was there that Albert, 44, was bred—a bull whose name has become a synonym of merit in all pedigrees. His blood, united with that of Pansy, 8, was the bed-rock upon which Mr. S. W. Robbins, of Wethersfield, Connecticut, achieved remarkable success as a breeder. Mr. Davis Collamore, whose name is familiar throughout the country as one of the leading importers of china and glassware, keeps his herd on the sloping pastures of his little farm on Orange Mountain, New Jersey, overlooking three great

JERSEY BELLE OF SCITUATE.
From photograph by Schreiber and Sons, Philadelphia.

cities and their surroundings—a busy picture of energy, enterprise, and industry, in the turmoil of which his own business career has played, and still plays, an honorable part. Yet for many years he has found time to devote to the improvement of the Jersey, importing and breeding with much care and judgment. Mr. Samuel C. Colt, of Hartford, Connecticut, at the head of the great manufactory of firearms. The late Charles L. Sharpless, of Philadelphia, for a generation its greatest dry-goods merchant. Mr. J. B. Williams, of Glastonbury, Connecticut, a pioneer and most successful worker in the field of "notions," is now almost as widely known as the importer of the famous cow Dandelion, 2521, a leading butter queen in the herd of Mr. John J. Holly.

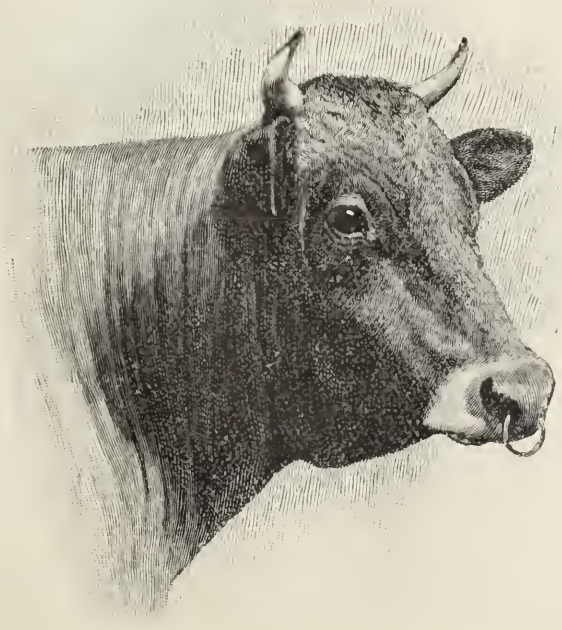
It is probable that great improvement will ere long be effected in the average quality of the best herds through the multiplication of the blood of the greatest animals. But many contend that while average quality may be greatly increased, there have been individual cows already bred whose capacity will never be exceeded. Be this as it may, there will be no effort spared to surpass all known precedents.

To secure this end the more enterprising breeders have brought to America the very gems of the parent island. Mr. S. M. Burnham, of Saugatuck, Connecticut, brought no less a cow than Coomassie, the most famous animal ever raised on the island of Jersey, and one long held above price. Her descendants have sold for great sums, and produced some of the most remarkable butter tests. Though she died a few months since, Mr. Burnham's herd is rich in her blood, and her worth is perhaps equalled in her granddaughter Ona, one of its leading attractions.

English-bred strains of Jersey cattle have also been drawn upon to improve American herds, and one was introduced into Canada some years ago by Mr. Sheldon S. Stephens, of Montreal, chiefly selected from the Queen's farm at Windsor; to this was later added another English line, springing originally from the herd of Philip Dauncey, Esq., of Berks, and imported to the United States by Mr. Peter Le Clair, of Winooski, Vermont, from whom Mr. Stephens procured the bull Stoke Pogis 3d. A wonderful family of butter cows was the result of this combination, the most noted of which is Mary Anne of St. Lambert, the property of Valancey E. Fuller, Esq., of Hamilton, Ontario. She surpassed the year's test of Eurotas, in Mr. Darling's herd, by giving 867 pounds $14\frac{3}{4}$ ounces of butter in eleven months and five days, and under official inspection by a committee of the American Jersey Cattle Club gave 36 pounds 12 ounces in seven days, both of which tests remain unequalled. It happens that her sire was closely descended through double lines from Mr. Dauncey's bull Rioter in England, one of whose sons, Rioter 2d, imported from there by Colonel Hoe, was the sire of Eurotas.

In 1851 Mr. Thomas Motley, of Boston, Massachusetts, imported the cow Flora, 113, that, despite the drawbacks of acclimating, soon after tested for him 511 pounds 2 ounces of butter in fifty weeks. Many of her descendants were extraordinary butter yielders, and when, years afterward, four diverging lines of her blood became re-united in the cow Jersey Belle of Scituate, 7828, there resulted one of the greatest butter cows in the history of the breed. She gave 705 pounds of butter in one year for her owner, Mr. Charles O. Ellms, of Scituate, Massachusetts, which at the time was the largest test that had been made. One of her daughters, Belle of Scituate, gave 18 pounds of butter in seven days.

But the gossip and lore that surround the Jersey are endless, and we can not enter so wide a field. The life of a Jersey Belle, an Alphea, a Coomassie, a Regina, or a Pansy would fill a book. Great cows were they, bountiful in life, and still handing down their bounty, though each has passed on to the land of shadows.

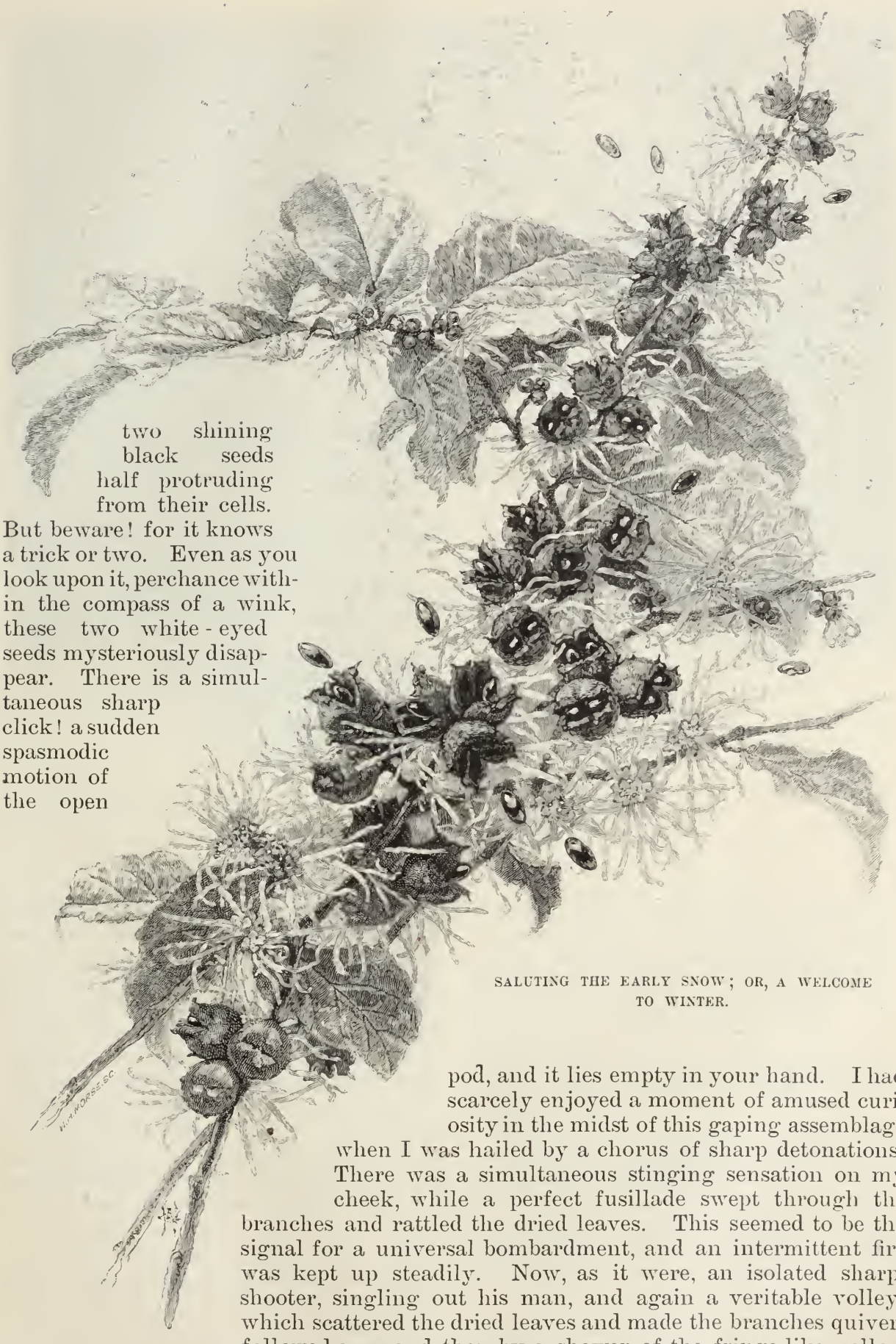


A WITCH-HAZEL COPSE.

NTIL quite recently, had any one asked me, "Do you know the witch-hazel?" I should naturally have answered: "Yes; I have known and loved it all my life. It is the *Hamamelis virginica*. I know its strange mystic and medicinal attributes, its triple buds, its simultaneous perennial flower and fruit, its twin seeds, its leaves, its bark, its curious galls. I know its haunts of brook or upland, its arborescent spray, and I have gathered its winter blossoms—I know everything about it." But it has since then taken me to task for my rash conceit.

Recently, during one of my autumn walks, while loitering in a brook-side thicket whither I had been decoyed and archly entertained by the antics of a ground-robin, or chewink, I was suddenly surprised by a bombardment of some small missiles rattling through the neighboring twigs, and raising a clatter among the dried leaves about me. While I was speculating as to the cause of this phenomenon I discovered near by a handsome specimen of a witch-hazel bush. I had seen much larger and loftier examples of its kind, many of larger girth and more graceful habit, but never anything that approached this in the density and profusion of its blossoms. It stood, or rather seemed to hover, in the gray landscape like a phosphorescent aureole, which for the time being had been arrested and entangled in the maze of twigs, and there was a subtle atmosphere of unspeakable mischief in its witching sulphurous effulgence that led me instinctively to hold it responsible for the strange commotion I had noticed. "How is this? what are you up to now?" I half queried as I drew close among the plumy branches. The answer soon came in truly characteristic fashion. I stood among the boughs, like a mediæval saint, completely enveloped in a luminous halo. Almost every twig was hidden in plumy inflorescence, and everywhere among the petals there peeped forth in various grotesque grimaces the greenish nuts, ripened as always from the flowers of the previous year, and now in their full fruition. Many of these were as yet uncommunicative, and others could contain themselves no longer, and wore a smile across their faces, but in by far the larger number this preliminary grin had broken into an open side-splitting laugh, displaying like two white teeth in an elfish mouth the bright-tipped seeds within. The witch-hazel bush at this epoch of its career embodies to the full the significance of its well-merited title, for whether the beholder in amused contemplation at this universal hilarity at his expense, or perhaps in playful fancy conceives himself the focus of a thousand pairs of saucy eyes, it would seem that he could hardly escape the impress of its witchery.

We will pluck this comical gaping specimen, if you choose, considering it for the time being a mere botanical pod. The fissure is here seen to be widely extended, the



two shining black seeds half protruding from their cells. But beware! for it knows a trick or two. Even as you look upon it, perchance within the compass of a wink, these two white-eyed seeds mysteriously disappear. There is a simultaneous sharp click! a sudden spasmodic motion of the open

SALUTING THE EARLY SNOW; OR, A WELCOME TO WINTER.

pod, and it lies empty in your hand. I had scarcely enjoyed a moment of amused curiosity in the midst of this gaping assemblage when I was hailed by a chorus of sharp detonations. There was a simultaneous stinging sensation on my cheek, while a perfect fusillade swept through the branches and rattled the dried leaves. This seemed to be the signal for a universal bombardment, and an intermittent fire was kept up steadily. Now, as it were, an isolated sharpshooter, singling out his man, and again a veritable volley, which scattered the dried leaves and made the branches quiver, followed now and then by a shower of the fringe-like yellow petals, dislodged in the general commotion.

The individual flower of the witch-hazel, with its four slender petals, is rather inconspicuous than otherwise, but these flowers are always disposed in clusters of three, and these are again often densely crowded along the branches in the axil of

A HAUNT OF THE WITCH-HAZEL.

every leaf. The result is an airy pale yellow fringe, possessing singular luminous quality, which lights up the faded autumn thickets, and lingers in the distant copse like a diffused will-o'-the-wisp.

Here, then, came the first tidings of the true significance of those queer witch-hazel nuts which I assumed to have known for twenty-five years, and whose seeds I had eaten with the dormice and the squirrels. They now proved to be genuine catapults, and their hard and polished stones were the missiles which now smote me on the cheek, in censure for that questionable affection of the past which had brought my teeth to bear on them instead of my heart and inward eye.

The power exerted by this shell is quite surprising, and its curious expellent mechanism is easily understood upon careful inspection, revealing an evident design in its impetuous proclivities. We find the pod to consist of two distinct textures, an external epidermis of a spongy, felt-like nature, surrounding a very hard, contractile shell, so constructed within as to form two distinct oval cavities closely enveloping the twin seeds. Thus it appears in a dissection of the unripe pod. On the approach of maturity both these textures become highly hygrometric, until on an auspicious day, usually in early October, but commonly not until the denuded branches of the shrub permit the full influx of the sun to hasten the ripening process, these sympathetic textures yield up their moisture.

The very heart of the fruit feels the quickening, until at length, with a sharp detonation, the crest of the capsule splits apart. A fine fissure is all that first appears, but this gradually extends downward on both sides of the pod, which by degrees opens, as already described. As this process advances, the horny interior walls of the cells containing the seeds

also split correspondingly with the outer coat, and their smooth, hard, outward edges turn inward and forcibly compress the resisting seed, which is very hard and polished, and oval in shape. It will readily be seen, therefore, that so long as this pressure is brought to bear upon the upper conical slope of the seed, the force becomes *retentive*, while, on the other hand, when the gradual progress of the fissure has carried it below the middle, and against the receding base of the seed, the force becomes expulsive, and the projectile is released with almost incredible force.

And now December comes with biting breath; not even the clinging beech leaves can brace themselves against the bitter wind. They release their hold upon the outer limbs, and flee for shelter. The bramble stems are livid with the cold, and even the close-wrapped hopple bud shivers within its downy snuggery. The torpid roots, and all manner of life beneath the ground, are locked in an icy prison. The earth's cold face is furrowed, and frowns with hard, relentless wrinkles. The pulses of the woods have ceased to beat, and nature, dormant and quiescent, has retired within her burrow. Now shall you see the fulfillment of the mission of our fair witch-hazel. Look! The underwoods are dressed as for a holiday. The sombre landscape is illumined. It is the hour of jubilee among the wild witch-hazels, and the air is pungent with their grateful incense. What, then, is the deeper correspondence of this mystic flower, if not a pæan "syllabled to shape and hue," the visible symbol of nature's welcome to the season of her repose?

Yonder, like a floating phantom in the heavens, descends the gentle spirit of her slumber. It broods over the landscape like a pure celestial dream. The peaceful benediction of the snow now hovers, the soft-winged herald of the white advancing legions, and now, whirling in a mazy dance and tinkling in joyous rhythm, they invade the distance in their gentle conquest.

How this soft touch takes the temper from the edge of the cutting winds! The face of nature is subdued, and the hard wrinkles are smoothed, and melt away from her countenance. We have heard the hazel's cannonade saluting the frost-king's coming. See now the beckoning pennants unfurled from every twig in welcome to the friendly hosts, as the fervent meteor, like a downy coverlet, enwraps the landscape in its fleecy folds. "He giveth snow like wool," says the Psalmist, and I always fancy a corresponding sympathy beneath the sod at the welcome of the first warm snow — of pallid buds and aching roots in warm congratulation, and all the tribe of furry folk turning in its burrow to toast its benumbed paws at the grateful glow.

If you could see the witch-hazel but once in a lifetime, await the snowy season. Exquisite in flower at any time, it now appears almost supernal in its mystic beauty. Against the background of the snow these delicate petals give no token of their materiality. The individual forms are lost in a spectral glimmer, which envelops the gray twiggage in a fantastic floating aureole.

Well may our beautiful Hamamelis now claim the first place among the sylvan company of our woods, as bequeathing the rarest and most bewitching spectacle within all nature's calendar. Well may it glory in its bright heritage, for who, indeed, shall dare affirm that this glowing radiance is lost to those myriads of shining eyes, and who shall deny that there comes with this beautiful vision an ecstatic consciousness, or that this resounding note of the exuberant pod is but the lifting of an exultant voice too fine for outward ear: "Go forth, my precious nurslings, and good speed! Nestle in the lap of Mother Earth. Live and perpetuate thy kind, that all the woods may know thee, and be filled with the light of thy countenance!"

All nature loves the brooding snow, and it has been the rare prerogative of our witch-hazel flower to have become the visible symbol of that love; else why these outstretched petals catching the falling flakes? why this sensitive coiling clasp which draws the precious burden close in its soft embrace?

"There is something witch-like," says Thoreau, "in the appearance of the witch-hazel, which blossoms late in October and in November, with its irregular angular spray, and petals like furies' hair or small ribbon streamers. Its blossoming, too, at this irregular period, when other shrubs have lost their leaves as well as blossoms, looks like witches' craft. Certainly it blooms in no garden of man's."

There is, indeed, much else that might be told which "looks like witches' craft" in wild witch-hazel. Botanical writers, so far as I remember, have never fully traced

the origin of its well-merited name. But it is safe to assume that the crafty, disreputable, petticoated guild of traditional notoriety suggested by its name were quick to recognize its apt affinity and claim it as its own, and thus had a hand in the christening. These gaping nuts have doubtless often fallen from uncanny fingers to the tune of weird incantations to mingle their essence in "the seething caldron" with "eye of newt and toe of frog."

I doubt not that many a poor decrepit dame has hobbled to the gallows sustained alone by her witch-hazel staff, and that the handle of the veritable broom which "brushed the cobwebs from the sky," and bore aloft athwart the moon that screeching, wild-eyed, flapping crone which figured in the credulous page of childhood, was a well-meaning, though bedeviled, member of the mystic Hamamelis.

But to return from our sky-scraping flights to the more substantial realm of fact. History has also accused our witch-hazel of complicity with the ancient and abominable deeds of superstition and witchcraft. Its use as a divining-rod is proverbial, and dates back to the earliest colonial days, and in spite of the modifying influence of a more wide-spread intelligence, a belief in its peculiar efficacy has by no means ceased even at the present time. The forked witch-hazel twig is still an all-important factor in the detection and location of hidden springs and veins of precious ore, not a few of the well-known subterranean bonanzas having owed their discovery to its alleged manifestations. The Central Pacific Railroad Company is said to have located a number of Artesian wells by its aid.

It is not necessary to revert to the strange deeds of Jacques Aymar and Bléton, the famous diviners of history. We find many almost equally inexplicable phenomena, though happily of a less horrifying nature, at the present day. Almost every State, and indeed I might venture to say every county in every State of the Union, has its professional adept at divination, at least so far as the discovery of hidden well-springs is concerned, and our mining districts of the West are prolific in these modern soothsayers, who claim to be in familiar communication with subterranean stores of wealth, whether in the form of silver, gold, petroleum, or coal, and stand ready to betray the confidence for a consideration.

The indulgent reader will pardon me if I recur once more to a figure perhaps already sufficiently familiar, but the picture of my witch-hazel copse would be incomplete without the complement of a certain scarlet hood and cape which I so well remember. Moreover, a brief word touching upon the significance of this presence among the hazels may serve to throw a little light or afford a hint toward a possible theory of the art of divination by the forked twig, a theory which is now making many converts, and which to the writer is the only one which would seem consistent with reason and educated common-sense.

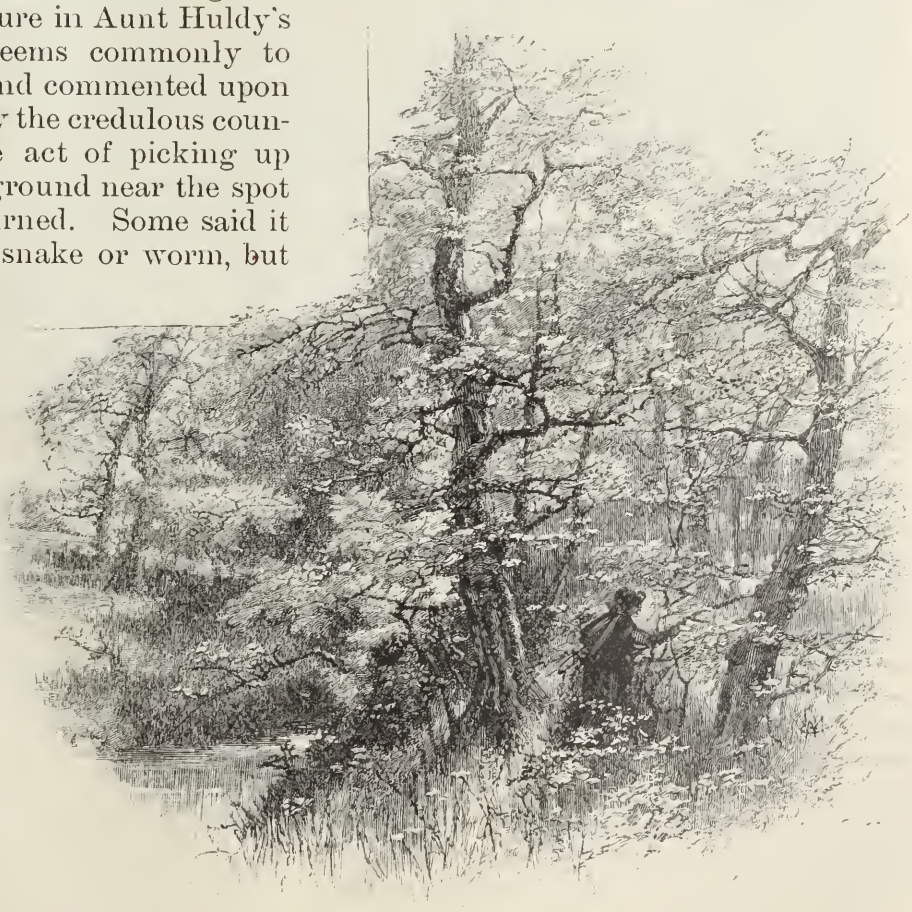
The witch-hazel thicket was a frequent haunt of old Aunt Huldy. What, then, was her mission, for neither the mountain wilds nor blossoming meadows ever knew her idle footstep? To be sure, the Hamamelis bark is one of her annual crops, for on occasion she will disclose to you, stowed away in some corner of her dress, a small crumpled paper, the tattered gift of an old sachem of the Shanapaug Indians. She will have you believe that these strange hieroglyphs represent a priceless recipe for a magic potion which is a balm for a host of human ills—doubtless the same priceless boon which has since been spread abroad for the general benefit of the race, duly advertised and labelled.

But her present errand is evidently of a different nature as she pulls and pries among the drooping branch-tops. Presently she emerges, holding in her hands a single forked branch, with which she continues her way along the path, stripping the leaves with evident care as she progresses. If you were to follow her hobbling gait through yonder wood and out upon the stumpy pasture, you might discover the little gray slant-roofed house beyond the bridge whither she is bound; and if by-and-by you were to draw still closer, and peep in at the window after the door has closed behind her, you might obtain a glimpse of as quaint a curiosity shop as it will ever be your fortune to discover. But the first thing, perhaps, to arrest the eye, because nearest the window and full in its light, is a large horseshoe hung by its ends to the side of the jutting chimney-corner, and holding between its arms a number of branching twigs. If you knew that horseshoe as well as I, you would have discovered that it is well worn, and hangs from the nail by a sin-

gle horse-hair, and that the inclosed twigs are slender branches from the witch-hazel, among which this recent cutting has doubtless just now found its place. Each one of these twigs, be it observed, is forked near the centre, and, what is still more peculiar, could you but see more clearly through these wriggly panes, each bears a rough knobby growth or cluster of the same somewhere attached. This is not the natural nut of the witch-hazel, but a roundish prickly burr, a sort of supplementary fruit of this mysterious shrub, of which there is also another of a similar nature often to be seen upon the leaves. It matters not that the superficial scientific eye detects a mere excrescence—the fantastic cell of a certain gall-making aphis. To Aunt Huldy it would seem to have been sent to this shrub as the magician's own fruit, the one all-potent divining charm of the witch-hazel. If the secret were told, however, I fancy a cunning scheme beneath this shrewd assumption, and that with this talisman alone many of those wonderful prophecies of hidden springs with which her art had always been associated, the perennial wells which bore her name even in many a distant township, had never seen the light.

There was one feature in Aunt Huldy's manœuvres which seems commonly to have been observed and commented upon with much mystery by the credulous country folk, namely, the act of picking up something from the ground near the spot where the rod had turned. Some said it was a toad, others a snake or worm, but no one during her life ever succeeded in finding out her secret.

After Aunt Huldy's death, however, her nearest of kin, in searching among the strange inheritance, discovered in a secreted corner a curious relic in the shape of a chain of odd bead-like objects strung upon a few horse-hairs. The ends were furnished with a loop and hook, and it had evidently been used as a necklace. As to the character of these objects no one could give the slightest clew. They were about the size of a horse-chestnut, hard, wrinkled, and very tough. Their general aspect led to the belief that they were a fruit or vegetable growth of some kind, but no one had ever seen them before. They were looked upon with awe, and handled very gingerly, and finally thrown in the fire as excellent things to be gotten rid of. Later, as the search was continued, presumably for treasure somewhere concealed—for it was commonly whispered that Aunt Huldy was "well seized" of a considerable competency in good American money—there came to light, I am told, in one of her pockets, a round object covered with dirt. It was about the size of a horse-chestnut. Perhaps to the eager eye of this "next of kin" it bore some general resemblance to a nugget—who knows! At all events, it was put in water and washed, so they say, when lo! it opened and spread out like a star. Its identity with the strange objects which had composed the mystic necklace was obvious, particularly as, on drying, the leathery points closed inward, and the whole resolved itself into a



AUNT HULDY FINDING THE WITCH BURR.

compact ball. It was kept as a great curiosity, and shown to hundreds of eager townspeople, who need have looked no further than their own door-yard perhaps to have seen its exact counterpart opening in the dewy morning, closing at noon, and again at night simulating in comic mockery the stars which looked down upon them.

This object will be recognized by most of my readers as the well-known fungus called the earth-star, *Geaster hygrometricus*, a plant of the puff-ball tribe, the puff case here being in the centre, and the pointed arms of an outer envelope opening or closing according to the varying conditions of the atmosphere.

Herein doubtless lay the revelation of Aunt Huldy's remarkable secret. It was well known that she preferred to make her exploits at the hour of noon, and generally on a sunny day. Under such circumstances the earth-star would generally be found to be tightly closed, when under the same general conditions, therefore, a single open star was discerned, the natural presumption, of course, would be the existence of an increased amount of moisture either in the adjacent air or in the earth at its root. There were many other similar natural relics among this aged dame's worldly effects, which doubtless, could their significance be known, would furnish an equally simple solution to many of the strange deeds with which her memory is associated, and which are now shrouded in mystery.

Indeed, it would seem as though we need look no further than this and many other hints from Aunt Huldy for an adequate insight to the whole range of marvellous deeds of divination which have set the world agog for ages. A twinge of rheumatism is often a true prophet, albeit best honored when abroad. "'Twill rain to-morrow; I feel it in my bones," I have often heard Aunt Huldy say. "That is a sightly place for gold-thread," says the simpler, and forthwith steps into the dark wood and uproots a basketful.

"Goethe in one of his novels describes a lady seized with a sudden chill upon a spot where subsequently the outcrop of a coal bed is discovered. The incident is introduced without attempt at scientific explanation, and apparently to convey to the reader a vivid conception of the lady's extreme delicacy of temperament. I infer from it that such cases were known to the great philosopher, and that he believed such supersensitiveness to be in some way connected with the performances of diviners."

Instances of this nature might be multiplied, and are by no means rare in actual experience. An extreme sympathetic sensitiveness of the nervous system such as is here suggested, or an extensive and intimate knowledge of material nature through the sense of sight alone—in either or both these conditions we may find ample explanation of many strange phenomena in connection with divination. Many diviners dispense with the rod altogether, and profess to be equally successful in their discoveries, and lay great stress upon their fortunate possession of a certain mysterious "sixth sense," which, after all, is nothing more or less than a process of unconscious mental deduction, analogous to the well-known feeling of anticipation which is common to almost every habitual saunterer and nature student, by which through some subtle involuntary reasoning from cause to effect he receives a premonition of the discovery of some rare plant or bird, and shortly finds it before him.

As bearing on this phase of the subject, it is interesting to note, among the researches of Dr. Rossiter Raymond, in his recent comprehensive treatise on the divining-rod, the following expression from the wise Agricola of old, as showing forth a gleam of sterling common-sense amid the almost universal superstition of the Middle Ages with reference to the divining-rod:

The curious engraving alluded to we reproduce herewith through the courtesy of Mr. Raymond.

"A brief, interesting, and impartial discussion of the divining-rod from the stand-point of the Middle Ages, together with a curious engraving illustrating its use, will be found in the well-known work of Agricola (*De Re Metallica*, Basle, 1546), published in the sixteenth century, both in Latin and in German, copies of which, though not very common, are still to be met with in the antiquarian book-stores of Europe. I believe the library of the School of Mines of Columbia College contains a German copy. In the preparation of this paper I have made use of the Latin edition, which is the only one in my possession.....

"The great Agricola, a keen observer and wise reasoner, after saying that the alleged virtues of the divining-rod are subject to much dispute, and stating both sides of the dispute with admirable clearness, demolishes in a few

FINDING THE SPRING.

words the supposed analogies of magnetism and electricity, but declares that if the divining-rod derives any power from spells and incantations, that is a matter neither permissible nor agreeable for him to discuss. He proceeds, moreover, to assert as the general result of experience in his time that the professors of the divining-rod, though they sometimes succeed in discovering veins, quite as frequently fail,

The antiquity of the divining-rod is variously estimated by historical writers. Professor Fiske has traced its origin to a wide-spread Aryan myth associated with forked lightning; but its earliest employment relating to the discovery of subterranean treasure of whatever nature is generally placed at the period of the fif-

DIVINING FOR METALS.—From Agricola's *De Re Metallica.*

and have to dig like other people if they wish to find anything. Wherefore he advises the respectable and sober miner to *study the indications of nature,* and then dig at once, without further fooling. In the quaint wood-cut which accompanies this passage a miner is represented in the background as cutting his hazel twig, while another in the foreground is proceeding with it in due form for the discovery of the mine; and (whether in sarcasm or not I do not undertake to say) at the very point to which the latter is steering, two of Agricola's 'good and sober' miners have already found ore by the homely process of digging.....

"As a piece of sorcery, he goes on to say, the virtuous and respectable miner will avoid it; *as a piece of science, it is inferior to the study of nature, following the indications of which, the skillful and prudent miner selects a good place for exploration,* and '*ibi metallicus agit fossas*'—'there the miner digs'—to which business, rod or no rod, he is bound to come at last."

teenth century, after which time it soon came into extensive use through a large portion of Europe.

The hazel alluded to by the ancients, however, is not, as commonly supposed, identical with the witch-hazel. The plant of early reference is the true hazel (*Corylus*), which yields the filberts of commerce, while the witch-hazel, or wych-hazel, belongs to a totally different order of plants (*Hamamelis*), of which but two species are known, neither being a native of the continent of Europe. North America is favored with one, and Japan claims the other. The derivation of this scientific title is somewhat obscure. It is evidently of Greek origin, but it has been a stumbling-block to botanical scholars. The witch-hazel is remarkable among our flora as producing simultaneously buds,

flowers, and fruit, and many profess to detect in the scientific name the sense, "flowers together with the fruit." Another, who has a mind of his own, gets at the bottom of the matter in this fashion: "Greek, *Amamelis*, from *ama*, accompanying, and *melea*, apple-tree, applied, it is thought, because the apple in fruit accompanies this flower;" all of which is very true, and indeed would seem the most literal translation.

Foreign travellers mention meeting with the witch-hazel tree in various parts of Europe, and especially in the cultivated shrubberies and gardens of England, where its pale yellow fringe may be frequently seen all through the winter; but this is no spontaneous growth. It is our own American shrub, which has been nursed and fostered in the mother country as an artificial ornament. But it has remained true to its native soil in spite of coaxing, and refuses to become naturalized. It never shows so bright a face as in its natural habitat, and will rarely perfect a seed.

But with us, from Canada to the Gulf, to the north, the south, the east, and west, it spreads its halo in the free wild underwoods—emblem of a nobler liberty and a more exalted glory. It is America's own flower. It sends abroad its welcome when all nature else is cold and dumb. It leads the way and lights the path, and even opens up the golden opportunity of affluence and prosperity. Take all the rest, but leave to me the generous, hearty, impulsive, roguish, sympathetic, joyous, perennial witch-hazel.

"There is a whole fairy-land upon the hill-side where it grows," says Thoreau. Yes, it is indeed an ideal realm for the revels of elfindom; and while I have never yet succeeded in catching a glimpse of them—they always hie way and leave only their peaked caps among the leaves when I come by—I am glad to note that another, more fortunate than I, once surprised them in their moonlight revels, and has left a record of their doings, with which I am in most hearty sympathy, and with which—why has it not sooner occurred to me?—I may fittingly close my page:

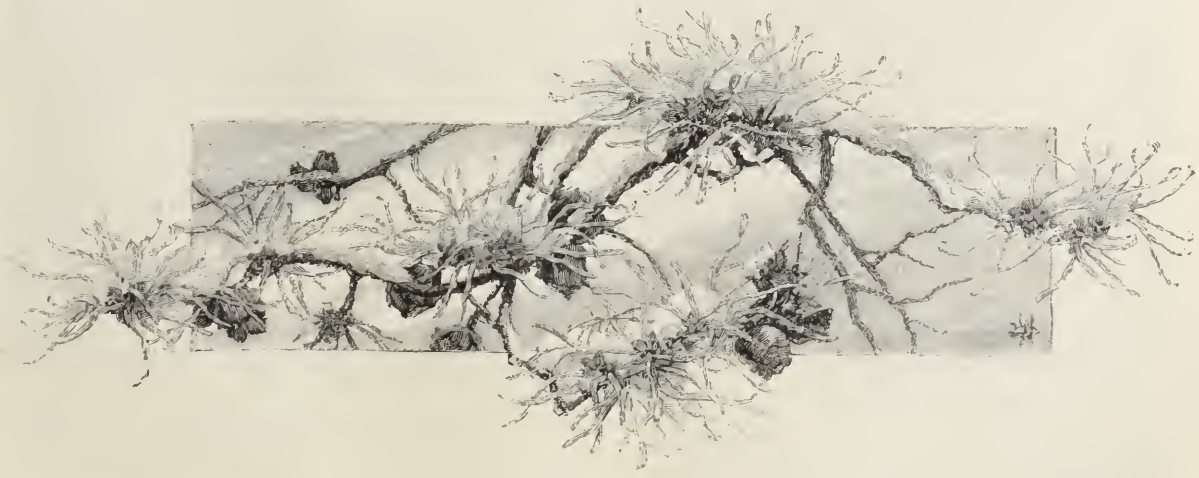
"They come from beds of lichen green;
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze.

* * * * * * *

"Ouphe and goblin! imp and sprite!
Elf of eve! and starry fay!
Ye that love the moon's soft light,
Hither, hither, wend your way.
Twine ye in a jocund ring,
Sing and trip it merrily,
Hand to hand and wing to wing,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

* * * * * * *

"The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay;
The owlets' eyes our lanterns be;
Thus we sing and dance and play
Round the wild witch-hazel tree."



CHAPTER XXV.

ON THE BRINK.

AS the boat crossed the lake, Time proved the truth of Rosalind's adage; it travelled at divers paces with the several persons beneath the awning.

Rudolf Engemann was utterly unconscious of Time's progress, while to the clockmaker the hours had seemed leaden-footed ever since they took their places in the train, and he gave a grunt of satisfaction when they came in sight of Oberhofen, with its tiny bay, ended by the projecting point, its church, and ancient castle, with the range of mountains for a background.

Madame Carouge roused a little when she saw it; to her the time had gone by very quickly. Riesen had ceased to answer the boatwoman, and there had been a long silence. Meantime the widow had dreamed away her opportunities, and had lost her chance of speaking to Monsieur Engemann.

"I am a simpleton," she thought; "what is the use of all the trouble I have taken if I make no use of this chance? And yet—" What could she do?

She looked at Engemann, and her courage would not come to help her; she felt shy of him, fearful of losing his good opinion. Was he one of those men, she wondered—she had heard of them—who lose all the prizes of life because they are too unready to snatch at Opportunity as she passes before them?

"How cold and quiet he is," she said to herself. "Is it that he enjoys this beautiful scenery so intensely, or is it—"

She frowned and turned to look into the blue-green water, for she had met Madame Riesen's eyes fixed on hers. Those thick eyebrows drawn together had a threatening aspect which alarmed the clockmaker's wife, and forced her into full cackle with the boatwoman.

Madame Carouge saw her own beautiful face reflected in the water, and her brows relaxed, her red lips curved into a smile. "My love makes me distrustful," she thought. "Marie will certainly marry the captain, and then—" She sighed, but she did not turn to look at Rudolf. She told herself that nowadays no man married for love; why did she expect him to be different from others? "And I have so much besides myself to give," she said, bitterly. "But he need not be so cold, so reserved. Ah, it is doubtless my fault; I so fear to betray myself that I have repelled him." She turned toward him.

"Monsieur Engemann," she said.

Engemann started from his reverie.

"Yes, madame," he answered, smiling.

She gave him back a smile, but there was sadness in her eyes. "Pardon me, I disturbed you. You were thinking of something—something very interesting?"

"'SURELY,' HE SAID, 'A HEART LIKE YOURS.'"—[SEE PAGE 919.]

She looked again into the water, and spoke in a low voice.

"I beg your pardon;" he turned to her so that their faces were hidden from their companions. "I was thinking that we never get what we wish. It seems as if there were always a check on the will; even this water leaps up against the shore, and then is called back;" he sighed; his eyes were still fixed on the water: he was uttering his thoughts aloud.

To Madame Carouge it seemed that the barrier that had held them apart was suddenly swept away; her eyes grew darker and more liquid, and her rich complexion glowed more deeply as she earnestly looked at him. She answered, in a low and tremulous voice, "But is not this check, as you call it, sometimes self-imposed? do we not deceive ourselves? You are wiser than I am, monsieur; but I fancy self-distrust has before now come between a man and that which may make his happiness."

The tender, pathetic tone touched him, but it roused him too. He felt that something lay hidden in her words.

"What does she mean?" he wondered, and he felt dazed. "Does she mean that I have neglected my chance of pleasing her? How handsome she looks! Yes, I ought not to be so silent.—On the contrary, madame," he said, "it is you who are wise and kind; and this is a truly delightful day you are giving us; I am so greatly enjoying it that I fear I have been selfishly silent; but I always am silent on the water."

Madame Carouge turned away abruptly. "Just the same as ever," she thought; "he always slips out of any personal talk and drifts into commonplace." Then, aloud, "Monsieur Riesen, shall we go back now, or on as far as Gunten?"

The clockmaker looked toward the farther side of the lake and shook his head sagaciously. A bank of clouds showed black behind the Stockhorn and its range of followers, and the upper part of the Niesen was invisible. "What do you think of the weather?" the clockmaker said to the boatwoman.

At this she looked sideways, and also shook her head. "There is no telling, monsieur; it may come soon, or it may not come before night; but there is rain up there."

"It will be better to return, will it not, madame?" Riesen looked at Madame Carouge.

"I suppose so."

It seemed as if the clouds had settled on her also. And, indeed, she felt that the happiness she had so burningly looked for had been mirage. She had been all day with Rudolf Engemann, and yet they would probably part at the end of it only good friends.

"You have enjoyed the day, I hope?" Rudolf said.

She looked bright and happy as she answered, "I—I have found it only too short."

"I think so too," he said; and then she saw him smile as he looked across the boat. Madame Riesen was struggling into an enormous cloak, and as her husband had begun to put it on her wrong side out, this had provoked a fretful dispute which completely occupied the pair.

The widow turned again to Rudolf. "A holiday seldom comes into my life," she said, "and I have considered a holiday with a sympathetic friend one of the blue roses of existence. To-day I have learned that almost perfect happiness is possible."

A puzzled look came into the young fellow's eyes—novels had not been in his way, and he wondered what was meant by "blue roses," but the pathos of the last words reached his heart. "Surely," he said, "your life has not been, is not, unhappy?"

Madame Carouge's eyes filled with tears. "Ah," she sighed, "I thought I had at last found a friend who had learned to read my feelings, but sorrow makes one exacting. Do you not think it is more dreary to live *alone* among others than to live actually in solitude?"

Engemann was much moved and puzzled by her words and manner. Somehow or other he had grieved this deeply interesting woman. He sat in perplexed silence while the boat was rapidly rowed toward Thun. He felt that Madame Riesen was looking at him, now that she was cloaked and at rest, and he could not carry on the conversation which had aroused his curiosity as well as his sympathy.

Heavy, scattered drops began to fall on the awning of the boat; the smoothness of the water was ruffled, and the golden glow left it as the sunshine was hidden by fast-moving clouds.

"We had better go right on to the landing-place near the Freienhof," Riesen said to the boatwoman; "the storm will burst almost directly."

"May I not wrap you in this?" Rudolf said to the widow, taking up a cloak. He spoke so gently, with so much tender sympathy, that once more joy and hope came back to her.

But now the rain beat down so heavily that talk was impossible, and by the time they reached the landing-place the opposite side of the river was only visible through the sheets of rain which poured down into the troubled, turbid water.

"Take my arm," Rudolf said, and then he hurried Madame Carouge along the narrow covered bridge over the weir, and through the little garden and the coffee-room of the hotel, the shortest way to the upper floor of the quaint old house.

The rain was pouring down in a torrent into the open court-yard, and the leaves of the plants climbing up the pillars of the surrounding galleries were already soaked with water.

The landlord's daughter, a kind-looking graceful girl, and a tall handsome maid in Swiss costume begged the two ladies to come into the kitchen and take off their wraps before the glowing fire there. Madame Carouge had escaped the rain better than her companion had, and she soon found her way to the *salle*, leaving Madame Riesen in full talk.

Rudolf Engemann was there alone, looking out of one of the broad low windows. The dark hill opposite, across the river, was almost hidden by long cloud wreaths moving so rapidly from one point to another that it seemed as if some battle were being fought there. But the young fellow hardly noticed the strange effect, he was suffering a kind of remorse for the indifference he had shown in return for the widow's kindness. He looked round when the door opened, and turning away from the window, he came up to Madame Carouge.

"I am afraid we shall not get our walk in the pine-wood," he said.

"Should you have liked it? I thought," she said, timidly, "you had, perhaps, found the day long enough. I feared I had bored you with my confidences."

Engemann reddened. "On the contrary, I have been greatly interested; but—" he hesitated, and looked simply into the beautiful eyes fixed on him—"I am not much used to talking in company, but what you have said about your sadness troubles me deeply."

"Then I wish I had not spoken of it; you must forget it, my kind friend."

Rudolf shook his head, and as she seated herself in one of the window recesses he placed himself beside her. "It has come upon you since your husband died," he said, tenderly. "You were very young to have such a sorrow laid on you."

She drew herself a little away, and the glow vanished from her eyes. "No, monsieur, I must tell you the truth, even if I lose your precious sympathy. I never loved my husband. I married for a home—not for love—I was a mere girl—my husband was middle-aged; I—well, I tried to do my duty; but when he died I could not sorrow; I could only feel that I was free."

Engemann hardly knew what to say, but her eyes asked him to speak. "In that case," he said, "I wonder that you, so young and beautiful as you are, should not have married again."

Madame Carouge sat very erect and looked at him with a slight smile. "I will tell you, my friend, for I may call you so now. When I married, I knew nothing of love; I was an ignorant child; my husband gave me luxuries which were all new to me; but I soon tired of them, as children tire of toys, you know. One day he brought me home some romances, and then, monsieur, I learned how two souls in perfect unison can make for each other a heaven on earth; then I learned that I had myself destroyed my chance of happiness."

Her voice had sunk lower; her eyes were fixed on her hands, clasped in her lap. She was looking sadly at her wedding ring.

Rudolf, deeply stirred, bent over her, eager to hear the end of this, the first romance that had been confided to him by a woman; and as he gazed into her beautiful face his pulses quickened. "Surely," he said, "a heart like yours can never be in need of love; there must have been many before now who have striven to win you."

"Yes, it is true;" she gave him a sudden glance; "but I resolved to wait till I met one who loved me for myself. One knows when one is truly loved."

"You must know," he said, earnestly.

She raised her eyes suddenly, and met his glance full of warm light; her own fell at once.

"I know nothing," she murmured. "What does a woman know? She only feels and—loves."

"AFTER A WHILE SHE LOOKED UP."—[SEE PAGE 921.]

The last word was scarcely audible, and yet Rudolf heard it; but he also heard the door open, and he saw come in, not only the clockmaker and his wife, but a group of English tourists on their way to Interlaken, grumbling about the rain-storm which had stopped their journey.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A RESOLUTION.

THE church was so full when Marie reached it that she could not find a place in the nave, so she turned aside and knelt down before the altar of one of the side

chapels. The poor girl was so absorbed in sorrow that she gave little attention to the service. She covered her face with her hands, and soon tears streamed between her fingers.

After a while she looked up and saw dimly that the chapel was dedicated to "Our Lady of Sorrows." She took comfort at this; it seemed as if she had been led directly to sympathy; but she drew a long quivering breath as she accepted the omen. The deep stillness that stole over her spirits made the voices at the high altar sound far off and indistinct; but this stillness was not mute to Marie. It told her to submit, it warned her that a young girl could not venture on a life of struggle and issue from it unscathed; it told her, too, that she would serve God better and more easily in peace than in strife; but still the means of obtaining this peace in her outward life was as distasteful to her as ever. Once more she hid her face between her hands and bent her head in prayer.

"I am stubborn and rebellious," she sobbed, as she knelt on in troubled silence.

All at once she began to wonder what the Superior of St. Esprit would have counselled. Well, what had she to ask? Whether she should obey Madame Bobineau. And then Marie remembered the way in which the kind Mother used to question her on her mental troubles till they set themselves straight; she knew that in this case the question would have been asked, "Has Madame Bobineau a claim on your obedience?" And mechanically she supplied the answer, "She is my employer, and also my near relative."

Marie knew that the Superior would tell her disobedience was a sin, and at the thought her motive for this disobedience obtruded itself. "I disobey because I covet the love of a man who has none for me, who loves some one else." The words seemed to be whispered by a serpent. This was worse than the quietude of her sorrow, for the serpent stung sharply and the pain felt like poison; but she knelt on still in mental struggle.

An old man, not far off, wondered at the absorbed piety of the young girl who never once stood or sat as others did, but knelt on like some old devotee. He noted too that though she seemed to be praying, she did not say her rosary or open the book she had placed on the ground beside her.

The sermon was over; the most solemn part of the service began, but Marie took no heed. All at once the bell rang, and she started. It rang again, three times, and every one in the church knelt reverently. Marie bent lower still and tried to worship. Now at last she was able to fling away every thought of self and to remember where she was.

The mass was ended. Marie rose from her knees and looked round. People were already moving, and near her—so near in the crowd that filled this southern aisle that Marie wondered she had not seen her before—was Madame Bobineau; and close by the old woman, in the act of rising from a chair, was Captain Loigerot. He did not see Marie, but the girl was impressed by the look of goodness on his face—it was full of happy peace. She gave a little gasp: was this an answer to her prayer? If she consented to marry this kind, amiable man, should she indeed go back to the happy, calm life she had so little prized at St. Esprit, but which she had learned to regret so lovingly? But then a flood of unwelcome thoughts rushed in. Marie's lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears. "But if it brings peace," she murmured, and she turned to follow the crowd out of the church.

Sharp-eyed Madame Bobineau had seen Marie, and she waited near the door till the girl approached. As Marie dipped her fingers in the holy-water stoup the captain stepped forward and did likewise, giving her a silent smiling glance.

"H'm!"

A sudden clearing of the throat made Marie look up and become aware that Madame Webern, the confectioner, was surveying her with significant eyes.

Presently they all stood together on the pavement outside, while the scorching sun poured down a fierce greeting on the uncovered head of the captain as he bowed low to Marie before offering her his arm. She looked at him a moment, then she put her fingers within the close clasp of his coat sleeve, and Madame Bobineau took his other arm, and they started. In that mute action the girl knew that she had surrendered herself; a thought, divine in its unselfish truth, had urged on her decision. Her prayers had cleared away the mist of anger which Madame Bobineau had awakened. Marie felt sure that Monsieur Engemann wished her well, and it seemed to her that it must make him happier to see her married than left to drudge

on at the Red Glove, pining for the love he could not give her.

The mental struggle she had gone through had exhausted her, and she did not know what the captain talked about till they were near home. Then she began to listen.

"Tut, tut! Do you see it, mademoiselle; the day is clouding over: it will be vexing if our evening at the Schänzli is not bright. You would like to see the Alp-Gluhen, would you not, and the sky must be bright for that. Ah!" Here the captain managed to rub his hands together. "That is, let me tell you, mademoiselle, a sight which will rejoice your heart."

"Yes," Marie said, and she smiled. After all, what did it matter? She could never be happy again, but she could be brave, and she could try to make others happy, she thought, in the exaltation to which she had brought herself. She preferred, however, not to meet the captain's admiring eyes, and the street was so full of people coming and going that she had plenty of excuse for looking about her. At last they stopped at the door of the Red Glove; the two elders stood still, and let Marie pass in before them.

"I feel like a bird going in at the door of its cage," the girl thought.

But she went on to the kitchen and took off her hat; then she put the backs of her hands against her cheeks and felt how burning hot they were; she could not see the exquisite rose-color that glowed on her face; her eyelids, it is true, were heavy, and her eyes were languid, but Marie had rarely looked so attractive.

Meantime Monsieur Loigerot was speaking to his landlady. The captain had had time to reflect, and although he still felt rather shy of the young girl he meant to marry, a certain instinct warned him that it was better to adopt a masterful manner with Madame Bobineau.

"I may consider the affair arranged, madame," he said, "and I may venture to salute mademoiselle."

His little eyes twinkled greedily.

"I am sure I don't know about that," she answered. "Marie is very young, and full of convent prejudices. She—"

The captain snapped his fingers.

"Ta, ta, madame; we will endeavor to overcome the convent; in your presence, however, be it understood."

He stood aside ceremoniously to allow her to pass him in the narrow passage, and Madame Bobineau went into her little sitting-room. She looked round, and then, not choosing to expose herself to another dispute with Marie, she went to the door, when she had offered Captain Loigerot a chair.

"Marie, Marie," she called out; she was saying to herself, "Will he expect breakfast? it is certain that he has not yet taken breakfast."

Her face lengthened and sadness spread over her as she pictured to herself the treasured sweetbread and the half chicken now lying snugly in her cupboard being swallowed by the captain with the appreciation of a man who dines well every day.

"Surely Marie is as one of the plagues of Egypt to me," she said to herself. "It will indeed be a deliverance when the captain takes her to himself. Marie," she called again, and she tried to make her voice pleasant—"Marie, come here, you are wanted."

But Marie did not come, and Madame Bobineau felt that she must fill up the gap of silence, lest the captain should take offense.

"Monsieur has breakfasted?" she asked.

"No, madame;" he waved his hand pompously. "On so important an occasion as this, one must even derange one's habits. My happiness was worth such a sacrifice."

He looked up at the ceiling and cleared his throat. Though he was in love, he felt hungry, and he wished Marie would appear.

Madame Bobineau's face became browner and more puckered than usual.

"Will Monsieur permit me to offer him a humble meal? I—" Every word seemed to drag itself out of her with pain.

Captain Loigerot waved his hand in refusal, but he bowed in acknowledgment.

"A thousand thanks, madame, but my breakfast is waiting for me at the hotel," he said, in his bluffest voice; and then he rubbed his hands in self-congratulation. He had never eaten within the walls of the Red Glove, but it seemed to him that in accepting Madame Bobineau's hospitality, even in Marie's company, he should make a disastrous exchange for his comfortable and ample repast at the Hôtel Beauregard.

Marie came in shyly, and stood still in the doorway.

The captain got up. He had set down

his hat beforehand, and now he gravely walked up to the girl, and, partly standing on tiptoe, he kissed first one rosy cheek and then the other with infinite satisfaction.

"Mademoiselle Marie," he said, "I will do my best to make you happy."

Madame Bobineau stood open-mouthed with wonder and curiosity, but wonder conquered, for Marie did not resist the captain's salute, or run away afterward. She was quite passive. She blushed still more deeply, and then all her newly gained color left her, and she looked very white as she sat down on a chair near the door.

The captain had turned rather red, but now he rubbed his hands cheerfully.

"Monsieur must be very hungry," Bobineau said; she was human, after all, and she pitied Marie at that moment.

"It is true, madame, I am hungry, but I had forgotten it." He turned from his contemplation of Marie, and plunged his hands first into the bottom of one pocket, then of another. "And—and—I have also forgotten— *Diable!*" he muttered, "it was not a thing to forget. Mademoiselle Marie"—he bowed stiffly—"I wished to offer you a token of—of friendship, but I have unfortunately left it upstairs. If you will permit me, I will go in search of it."

Marie looked at him fixedly.

"Certainly, monsieur, as you please." Her tone was as lifeless as her attitude, but the captain admired what seemed to him her self-possession. He had some misgivings about the giddiness natural to girls, but Marie appeared to him to have accepted her new position with the dignity which would have been natural to Madame Carouge.

As he left the room to go upstairs, Madame Bobineau bustled out after him, and Marie was left alone.

While she had stood in the kitchen nervously twisting her fingers together she had felt as if that which she knew lay before her were impossible to undergo, and then, by a sudden wrench, she had forced herself away from the kitchen door, against which she had leaned, a tall, trembling figure clad in her pale gray gown, and had come, as it were, recklessly into the captain's presence. How simple an act this so dreaded kissing had been! and yet—For an instant her blushes had seemed to burn into her cheeks, and then she had grown cold as a stone. It had been a mere formal action, and yet Marie felt that she was irrevocably parted from Monsieur Engemann; even if he were free she had put a barrier between them; through that kiss she belonged to Captain Loigerot.

So she sat in a kind of stupor of despair, while Madame Bobineau followed the captain upstairs.

"Excuse me for intruding, monsieur, but have the goodness to listen to me," she said, as she stood at the open door of his sitting-room.

He did not ask her to enter. A sort of impatient surprise met her in his small eyes. He considered that she was impertinent to have followed him.

"At your service, madame, but it is a pity you should take the trouble to climb the stairs when I intend to rejoin you below directly. I," he took a small parcel from his table, and puffed out his words with extra effort—"I only came to seek a gift I wish to offer to mademoiselle."

He waited for her to precede him down the stairs, but as she did not move, but stood still fully relieved against the white painted door, looking even more like a brown toad than ever, he stepped past her, and was going down-stairs, when he felt a pull at his coat tails.

He turned round. "Madame—"

"Chut!" She put her finger to her lips. "Will it not be wise if monsieur first has his breakfast? Marie is a little confused; it is all so new to the child. We will dine in monsieur's absence, and Marie and I shall attend vespers, and then monsieur will honor us with a little visit, and we shall all be ready to walk to the Schänzli."

The captain grew very red, and his mustache bristled.

"I—I—I," he began to stammer, with impatience—"I have not yet had a word with the dear little girl. *Ma foi*, madame, I can not leave her yet."

He turned from her abruptly, and went down the stairs as fast as he could.

But the mistress of the Red Glove was a match for him.

"Wait a moment, monsieur," she called out; then, as he stood still, she hurried down and stood beside him on the landing. "I have something to say, monsieur" —she meant to smile, but her narrow lips made the effort more like a grin—"something that can not be called out from story to story. Monsieur knows perhaps better than me, but I fancy he does not make the most of his advantages."

"Eh?—what? What is the meaning

of your words?" he said, with an abashed look which almost upset her gravity.

"Well, monsieur, I can explain them, I hope, without giving you offense. If I were a handsome officer, and went courting, I should leave the girl to think a little over the honor I had done her by saluting her." Then, unable to keep in her laughter at his look of bewilderment: "Well, then, if monsieur takes my advice—and I know something about girls—he had better leave Marie a bit to dream over that kiss, till she begins to want another. Aha!"

The captain was not convinced; he felt like a dog robbed of a bone. "I have left my hat in the parlor," he said.

"A hundred pardons, monsieur, but I took the liberty." And she offered him his hat, which she had kept hidden behind her.

Loigerot gulped down a strong word. "I shall meet you as you come from vespers, madame," he said, stiffly. "I have the pleasure of saying *au revoir*."

When Madame Bobineau had let her lodger out, and had closed the door after him, she unlocked a side door that led from the passage into the shop, and crossing it noiselessly, she peeped over the top of the green blind into the parlor.

Marie sat where they had left her, pale and still. Her arms hung down straight beside her, but there was absolutely no expression on her face.

Now that Madame Bobineau had her own way, she felt some compassion for her cousin.

"Poor child!" she said, "I do not wonder. He is fat and ugly, and he has no manners. But what will you? The bitterest of medicines is sure to be a tonic. Bah! why am I so silly? in six months' time she will have grown fond of her little captain."

Then she stole cautiously back to the passage, and retreated to the kitchen. She resolved to leave Marie and her sorrow in peace till dinner-time, and she also determined that the dinner should be an abundant one, even if her own supper suffered in consequence.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AT THE SCHÄNZLI.

SUNDAY'S storm has cleared the air, and although yesterday was gray and undecided, the sun has asserted himself again on this Tuesday morning, and gives every promise of a fine evening. Rudolf Engemann tells himself this as he looks at some posters pasted on the piers of the arcades. On these is announced a concert at the Schänzli this evening, to be followed by a show of fire-works. Rudolf had seen this announcement last night on his return from Bâle, where he had to go on business for the bank, and he then determined to get tickets for the entertainment, and to offer one to Madame Carouge. Now he goes into the shop indicated on the poster, and purchases two tickets.

Going out again he meets the captain bent on a similar errand, but he contents himself with a nod, and hurries on to breakfast at the Hôtel Beauregard.

The captain stands on the door-step and looks after him, balancing himself alternately on his toes and heels. He nods his head several times, then he shakes it; finally his hands explore his capacious pockets and stay in them.

"The difference of age is on the wrong side;" he smiles; "Madame is certainly a fine woman, but the poor fellow will not enjoy life as I shall with my girl-wife. Aha! I shall have my little duck to myself this evening. I've not seen much of her yet. I must get the wedding fixed without delay."

He looks radiant—he almost smacks his lips, as he turns to the counter and asks for three tickets.

"I suppose they have them at the hotels?" he says as he takes them.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Engemann has wasted his money," the captain thinks; "but still he is on the right track. Yes, yes, it is undoubtedly an attention he should pay to the widow. I do not understand his absence from the dinner table yesterday; it did not look well. One can not be too attentive under such circumstances, *ma foi;*" he gives his pocket a slap as he places the tickets inside it. "It was hard work at first with Marie, but I fancy it will be plain sailing now."

He smacks his lips this time, and goes off to prosecute the morning walk which gives him such a keen appetite for breakfast. He feels impatient for the evening. The storm upset his plans on Sunday, and the thunder gave Marie such a headache that she went home to bed at a very early hour. He saw her yesterday, but Madame Webern had come into the Red Glove for a gossip, and he could only get a few words with his shy, sweet betrothed. It seemed

to him that this evening must reward him for the self-denial he had been forced to exercise.

The day seemed long, and he was disappointed in his hope of a talk with Madame Carouge. Yesterday she had been absent from her parlor, and to-day she seemed completely absorbed as she bent over her desk, and the captain found it impossible to conquer the awe with which the handsome widow inspired him. She seemed to him a goddess among women, and he regarded Rudolf Engemann with increased admiration as the possessor of this beautiful creature's affections. He dined alone to-day so as to start in good time for the Schänzli, and he did not see whether Engemann went to the widow's parlor. Dinner over, Monsieur Loigerot set his hat a little on one side, and then rolled, in his leisurely fashion, into the street which called itself farther on the Spitalgasse.

At the Red Glove Madame Bobineau was in anxious expectation; both she and Marie were ready to start, and the old woman feared, if the waiting were prolonged, Marie would break down. Just now she had begun to sob. Only two sobs came, and then clasping her hands, the girl forced herself to be still.

Madame Bobineau's unusual kindness since Sunday had unnerved Marie. She suspected that it was by Madame Bobineau's invitation that Madame Webern had come in yesterday evening just before the captain appeared, so that there had been no opportunity for private conversation, and Marie had overheard the old woman request Monsieur Loigerot to keep away during business hours, lest he should be in the way of her customers. Now when the old woman came up to her and kissed her on both cheeks, she had a hard struggle to keep in her tears.

"That's a good girl," said Madame Bobineau; "a very good girl. You have done very well"—she took a huge pinch of snuff and patted Marie's shoulder—"and you are going to be so happy, dear child. Behave well to your husband, and he'll give you rings and brooches and silk gowns, and I don't know what—perhaps some Brussels lace. *Mon Dieu*, Marie, think of that!"

"Do not, madame," said Marie, quietly, for they were waiting in the shop, and madame had not put up the shutters lest she should lose the chance of a late customer.

Just then the captain opened the door and came in smiling and bowing first to Marie and then to the old woman.

"Ah, monsieur, you are in good time."

The captain nodded, and going up to Marie, he took her hand, bent over it, and kissed it.

The girl twitched her hand away with an involuntary movement of disgust.

"Marie," said Madame Bobineau, "run and fetch my blue shawl, there's a good girl—it must be time to start."

The girl hurried away upstairs, and Madame Bobineau patted the captain's arm.

"Monsieur does not mind her shy ways, does he?" she said, in her oiliest tones. "No, no; he is too wise; she's only shy; girls are all a little shy with their lovers at first; but believe me, monsieur, it soon goes off. Men have only got to be patient. Why, when first I began to take snuff I used to sneeze;" she stopped and took a huge pinch. "Take no notice, Monsieur le Capitaine, and she'll soon get used to you."

The captain fidgeted. He felt that Madame Bobineau's simile was superfluous, but his good-nature triumphed.

"No doubt you are right, madame. I must restrain my—my ardor. She is shy, pretty little angel, and I like her for it."

"Ah, monsieur can't think how fond the child is of him. What a thing it is to be handsome and amiable! *Mon Dieu!* monsieur will be a happy man."

Marie came in with the shawl before the captain's delight had uttered itself. He gave the girl a loving look as he took the shawl from her and put it over his arm.

"Now, are we ready?" he said. "We shall find a carriage round the corner, ladies;" and offering one arm to Marie and the other to Madame Bobineau, they started for the Schänzli.

The carriage set them down near the top of the steep hill, and they walked up through a plantation till they reached the terrace of the Schänzli.

There were many gay and merry groups already on the terrace. The band was playing a waltz of Chopin's; people walked up and down, stopping now and then to chat as friends met one another, or to gaze at the picturesque view of the town, or at the grand snow giants now scarcely veiled by the clouds. But the gazers were not so numerous as the promenaders were, and some of them were evidently

strangers to Berne, for as they sat at little tables sipping lemonade and syrups they were diligently studying a huge chart of the mountains, which was passed from one table to another.

Some of these travellers did not care about the charts; they were bent on drinking in the beauty of the scene as they paced slowly up and down. Up the side of the steep hill on which the terrace stood were vine-clad houses bowered among trees and glowing flowers; far below them the swift blue-green Aar rushed on between its fringes of slender poplars; while above, on the opposite side of this green valley, lay the picturesque houses of Berne, with the dark minster rising from among them against a background of green and purple hills. Far away, stretching right and left across the horizon, was the magnificent range of snow-mountains.

Marie stood still; she felt spelled with delight as she gazed on the lovely scene. She forgot the captain and her sorrow—everything but the picture before her. A delicious breeze that seemed to come from the snow-mountains cooled her flushed cheeks and blew her fair hair into her soft gray eyes. As she looked away from the view to the wood behind the terrace, she saw couples seated here and there on benches under the trees. Two figures seated further off than the rest were indistinct in the increasing gloom. Marie said to herself, "Some of these people are perhaps happy lovers." And then a strange feeling came at her heart, a sort of strangling sensation, and she looked quickly at her companions.

"I think half the town is here," Madame Bobineau was saying.

"Yes, yes; I think so." The captain's legs were planted very wide apart, and his chest was fully expanded. "Aha! madame, they have come here to see my happiness. Ha! ha! ha!" Then he turned to Marie. "Is it not all pretty, mademoiselle, and the mountains just in the right place? I call that a *coup de théâtre*. Eh, Mademoiselle Marie?"

"It is very beautiful, monsieur," the girl answered, sadly. To herself she said: "The mountains will soon fade out of sight, and then all will be gloom, like my life; I have done with sunshine."

The glamour of the scene around her had at once vanished when she heard the captain's voice.

Just then some one came running across to them out of the darkness under the trees. It was Madame Riesen.

"Good-evening, monsieur and madame. Good-evening to you, Mademoiselle Marie. Have you met Eugène, I wonder?" She tried to smile, but she was evidently vexed. As she looked at Marie, she saw that her hand was on the captain's arm. "I want you to tell me something," she whispered to Madame Bobineau. "Can you spare me a moment?"

Madame Bobineau took her hand from Monsieur Loigerot's arm, and stood still beside her friend.

"Is it true that your lodger is going to marry the little Marie?" she said, in an unbelieving voice, and she nodded toward the captain and his companion as they walked on.

"Why should it not be true?" Madame Bobineau was so indignant at her gossip's tone that she did not turn to see how quickly the captain had moved forward.

Loigerot seemed to himself to be treading on air. He had at last got Marie alone without her watchful cousin, and he felt triumphantly happy. As he walked on he was constantly receiving bows and greetings from his acquaintance, and he longed to announce his triumph, to say to his friends, "This charming girl has accepted me as a husband."

"Is mademoiselle amused?" he puffed out.

"Yes, monsieur." To herself she said, "If I could only get rid of you, it would be delightful."

The captain stopped to speak to a fat old gentleman, whose straw hat almost swept the ground as he took it off and bowed to Marie. The girl's eyes met this old fellow's leer of admiration, and she longed to run away from her companion. Every moment seemed to be adding publicity to her engagement, and to be making it more real to her. She looked desperately behind her; she saw Madame Bobineau whispering up into the ear of her tall friend.

"What are you doing here?" she was asking.

"Ah!"—Madame Riesen drew herself up—"that is what I ask myself. When I agreed to come for the sake of pleasing our gay widow, I imagined she would be satisfied with Monsieur Engemann's attentions. I assure you I was walking quietly with Eugène, enjoying myself—we

had left the pair of lovers seated under a tree—and all at once I looked round to point out something to him, and he was gone."

"Gone back to the widow, no doubt. Why did you not go and look for him?"

Madame Riesen shrugged her shoulders for answer. She pointed to the couple in front. "That is a settled affair, then?"

Madame Bobineau nodded her head repeatedly. "Yes, yes, my good friend. You do not think, do you, that I should permit Marie to walk arm in arm with a man unless he had engaged to marry her —no." She took a huge pinch of snuff. "Marie is lucky, is she not? Monsieur Loigerot is a man of property, and is in every way a desirable match."

"Yes, yes, my dear friend, that may be so; but he is far too old for the girl." Just now Madame Riesen felt so convinced that her husband had stolen back to the widow that it was a relief to be able to soften her own vexation by tormenting her old gossip. "He would be better suited to me than to pretty little Marie. Poor child, I pity her!"

"Poor child, indeed! but you are mistaken, my good friend; they are as fond as turtle-doves. But now tell me something. Did the other lovers settle the matter on Sunday?"

This was a question that sorely puzzled the clockmaker and his wife. Madame Riesen had reproached her husband for his interference, which she affirmed had disturbed the natural course of events, while he stoutly maintained that the widow was only amusing herself, and had no real affection for the young fellow. But the clockmaker's wife felt that she must keep up with Madame Bobineau her reputation for superior information.

"I fancy so; but"—she put her finger to her pale lips—"our beautiful friend is reserved, you know. Poor thing, I pitied her; Monsieur Engemann went off to Bâle yesterday. It seemed rather unloverlike, I must say."

"Perhaps he had to go on business," said Madame Bobineau. "By-the-way, I expected to hear you had all been caught in the storm on Sunday."

"We got a little of it; we had counted on a walk in the pine wood, and of course that was impossible, so we staid at the hotel till the storm cleared off, and this rather spoiled sport for the lovers."

Madame Bobineau looked slyly out of her narrow eyes.

"I dare say your husband put in a word or two and helped the storm," she said, innocently.

Madame Riesen tossed her head like an impatient horse.

"Not at all; it was not that. Of course Eugène and I too had words to say, but the storm drove every one under shelter, and very soon the room was full of strangers, and a *tête-à-tête* became impossible."

"Ah!" said Madame Bobineau. "Well, I suppose there will soon be a gay wedding at the Beauregard." Then as she and Madame Riesen came abreast of the captain and Marie, she said to him:

"Monsieur will be glad to hear it is all right between Monsieur Engemann and our beautiful widow. Here is Madame Riesen, who wishes to offer her congratulations."

"With all possible pleasure, monsieur, and may I say monsieur has chosen a charming bride. Mademoiselle Marie, you must permit me;" she bent forward and kissed the girl.

Marie was taken by surprise; she blushed with anger and shame. It had been easier than she expected to accept the captain as a lover, but she had not guessed that she should suffer this public exhibition, for it seemed to her that he was showing her off with smiling triumph as his property.

"It is unbearable," she said, keeping back her tears with difficulty. "If I could only get home and be by myself! Perhaps if I ask him he will take me away; he is a kind man, I am sure of it."

"Madame," the captain was saying, pompously, to the clockmaker's wife, "I trust that the enjoyment of Sunday came up to your—your expectations?"

"Yes—yes—certainly, monsieur"—the poor woman would not confess that her husband had been as sulky as a bear, and that the rain had damaged the new mantle she had put on for the excursion—"though the storm upset our evening, as it upset monsieur's, I fancy."

"Madame"—he gave what he meant to be a most loving glance at Marie—"I was in such bliss last Sunday evening that the weather was indifferent to me—completely indifferent. Ladies"—he gave a bow which began with Marie and ended with Madame Bobineau—"you will permit me to offer you some ices? Farther on we shall find a

vacant table near the music. Mademoiselle, I observe, likes music." He pressed Marie's hand with his arm, and looked up in her face.

Marie bowed. At least when they sat down he must let go her hand, and she thought when they rose again it would be possible to avoid this dreadful walking up and down with him.

She began to think out a means of escape.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

STILL ON THE TERRACE.

Monsieur Lenoir, the hair-dresser, came bustling up to the very spot where Captain Loigerot and his companions had been standing. He had seen them, but he had not chosen to come forward. He considered himself ill used. Madame Bobineau had not been open with him. He had been a good friend to her—a friend such as few persons possessed—he had not forgotten some trifling civilities she had shown him when he was a lad. He had written to tell her when the business at the Red Glove was offered for sale, and he had arranged and facilitated matters for her—he had certainly accepted a commission from the outgoer for having procured him a tenant—and he considered that Madame Bobineau should have taken him into her confidence before she chose a husband for Marie, or at least after the affair was arranged.

"There has been something more in it than meets the eye," he thought, as he looked on to where the three ladies were seated with the captain at one of the little tables near the edge of the terrace. "I'll wager that our widow had a hand in it. Ah, what a woman that is!" he nodded approvingly. Monsieur Lenoir's father had been French, and it seemed to him that the widow's tactics in this affair justified her nationality, supposing that she had been really afraid of Marie's attractions in respect to Monsieur Engemann. "I can hardly think that of Engemann," he said; "no man would choose a plum, however blooming, before a luscious peach."

He looked more like a tomtit than ever, as he walked along, his head set perkily on one side, and his black eyes glittering keenly in large dark rings that circled them. All at once his beaky nose and his thin pointed chin quivered with excitement. He had suddenly remembered the encounter at the Bear Pit.

"Aha!" he said, "and I told madame about it, and I remember that she was extra languid and indifferent. My friend Lenoir, you were at fault, it is not so long ago, and now Madame Riesen tells me that the widow is certainly going to marry that fair-haired giant, who had his hair cut the other day in Fribourg, a mere passage-place between Berne and other cities. *Pouf!* the Goth! as if fashion of any kind could be found there!"

He rubbed his hands together and walked on the toes of his polished boots, for his costume this evening was very elaborate. "It seems to me that the jolly captain is in my debt. I may have been the means of providing the little Marie with a husband. Yes, yes, my friend Lenoir, it was probably your news that you had seen Marie and young Engemann together that set the widow on to make this marriage. The proof will be to see the two couples meet. Well, that must happen sooner or later, unless Madame Carouge has already left the gardens; she looked tired enough just now."

He had met Madame Carouge and Rudolf Engemann near the entrance, but he had avoided them. Now he determined to go in search of the lovers, and to witness their probable meeting with the captain and Marie.

"If they are all on the terrace together they must meet," he thought, and he chuckled. He felt sure "the young giant," as he called Rudolf, would feel awkward between the two women. Going on toward the music platform he overtook the clockmaker.

"Good-evening, my friend; you seem dull. Are you looking for Madame Riesen? I can tell you where she is."

"Thank you, Lenoir, you are very kind." Riesen was anxious to get rid of the little hair-dresser. "I left her not long ago. I have promised to seek out Madame Carouge."

"Come along with me, then," Lenoir said; "I fancy we shall find them on beyond there."

If they had looked into the gathering shadows under the trees they would have seen the widow and Rudolf Engemann seated on a bench at this end of the terrace. The two were really almost in a line with the captain and his party, but the tree under which they were sitting

was far back—the whole width of the terrace lay between them and the trio round the table. Moreover, Madame Carouge and her companion sat with their backs to the promenade.

Madame Carouge was very quiet when she first met Rudolf Engemann this afternoon; the delight of his presence overpowered every other feeling; but on her way to the gardens with him and with the Riesens she had time to reflect that he had made no apology for his absence on the previous day; and it had seemed to her when they parted on Sunday that only a few words were needed to make them all in all to each other. Why had he not come to say those words? To-day he was polite, devoted even, in manner, but she felt that he had gone back in warmth.

"It is my fault, perhaps," she thought. "I am still too reserved with him, poor dear fellow."

She roused and began to talk with much animation of their Sunday's journey, till Rudolf became absorbed in listening to her—she brought it all so vividly before him.

"It was indeed a perfect day, madame; but I regret losing that walk in the pine wood: though perhaps it is better we could not have it; it seems the more to be desired because it was left undone."

"Do you wish for it, then?" she said, softly, and as he met her eyes their wonderful languid charm seemed to steal into his soul.

"Do I?" he said. "When one has experienced the enjoyment I did on Sunday, one is apt to wish that it would repeat itself."

"That shall be when you please," she said. "I too feel that our day was left unfinished."

She looked at him, and again he thought how beautiful she was and how kind. "Most men by this time would worship such a woman; well, I suppose I am made of ice." "Madame"—he spoke impulsively—"how good and kind you are! Will you permit me, then, to go with you again to Thun, and next time we will try to finish our day?"

To those who sat on the terrace it looked already gloomy under the thickly planted trees; but there was plenty of light there, and Engemann saw the strong effect of his words on his companion's face. A sudden light filled her eyes and a flush rose on her cheeks, her bosom rose and fell rapidly; then she looked down on the ground and began to draw patterns with the point of her parasol.

Rudolf started, he felt as if some one had suddenly roused him from a pleasant dream. "What am I doing?" he thought. "I do not *love* this woman; I must take care—" He paused. "Why do I not love her?" he asked himself. He moved impatiently—between him and the glowing downcast face rose the sweet innocent eyes of Marie—he turned as if from a spectre. "It is folly, and worse." Presently he said, "Are you quite sure that Madame Bobineau's niece will marry Captain Loigerot?" He had uttered his thoughts aloud, without considering the abruptness of the transition.

Madame Carouge rose; she looked imperious, though she tried to speak gently. "Let us go on to the terrace, monsieur," she said; "there you can judge for yourself. I heard that Captain Loigerot was to be here this evening; we shall find him, probably with little Marie, watching for the sunset."

Without another look at Rudolf she walked across to the terrace.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"THE AFTER-GLOW."

THEY walked across the grass beneath the trees till they came out on the broad promenade, which, when they arrived at the Schänzli, had been covered with groups of merry people chatting to one another as they paced up and down.

Now it was almost deserted, though a few couples still lingered; but these had seemingly come to the gardens to look into one another's eyes; and it was surprising, considering the steep and tiring road they must have climbed, that they had taken the trouble to come thus far for such a purpose.

Madame Carouge looked round with impatience. Not among these sentimental lovers should she find the captain and his *fiancée*. She glanced on to the edge of the terrace, and she could have stamped with vexation. It was literally thronged with people staring across the valley. She guessed what was happening; she had never come up here to see it, but she knew very well that all these "idiots," as she mentally called them, were waiting to see

the sun set; and as she looked she saw that she had yet some time to wait before they could meet the captain and Marie. No one would be likely to move out of the closely packed line of people that leaned on the wall of the terrace till the "after-glow" had faded; and as yet the sun had not set.

Presently there was a hush among the spectators. The light clouds that had partly veiled the mountains had floated upward, and hung suspended above the Jungfrau; they gleamed with silvery brilliance as the sun, resting opposite, seemed to gaze at them from a ridge which glowed darkly purple below him.

All at once he sank behind the ridge, and then high up on the snowy peaks, which seemed almost in heaven, a soft rosy light shone out of the glorious mountains. Each moment the glow deepened; the lines just now so brilliant in silver light were first gold and then a dazzling flame-color, the dusky terrace was suddenly illumined, and the valley, which had been blurred into a uniform tint of olive, revealed once more its nestling buildings and fringe of trees below.

A murmur ran softly along the line of gazers, but their eyes did not stray from the splendid spectacle. It glowed deeper and deeper, and the sky was luminous with golden-edged scarlet clouds.

Then came a sudden change: the rosy flames that seemed to have rushed out of the heart of the snow-mountains vanished; purple, or rather gradations of deep rich-toned color, spread up from the base of the mountains and glowed on the opposite hills, deepening and darkening every moment, not so startling or vivid as the "after-glow" had been, but yet more beautiful in richness of color.

But the greater part of the crowd did not see this beauty, and the closely packed line soon broke up again into groups that found gossip about their own affairs or those of their neighbors far more interesting than the splendid study of color in the sky and on the mountains.

Rudolf Engemann, however, lingered; the purple was changing every instant, and he stood gazing in an ecstasy of admiration at the change. He could not have defined his delight, but as he bent forward, enjoying it, he forgot Madame Carouge altogether. He was under a spell, and he felt entranced.

A little way on from where they stood was the table from which the captain and his party had risen to watch the sunset. The others had turned away from it, but Marie went on gazing at the mountains; she did not see that the captain was waiting for her.

The purple hue faded away into a sombre tone that would have been black if it had been less full of deep color, and this made the golden sky yet more luminous, and the pale faint green above, ethereal in its beauty.

"Marie," Madame Bobineau said, sharply, "do you not hear? Monsieur Loigerot has twice offered you his arm, and you pay no attention."

"Ah!"—the girl started. "I beg your pardon, monsieur." Then seeing that he looked kindly at her, she turned to him as to a refuge from the old vexed face of her cousin.

"It is nothing, my sweet young lady. You—aw—you consider, then, this sight has been worth coming to see?"

He stood with his legs very wide apart, and his head thrown back, as if he had uttered a question that it would puzzle her to answer.

The intense beauty Marie had been enjoying had filled her eyes with tears, but she could not help smiling into the captain's broad, bronzed face.

"Yes, indeed, monsieur," she said; "I am glad we staid to see it." Then she added, for this seemed a good opportunity for getting away, "It is time to go home, I think."

She said this to him with a little feeling of triumph, for she felt that the captain would comply with her wish even if it went against that of Madame Bobineau.

"Yes, oh yes, if you wish it," he answered.

Marie had spoken a minute too late. Without looking round she knew that Madame Bobineau was shaking hands with some one, and now the captain looked sharply round as a hand touched his shoulder.

Monsieur Riesen stood beside him, and in front was Monsieur Lenoir, bowing low to Marie and also to Loigerot, with an indescribable mixture of malice and amusement in his bright, restless eyes.

"Permit me to congratulate you, monsieur." Then to Marie, "Mademoiselle, you have my best wishes."

Riesen said this with a fatherly protecting air, while his wife kept up an accom-

paniment of "Yes, yes; Eugène has come to offer you his congratulations; yes, yes, that is as it should be."

"It is so delightful to see people well-matched," said Lenoir, in his jerky, impertinent way.

Madame Riesen frowned at him, but Marie felt that she could no longer stand still to be stared at and congratulated. "They are all trying to torment me," she thought. Her cheeks burned. "It is not to be borne," she said to herself, but she had placed her hand within the captain's arm, and as if he suspected her feelings he tightened his pressure so that she could not draw away her hand without his knowledge.

"Let us walk down to the end of the terrace," Madame Riesen whispered to the old woman; "the music is too noisy here."

"I can not leave Marie, and we must soon be going home," said Madame Bobineau, repressively.

"Ta, ta, my dear friend; we have only to lead the way, the others will follow."

She knew that her husband would oppose any suggestion she might make, and she was completely weary of her old friend's society. Among the groups now coming up to listen to the music she hoped to find a more amusing companion.

"Shall we go this way, and then turn and make for the gate?" said Madame Bobineau to the captain.

Lenoir smiled and chuckled. He knew that Madame Carouge must be at that end of the terrace, for he had just come in the opposite direction, and he had looked there in vain for the commanding figure of the young Swiss.

Madame Bobineau and her friend walked so completely in front of her that Marie now felt sheltered. She was not shy of the captain among so many strange people.

"It is pleasanter to walk without stopping," she said; "does not monsieur think so?" She smiled at him as she spoke.

"What a little duck?" the captain said to himself. "I believe she is really fond of me; the old woman said she was."

"Mademoiselle Marie"—he tugged at his mustaches—"it is as you say; it will always be as you say, and as you wish for me; you are as wise as you are beautiful, and—and wisdom is even more rare than beauty in a young lady of your—your years."

He had puffed out his cheeks in uttering this unusually long speech, till Marie could not keep in her laughter; but she laughed so merrily and pleasantly that the captain took it in good part, and squeezed her hand so tightly and with a look of devotion so ardent that a bright blush rose on her fair face.

There was a rustling of silken skirts close at hand, an exclamation, and Marie's eyes dilated as she looked on before her. Madame Bobineau was not to be seen, but Madame Carouge was holding out her hand to the captain. The girl looked up, and she felt scorched and withered. Monsieur Engemann stood beside the beautiful widow, and the girl met his eyes full of angry scorn.

"Good-evening, Captain Loigerot." Madame Carouge looked at Marie as she spoke. "I congratulate you; this is as it should be. It is a pleasure, my dear, to see your happiness," she added, to the girl.

Marie trembled, but she did not speak.

Engemann bit his lip fiercely. "It is true, then," he said to himself, "she cares for this pompous old satyr."

The captain was bowing very low. "Madame, I thank you a thousand times—a thousand times, madame. I am a proud and happy man to-night." He stood on tiptoe and tried to whisper to the widow, but his words reached Engemann. "My—my rose-bud is all that I could wish. And you, madame," he raised his voice and looked knowingly at Rudolf "you, I hope—are happy as we are." He glanced fondly at Marie, but her eyes were bent on the ground. "Sweet little dove, she is shy," he thought; "she does not like to be stared at. Come, Engemann, have you not a word of congratulation for us?"

"I, monsieur!" Engemann looked very stern, but he managed a grim smile. "On the contrary, I have many for you both. I am glad you can be so easily happy."

He said this mockingly, and he went on in the opposite direction, with Madame Carouge on his arm. He strode along, frowning heavily as he looked on the ground.

"Well," said Madame Carouge, "are you convinced? They are engaged, and Marie is quite content, you see."

He did not answer.

The widow glanced at him without turning her head, but she did not again venture to intrude into his thoughts. She felt afraid of him in that moment.

It seemed to her that he must have cared for this simple-faced child, or he would

not be so disturbed by the certainty of her engagement to Captain Loigerot.

Madame Carouge suffered keenly; after all the love she had betrayed to him he seemed to be slipping away from her. Her passion sought to hold him, and yet her pride kept her restrained. But she loved him too dearly to sacrifice the hope of his love to her pride, and yet not even her absorption in him could teach her how best to approach him now. She walked beside him, silent, with the timid downcast air of a child expecting reproof.

At last she said, and her voice sounded tearful, "Need we walk quite so fast?"

Rudolf started out of his reverie. At that moment he was in reality nearer to Madame Carouge than he had ever been. As he strode along he had upbraided himself for his infatuation; he had called himself a fool in respect of Marie, and a brute with regard to Madame Carouge. He had been cold to this tender, loving woman for the sake of a girl who had sold herself to a graybeard, and who was evidently rejoicing in the bargain she had made. As he recalled the laugh he had seen on Marie's face, and the captain's amorous glances, Rudolf frowned once more heavily.

The widow saw the frown and she sighed. He turned quickly to her.

"You must forgive me, madame; I ought not to have walked so fast. How thoughtless I am! I must have tired you past endurance; forgive me, indeed I have much to ask pardon for."

She gave him a tender, timid smile.

"It is no matter; I am not tired; but I believe I must say good-night now. I seem to be sadly unfortunate; I hoped this evening would have given you pleasure, you who admire beauty so ardently, and instead—" She hesitated.

"It is not your fault that it has not given me unmixed pleasure."

He pressed with his other hand the fingers that lay within his arm.

"In some way or another I fear it has given you pain," she said, plaintively, but her eyes shone with joy.

"What a lovely, loving woman!" he thought, and his feelings showed in his eyes; "how little I deserve such goodness!" "No, madame," he said, impulsively, "you have been all that is kind and sweet, and I have been cold and ungrateful. I am not myself this evening. I must ask you to forgive me."

"I?" She gave him one tender glance. "No, no," she said, "I have nothing to forgive. I only wished to make you happy, and—and—" She hesitated; tender, ardent words were on her tongue, but she checked them; she felt that she was on the edge of her fate, and she wished to prolong these delicious moments. "I," she said, quietly, "only wished to make you happy, and I do not think," she added, with a little laugh which was pathetic, for it tried to hide how intensely she felt—"I do not think I quite know the way—do I?"

He released her hand from his arm, and then he took it between his own.

"What can I say to such sweetness?" his voice was hoarse but full of feeling. "Will you forgive me all my rudeness, all my coldness?" He bent over her hand and kissed it. "I will try to deserve all your goodness."

Madame Carouge could not speak; this sudden change took away her breath. She felt lifted off the earth into that paradise of warm, rosy love which the glowing mountains had awhile ago pictured to her. It is strange to find how many-voiced is any grand spectacle of nature as it reveals itself to the varied minds that drink in its message through their eyes.

She looked up suddenly at her companion, but she did not meet his eyes. He was gazing far off at the purple mass that girdled in the scene, and made even the terrace gloomy.

"It will soon be dark," he said, gravely. The sudden glow toward his companion had died away.

She was not thrown back now as she had been on former occasions by his change of manner. The spell of his presence subdued her will, even her sensations, into union with his. She answered him in the same tone:

"Yes, it is getting dark. I will go home. Monsieur Riesen will see after the carriage."

Engemann bowed, and they went on along the terrace. She was silent from joy; at last she knew that he loved her. Perhaps he had always loved her, and only the doubt and fear of her own love had clouded her sight with this foolish want of confidence. That kiss on her hand had thrilled through her being; it had been the seal of their love, she thought, and she emptied her heart of the dark fears it had harbored, and sighed softly with almost a weight of joy.

"Ah! here is Monsieur Riesen," Rudolf said.

The husband and wife were standing in the middle of the promenade, now almost deserted, for though the music had only just ceased, people were leaving the gardens.

"At last we have found you," cried the clockmaker's wife, coming forward; and the widow thought her cackling voice clattered harshly into the delicious silence. "A pair of truants, indeed. But I suppose we must excuse them; eh, Eugène?"

"Don't be a fool," her husband muttered.

"Will you have the kindness to find the carriage?" Madame Carouge said to him. "I must go home. I had no idea it was so late."

But the clockmaker felt that this was the last straw, and that he could not carry it. His evening had been altogether hateful to him, and he had been obliged to admit to himself that, after all, his wife was right, and that Engemann was in earnest in his pursuit of the widow; he had not once left her side during the evening. Riesen looked at Madame Carouge, and he saw how subdued she was, and how young and happy she looked; he felt very angry.

"Engemann, my good fellow," he said, "I have a weak ankle, and I should be glad to rest it while Pierre puts the horse in. I told him he might put it up, and enjoy himself in the gardens. Can you find him, do you think?" "Diable!" he said to himself; "that fellow shall earn his salt somehow."

Engemann was gone before Madame Carouge could speak. To her dismay, she found herself alone with Madame Riesen and her husband.

CHAPTER XXX.

MISSING.

When Rudolf Engemann passed on with the widow on his arm, the captain stood still, with his mouth wide open, and a look of displeasure on his broad full-moon face.

Riesen had walked on sullenly beside his wife, and Lenoir was on the other side of Madame Bobineau. The old woman was whispering to her friend, and Lenoir was dying to hear what she said.

They had been all too much occupied with themselves to notice what had happened behind them, and, indeed, the flow of people coming up from the end of the terrace, eager to leave the gardens, had by this time completely parted them from the captain and Marie.

"*Ma foi!*" Loigerot exclaimed—and between his teeth he uttered some very strong words—"what does the fellow mean, sneering at a gentleman? And—and he owes me explanation, and he shall give it, or—" And again a strong word came out, louder than before, as he put his hand to where his sword-hilt should have been.

He had not felt in such a rage since he left the army, and for a minute he forgot where he was; the whole scene became blurred and confused, and he longed to have it out with "this insolent lubber," as he termed him, who doubtless had never used a sword in his life. Captain Loigerot was rather obtuse, but his position this evening had sharpened his perceptions, and in his sympathy for Marie's sensitiveness he had become quick-sighted; he had seen ridicule on some of the faces of those who congratulated him, and the malicious sarcasm, as it seemed to him, of Engemann had stung him keenly. It was evident that this young man, rich in personal advantages, happy in the love of a beautiful woman, despised him and disbelieved in his good fortune.

For an instant—as he stood bristling with anger from head to foot—Loigerot saw himself as he appeared to Rudolf, middle-aged and doting, fooled into the belief that he was loved for himself. The idea was momentary, but it took his thoughts at once back to Marie. Her hand no longer rested on his arm, and as he looked round quickly and with sudden alarm, he saw that she was not beside him.

"*Diable!*" he exclaimed, and the color deepened on his face. "What! Why! Where is my little dove?" He looked eagerly about him, but close by was Madame Webern, the pastry-cook, and Loigerot was far too old a soldier to let this gossiping woman perceive his discomfiture. He bowed to her, and then he looked toward the table and chairs where they had been sitting. They were empty. Loigerot tried to hide his discomfiture, for although people were going away fast, still he met an acquaintance here and there. He had been so triumphant all the evening, he

must not betray to these curious eyes any uneasiness in his search for Marie.

"Poor little dove," he said to himself; he felt in great need of pacifying words. "Poor little angel; no doubt she was tired, and she does not like to be stared at. She has gone after Madame Bobineau. Yes, that is it, she has gone after the old woman; but she should not have slipped away from me. It will soon be dark. It is most improper. Well, well, the sweet child is young and does not know."

It had been arranged between Madame Bobineau and the captain that they should all walk home together by the lower bridge, for Loigerot had not found his drive to the gardens amusing—the two ladies behind and he perched up beside the coachman.

He stood still thinking what he should do. The ladies were possibly tired of waiting and had gone home alone. The idea of Marie walking in the dark with no better protector than "old Bobineau," as he called her, filled the captain with alarm and quickened his faculties. He rolled along to the end of the terrace walk, and then back again; and after a keen search among the remaining stragglers he hurried to the entrance of the gardens, always looking for the tall figure in a pale gray gown. But he could not see either Marie or Madame Bobineau. As he hastened along he saw the Riesens and Madame Carouge standing together, but they did not see him, and he avoided them.

"I am not going," he said to himself, "to let that long-tongued gossip Madame Riesen know of my mischance with Marie," and he hurried on.

Duty was paramount with the captain. He had lost Marie by his own carelessness; it was his place to find her, and he must find her without delay. At first he had been more startled than troubled. After his diligent search through the gardens had failed, he guessed that she had gone away with Madame Bobineau. But although his lack of imagination did not enable him to conjure up the doubt and dread which might have affected a more sensitive lover, his common-sense rarely failed him, and by the time he had reached the bridge across the Aar he felt puzzled and anxious, unable to decide what he had best do.

The unaccustomed speed at which he had walked no doubt added to his disturbance, but still even supposing that Madame Bobineau had quitted the gardens when he missed Marie, he must long ago have overtaken the runaways. He stood still on the bridge, puffing and panting; perhaps it would be best to go back and ask Riesen's help in finding them, for, after all, they might have sat down to wait for him in some out-of-the-way corner. But even as he turned back to carry out this idea a new and more hopeful thought came. Madame Bobineau had complained of fatigue as they sat drinking lemonade, and Marie had asked him to take her home. Was it not more than likely that some friend leaving in a carriage had offered the old woman and her charge seats, and that she had carried off Marie with her?

He shrugged his shoulders. "She is a wary old bird," he said to himself. "She sees I am secure, and she no longer studies my wishes. Well, well, I shall have the marriage fixed a fortnight hence. I want my little girl to myself, out of the reach of the old hag."

All this time he was hurrying along by the short way to the Spitalgasse—this was up a flight of steep steps in the lofty green bank on which stand the houses and churches of Berne looking down into the poplar-fringed Aar. Loigerot's face had become purple with exertion, and he gasped when he reached the top of the steps. He took off his hat and stood still to recover his breath, for although it was dusk the heat still lingered, with the strange atmospheric pressure that threatens storm.

"*Pouf!*" he gasped; "you forget your extra weight, my friend Achille, and the years since you were at the Malakoff. *Diable!* perhaps it is love that helps to make my heart beat; that is too amusing, you old dog;" and he laughed heartily in spite of his breathless condition. "Well, well"—he wiped his bald head and put on his hat again—"to work, my friend; it is a hard end to a day's pleasure, but the reward will be the sweeter, and the little rogue shall pay me in kisses. Ah!" He smacked his lips heartily, and hurried on in his rolling fashion to the Red Glove.

The big red sign looked almost scornful and threatening to the captain as a ray from the gas lamp glinted on it.

Loigerot knocked twice, but no answer came. He knocked more loudly a third time. "*Diable!*" he said; "this grows serious; but I have perhaps arrived first." He looked up again at the Red Glove. Something in the aspect of the bloated

sign made him shake his clinched fist at it. It seemed to mock him. He stood still, gazing, while his face grew yet more angry, and he turned away. "I am not going to be made a fool of, and I'll never be laughed at by an old she-devil of a glover. She is gorging herself with supper, no doubt."

His sturdy legs were very wide apart as he opened the private door with his pass-key.

"Madame Bobineau! Madame Bobineau!" He roared and shouted her name down-stairs, in the kitchen, upstairs. He had lost all self-control, and he even knocked at Engemann's door.

The house was like a grave—dark, silent, and stifling in its atmosphere, for every window had been closely shut by the old glover before she left home.

Loigerot came slowly down-stairs a little ashamed of his excitement; he stood thinking on the mat in the passage.

All at once he opened the door, closed it behind him, and hurrying up the street he turned to the left, and soon reached the flight of steps leading down to Marie's lodgings. He had watched her home more than once, but when he arrived at the door of the house he had seen her enter, he felt that this proceeding was open to objection: would it not be injurious to Marie if any one saw him at the door of her lodgings?

"It is dark," he said, "and there are not many people about," and he knocked.

The door was slowly opened. "Who is there?" a voice asked.

"Is Mademoiselle Marie Peyrolles at home?"

The captain could not distinguish anything in the dark passage through the half-opened door.

"No," and the door began to close.

Loigerot put his foot just within. "I beg your pardon," he said, politely, "but are you sure? The young lady may have come in without your knowledge."

"That is not possible," the croaking voice said; "she has no key."

"You are quite sure, madame? some one else may have opened the door for her. Will you have the goodness to go and inquire if she is within?"

There was a pause, then a grunt came from the speaker; the door was closed, and he heard a heavy step going upstairs.

He waited with a smile of relief. "It is all right," he said; "no doubt the old woman has seen her home, and has then gone off to some of her gossips. Poor little girl, it is horrible to think of her being lodged in such quarters; but we will make all that right before long. Ah! here she comes."

The door opened again and he felt radiant, but the same harsh voice jerked out: "She has not come in; she's not in her room," and the door was shut in his face.

The captain stood looking blankly at the door. So far he had followed instinct, and had felt a sort of blundering surprise at his own cleverness. Now he looked as clumsy and as helpless as a performing bear when he has played out all his antics. There is nothing to be done in the bear's case but to repeat his performance, and the only idea that came to Captain Loigerot was that he must go back to the gardens and begin his search over again.

"I came by the short way, as we had settled to come," he said, with self-reproach, "and they may have kept to the road and gone across by the upper bridge." He tugged at his mustaches, seeking his usual counsel from them. It was evident that Madame Bobineau and Marie were together, for they were both missing.

The captain drew a deep breath of relief, and holding his head erect he rolled down the street, resolved to follow it to its end, and thus lose no chance of seeing the fugitives in the event of their being in a carriage.

"*Sacré!*" he muttered; "it was all the fault of that idea of walking home. Achille, when wilt thou learn to be reasonable, and to remember that thou art no longer twenty years of age, and that little Marie is not taken with thy bright eyes, as some others were years ago? But —but, *ma foi*," he nodded complacently, "I caught her several times smiling at me, little dear. When a girl is shy she is the devil for hiding her feelings, but they peep out spite of her caution. Well, well, the shy game will soon be over."

He did not walk back as fast as he had come. When he had turned and was on his way to the bridge beneath the railway, he began to meet scattered groups who were returning from the Schänzli.

"*Ciel!* where are they?" said the captain between his teeth. "It is most extraordinary."

He had just reached the suspension-bridge. Lights were twinkling among the houses on the opposite bank, and a murmur of voices came up from the poplar-fringed walk far below beside the river. There was a cold gleam on the water,

wholly unlike its usual aspect. The bridge vibrated as the sound of a carriage was heard coming across it: the gas lamp at this end was lit, and Loigerot stood under it, ready to examine the occupants of the coming vehicle.

As the carriage emerged from the covered bridge and was passing him, a cry was heard from within.

"Captain, captain," "Monsieur Loigerot," and from the box Lenoir joined in the duet between Riesen and Madame Bobineau in the carriage.

Lenoir stopped the coachman; but by the time Loigerot stood at the carriage door Madame Bobineau had sunk down in a heap and was shaking with terror. She had seen that the captain was alone. She could not get out a word.

"Here you are at last," said Loigerot, joyfully.

"Where is Mademoiselle Marie?" said the clockmaker.

"What have you done with the little one?" his wife cried.

"Yes, yes," said Lenoir, with a grin; "we are anxious."

Madame Carouge did not say a word, but her face looked white in the gloom as she peered out at the captain.

He literally trembled, but he did not speak. He felt devoutly thankful to Madame Riesen's cackle. It gave him time to face the situation at all points, for, in addition to the dread of giving food for gossip, natural to a man of his age and circumstances, as he recovered from the shock of his discovery, he felt keenly that Marie's good character was involved in her disappearance. A sudden inspiration came to him.

"This is amusing"—he forced a smile—"I came to find you, Madame Bobineau. Mademoiselle Marie wants you, and I have something to tell you as we go along. Come, let me take you home. You will not mind a little walk."

He opened the carriage door and let down the steps, then he took the old woman's hand and drew her out in such a masterful way that she meekly obeyed.

"But you will be tired, madame;" the widow spoke sweetly, in the sudden relief that had come to her with the captain's words, for just now she had been seized with a horrible fear when she saw Captain Loigerot standing alone under the gaslight. "Good-night," she said, as the carriage rolled away.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said Madame Bobineau; "it is such a relief to hear that the dear child is safe. When I saw you alone I nearly fainted. I sent Monsieur Lenoir to find you, and when he came back without tidings I said to myself, '*Mon Dieu!* it is all right; Marie is with the captain; he will take care of her; he is almost her husband.' So I came along with Madame Carouge."

"Please to tell me, madame"—the captain's voice was very harsh, and his manner was rude—"what all this means? Where is Marie? What have you done with the little girl? You know very well she is not with me."

"She is—not with you!"—her consternation was too real to be mistaken, but as his frown softened she flew at him and grasped his arm. "I—I, indeed! What have I done with her! What do you mean, monsieur? I left Marie with you. What have *you* done with her? Do you venture to tell me you have not taken her home?"

"Confound you! I tell you I missed her; she—she went away. I thought she had gone to you. I have been to the Red Glove; but she is not there. I have been to her lodging; she is not there," he said, with slow and angry emphasis.

Madame Bobineau stood thinking. "What do you propose to do?" she said at last, very quietly, for she began to fear that it might be left to her alone to find the lost girl.

"I am going back to the gardens, madame. When I find I have lost my way, I always go back to the place I started from. It seems to me possible—I only say possible," he said, gravely—"that the poor child felt ill, and she may still be sitting under the trees at the Schänzli."

He turned away. Before he had gone many steps he came back to Madame Bobineau.

"You, madame," he puffed out his words sententiously, "had better wait here. There is a bench not far off. You must wait here till I return. If she passes, you will see her. Do you understand?"

He rolled rapidly away over the bridge.

"Holy Virgin! he treats me as if I was dirt." Madame Bobineau's eyes gleamed with anger. "It must be bed-time. I am tired to death. I will give that hussy a beating to-night if I never give her another; and then I will not lose sight of her again until she is Madame Loigerot."

COPENHAGEN PIER.

A WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

II.—THE FLIGHT.

WHEN we landed in Copenhagen, after twelve hours on what the sailors call "a nubbly sea," we naturally felt the need of quiet and rest. The skies were friendly to our state of mind and body, for when we left the steamer low clouds swept the earth, bringing a chill drizzle which made shelter a necessity, and enforced a quiet day in-doors. "How much like Boston!" "Especially this northeaster!" "Behold the result of the reflex influence of Thorwaldsen's culture!" were the three phrases solemnly interchanged as we paddled along the sloppy streets. We had rest and quiet enough before that storm was over. All the costume we saw for nearly a week was water-proofs and umbrellas. We judged from what we saw that one of the peculiarities of the dress of Danish women was very short petticoats—an impression which speedily vanished with the cessation of the rain.

STREET IN AALBORG.

The object of our search was, at the end of two weeks, just as far off as ever. We made desultory inquiries about characteristic costumes, and found out that it was quite as profitable to ask a Copenhagen citizen where the peasantry of the peninsula still retain their ancient garb, as it would be to ask a New-Yorker where the most picturesque American Indians live. In the market-places a few curiously dressed women attracted our notice, but we were assured that they wore the costume for advertisement. The remote districts fired our ambition to visit them. They looked so well on the map. Certainly in Jutland the people had not yet made the acquaintance with a sewing-machine and ready-made clothing. But who could tell us about the north? We were running off the maps of Baedeker and Murray, and must depend on volunteer information. The names of the Cattegat, the Skager-Rack, Skagen, and the Skaw had never lost any of their charm since we used to sing them over in

the geography class. Thorwaldsen was getting oppressive. Every shop window was full of him. All the gate posts were ornamented with imitations of his work, the perambulating drinking bars where the thirsty can imbibe mineral water and "moelk toddy" for four-fifths of a cent were named "The Pallas," "The Andromache," "The Psyche." Even the kitchen utensils showed signs of Greek influence. The absurdity of this fashion became tiresome, and we took a weak revenge by refraining from an inspection of the collection of the famous sculptor's masterpieces in the museum which is his mausoleum.

COURT-YARD IN AALBORG.

Suddenly we gathered ourselves together and tore ourselves away from Copenhagen and Thorwaldsen, and flew northward, armed with no information more useful than the report that one Danish artist visited Skagen every summer to paint the fishermen there. The sand hills of Jutland were now our Excelsior, Skagen the Ultima Thule of our ambition.

From Copenhagen to Aarhuus, a small sea-port on the eastern shore of Jutland, is very much like a night on Long Island Sound, except that the passengers on deck take a more sentimental interest in the castle of Elsinore than the Blackwell's Island castles commonly excite. Aarhuus furnishing us neither storks nor sand hills nor costumes, we pushed on northward, impatient of delay. The speed on the Danish railways does not often make the telegraph poles look like a picket-fence, and we had plenty of leisure all day long to study the hundred and fifty miles of country over which we passed. The first half of the trip was through a pleasant rolling district, beautifully cultivated and populous. As we went northward occasional tracts of waste land were interspersed among the fertile farms, and extensive bogs, dotted with stacks of drying peat, took the place of the rich green meadows. At last the fertile spots appeared like oases in the midst of the heather and bog, low stone huts were the only habitations visible, and solemn storks and grazing cattle the only signs of life.

The narrow streets of Aalborg, where houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries crowd each other into all kinds of confusing perspective, welcomed us with a picturesqueness grateful to the eye after the monotonous landscape of the peat

bogs and sand wastes. Here, then, at last we had found a congenial place. In more senses than one we certainly had, for we were put down at a hotel where the quaintness of the exterior was only equalled by the comfort of the interior. The landlord, an Alsatian by birth, out-Daned the Danes in politeness, and attention.

We did not think we were expecting too much when we visited the market the next morning confident of finding the peasantry in characteristic dress. But there was scarcely as much as one pair of homespun stockings in the crowd. It might have been a market in Jersey City for all the peculiarity of costume. We were rapidly yielding to the belief that there is no real peasantry in Denmark. Probably the railway is the direct cause of this universal modernization, we reasoned. The proof of this was seen in the new quarter of the town, near the railway station, where all the houses are built in the French style of the present decade. Even among the staggering old timbered houses, two or three centuries old, the gilded signs of ready-made clothing shops contrasted their brilliancy with the dingy brick and the smoke-stained beams, and through the formal rows of small-paned windows we could see heaps of garments to tempt the people with low prices and conventional cut. "After all," said the landscapist, wisely, "it is the sewing-machine, not the steam-engine, that has annihilated characteristic costume."

Aalborg is not an overbusy town, although its position on the Lym-Fiord gives it considerable importance as the terminus of lines of steamers. Near the quays, mediæval streets cross and recross and wind in a labyrinth. Here is always seen some bustle and movement, and behind the heavy black oaken doors may be heard the sounds of active manufactories. In the grassy quadrangles of the solemn old public institutions and the khan-like courtyards of the old dwelling-houses the chirp of birds and the cackle of fowl sound shrill in the sleepy quiet. Many of the oldest houses carry out the plan of the Eastern khan in the long balcony under the eaves, and in the heavy assault-proof doors of the main entrance, which, firmly barred at night, transform the dwelling into a veritable castle.

In Aalborg we found that we were just as far from Skagen as in Copenhagen, for all we could learn about the place or how to get there. But one bright morning we loaded ourselves with sketching materials enough to last a month and took the train for Frederikshavn, the terminus of the railway, about fifty miles distant. The Lym-Fiord makes an island of the extreme northern part of Jutland, and this division is accented by the change in the topography of the country, the island being, on the east side at least, mostly flat and treeless. Some one remarked, as we crossed the great plain which reached to the horizon with scarcely a curve or a break, that if any dry land had been wasted in making hills, there wouldn't have been enough to last to Skagen.

At Frederikshavn, which, to our disgust, we found to be built upon strictly modern principles, differing only in style of architecture from hundreds of Western towns gathered around a railway station and a steamboat landing, we at last did gain some information about our destination. The hotel-keeper told us that we had better take provisions with us, especially wines, because there never were any visitors at Skagen, and we probably wouldn't find enough food there to keep us from starving. He advised us to go by private conveyance, because the post wagon went only twice a week, and could carry only two passengers at that. We were seriously assured that we were taking our lives in our hands in attempting the journey, for there were twenty-five long miles before us, mostly over sand wastes, where the wheels sunk up to the hubs, and the horses are often extricated with difficulty.

"Why," he said, "the Skagen church is always half buried up by sand, and the dwelling-houses have to be shovelled out of sand drifts after every hard blow."

This and much other equally valuable and interesting information was volunteered, and we took it all in with the eagerness of newspaper reporters. At the *table d'hôte* dinner, where we dutifully gorged ourselves in preparation for the season of starvation which we expected to endure, we felt ourselves to be the heroes of the day, quite like explorers about to look for the north pole, or like pioneers preparing to do battle with nature and the natives in some great wilderness. People whispered together, stared at us as much as Danish politeness permitted, and asked questions with an innocent curiosity quite resembling the New England variety. Our vocabulary did not admit of

BASKET-SELLER.

OLD LIGHT-HOUSE, SKAGEN.

extended boasting, else we should have seized the opportunity, and placed ourselves before the company in the rank of Paul Du Chaillu, Henry M. Stanley, and Captain Burnaby. We were obliged to console ourselves with the thought that our table companions would see from our faces that we were resolute and determined, and would judge from our figures that we could endure the vicissitudes of the trip to the jumping-off place of Denmark.

When we started away, shortly after noon, our carriage, a vehicle of the type common in Continental cities, with a seat for two passengers behind and one beside the driver, was crowded with sketching traps, bottles of the landlord's wines and liquors, grain for the horses, and parcels containing luncheon for ourselves. Having determined to see the country as it is, we refused to take any great amount of eatables, and carried along the liquids more in the expectation of bringing rare and welcome luxuries to the inhabitants than of using them ourselves. This inexcusable rashness of improvidence in regard to food supplies was seriously disapproved of by the landlord and his friends, and even by the driver, who looked with visible disappointment on the meagre luncheon. But we were firm, and drove off at a break-bottle pace, eager to face the unknown dangers of the journey, and longing for some adventure, even if it were no more than a night's bivouac in the sand wastes.

For the first ten miles the road is hard and smooth, and leads in a perfectly straight line over a gently rolling country. The soil is thin and poor in places, but in the shallow valleys and on the sunny slopes the farmers were harvesting heavy crops of grain. The farm-houses are all of stone, with thatched roofs, and are surrounded by capacious barns and sheds. No tumble-down picturesqueness disfigures the landscape; everything is well kept, thrifty, and comfortable. At the half-way station, a little cluster of low stone houses called Aarbaeck, the macadamized road suddenly ends. We had been in sight of the sea to the eastward all the way, and while we watered the horses we could hear the swish of the summer waves just over the low dunes beyond the sandy gardens of the little village. To the northward lay a flat, heather-grown waste, bounded in the distance by sand billows, shining white in the afternoon sun. It was past five o'clock when we left the little village and drove down the gentle slope of the last stretch of solid earth and out upon the brown plain. The road was well ditched and kept in perfect order, but of peculiar construction, which we did not thoroughly understand until we came across a family, man, woman, and children, engaged in repairing it. Great stacks of heather twigs had been gathered and stored at intervals along the track, and these were carefully spread over the worn places, and laid in

the ruts for long distances together. We could see from the ditches that the foundation of the roadway was soft sand, and could judge how, by the constant application of the twigs, a firm but elastic road-bed had been formed, which prevented the sand from drifting, and made a surface pleasant for passengers and easy for horses.

We soon lost sight of the houses we had left, and no human habitation was visible on either side of us. Great flocks of plovers, appearing double their real size on the smooth surface of the plain, watched us curiously as we passed, then flew ahead and settled near the road again to get another look. There were no stones to throw at

SKAGEN FISHER-GIRLS.

them; we had not even an empty revolver; so we vented our exasperation on the greenhead flies, which were the only things we could kill, and which began to bite viciously. But the birds paid as little attention to our noisy slapping the flies as they did to our language, and continued the same ungamelike performances until we plunged into the tumultuous sea of sand billows that made the northern horizon. We were glad to be rid of the birds, although their company kept us from noticing the desolation around us, made conversation picturesque, and started no end of wonderful tales of what game each one of us had shot, and what mighty Nimrods we once were and could be again. We left the heather behind, and we now had sand and no life upon it. We soon got far more weary of the lifeless landscape than we had been of the heather and the evolutions of the game birds. The road wound among the dunes in a most erratic way, following generally the lowest depressions and avoiding any steep inclines. On all sides of us rose irregular summits of various heights, narrowing the view to oppressive limits, and blinding the eyes with their dazzling whiteness. A sparse growth of tufted sand grass covered the slopes, except where the weather had gullied out a great patch and started a broad avalanche of sand, which scored the hill-side. We could not judge of the size of the dunes, because there was nothing to gauge the height by. At times they seemed as large as the Alps; then, as we approached a hill which in its own proportions and in the character of its lines seemed thousands of feet high, it dwindled into a very ordinary sand hill, the forests on its flanks became patches of sand grass, its ravines and cañons diminished to small gullies, and its majestic summit was seen to be but the wind-swept crest of a shifting sand heap. The road-bed, as we went further and further from the heather plain, became more and more springy, and the sand in places was sifted up through the twigs, and was carried along with the wheels in a cloud of white particles. The horses, now no longer fresh, drew the carriage with difficulty, and at last the pace became a slow walk. Evening drew on, and purple-toned shadows fell across the dunes, contrasting with the orange light of the sunset. In the long twilight the stillness of the dreary waste around us was broken only by the screech of a tardy seagull as it flitted past. The waning light added new mysteries to the landscape, and made the desolation still more weird and depressing. We shouted and sang, but no echo answered us. Human voices seemed muffled and out of harmony with the surroundings, and we relapsed into a weary silence, each one overwhelmed by a sense of utter loneliness, which the companionship of our small party was inadequate to dispel. The twilight gave place to starlight, minutes lengthened into hours, and we still quietly advanced, the muffled thud of the horses' feet and the "whish" of the sand on the wheels seeming to grow louder and louder.

Suddenly a light, red and flaring in contrast with the twinkle of the bright northern stars, burst into view like a great Cyclopean eye between the shadowy forms of two great hillocks in front of us. The driver brought his whip across the horses, and they started off at a gallop. It was the lantern of the Skagen light-house, and our journey was nigh ended. A half-hour later we whisked through the deep sand of the streets of a great straggling village. No lights shone in the windows of the low houses, and not a soul was astir. High in the air, seemingly close at hand, the great lantern burned, with a protecting expression in its glare, and our loneliness vanished before its cheering rays. To the eastward the Cattegat sparkled in the starlight; to the north, beyond the light-house, we could distinguish the dark expanse of the Skager-Rack; and westward, where a faint rose-color still lingered, the chilly waves of the North Sea tossed phosphorescent white-caps in the air.

We drove into a sandy court-yard, and up to the back-door of a long, one-story house. It was strangely like Cape Cod. The same low, straggling out-buildings, the ladder and broken-down cart, the manure heaps, the hen-coops, and a smell of fish overpowering all other odors. We hammered at the open door, and after a long wait a man appeared holding a kerosene lamp, and shading his eyes with his hand. He was Yankee enough as to his manner and his features, but pure Danish as to his speech. We parleyed for supper and lodging.

"Oh, certainly, you can have supper! I'll call the cook. Wouldn't you like some nice fresh flounders?"

Of course we would like fresh fish of any species, and in a short time we sat at a white-spread table. We felt curiously at

WAITING FOR THE SEINE.

home, somehow or other. Ah, yes! there it was—a chromo! a weeping-willow done on white velvet and an embroidered sampler! a rag carpet and an air-tight stove! Heavens! a rocking-chair and a melodeon! Were we in South Dennis, or really in Skagen, Denmark? The landlady, thin, spare of hair, and long-waisted, brought in the fish, and walked about nervously smoothing her calico dress. We expected to find flounders fried in pork fat, and they were. The landlord, placing on the table two bottles of claret from his own cellar, agreeably interrupted the vision of our native land, and proved that this part of his bill of fare was praiseworthy. We ate and drank, and, still thinking of New England, expected to be shown to musty spare rooms and feather-beds. But no such good luck awaited us. The house was full; it was always full in the summer-time, the landlord said. The best he could do for us was to give us the hair-cloth sofa and two shakedowns in the breakfast-room. We gratefully accepted his hospitality. In the lottery for the choice of beds the landscapist and the writer drew the shakedowns, and speedily retired to rest, divided in the opinion whether the smell of fish wafted through the open windows was stronger than the odor of stale tobacco on the floor.

Skagen by daylight is less picturesque than Skagen by starlight. We found in our first walk around the town that the houses, which gave the impression of some individuality as we saw them dimly at night, were of the single-story, whitewashed order, with little variation except in the color of the weather-beaten thatch, and in the number of boats which were transformed into store-houses and henneries in the yard. The Skagen streets appeared to lead wherever the sand was softest and deepest, without regard to the situation of the houses. Possibly the plan of the streets changes with every heavy wind-storm, for the wind is a great enemy to cultivation there, and drifting sand will completely bury a garden and obliterate highway boundaries in a single night. The most prominent objects in the village are the great racks for drying fish. Tall stakes are planted in the ground at intervals of a rod or so apart, and lines or slender poles are stretched horizontally between them. On these lines they hang out the flat-fish to dry in the sun, to serve both for the winter provision of the families and for the purposes of barter. This irregular row of poles, with festoons of shrivelled, warped fish, forms an odoriferous if not ornamental fence by the roadside, around the cottage yards, and along the beach in all directions. It is said on good authority that the inhabitants of Skagen have gotten accustomed, after the experience of generations, to every imaginable smell connected with the curing of fish. We were disposed at first to doubt this statement, but having watched in vain for a muscular movement which betrayed annoyance at any odor, we accepted this report as a fact.

The landlord, on calling us to breakfast, asked what we would like to have. It was a scorching day, and visions of iced cantaleup and other seasonable luxuries flitted before us. But we thought we would confine ourselves strictly within the bounds of a reasonable bill of fare. While we were consulting, the genial Dane suggested, "Perhaps some nice fresh flounders?" We feebly hinted that there must be a good many chickens in Skagen, but he evaded a reply, and told how the fish had that moment been caught. We resigned ourselves on the same principle that a traveller in some parts of the Continent eats garlic to dull his sense of smell, and make conversation with the natives endurable. We thought, perhaps, if we ate plenty of flat-fish we would smell them less.

The village of Skagen is situated a mile and a half from the extreme end of the sand point which runs out sharply into the Skager-Rack, separating the waters of the North Sea from those of the Cattegat. The village covers nearly half the width of the point, well sheltered by high sand dunes from the violent north and west winds, but swept by every breeze that blows from the east and south. Just beyond the village to the north is a high hummock, either built for the purpose for which it is now used, or else a natural isolated dune of large proportions. Generations of fishermen's wives have here built their signal fires to light their storm-belated husbands to the shore. On its grassy slopes the antiquated fishermen exchange the gossip of the place, and boast of the marvellous hauls they have made out of the waters below, which are now alive with fleets of small boats. From this hummock the village looks as irregular and as earth-colored as a prairie-dog settlement. The picturesque, dismantled

SKAGEN.

tower of the old light-house rises majestically from the heather close at hand, while to the north, a mile away, the new light-house, with bright brick buildings attached, contrasts strangely with the barren background of sand hills half hiding the point beyond. The Cattegat shimmers in the morning sun, delicate in color, soft and inviting; the North Sea tosses, blue and cold, far away to the horizon, where it cuts the sky with a sharp dark line. It is forbidding, stern, even cruel, under the warm summer day. What must it be when the great seas meeting the current from the Baltic make a turmoil in which no ship could float, and when the huge breakers thunder against the beach and dash the spray high over the dunes! Now the lap, lap, of the wavelets of the Cattegat, accompanied by the muffled roar on the northern beach, make a sweet and gentle music, restful in its monotony. When the winter storms begin, and human nerve and energy are strained in the constant fight with rude and boisterous nature, life here is at the best but patient endurance.

Skagen has now no harbor, if it ever had. The beach shifts constantly, and the old church, half buried in the sand near the beach, gives evidence of the uselessness of attempting to keep open any artificial harbor. All the fishing is done in strong open boats not too large to be readily hauled up on the beach, nor too small to navigate the Cattegat with safety. The shore fishing, which is only possible in calm weather, is quite as profitable as any

other method, and while we were in Skagen the whole fleet were busy near the village. Two boats, the first of them carrying a very long seine, put out from the shore together. When some distance out, one end of the seine is taken by the second boat, and the net is extended parallel with the shore, and is sunk, by means of weights, to the bottom. The boats now bring strong guy lines to the points on the beach opposite the seine, and large parties of men, women, and children haul on these lines, gradually approaching each other, until the net comes in like a great scoop, sometimes dragging with it more weight of fish than both boats could carry. The catch is divided up on the spot, each of the families owning the boats receiving its share. The small fish are cleaned by the girls and hung up to dry, and the larger ones are sent away by boat to the railway to be sold fresh or salted for export.

Our morning stroll around the town had disclosed nothing extraordinarily picturesque in the way of costume, and we thought perhaps we would have better luck when the village got fairly astir. But after breakfast we regularly explored the place, penetrated into the interior of the cottages, hunted out the girls working at their flounder-slashing, interviewed the oldest and the youngest inhabitant, and found them, one and all, in type, character, and costume, nearer like Americans than any foreigners we had ever seen.

"Shades of St. Luke!" said our two down-Easters, "have we come all the way to Skagen to sketch the rubber boots, the oil-skins, and the cardigan jackets of Cape Ann, Long Island calico dresses, and New Jersey sun-bonnets?"

"What is there in Skagen that we couldn't find in an American fishing village?"

"Flat-fish," was the reply of the third, who was determined, out of sheer contrariness, to make the best of it. "You couldn't get a taste of fish in this the busy season anywhere on the sea-shore within a hundred miles of New York or Boston, unless you bought it in a market or ate it in a fashionable hotel."

We sketched, we visited the enterprising Danish artist who was fast ruining his sense of smell, storing his brain with phosphorus, and painting a very good picture of hauling the nets. We walked to get up an appetite, and to get out of range of the fish festoons. We tried hard to get enough to repay us artistically for the trip, and to warrant the long sojourn we had planned. Luncheon came: more fried flat-fish. This was not encouraging. Through the long summer afternoon we conscientiously worried over the few peculiarities of Skagen architecture, and drove all the fair fish-cleaners in-doors by persistently sketching them. The hour of dinner approached, and by this time suspicious that we had gone through the bill of fare of the hotel, we began to inspect the kitchen, under pretense of curiosity concerning the primitive cast-iron cooking stove. A great heap of freshly dressed flounders and a pan of potatoes ready for boiling denoted too plainly what we might expect.

"Boys, how long does it seem to you since we came to Skagen?" asked the landscapist.

One of us thought it seemed like two weeks; the other gave twice that amount.

"We know the place pretty well, don't we?" continued the man who had brought the most canvas and the most elaborate apparatus for taking out a copyright of both land and sea.

We "allowed" that we did.

"Let's go back to-night," he proposed. The motion was seconded and carried, with the remark that we needn't wait for dinner, because we had already assimilated enough phosphorus to make our whole bodies luminous at night. So when the great company of visitors strolled listlessly into the yard of the inn, with their shoes full of sand and their noses reflecting the sun like polished copper, we drove away, looking forward rather cheerfully to the long drive across the sand barren. No accident happened; the quicksands didn't engulf us, nor the labyrinth of dunes confuse us into losing our way. We struck *terra firma* before the twilight was over, and reached Frederikshavn in time to take the night train for Aalborg.

The next morning we found ourselves heroes. It only takes a very little to make a hero in a quiet place like Aalborg. The whole neighborhood knew that we had been to Skagen and returned in an incredibly short time safe and well. Many were the unintelligible questions showered upon us, the heroes of this wonderful voyage. Whenever we suspected the question related to the landscape, we replied, "Sand! sand!" and when we thought reference was made to our personal com-

fort and entertainment, we replied, "Fish! fish!" The two Danish words served better purpose than a good descriptive vocabulary, and we could hear them re-echoed and repeated wherever we went.

The next day we solemnly discussed the situation. We had evidently gone on a wild-goose chase, and what was to be done? Plenty of paintable things there certainly were everywhere, but we could offer no particular reason why Denmark was peculiarly attractive to the artist.

"Boys," said the landscapist, looking just as wise as when he told us how the cows were trained, "we've been as big fools as Thompson's colt; we ought to have staid in Hamburg."

"We have been fools," we replied, "but how about Thompson's colt?"

"Why, where I live in Massachusetts an old man named Thompson raised horses, which he used to value far above their merits. It has always been told of him that on one occasion he put out to pasture his choicest colt, which had been fed from his birth in a box stall and watered at the trough in the yard. The pasture lay across a small river, and in the middle of the day this colt swam the stream to go up to the barn-yard for a drink of water."

LADY ARCHER.

I.

"OF course we all knew what we might expect of you one day."

"You were very kind, Lady Archer."

"Oh no, not particularly *kind;* only keener than you gave me credit for being," and Lady Archer laughed softly.

The young man leaning against the chimney-piece looked down upon her with a sort of benevolent air of amusement.

"I shall begin to study your characteristics more closely," he said.

A little look, half eager, half wistful, crossed her face.

"Do put me in a book," she said, lightly. "I think that would be *too* delightful. You can remember all my youthful frivolities, no doubt."

"Yes," he answered, quietly. A barely perceptible pause; then:

"You never noticed me so *very* much either," she said, looking at him a little furtively.

But Stanham's gaze was absently turned away. Meeting this friend of former, more tumultuous years had roused up too many memories to make an idle conversation possible. When his dark eyes came back to Lady Archer's upturned face there was the contraction of pain in them.

"You were such a—swell then," he said, trying to smile again, "I'd like to know what you would have thought of my *noticing* you, as you call it. Why, it never occurred to me as a possibility. Do you remember the evening at the Vandervelds'?"

She laughed like a child. "Yes, yes."

"And you overlooked the only dance you would give me. I remember that wretched little Skermorne got it. How I hated him!" He had an air of humoring her in these reminiscences.

"Ah! it was the only dance you *asked* for."

"Well, how could I, after that? No: you were a very bright, particular star, no doubt, but not to be observed by a young man who couldn't hope to reach your plane at any time; and you knew"—he smiled—"I always told you plainly that I wouldn't or couldn't flirt."

Lady Archer looked down at her hands a moment. They were clasped lightly on a soft muslin gown with fluttering yellow ribbons.

"You were—engaged most of that time, were you not?" she said, in a moment, lifting her brown eyes frankly.

"Yes"—Stanham spoke rather shortly—"and so were you."

"No, no," she answered, quickly; "not until the next spring. Let me see: it is seven years ago."

"Oh! is that all?" exclaimed her visitor, passing his hand across his forehead. "Good heavens! I should have said it was fifty."

Perhaps to Lady Archer it seemed as if the seven years might have been half the century. She sat very quietly in her low chair after this, and Stanham, with confused memories of the past, looked about him.

Lady Archer's drawing-room, overlooking Cresson Road, in South Kensington, gave every evidence of taste and skill, the refinement of a dainty woman's touch, and

as well of what seemed like opulence. It was just what he would have known Miss Carew as Lady Archer would possess—the soft, silken side of life, the external graces, which she had always declared were only "outward and visible signs" of that which was born within. She had said such things in those days, yet had there not always lurked something eager to be reproved or contradicted in her fashion of so speaking? From his slow, rather melancholy survey of the room, Stanham brought his eyes back to Jean herself. If he remembered her as rather a cold, disdainful-looking girl, he had to admit that her fuller womanhood had come with many charms. She was what he might have seen or known she would be had his observation been less morbidly self-conscious—a gracefully developed woman, with a face full of singular feeling, and yet a shadow of reserve. Even now something in the look of her brown eyes defied her most laughing mood. The outline of her face was oval, but there was nothing poor or thin about it; the mouth had the same curves as of old, though some sadness lurked in them; only her hair—of a peculiar pale gold-color—looked just as he remembered it. She had changed the fashion of wearing it, but the same little soft waves lay upon the brow that he recalled thinking so pretty and girlish when she was Jean Carew. The changes time had brought seemed as if they might be of inner growth, yet a touch of something even in her voice and manner retained all the girlish air of ignorance and unresolve.

"Yes," Lady Archer said, suddenly; "it is only seven years, and just fancy all they have included! I, married and two years a widow. You, a famous novelist, the lion of the day over here. Is it a change?" She laughed a little nervously. "Tell me, wasn't your life then very interesting? I used to look at you so often, and wonder whether Bohemia wasn't nicer every way than my—Vanity Fair."

"It wasn't bad," laughed Stanham, with a touch of bitterness or sadness. "We used to have a club of our own. We sang songs and smoked friendly pipes, and we said awfully good things sometimes in at Balfe's. Each one was as poor as the other, and we all had towering castles in Spain."

"And yours have come true. Ah, don't pretend to deny it. Don't you know what all those invitations mean? Please, Mr. Stanham, don't snub me when I meet you at your great friends' houses. I suppose we shall see each other very often. When you get tired you can come down to my place in Surrey."

"Are you going there very soon?"

"In a day or two. By-the-way, I have a garden party there on the 10th of next month. Don't you feel like attending it?"

"Most certainly."

"It's a nice place to see," she went on. Her eyes had been furtively taking in any changes in the Stanham she had known. The tall, sombre-eyed young fellow of three-and-twenty was a handsome, rather distinguished-looking man of thirty now; but the tense lines of the mouth and eyes had not altered; the spare olive-tinted face had grown thinner, but, on the whole, was finer and keener in its lines. "*It* will be worth putting into a book—a genuine old manor-house. And my party is to have a special character. I belong to a society who give certain classes of poor people a day in the country every summer."

"How delightful!"

"It's very easily managed," she said, rather disdainfully, as though afraid of trying to appear in a charitable or philanthropical light. "I can put all the burden of it on other people. I only take the picturesque side of it. This is a *fête* for poor foreigners."

"Then I certainly ought to go. Shall I dress characteristically?"

She looked up at him with merry eyes. "Yes; but perhaps you'll have to have a special tent all to yourself. I'm afraid you'll be the only native American guest."

"Very well; I'm sure to be qualified by that time. My letter of credit is fast thinning."

"Oh," she said, the wistful look coming again into her eyes—perhaps he did not know how all about him touched her in every way—"don't you make so very much out of your books, then?"

"Enough for all my wants," he answered, laughing heartily. "Well, Lady Archer, I must go off. If I don't see you before the 10th, you may count on me." He held out his hand with evident reluctance to say good-by, and as he went away down the shadowy staircase and out into Cresson Road, he rejoiced that he had hunted up his old friend, the Jean Carew of his obscurer days. Yet Stanham could no

more define his interest in her now than he had then. It was across a period of very melancholy years that he recalled her face and figure in those old days, yet they certainly seemed to him less shadowy remembrances now that he had seen her again. He had known her, just as he had intimated, as a fashionable girl surrounded by admirers, of whom it had not occurred to him he could openly be one. Now and then he had caught her glance resting on him, above the heads of other people, with something wistful or earnest in it, but for the most part she had presented herself to him as an unimpressionable sort of girl, with nothing emotional or very keen about her. Sometimes she had stirred the better part of his nature just enough to make him irritatingly conscious of her limitations, and he was always vexed with himself when, on leaving any place in which he had seen her, some gesture or look or a tone of her voice clung to his mind.

Then would occur whole weeks when, in the interests of other things, he had wholly forgotten her, and when, after such a period, he again met her, it was always with a new sense of her being disdainful or unsympathetic. Lookers-on might have found it difficult to decide whether these two people even knew each other well enough to exchange more than a salutation, and it was so well known to his friends that Stanham had "had" his affair —begun and ended the romance of life— that no one suspected him of the least interest in any girl. How much would it have surprised their old friends to have heard them on this June day summoning up actual experiences of sentiment or action on occasions when they had appeared only to bow to each other across a room!

When Miss Carew married Sir Barnabas Archer and went abroad, Stanham, absorbed in the breaking down of his ideals in quite another direction, felt glad that he could thus sever an association at once illusory and yet not without an element of fascination. As Lady Archer he scarcely expected to see her again, and, in fact, it was half a surprise to himself that on arriving in London seven years later he had cared to hunt her up. There had been enough dissatisfaction in the past not to care to renew anything connected with it, and Lady Archer, or rather Jean Carew, had been a sort of living presence among his ghosts.

Stanham felt himself now, though a novelist with a fine reputation, something of a cynic and a sage. He had no pulsations to be stirred by any woman. He assured himself, as he made his way toward the Park, that to believe himself capable of a strong emotion would be the most absurd of all his mistakes.

He took his place on one of the benches facing the drive, and for a few moments gave himself up to idle enjoyment of the scene before him. It well repaid a survey; the countless carriages rolling up and down, the pale green verdure, the movement of Rotten Row, and the mist and color of a glorious sunset. His first days in London had not been entirely satisfactory to Stanham, but here a certain sense of the permanence of social traditions affected him in spite of what he called the "Philistinism" in the very air. He enjoyed at once the most florid and most refined spectacle of modern society, paying no price for his enjoyment except the fatigue of looking on; and if he wanted to study special types he had only to turn his head and behold a long-waisted young woman in a white gown, a broad-brimmed hat, and an exasperating jacket, or a youth in a check suit who was quarrelling noisily with a pug-dog. After a time he began to study the faces of the various languid occupants of the carriages. Some passed and repassed so often that he grew familiar with their types. Some, in passing, turned slightly to look at him, and, un-English though he was, he had his own air of distinction, sure to be attractive. He was a well-built man, with keen dark eyes and a satirical smile that usually ended in being entirely kind. Something about him always suggested a man who was trying his best to believe in himself and to preserve certain of his old illusions. An odd mixture of humility and arrogance there was, the one coming in too quickly upon the other to give either the tone of a dominant characteristic, but it may have been this which produced upon most minds an idea that he was worth understanding.

Carriage after carriage rolled by, producing finally a sense of the monotony of fine summer dressing, gay parasols, and staccato smiles. Then suddenly a little halt occurred. The Princess of Wales's equipage drove slowly past. Stanham looked up with some increase of animation. The beautiful, gentle face seemed to

"LADY ARCHER STOOD STILL A MOMENT."—[See Page 956.]

From a drawing by C. D. Weldon.

dwarf all the more florid glances about her. Something in her pale sweet beauty, the calm oval contour, the well-modelled eyebrows, mouth, and chin, sent his thought backward again to the days in which he had known Jean Carew; but she was gone by quickly. Stanham leaned back in his seat, smiling rather dismally, and knitting his brows with the look that, although born of extreme weariness, had fascinated so many young ladies in America.

It was at this moment that an open carriage, driven carefully and slowly, halted near to where Stanham sat, so near that, could he have gained his voice, he might have spoken—could he have stretched out his hand, he might have touched the woman seated within it; but Stanham only sat straining his gaze. Across what seemed to him a gulf, an abyss, a tortuous lapse of years, he saw the face, the eyes, the brow, the lips, the poise of head and shoulders, the movement of hands, that, as it were, divided all of his to-day from yesterday.

In the carriage, leaning forward slightly to speak to a man at her right, was the woman who had once made Stanham fancy that he loved her. Not a yard of space separated them, and yet he sat there as though he beheld her across some wide and awful sea.

He stood up, watched for a moment in an absent-minded sort of way the man to whom she was talking, and then he turned his eyes upon the girl. He had always known that she was beautiful, but now the large luxuriousness of her type seemed more pronounced than it had been seven years ago. Beside Lady Archer she looked like some full-blown flower near to a dainty, soft wild rose. She was dark-haired and dark-eyed, with an olive skin in which the color, though clearly defined, was not too deep; her richly curved lips parted on very white teeth, and smiled with a lazy sort of triumph, it seemed to Stanham, as she looked at the man beside her. All her old, almost vulgar, imperiousness remained, and the same hint of a coarse fibre lurking even in her softest moments; yet not even Stanham, satisfied as he was of her worthlessness, could deny that she was marvellously lovely.

Whether she saw him or not he did not stop to investigate; without another glance at her carriage he turned and strode hastily away.

He would have given worlds never to have seen her again, and now his one idea seemed to be to put distance between them.

II.

Stanham walked away from the Park with the air of a man who has been cheated out of something he had felt to be his own. It was an indefinite, intangible something, no doubt; indeed, it was only the sense of content over his successful battling with what had disturbed his past; his belief that his newer philosophies were, if a trifle cynical, at least comfortable. A certain tendency at all times to quarrel with his own frame of mind had received a new impetus, and with his eyes and mouth very scornfully fixed, he argued to himself somewhat in this fashion:

"I really have known she would reappear all the time, and I believe I have been wanting to see her; yet I know so well just what she is worth! Good heavens, am I going to repeat any folly! I wonder how much of it all Jean Carew knew; but of course she never had two thoughts for me in those days. No, I'm not the sort of man to inspire any woman very loftily, unless just that I might be added to her list of victims."

Stanham threw back his head slightly, and smiled behind his beard in a savage way. The almost boyish look which had two hours before recalled many memories to Lady Archer had vanished; the lines of the man's face made him seem older than his three-and-thirty years, yet any close observer would have seen that his life and thought and work had not deprived him of the occasional joyousness of youth.

He had a dozen or more invitations for the evening, and had planned to go to a dinner in Kensington, and later to one of the informal parties given in a literary circle.

The dinner passed off agreeably enough, as it is hard for a dinner at a fine house in London not to pass. The hostess was a woman of fashion and rank sufficiently high to give her parties a flavor of the brilliancy of a circle hovering about the court; but Stanham was rather bored by the entire placidity of the very handsome young lady he took down. Her profile was unexceptionable, her jewels and her very white neck and arms all looked like inheritance, but it became monotonous only to hear monosyllables, to see so very fixed a smile, and to have to explain his one or

two little attempts at jocularity; but he admitted in the girl's favor that she had the art of saying nothing at all very comfortably for her companion. If she gave nothing, she made no demands, and after a time he felt at liberty to let his attention wander, and he presently caught Lady Archer's name.

"The most charming woman in Surrey," an elderly man with florid cheeks was saying.

The man was almost Stanham's *vis-à-vis*, and our friend looked up with something in his eyes that made the other add: "A country-woman of yours, Mr. Stanham—Miss Carew that was."

"Yes," answered Stanham, "she used to be considered one of the most charming young women in New York."

"I quite believe you," said the man—a Major Dundas, recently back from the Zulu country. "I suppose one may hope her days of mourning are quite over," he said, with a little eager manner. "Rose Court is such a jolly place to visit"—if the major had said "to have," it would have expressed the meaning in his tone better—"and she's going to have a party on the 10th."

Everybody, it seemed, was to be there, and Stanham had a curious feeling that he had once more drifted into the little shifting, varying, admiring circle in which Jean Carew stood, as it were, so curiously apart, and yet, in a peculiar fashion, near to him. That first evening seemed, in a certain sense, to prefigure the various experiences which occupied his time until the 10th. Lady Archer had left town the night after his visit to Cresson Road, but London seemed to present so many suggestions of her in her new name and estate that there gradually came into the man's mind a picture of her as it were in a transformed condition. Sometimes he told himself he liked the idea of her less under these new and rather exalted circumstances; sometimes he said it was what might have been expected; and occasionally he found himself looking back, as it were, on that dreary mirror of the past, trying to discern just what reflections showed themselves. At such times he told himself that his knowledge of Jean Carew really made her celebrity as Lady Archer incredible.

Meanwhile he continued to be, as Lady Archer had predicted, a brilliant social figure, and went the usual rounds of dinners, kettledrums, flower shows, and breakfasts, with a wholesome mingling of club entertainments, where it was observed that he bore himself with an indifferent good-humor, nothing palpably Western, smiled faintly at compliments, and grew absent-minded over any long speech or even elaborate sentence.

One experience he had determined to avoid, and that was the faintest renewal of an old friendship. That one glimpse of her face in the Park had been enough. No need to bring back what had been so long and so fortunately dead. Stanham might be vague, even visionary, cynical, in his way, and set to expect a lack of tenderness in the relationships of his life, but on some points he was fixed as the polar star. He knew now precisely what he had believed to be his, precisely what he had lost, and he had no intention of so disturbing the smooth externals of life as to go back to pitiful travesty of feeling.

He walked all over the precincts of the Temple, up the Strand, in and out of dingy courts, and down by the embankments one wet July evening, thinking it all over, and then he went back to his hotel almost resolved to let life take its own course, be perverse or commonplace as Fate chose, sooner than spend vitality on this dismal introspection; and then he turned over a heap of letters, one of which was from Lady Archer. It was from Rose Court, and ran as follows:

"DEAR MR. STANHAM,—Will you come down to us on the 9th, and stay a few days after our *fête*? My aunt and uncle, Mrs. and Mr. Thorpe Lee, are with me, and a young cousin of my husband's, Miss Blake, always lives with me, so you will not, perhaps, find it very dull. I want to show you a diary which I think of making into a story. Don't be alarmed. I have no great ambitions in a literary way, but I am curious to know what you would think of this journal. It was kept by a young woman I knew well, under peculiar circumstances. I will tell you more when I see you. Meanwhile believe me

"Faithfully yours,

"JEAN CAREW ARCHER."

III.

I think to any one who has experienced it there is a peculiar charm about arriving at a fine English country house on an evening in late summer, or even the late

autumn. So many elements conspire to revive old fascinations or create new ones, and to the well-experienced comes even a stronger sense of exhilaration when sights and sounds and other things are definitely familiar.

Stanham's acquaintance with English country life had been so entirely derived from novels that he knew just what to expect, but the reality came upon him with a little jar that was not discord, nor yet entire harmony, when, on the afternoon of the 9th, the London train whirled into Sevenmarch, which was the Rose Court station. The country around was fine, and apparently stretching in endless directions of fertility and bloom. To the right some splendid oaks obscured the view, but to the left was an open vista, with the small village dominating one portion, and the rest sweeping away with every variety of hill and dale, here and there some heather showing duskily in the twilight.

Stanham had one moment's survey, from the platform, of this intensely English and peaceful scene before his name was spoken by a groom in dark livery, and he saw that a carriage was in waiting, and with the usual celerity and good management of English servants his luggage and he himself were looked after so soon that it was only a moment before he was bowling along the fine country road. The dusk had deepened perceptibly before the drive ended. What Stanham saw after entering the gates of Rose Court was a finely wooded park, through which the drive led to a sweeping curve, some terraces, whence came faint odors of flowers, and then the warmth of an old gray stone gabled house, set in the midst of what seemed a glory of floral color.

The many windows irregularly jutting out were hung with roses, so that although the house was fine and old enough for its character, an element of simplicity was given it by this natural decoration.

It was evidently a very old place, with that charm of antiquity about some of its angles and turrets, yet as Stanham was admitted he felt most strongly its air of peaceful youth. Something made him think it like what Jean Carew ought to have made her home.

Meanwhile, in a long low-ceiled room upstairs, Lady Archer was seated before her dressing-table, looking earnestly at the reflection of her own face and figure in a quaint mirror. A tall and very blooming girl of twenty was standing at her side, and the question between them seemed to be whether Lady Archer should wear red or yellow roses in her belt. The flowers were on the shining dark oak table before her.

"You see, Dolly," Lady Archer was saying, with a little pucker between her brows, "I used to wear yellow roses so much, but perhaps I am too old for them now. Now, Dolly"—and Lady Archer lifted her face seriously to the girl's—"do you think I look old for twenty-seven? Now please look very critically."

Miss Blake surveyed her cousin with an anxious air. She lifted one of the candles high above Jean's head, and looked at her with grave deliberation. Lady Archer's dress of creamy gauze was cut so that her white throat was bare, and showed to its best advantage, with a bit of yellow satin ribbon tied carelessly about it. Above this the pure fair face, with its look of almost childish entreaty, was certainly not hurt by the fact that the first days of its girlish bloom were just drifting away. Everything that was womanly—tenderly so—remained to give it a grace all its own; but Miss Blake was seriously critical a moment before she answered, "No, I don't think you look *at all* too old for yellow roses."

Lady Archer gave a little sigh of relief, and turned back to the glass. "Well, I'm glad of that," she said, in a comforted sort of tone. "You know in New York, at home, they used to say that, no matter what the season, yellow roses were my flowers, and one night in particular I remember my friend Mr. Stanham— There, Dolly, I hear the sound of wheels. Oh, do you suppose Aunt Pris is ready to come down to the drawing-room? Uncle Thorpe is there, I believe."

Miss Blake slowly considered the fact, and decided she would go to Mrs. Lee herself. Meanwhile Lady Archer, feeling herself curiously like Jean Carew, passed out of her room down the corridor, and began the descent of the beautiful old staircase, which now, softly illumined by candlelight, made a picture Stanham never could forget. There were old tapestries on the walls, and here and there some tall blue vases with peacocks' feathers rising in them, and at one bend Lady Archer, in her white gown with the yellow roses in her

belt, stood still a moment, the hand that lay upon the balustrade trembling very slightly as she looked down into the half-lighted hall, where Stanham stood in the shadow receiving Mrs. Lee's cordial greeting.

The welcome she had to give seemed to be shining in her eyes and vibrating in her very step as she came down and put out her hand, scarcely touching Stanham's with her little soft fingers. Then they were all in the drawing-room. Lady Archer's momentary reserve seemed to have vanished. Stanham was told he had only just time to dress for dinner, and was led away, while Lady Archer walked across to the long low bow-window at the lower end of the room. It fronted the western strip of terrace, and the view was a quiet, peaceful one in the daytime, tinged with a melancholy charm at this hour, the distant greens all veiled in shadow, those near at hand as soft as spring shadows.

Lady Archer stood perfectly motionless a moment; only moved her head a little as her aunt came into the room, followed by pretty, vigorous Miss Dolly, in a blue silk gown and a great many silver ornaments. Only the rector and his wife were coming to dinner, and these guests were being welcomed by the family as Stanham returned to the room.

He used later to recall the look of it on that first evening. It was almost an ideal manor-house drawing-room, long and low, with rich dark colors, lighted here and there by brass, and some strongly colored pictures or china, and rare bits of old glass: the modern effects were almost too few to be worthy of recognition, but in some places touches of Lady Archer's hand showed in bits of fanciful decoration, yet, like herself, always quiet and suggestive of some rich sort of repose. There were some fine old portraits, and near the embrasure of one window, on a grand piano, and everywhere they could be placed, roses and mignonette. In the midst of the varying effects, no one of which seemed to shut out the other, Stanham, coming in by a lower door, noticed, as in some way dominating it all, Lady Archer's tall and graceful figure. She stood facing him, talking to the rector, and though she scarcely moved, seemed at once to recognize his entrance, and managed the introductions pleasantly, so that they all went very socially in to dinner. She looked slim and girlish at the head of her table, with its shining silver and glass and the silver candelabra and flowers, and Stanham, at her right hand, found it was easier to talk to her than he had expected.

"Mr. Stanham is writing an international novel," she said, in one of the first pauses.

"Dear me! are you really?" the rector, Mr. Barnes, said, inquiringly, from just across the table.

"Lady Archer means to pose for my heroine," Stanham said, good-humoredly.

"And is there any place for us?" inquired Mr. Lee, with very evident enjoyment of the joke.

Stanham looked at the fine type of an English gentleman, and thought how well he would fit the character of the genuine squire, but he said, in the same light tone, "Why, certainly;" and then they all laughed a little, and Stanham, soon seeing what was meant, said, quickly, "How do you know we Americans, all of us, do use that expression so constantly? I wonder it wasn't taken up before. But have you ever observed, nothing so quickly influences any people as what is commented on by the drama? It is wonderful to be able to suddenly convince a thousand people of any such fact."

"You must write a play," said Dolly Blake. "I'd rather be put into a play, I think."

"Very well," he assented. Then he turned to Lady Archer, while the other voices rose above his, and said, "Do you remember those tableaux at the Schemerhorns'?"

"It was the first time I met you," she answered, very quietly.

Stanham's dark eyes grew darker with some sad remembrance. Something seemed to impel Lady Archer to speak quickly.

"Was there any reason why I should not remember it?" she asked, and as she spoke a pale color crossed her cheeks.

"I wonder you remember," he said, turning a brighter glance upon her.

"Oh," said Jean, swiftly, "I remember very well, because it had been such a strange and trying day for me." When he said nothing, but looked at her intently, she added, "I suppose you wonder I ever had strange or trying experiences."

He smiled. "It never looked much like it."

Lady Archer only answered by returning his smile, and then conversation be-

came general, and continued so until the ladies withdrew.

Jean was playing some vagrant bits of Chopin when the gentlemen came in, and Stanham at once came up to the piano, and said, looking down at her,

"Oh, do you ever sing 'Mary Morrison' now?"

Something ineffably lovely came into her expression as she lifted her eyes to meet his.

"Why," she said, "I don't believe I ever sang it for you but once—*ever*," she added, with a little tender note of insistence that had something pathetic in it.

"I'm sure I can't tell why or how I remembered it," he answered, carelessly. "It must have been something in the way you sat there, or your gown."

"I always used to wear so much white and yellow," she said, still not raising her tone, yet in it repressing something any other man would have observed.

"That may be it. It was one evening —I went to see you," he laughed, with just a touch of bitterness, "and I felt so shut out somehow by that set of fellows always after you. I was horribly unhappy myself at the time; everything seemed such a failure, such a mistake; and you sat down to sing, and—why, I believe it was I myself who asked you to sing 'Mary Morrison.'"

"Yes," she answered, very quietly, "it was; and then you went away and never so much as thanked me."

"Oh," he answered, "I have no doubt; I never did the right thing. I must try and make up for it now. When you will, I'd like so much to hear you sing it again."

Very soon afterward Lady Archer sang, and Stanham, sitting just back of Miss Dolly's low easy-chair, listened with a curious feeling that was scarcely reminiscence so much as calm contemplation of the past. When Jean had finished, with something of a tremble in her voice, he still continued silent, his head thrown back, his eyes intently fixed on some portrait ahead of him. In a moment Lady Archer drifted across the room, and as she passed his chair she murmured, with a sad little smile,

"It seems to be just as it used to be—you forgot again."

Stanham stood up quickly, and it so chanced that he moved after her, placing himself in a little angle of the room near her, and apart from the rest. They stood facing each other for half a moment in a sort of vibrating silence. Jean had lifted her eyes to a level with his, at first feeling piqued enough to confront him very bravely, but something in Stanham's dark glance caused hers to warm. She looked down hurriedly.

"You are mistaken," Stanham said, very quickly. "Look up, Jean. Lady Archer, why, what is it you take me for? Ah," he said, trying to look very cynical, "it's just as it used to be: you do not understand—you never did."

The words seemed to rush upon his lips, but once uttered, they confused Stanham himself. When he was alone in his room that night, he asked himself in a bewildered way just what he had intended to express in them—what was it she had never understood? And he recalled a certain strange, wistful look in Jean's eyes to-night, almost the same, only sadder, because she had grown older, as the glance that in Miss Carew had baffled him.

IV.

"And tell me just what he looks like."

A very lazy young man in knickerbockers, idling on the terrace with Miss Dolly Blake, asked this question.

It was the day after Stanham's arrival, within an hour of the grand *fête*, and Miss Dolly, with the young man's languid assistance, was gathering flowers.

"*Just* what he is like?" Dolly pursed up her pretty red lips a moment. "Well" —looking at the tall young Saxon before her—"I think he's more *unlike you*, to begin with, than anything else."

"When you have described him," said Captain Archer, "I shall know what I ought to think of that."

"He is tall, and has the easiest, most indifferent air imaginable."

"How that takes with you women! Just let a man look as if everything bored him, and he passes for Adonis and Solomon combined."

"Oh, but Mr. Stanham knows a great deal, and he looks more tired of himself than any one else. He has a last-century sort of face."

"Oh, bric-à-brac! That's not a bad idea, Dolly. Fine old cracks about him?"

"You are so silly, Bertie! I mean it is the sort of face one would associate with—ruffles and lace. It is thin and dark and handsome, and sometimes boy-

ish-looking, and the next minute sad as—Lord Byron's."

"Upon my word, Dolly, if you are going on at this rate, we'll have to see to your health. But, I say, you must have been making a careful study of him, you know."

"So I did," nodded Dolly, looking down at her garden shears, "because of his being a famous writer, and an old friend of Jean's. And then I must admit he was fascinating in himself."

"I don't doubt. Does he go in for last-century attire and talk—like Lord Byron?"

"Now, you're so stupid I shall go in, or shall we sit out here and make up the bouquets?"

"I'm at your service. Heigho, Dolly, I've been that these two years, and it doesn't seem to do any good."

"Where's the use?" asks practical Dolly, turning her lovely eyes upon the young man. "And I should think, Bertie, you ought to try and make me feel happy about it, instead of—well, of lamenting it all the time, as if *I* were to blame; and you ought to *encourage* any really eligible admirer of mine, and to help him on."

"Just as you ought to help me, say, in my little flirtation with Mrs. Mountfort, for instance."

"Now you are immoral. She is a married woman."

"*Tant mieux!* But listen, Dolly, my dear. Do you know, my child, that *some* of your ideas strike me as far more immoral—marrying on no sort of affection, for instance. Good heavens!" The man set his lips, and looked up at the blue vault above them. "What wickedness women can talk about with the most innocent eyes and lips, and call things by their wrong names so virtuously!"

"Bertie—"

What Dolly, with a little quiver of her lip, might have said, I can not chronicle, for at this moment Jean and Stanham appeared in the window above the terrace, Jean to say: "Dolly, dear, have you the small bunch of keys? Captain Archer, my friend Mr. Stanham."

Archer bowed with grave courtesy, looking up at Stanham's dark face with quick interest.

"He's not so bad-looking, after all," he said, when Lady Archer, having taken in the keys from Dolly's hand, had half swung to the casement. "I think it's a sort of Philip Sidney face, if you must typify him."

Inside, in the drawing-room, Lady Archer was saying, with her little calm smile, "Before I show you any of the manuscript, I think I ought to give you an idea of my friend's story."

"Yes, indeed," from Stanham, who was looking rather sombrely at her.

Lady Archer moved across the room, opening a door into the library. It was a fine, well-used sort of room. Not only were the book-shelves complete, and with volumes showing appreciation, but everywhere were comfortable chairs, appliances that were luxurious. A tall secretary at one side looked the concentration of dark wood, and when it was opened it gave out a little faint damp sort of perfume.

"What is that?" said Stanham.

"Oh," said Lady Archer, opening some drawers, "it is only dried rose leaves. I have always been fond of them. Now sit down, and I will tell you."

For herself, she chose one end of a low dark plush lounge, and spread out some of the papers from a packet in her hand. It was slightly embarrassing to have Stanham leaning forward, his hands clasped on his knees, those very grave eyes of his fixed on her with a searching air. Still, she went on quite fluently.

"You see, the story is made up from various facts in the life of a friend of mine. I have every permission to use them—to use even her letters and diary. Still, I want to be sure that if they were read by certain people now living, no one would be the wiser."

"How can I advise, though," he said, smiling, but never removing his gaze, "if I don't know the people?"

"Why," said Lady Archer, in a superior tone, "you can tell me whether any man who had once been in love with her, for instance, would change his mind on reading this."

"Oh, well, I might do that."

"Men *do* change, you know."

"Yes," Stanham said, rather grimly.

"But oftener still, it seems to me, they lack a certain kind of courage—the courage of their own convictions, let us say. This man, I think, did, though perhaps it was all her fault."

"There are usually two sides to every question."

"I know this will be difficult of deci-

sion; still"—she looked very earnestly at the papers open on her lap, and then equally so at his intent face—"still, I want you to do your best for me, and, mind, it is a real opinion that I want."

"I will certainly do my best." Stanham smiled now a little sadly; her voice, her pretty, slight gestures, brought back old days to him with their suggestions of her—shallowness was it? or her childish eagerness over trifles?

"That is all I need," she returned, answering his smile with one of sweet content. "Now I must tell you these letters, or diary—call it what you will—were written under very peculiar circumstances, for the person to whom they are all addressed never saw them. It happened that the two were great friends in a sort of way—this man and woman—and she believed he meant to ask her to marry him, feeling sure he loved her; so, just—it was a sort of idle womanish fancy, I suppose—she used to write him a kind of diary, meaning he should have it when they were engaged, and so know all her life and thoughts at that time. Well—"

Stanham was looking very pleased. "I should like to know that woman," he said.

"Oh, would you?" said Lady Archer. "I think you may meet her, but of course I can't betray her, because, you see, it chanced the man never *did* ask her at all, and so they drifted widely apart, and she—"

"Is dead, are you going to say?"

"No; she is married."

"For good, or ill?"

Lady Archer looked very grave, and was wonderingly silent a moment. "It is so hard to say; perhaps I might say for good. Yet, no: I am afraid it has been for ill."

"Well, upon my word," exclaimed Stanham, "she must be a curious person, to give you all her private love-letters."

"But they *weren't* love-letters. That is just it. He never saw them; never guessed at all what she was feeling."

"I hope they lived a long time ago," he said, with a sort of unpleasant laugh. "I don't think they'd be comfortable if they met now, with any youth between them. Do you intend to publish these in the Merimée style—'Letters to an *Inconnu*'?"

"It wouldn't be a bad idea; but no," she said, decidedly. "It ought to be woven into a story."

"I am dying with curiosity," he exclaimed, laughing. "I really must see some of them soon." He put his hand out.

"You will see," said Lady Archer, a trifle shyly, "I have copied them into this book, so that I might leave out proper names. Oh," she added, "I do *wonder* what you will say!"

Stanham made a sort of uneasy movement and faint grimace as he took the book.

"I hope I won't feel as if I were either summoning up other people's ghosts or unlocking their doors."

"You need not," she said, quickly. "Treat it as a fiction—in a way, that is; do not be hampered by such a feeling."

Stanham smiled, this time more encouragingly, Jean thought. They stood still for a moment without speaking; then, turning her face toward the window, she said:

"The foreigners will be here very soon—in an hour or so. I must go and make ready for them." And with a little nod of her head she went away through the library door and down the long corridor, where her footsteps seemed to Stanham to linger some time in soft echoes.

Two hours later Stanham, coming down to the drawing-room, found all the doors and windows open and the room full of people, evidently special guests—county people, some from London, and the immediate neighbors of Rose Court. Everybody was laughing and talking gayly, the elderly people bustling about as though the philanthropy of the occasion demanded movement, even without obvious results, the younger ones in groups here and there lighting up the rather sombre room with a flutter of pretty summer colors. Mrs. Lee, who was a large, sad-eyed, very good-humored lady, was explaining to a stout matron that Dolly Blake and Captain Archer had *insisted* upon lawn tennis for a while. They were going to have a game with some other young people for an hour or two first. Outside, tents were spread, platforms at either side, upon one of which a band had begun to play. The foreigners were arriving in quick installments, and standing unobserved on one of the terraces, Stanham looked on at what he thought one of the most novel and picturesque sights he had ever seen; for the Swiss and Italian foreigners were in their native costumes. Even the little children were tricked out in reds and yel-

lows, and wore shining ornaments, and what with the fair sky, the rich verdure on all sides, the wealth and perfume of the flowers, and the gayety and diversity of dress and type among the crowding visitors, Rose Court Park looked like some moving and suddenly awakened picture. Stanham took it all in, however, with a certain preoccupation. He wanted to find Jean, and presently she appeared, with her Blenheim dogs after her, coming around from the shrubbery. She had on a simple garden dress of cotton, and a big hat, beneath which her serious young face looked very pretty.

"Oh, are you there?" she cried out, looking up at Stanham. "You must not be idle; there is so much to do. I mean you to help a great deal."

Stanham laughed, and came up nearer to her. "I am ready for work," he said, and looked at her so earnestly that Jean's eyes drooped. "I have been reading," he added. "I am not sure whether it is not *I* who am the ghost." But Jean would not discuss it.

"Do you see all those people?" she said, waving her hand toward the crowded lawns. "They are waiting for their first collation, and we always go about among them; so do you find Bertie Archer, and he'll give you something to do."

V.

Captain Berthold Archer was discovered near one of the tents, in his tennis suit, delivering himself to Dolly and two or three others on the subject of poor foreigners.

"Oh, here comes Stanham!" he said, in his light voice. "He is a foreigner. I don't know his exact needs, but he can tell us just what the average non-native feels on such an occasion."

"He feels," said Stanham, "as though tennis wouldn't be a bad idea; but Lady Archer declares we have all a great deal to do, and that you of all people could give me work."

"These people expect to eat first and dance next, and wander around and make themselves generally at home," said Miss Blake. "You have no idea how they enjoy that."

Stanham had had his game of tennis, and, as Bertie said, had done credit to the foreigners, while the curious medley of people were enjoying their first collation. When the tennis party came back to the scene of festivities, the foreigners were nearly all dancing, offering a charming picture, as good in movement as it was in color, and Stanham, after a moment, saw Lady Archer on one of the terraces, with a group of her own friends, looking on, with great pleasure, though she was pale and a trifle tired. He joined them, and during the introductions he recognized the major he had dined with a few evenings ago.

"By-the-way, Lady Archer, how do you manage your invitations for this unique affair?" asked Stanham.

"Oh, it is in the hands of various societies," she answered. "They send out all the people they know to be honest or worth giving the treat to. One can have a fair idea of how many of the organ-grinding young women are genuine foreigners on such a day."

Then Stanham sauntered off toward the conservatories. Even in midsummer they were beautiful as ferns and fountains could make them. At Rose Court one door from the long drawing-room leads into the first fernery, and crossing the terrace, he was about to enter that way, when his steps and his eyes were suddenly arrested. Leaning against the inner door, her face half shaded by the palms, stood a guest he had not seen—a tall, superbly handsome woman, who, as he came into the room, slowly turned her eyes upon him.

It was Stanham only who lost his self-possession. Had he not said he ought not to meet her again? but, strangely enough, mixed with the tumult of feeling was a curious sense of disgust.

She came forward slowly, in her old persuasive manner, held out her hand, and smiled in a dazzling fashion.

"My dear Paul," she said, as though a lifetime of perfidy and wretchedness had not divided them, "I am delighted to meet you. I heard you were in London, but had no idea you were *here*. Oh, but of course you knew Miss Carew."

Stanham took her hand, sat down beside her, and in some way talked. It would have been hard to say, an hour later, what passed between them. Stanham felt himself indignant, baffled, tormented, but Mrs. Mountfort maintained the most superior calm, revived old topics with audacious coolness, praised his books, and gently teased him about his fame. Perhaps he would have been better satisfied had she not insisted upon talking of

Jean Carew; still better, had he not encountered Dolly Blake's rather contemptuous young face as he made his way through the fernery and out on the lawn again.

The *fête* was drawing to a close, and on the steps of the house Dolly, a pretty, straight young figure, with the bloom of youth and sweetness on her face, was standing distributing bouquets to the guests as they slowly filed by, uttering exclamations of thanks and admiration in their various languages. Stanham felt moody and disheartened. Even the unusual charm of the scene could not arouse him, and as the last were passing down the slope he went back to the house, where, in the dimness of the hall, he found Jean. She was looking very tired, sitting in one of the great hall chairs, her hands resting wearily on the arms, her head back against the crimson cushions.

Stanham came up and stood a moment looking down gently upon the pale outline of her face. She turned her eyes toward him with a little smile.

"I hope they enjoyed themselves," she said.

"Where did you meet Kate Mountfort?" he asked, sharply.

"Oh, in London—no, at Torquay."

He paused. "Is she to stay here?"

"Oh dear no; her husband has been ordered at once to some baths for his health."

Nothing more was said. Stanham, after another earnest look at Jean's averted face, walked away. He wanted to go back to the little book she had given him, and as there was an hour before dinner, he determined to devote some of the time to its reperusal. He began to speak to Jean about it after dinner, but she stopped him with a little nervous air of entreaty.

"On the whole," she said, trying to laugh, "I am afraid I ought not to have shown you the book at all. Couldn't you forget all about it?"

He looked at her in smiling wonderment. "No," he answered; "it is too charming—the frankest, most beautiful avowal of trust and love and hope I ever read, yet quaint and fanciful too. Yes, he would know she had cared for him, and he ought to be thankful for it."

A lovely rush of color came into her cheeks. "Oh, how *can* you think so?" she exclaimed. Then she added, "She thought, you see, that she had done him an injustice."

VI.

If Lady Archer had been called upon to characterize Stanham's frame of mind during the few days which followed, she would have said it indicated profound satisfaction. Had not her own soul been so disquieted, she would have been amused by the way in which he appropriated her on all occasions, sitting or standing near her, talking to her with the gentle air of authority an unengaged though half-acknowledged lover may use. But, in fact, she felt herself a girl again, with pulses too quick, a heart too full of pain and joy together, to be critical. She was only conscious that her life was widening. The stream which had been flowing so steadily, though checked or turned aside by duty, was reaching at last the wide ocean of content.

The party at the Court was reduced to Mrs. Lee, Dolly, and herself, and they all rallied Stanham on his having only women to talk to; but in fact he rarely addressed many words to any one but Jean, and they spoke to each other with that tone which people use when each knows that too many words may bring about a change in the whole condition of things. When she said, "Mr. Stanham, do you care for tennis?" and he answered only an ordinary "Yes," a certain thrill seemed to be in the air; and once, when he quoted a verse to her apropos of some of Dolly's fun, the whole room seemed to Jean to be full of his voice and words, and in his eyes was something Jean read with a faltering of her own.

It would have been obvious to either a cynic or a sage that this state of things could not go on much longer, and indeed Stanham began to feel uncomfortable over it himself. He wanted a fitting opportunity to speak plainly to her, and at last the moment came. Jean had been showing him over the disused portion of the house, and they were lingering in a gallery above the old banqueting hall, Jean desiring him, if possible, to imagine himself a musician of olden time.

"But I feel so intensely of the present," he answered, leaning on the balcony so as to bring his face around nearer hers. She was looking down at the gloomy place below, and said nothing. "At least," he continued, "of my own present—my own life—of *our* lives. Jean, you must know what I have to say. It is not as it used to be; I am not the miserably poor, ob-

scure wretch I was. But it seems to me as if I always loved you, even then. Jean, listen, dear."

"I am listening," she said, in a very low tone.

"I love you so dearly now," he went on, eagerly, "that I ask you to be my wife. Jean"—he put out his hand, trying to reach hers, but she drew back, and faced him with the most wonderful and tender look he had ever seen on any woman's face. She was trembling violently. "Will you not come to me, Jean?" he said, coming close to her, and looking at her face with all the love he felt coloring his own.

"Yes," Jean said, simply.

It seemed so strange, and yet so natural; but Stanham, for all his coolness, was now the bewildered one. He took her in his arms; and then Jean drew back, and said, in a distressed tone: "Are you *sure* you know me *now*? You didn't once, you know."

He laughed joyously. "No, but I know now what you were even then."

Jean used to say that not all a lifetime here, an eternity beyond, could make her forget the happiness of that day. They concluded to say nothing for the time to the others, as Stanham was to leave that evening. They went out and paced up and down the yew walk, where Jean told him how many lonely hours had been passed in the years of her married life and her widowhood, and the usual duskiness of the place seemed strangely lightened. At the end of the walk a statue of some laughing god was set above the broken basin of an old fountain, and Jean sat down upon the rim, looking up at her lover while he talked. She was feverishly eager to ask him questions, and Stanham was fluent enough even to please so exacting a lady-love. Not one trifle in his past seemed unimportant to her. She held his hands while he told her of varied things, and watched every movement of his face.

Perhaps she thought one such day ought to be enough to demand of life; but no; there would be many more, each brighter, each rounder; and even death could not take the soul of such a joy from either of them.

Stanham laughingly told her she was very still.

"But I was never very talkative," she said, looking up at him with a smile. "That is why you never understood me, I suppose. Oh, my dear," she added, suddenly, with a frightened look, "don't ever grow cold or careless of me! Remember I am not like you. I must know all the time that you are loving me and wanting me near you."

For answer he stooped down and kissed her lips very reverently. "Am I likely to forget *that*, my darling?" he said.

It seemed to her as though she must tell him of all she had been doing or caring for in those divided years. Yet words would not come. In the library, where they lingered before dinner, she brought him some of her favorite books of poetry, and showed him marked places here and there.

"I was thinking and wondering about you when I read those," she said, standing near to him, while he held the open book with a smile. "Do you care?" she added, jealously.

He laughed, and read aloud one of the verses:

"'Never any more while I live
Need I hope to see his face
As before;
Once his love grown chill,
Mine may strive;
Bitterly we re-embrace—
Single still.'

"I hope I didn't always inspire such melancholy reflections," he said.

"Oh, but I fancy women are different from men," she answered.

"More sentimental?"

"I don't call it that. Could you read aloud a little bit to me?"

He read a verse or two, and then laid the book aside.

"Come here," he said, and put his arm about her. "I believe I care more for you than your books," he said, smiling down into her eyes.

"Oh, but they have been my life," she answered, laying one of her hands gently on his cheek. "Don't you see, I want you to care about all I have cared for, and to go on caring, just because it is *me*."

She moved away a very little, but came back presently and put one of her hands upon his arm. "But supposing—supposing I should seem exacting, and unlike the other women you have known, you will not cease to care to try and please me?"

He could only look at her tenderly and smile.

"Oh, my love," she said, almost wildly, and now for the first time of herself she

put her arms closely about his neck and laid her face upon his breast, "I am more afraid of myself than of you! It is terrible, I think, to love any one as I do you —terrible to have for years had but one ideal of what love could be, because, don't you see, I shall be so fearful of losing it that I shall exact so much; and then, perhaps, after all, it will elude me. You must *keep* me, dear," she added, with a sob.

"Jean," he said, as gently as possible. "This is very morbid, dear."

"But don't you see, dear love," she went on, still clinging to him like a frightened child, "all that journal I gave you to read I wrote myself *to you*?—yes."

He drew back suddenly, and looked at her joyously. A long time afterward Jean recalled this look: it came back strangely enough to her.

"Is it possible?" he said. "Oh, my child, I am very glad of this."

They stood near to each other a moment, and then went away, each feeling the solemnity of what had come between them. At dinner Jean wore her white gown and yellow roses, and it seemed enough for her that Paul was there. She looked at him furtively from time to time, but scarcely dared to speak. Indeed, her hands trembled and her voice was shy, and had a strange cadence in it that was like some child's suddenly touched with a woman's meaning.

Stanham's last memory of Jean on that evening was at the piano singing, and this time it was not "Mary Morrison," but a little ballad just then in vogue. The words as well as the look of her eyes haunted Stanham long after the house was still.

"In the gloaming, O, my darling,
Think not bitterly of me."

VII.

Jean thought it on the whole a good thing that Stanham went to town that evening. The next day's quiet—it seemed solitude without him—helped her to calmer investigation of the past and future. Her conclusions were all joyous ones. Indeed, as she later said to Dolly, everything those days seemed to shine with a strange and wonderful light. At last, at last, he knew and understood her! That baseless marriage, all the miserable years of her life, seemed blotted out in this new-found tremulous happiness. It was tremulous because with Jean Archer, just as with Jean Carew, all her most tangible joys had a touch of wistful doubt as to their reality about them. She had longed to make Stanham understand this that he might strengthen her by word and deed wholly, spontaneously his own, just as she longed with passionate eagerness to make him take a part in all that was her life, and give her a part in his.

I do not think Jean was selfish in this; rather was it the woman's craving for having all that she was giving and feeling and desiring understood by the one man she had ever loved. Yet in the midst of those joyous heart-throbs came ever the question, Was his love real—would it be abiding?

It rained in the afternoon, and while Dolly worked before the semblance of a wood fire in the hall, Jean paced slowly up and down after a fashion she had, her hands clasped behind her neck, her head a little raised, so that when Dolly looked she could see the uplifted eyes and the tender mouth just touched by a smile.

Jean meant to tell Dolly and her aunt and Captain Archer of her engagement by-and-by—to-morrow probably. Just now there was a certain luxury in possessing it alone, or sharing it, a divine sort of secret, with Paul. To Dolly's untroubled eyes her cousin was only in one of the exalted moods she had seen her in before, and she enjoyed watching her now and then.

Little Dolly had keen artistic perceptions, and the moving figure in dark drapery up and down the old hall, the brown hair and pale, lovely face, even the warm white of the clasped hands, moved the younger girl's fancy.

There was certainly something about Lady Archer quite unlike other people, thought Dolly—a certain graciousness of womanhood, yet a youth that was almost child-like—something which inclined Dolly at one moment to lean on her for moral support, again to smile at her for some foolish doubt or fancy. But mingling with all and through all was a love and admiration which knew no bounds. Jean could only be Jean. And without any of the sentiment which he felt for honest, lovely Dolly, Captain Archer shared the same feeling. The love and loyalty of these two young people had helped Lady Archer through many lonely hours.

"Dolly," said Jean, suddenly, "I believe it has stopped raining. Let us go for a ride."

Dolly put her work down willingly enough. It was but a short time before they were out on the terrace, where quite a cool wind was blowing after the rain. The two young women were accustomed to enjoying rides together, with Jones, the groom, in attendance, and they started off up the hilly road, down finally on to a level stretch whence the Thames came in view, and where to the right stretched a peaceful country full of rain-washed summer greens. Jean had some brief cottage visiting to do. Even in this her thoughts took flight to Paul in London. How she should enjoy telling him of the clean little kitchen in which she sat talking to Widow Green, the latticed window, the bit of garden visible through the open door! Oh, the luxury of feeling she could give him word of her daily life, of her occupations, her ideas! for even this commonplace moment was tinged with a certain glamour because *he* would care to hear of it. She came out of the cottage and stood a moment, leaning one hand against the side of the door, and looking up at the blue sky with a happy light in her eyes.

"What is the matter, Jean?" Dolly said, from her gray horse. "You look—well, transfigured."

"I am," laughed Jean; and as they rode on, she said, gravely, "Dolly, do you suppose that people are ever *too* glad—over some surprise, for instance."

"No," said Dolly, in her wholesome way, "or rather they *ought* not to be. I think too imaginative a temperament is a bad thing. By-the-way, Jean, I must tell you something. It is about that odious Mrs. Mountfort."

"Yes," Jean said, placidly.

They were riding along a pretty lane on their homeward way. It was nearly dark; the colors of the heath seemed all about them, purpling the hollows, flinging deep shadows across the green; but the evening lights were beautiful; a great trail of opal color rested on the bosom of the sky.

"Yes," Jean said, her face, turned toward blooming Dolly, caught some of the twilight tone.

"Well, perhaps you'll think it odd, but the day of the *fête* I was in the fernery, and as I was coming out I was suddenly stopped by hearing voices in the small drawing-room. I heard your name, and you know how anything like that startles one. I heard Mrs. Mountfort say, sneeringly, 'Of course every one knew Jean Carew was in love with you; I suppose you'll feel bound to offer yourself now?'"

"What!" Jean spoke with a little gasp.

"Yes," said unconscious Dolly; "and Mr. Stanham—it was he who was with her—answered, 'I intend to ask her to be my wife.' I was so angry, Jean."

"Yes." Jean spoke in a low tone, out of which something seemed to have gone forever. "Yes, it was very insolent of her, I am sure. Mr. Stanham, you said, Dolly?"

"Oh, it was he. I saw him leaving her."

Jean made no answer. Afterward she wondered how she had contrived to keep her face, even in the dusk, from betraying her secret. This, then, added to the journal she had kept in so loving a fashion—this is what had brought him to her! All of poor Jean's doubtful fancies seemed to gain force. They concentrated in one wild longing to tell him he had humbled her and he was free.

They rode home in silence. Jean lingered a moment in the hall. Her limbs seemed to be giving way beneath her, but she crept up the stairs wearily to the room where she had been so happy only a short time before. Once there, she sat down before her desk, and wrote, with trembling hands, as follows:

"Dear Friend,—I think I ought not to have been so hasty in my decision. We had better wait, and you must try and know me a little better. I do not take back what I said. I do love you, and I need you. If you have thought that I came to you too quickly, remember it was because I thought in the old days I ought to have shown you my heart when I fancied I saw yours. I think a woman owes this to a man as much as he owes it to her. So sacred a thing as love should be more equal than it is shown to be, I think, and so I felt no shame in answering you frankly as you asked me. But I have been thinking since that we must wait. In six months let us speak of it again. God bless you, dear friend! Yours, J. A."

She wrote, as she would have spoken, rapidly and impulsively, and sent him the letter at once. Stanham, as it happens, had begun to grow impatient waiting for a promised word from her, and this letter reached him early in the next day.

At first he smiled on reading it; then his face grew darker. Whatever spirit of resentment was in the man rose up, shutting out all sense of sympathy with the lonely, troubled, proud woman who loved him, and even then was longing for some re-assuring word from him. He too could have his moments of impulse, but they were bitterer than hers. He wrote briefly; his words cut Jean like a knife.

"As you like," he said. "I do not believe you ever really cared for me, but I will try and think the best of your caprice."

VIII.

Six months may or may not, I suppose, represent half a lifetime. If people are given to counting time by heart-throbs, that period may cover all the agonies or joys known to human nature, and, as we all know, such a lapse of time may go for nothing. To Stanham the time went curiously swiftly considering that he had never been so oppressed by a sense of disappointment in life. But he was a man who occupied himself frequently with his own moods, and in reality loving Lady Archer with all the ardor of which he was capable, he indulged his resentment so far as to forget her share of the sadness of this cruel, tormenting period. He was so profoundly conscious that that one conversation with Mrs. Mountfort at Rose Court had ended as in thin air all her influence over him that he dismissed her completely from his mind, actually into the unknown, not at all into the strange, pulsating, semi-resentful chaos where Jean's tender face and voice, the sweetness and purity of her love, hovered. A long time afterward he tried to fashion something like a whole out of the fragmentary recollections of this period; but when he came to look back everything seemed to have been a sort of uneasy dream. He knew that a time was fixed, yet in the most singular mood he allowed an extra month to elapse before he wrote to her reminding her that the time of probation was over. His letter, loving and tender in many ways, yet expressed no regrets over the lost time; no word of sympathy for what might have been her feelings in altering her decision. He was still resentful or depressed when he was not dreamily oblivious of all that made life emotional or complex.

He had determined not to go to Rose Court until her answer came, but three weeks elapsed before one word from Jean reached him. Then the letter was a thin one with a foreign stamp. It was a quietly worded and, had he read it aright, melancholy good-by.

Stanham told himself he had been a fool twice over. He laughed aloud grimly at the perversity of life. Was he to be tricked with by fate, circumstances, and women? He resolved to shut out everything that had been, and forget everything but himself, for in it all his heart cries were passionately for his own sufferings.

His moodiness led him for a two years' sojourn in places rarely trodden. Whatever was new interested and awakened him for the time being; but he came back to Paris one dismal October, feeling jaded and more than ever disheartened by the cruelty of his lot. In all this time he had told his melancholy story to no one, yet when he tried to force himself to believe that those happy days at Rose Court were idle dreams, he longed to speak aloud some of the passionate, mournful longings that oppressed him for one sight of Jean's sweet face, one touch of her little hand, resting ever so slightly within his own. There was but one person to whom he would have told anything of this; that was his sister-in-law, Mrs. Stanham, and the fact that she was in Paris lent his steps something like cheerful alacrity on his way to the gay city.

Mrs. Stanham was delighted to see him. She had an apartment in the Rue Rivoli, and chanced to be alone the first evening Stanham called. She detected his mood at once, saw that he had been through some crisis, and so at once questioned him with the frankness of their long-enduring friendship.

Stanham told his story. He said nothing to make his past in any way better than it had been, and his sister listened with a growing gleam of understanding in her face.

"Oh, Paul!" she exclaimed, when he had finished, "why didn't you come to me before?"

"My dear Lydia," he answered, "what could you have done? Lady Archer ended it all for herself."

"You are idiotic!" Mrs. Stanham walked about the room impatiently a moment before she returned, facing Paul on the hearth-rug. "Why, don't you see what it all meant? She was a woman, a peculiar, proud, sensitive woman, and having

so plainly shown her love, she naturally began to think that she ought to test you, and, according to your own account, you did nothing all that time of waiting to show her you were once thinking of her."

"But she knew I loved her." He spoke half angrily, half dejectedly.

"Ah, but she *did not* know—women do not know that always—and do you not see, just in her case, if you really cared to win her, you should have followed her life in all its variations, and told her yours? Do you know, Paul, that we are strangely organized creatures? We 'give and give, and still have more to give,' but in our hearts there is always that hunger to have our gifts taken and prized and made much of."

Lydia Stanham spoke with tears in her eyes, and Paul looked down wonderingly upon her.

"Such a woman," she went on, hurriedly, "needed to have this great love of hers cherished and cared for and tended and helped. Ah! you do not know what a woman is."

Was it the long time during which he had been absent from all association with Jean? was it Mrs. Stanham's forcible womanly reasoning? Paul could not tell; but something like a spasm of new intelligence rose within him.

"Yes," he said, in a low voice; "she loved me. What can I do? Tell me."

"Go to her," the other said, quickly. "Go tell her you feel you left her too much to herself. Tell her all you can think of about your love for her and your loneliness. Oh, Paul, do not delay!"

IX.

To Stanham the first shock was that he had been in the wrong; and then came a revolution of feeling wherein he saw all his actions distorted, and out of this an impression that all along Jean Carew had been nobler than himself—nobler even when she wrote him that word of good-by. It is not possible to calculate the motive or origin of such supreme sensations. There was not, be it said, finally, to his credit, one tinge of pique in his feeling—perhaps a very abstract analysis would show it the effect of circumstances, with her strong and brave affection more of a background than he had known; at all events, it seemed to him that not alone had he awakened from a lethargy, but he had at his command all the exhilaration of a new sense of being, in which it seemed to him he saw things so clearly and so tensely that miles, time, the circumference of the earth, counted as nothing.

Stanham, who had dallied with everything emotional, spiritual, or artistic, knowing their worth, and in truth believing in the reverential part of life, felt now suddenly that he confronted both his past and present, and knew himself not alone to be what he had been and was, but what he might be.

The intangible cloudy part seemed to fall away; what was shown him was not so much the enthusiasm of life as it was its elixir, and he felt that the means of keeping all this for himself, and of perfecting it for still higher purposes, lay in winning Jean back to him.

That there was an underlying selfishness can not be doubted, else why had he once but half loved her unavowedly, wholly acknowledged a real love, finally allowed her to drift away, and at last reached a joyous sense that she, and she only, could fill his life? Pathetic though it may be, there are these strange elements in human nature.

Jean, always finer and of nobler grain than he, yet had loved him always, and could make of him what he could not be without her, yet she would round her own life with supreme content, because he was its circle.

Stanham was impatient of everything in his journey to England. On the vessel between Calais and Dover he paced the deck, irritated that he could not be there alone with his new and strongly felt anxieties; and as he was landing he was so unconscious of individuals that he stumbled up against some one in the mist, apologized, and looked him earnestly in the face before he recognized Captain Archer, and then, with a strange start, a feeling as though the past had mingled itself with some possible future, he saw Dolly, and at the same time Jean, her very self.

"It is Paul," said Jean, her voice faint but clear.

Dolly and her husband, Captain Archer, turned wondering glances on the tall figure half hidden in the mist.

Jean had not moved her gaze, nor had Stanham turned his for an instant away, and, by a common impulse, their hands met, put out gropingly in the dusk, yet laid together as though all things that had meant separation had vanished forever.

A long time afterward Jean Stanham tried to analyze the impulses of that strange, decisive hour. Paul insisted they had come out of an inevitable drawing toward each other; that, together or apart, each life had been so mingled with the other that in this unexpected moment of reunion doubts vanished. The end they had both been waiting for and needing was prefigured in that involuntary touch, which seemed to be far more than words. But perhaps it was because Jean, swift to see all that meant his best and truest, read no doubt or vacillation in his face. Those two years had brought him to the point wherein she could feel that once and forever she might lay her heart in his keeping.

Sometimes, months later, when they had talked of it, Stanham would say, "But why did you write that good-by to me?"

And her answer could but be the same: "Because you had driven me to think that no understanding that was worth what I had to give could arise between us."

Yet at this day Stanham is entirely content. Jean has told him of that ride when Dolly spoke of Mrs. Mountfort's taunt, and all that it led to. Perhaps the clearest evidence that between these two a final understanding rests is their entire indifference as to what part of the earth's surface they may call their own. Dolly and Captain Archer are virtually owners of Rose Court, to which the Stanhams go when it suits them, but Jean is happiest when she is leading the life of book and fancy and wandering which suits her husband, and he has already ceased to wonder that his spirit of introspection and restlessness has vanished.

Work he has, and can do heartily and well, but when he is given to questioning himself in the old perplexing fashion, he looks at Jean, and in her eyes reads perfect peace.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN his speech at the dinner of the Brown University Club in New York, Professor Lincoln said that when he opened his paper recently and read the head-line, "Battle of the Presidents," his mind misgave him as to some encounter between the retiring and entering occupant of the White House, and he was much relieved to discover that the battle was but a debate between the Presidents of Harvard and Princeton upon the changes in the college curriculum. It is an interesting and strenuous debate, for nowhere is the conservatism which consists in changelessness more tenacious than it has been in the college. Yet the curriculum has been always gradually modified, and the most rigid traditions have surely yielded.

The late report to the Harvard overseers upon the use of the English instead of the Latin language in the old triennial—now the quinquennial—catalogue happily illustrates this progress. The Latinizing of modern names is always ludicrous. But at a time when Latin was the universal language of the college and of scholars, and students were addressed in some Latin form, it was natural that their names should be recorded in the same form. As the practice changed, however, the form inevitably became obsolete and absurd. When Latin for academic purposes was a living language, the name of the student might be properly recorded as Joannes Jonesius. But the tradition was not inflexible. As times changed, and the language for such purposes became moribund, the name was half emancipated, as Joannes Jones. The Latin language for such purposes is now dead. It is an incumbrance and an obscurity. Why should not the chick which has half broken the shell now emerge fully? Why should not the name which now suffers a half-eclipse shine out completely in the catalogue, as in the Directory, simple and intelligible, John Jones?

The "new learning" is always leavening the college. The "revival of learning" was as zealously derided and opposed as the new curriculum is denounced now. The revival was the substitution of Greek and Roman authors, of Plato and the poets, for the theology and logic of the school-men. Erasmus and Colet and Sir Thomas More introduced it at Oxford. It was a part of the general movement of intellectual emancipation, the reform impulse which is known as the Reformation. Yet the old scholastic dialectics were held to be the true mental gymnasium. The mind, it was thought, could best be trained upon them, and the reformers then heard much the same arguments that they hear now.

The new movement of to-day, however, is often singularly misconceived. It is not an attack upon the classical language and literature. It is not a denial either of the value of the literature or of the training to be derived from the thorough study of language. It is merely a denial that the present instruction does actually open the literature to the student, and also a denial that the training furnished by the languages is necessarily and for

all pupils the best training. It is the assertion that, in the marvellously changed conditions of life and the vast increase of knowledge, the curriculum established under totally different conditions, and before the revelation of the new knowledge, may be most wisely modified. When the open sea was a vague terror and mystery, the mariner wisely skirted the coast of the continent from headland to headland, and safely hugged the shore. But now the ocean has been explored and sounded and mapped, and in the interest of all mankind the sea-voyage should be as warmly encouraged as the old navigation of the coast.

The argument that achievement is born of toil, that self-denial and hard work and doing the disagreeable duty are indispensable to success, that there are no short and easy ways to success or scholarship or renown, that boys are not men, and that they need authoritative guidance, are all excellent truths which no man can wisely deny, and which no college reformer wishes to deny. But that some kinds of toil will enable some men to achieve much more readily than other kinds, that self-sacrifice may be of many forms, and that boys even of the same family are wholly different in temperament, in readiness, in taste, in capacity, and that the discipline and methods which help one, hinder and harm another, and that the family is but a symbol of mankind, are truths equally undeniable.

But that it is wise to ascertain what is intellectually most distasteful to a boy, to discover that for which he has the least ability, and to insist that devotion to it is the best mental training for him, is not an equally evident truth. If a father should resolve that his son who has no ear for music should study music in preference to all other studies, and that his son who has no eye for color and no hand for drawing should apply himself vigorously to become a painter, he could not escape condemnation as a foolish parent under the plea that in this life we must do what we don't like to do, and that success comes only by hard work. A young man whose time and labor are utterly wasted in the desperate struggle to master the dead languages will turn both to the best possible account in the mathematics, and it would be a hardy statement that the mental training which he would receive from the study would not be as thorough and as serviceable.

A university is not a high school. It is a system of opportunities open to those who wish to make use of them, and whose certificate or diploma attests a certain degree of actual accomplishment. The elective system is not a choice of work or idleness as preparatory to a degree. For if a pupil, whether under an elective or a prescribed system, decides to do nothing, he will receive a testimonial of successful idleness in the refusal of a diploma. Nor does the elective system cast a slur of any kind upon the classics. There is no college graduate who reads with delight Homer, or Demosthenes, or Æschylus, or Lucretius, or Cicero, or Virgil, who would not do it whether in his college course Greek and Latin had been prescribed or elective studies. No man reads either language to-day with pleasure because he was forced against his will to study it in college, and those who, without the taste, were so forced, have forgotten it completely. Undoubtedly both languages are traditional branches of a college education. But the tradition assumes that there is some knowledge of them acquired, not that they were pursued with no result in familiarity with the literature of Greece and Rome, but merely as a form of mental dumb-bells to exercise the faculties.

No college can justly plume itself upon superior fidelity to the classics because it insists that they shall be made a bed of Procrustes upon which every student shall be equally stretched. If, indeed, the college does not profess to care for the literature of the language, but to regard it solely as a training machine, it must renounce all sentiment, and consider the question exclusively as one of intellectual athletics. But if it regards a language mainly as the depository of a literature, as a means and not an end, it will not insist upon its pursuit by those who care nothing for the end and detest the means. And if it be asked why should it not be regarded as both means and end, the answer is that the form of mental training should not be determined by an arbitrary and inflexible universal rule, but adapted, so far as may be, to individual tastes and powers.

In the "battle of the Presidents" it is to be remembered—and the fact is very significant—that the experience of our oldest and chief school of learning, with its army of alumni, its long and illustrious line of teachers, its ample opportunities of every kind to deliberate wisely, and its thorough trial of every method and suggestion, has led it to the adoption of the "new learning" with almost complete unanimity, and that the remarkable prosperity of the university, in the truest scholarly as well as material sense, has been proportioned to its progress in the liberal elective system. Ezra Cornell was not a college-bred man. But when he founded the institution which bears his name, and which has been directed in the modern spirit, he said—and the words well describe a true university—"I wish that it should be a school where any student can pursue any branch of knowledge."

In such a university, degrees may be both general and specific. Classical proficiency may be distinguished in a degree, as excellence in science, in medicine, in "divinity," in philosophy, or in any other particular branch is now distinguished. But a general degree should attest equality of devotion and accomplishment in a curriculum of studies adjusted with due reference to difficulty and labor.

After Jerusalem, whose position among the cities of Christendom is unique, the three most famous of historic cities are Athens, Rome,

and Florence, and a chief distinction of them all is their relation to art. The great eras and the great monuments of art are identified with these cities. The Parthenon and Phidias and the exquisite temples; St. Peter's and the Vatican and Raphael and Michael Angelo; the Duomo and the Medici and the schools of Florence—are names that recall the renown of artists and the life and supremacy of art in the famous cities. The great poets gladly confess this distinction.

"Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts,"

said Milton.

"Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone,"

and

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,"

said Emerson, naming Rome by its familiar monument.

In later days Napoleon Bonaparte, whom John Fiske calls "the Corsican barbarian who wielded for mischief the forces of France in 1805," carried from Italy to Paris the famous works of famous artists; and England in 1812 brought to London the spoils of the frieze of the Parthenon, the Elgin marbles, and recently it paid three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for one of Raphael's pictures. London and Paris perpetuate the old traditions of great cities in their homage to art and their pride in beautiful works. New York likes to think itself a great city. It is very large, certainly, and very rich, and its citizens are very generous, and its society is very profuse and ostentatious. But the collector and owner of an exceedingly interesting gallery of pictures, some of which are held by experts to be originals by famous painters, while others are excellent specimens of the Byzantine, Italian, Flemish, Dutch, German, Spanish, and French schools—a collection very valuable for study—could not persuade the city of New York to accept it as a gift.

Colonel Rush Hawkins tells the story in a recent letter to the *Evening Post*, and he recalls a man familiar to the New York of thirty years ago—Mr. Thomas Jefferson Bryan, an enthusiast who, with plenty of money, gratified his taste in accumulating pictures, which he brought to New York, and placed for a long time upon exhibition in Broadway just below Union Square. He was a small man with gray beard and pleasant manners, and his gallery was his "hobby." Undoubtedly the artists smiled a little, and said at the Century that no man could stay for a few years in Europe and then bring home five hundred genuine pictures of such artists as figured in Bryan's catalogue. To suppose that he had a genuine Raphael, or Correggio, or Titian, or Rembrandt, or Teniers, or Ruysdael, or Velasquez, or Poussin, or a work of each of these masters, was preposterous. Emperors and kings were always on the alert to buy them at any price, and Mr. Bryan—?

There was no answer. The governments of Italy had refused to permit the great pictures to be taken from the country. It was only with the greatest difficulty and finesse, not to say bribery, that MacPherson had conveyed his Sebastian del Piombo to England, and now Mr. Bryan had brought off Da Vincis and Domenichinos and Andrea del Sartos and Giottos and Cimabues!! among hundreds of no less fame—? Really, there was no answer. But none the less the urbane Mr. Bryan welcomed you to his gallery, and pointed out his gems, and sighed a little over the indifference to art of his native land.

He seemed to have no mercenary object. But the generous enthusiast found himself in an absurd predicament. He could not even give his pictures away. He offered them to his native city of Philadelphia, but in vain. He offered them to the city of New York, but New York declined them with thanks; and both Philadelphia and New York insinuated publicly that they did not think the pictures worthy of house-room. Mr. Bryan obtained permission to hang the Raphaels and Titians and Da Vincis and Correggios and the rest in a room of the Cooper Union, where the pupils did not treat them with respect, or even keep their hands off; and the proprietor finally presented them to the Historical Society, which, with the best will, has no accommodation for such treasures, so that, for a quarter of a century, they have been scattered in dark rooms and corridors and corners, where they are being gradually ruined, and after thirty years more, as Colonel Hawkins tells us, they will be quite destroyed.

The old proverb is reversed when applied to pictures. Give a dog a bad name, and he will suffer from it. Give a picture a good name, and it will suffer no less. Here are all the good names in the history of modern art given to these pictures, and the response is a smile of incredulity:

"My face is my fortune, sir, she said,"

in the pretty song. But the Bryan pictures may truly say, Our names are our misfortune. The truth seems to be that they are good illustrations of various schools in which the historic sequence of pictorial art may be studied. If this be indeed so, they are worthy, as Colonel Hawkins says, of proper care and exhibition. He hopes that with the interest and aid of rich and public-spirited citizens the Bryan collection, with that of Mr. Dürr, also in possession of the Historical Society, may form the nucleus of a great public gallery, like the National Gallery in London. But first it must be decided satisfactorily what they really are.

Meanwhile the letter of Colonel Hawkins, and the suggestion of Mr. Clarence Cook in his *Studio* of a complete museum of casts of the great statues and sculptures, are indications of the feeling which would carry out the work of the Metropolitan Museum of Art (as it should be, Mr. Cook would say), and begin to supply the collections and monuments and

resources of study and enjoyment in the fine arts in which all great cities have abounded, and in which New York is poverty-stricken.

If the fine society of to-day which cherishes fashion even in roses smiles at the simplicity of the society of a hundred years ago, not less would the belles and beaux of that primeval period look with lofty disdain upon the fashionable world of this hour. The "gentleman of the old school," of whom forty years ago the courtly Harrison Gray Otis, of Boston, was so striking a representative, would probably look with mingled amusement and contempt upon the young gentleman of the new school who puffs a cigarette as he walks with a lady in the street, and speaks to her with a half-insolent freedom which Captain MacHeath might have used with Polly Peachum. Young Cigarette may, perhaps, reply, and truly, that stately manners and lofty morality do not coincide, and that the most courteous gentlemen have been often the most dissolute rakes.

But it is none the less true that fine manners give a new charm to the virtues, and that the moral graces are enhanced by graceful demeanor. If it be true that the morality of the Œil de Bœuf was no higher than that of the Faubourg Saint Antoine, is there no meaning in Burke's famous phrase, as he contemplated the glittering court which danced on, heedless of men and women starving around it, "Vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness"? What a tribute to the power of elegant manners and of charming courtesy that they throw a spell upon conscience itself! When they are the handmaidens of human sympathy and pity and charitable endeavor, goodness is no longer a plodding, coarse, unwinning Cinderella; it is a princess whose beauty lights the world, and draws kings to pay homage.

This is what the French gentlemen, fresh from the very court upon which Burke saw Marie Antoinette, newly risen, "glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy," felt when they saw Polly Lawton in Newport a hundred years ago, or when they took the instruments from the musicians and played the melody of "A Successful Campaign" as Washington handed out the beautiful Miss Champlin in the dance. They saw many things and learned much in America. But no better lesson did they learn than that the truest modesty and most self-respecting womanliness are compatible with the most graceful gayety and fascinating courtesy. As the manners of the drawing-room by their freedom and boisterousness decline toward those of the sailors' boarding-house, it may be true that character and morals do not decline with them. But it is certainly true that virtue loses half its charm by losing all its modesty and refinement.

These old belles have been recalled by a volume of *Newport Reminiscences*, by George Champlin Mason, which is just published in that venerable city. The name of the author suggests his kindred with one of the most noted of the families which figure in the French memoirs written by Rochambeau's officers, and which give us many of the most interesting glimpses of the time and the people. There is no place of its size in the country which is richer in various tradition than Newport, and Mr. Mason has had the advantage of family papers, and the relics of social festivities in the form of invitations and memoranda, which give a freshness to his notes, and his familiarity with the published recollections of Newport, which are many and of various kinds, has enabled him to avoid repetition.

The hours of "the republican court," and of fine society in our golden age, were most reasonable. President John Adams in a printed card requests the pleasure of Mr. Champlin's company to dine on "Thursday next at four o'clock"; and Mrs. Bingham, the queen of the Philadelphia *beau monde*, requests the honor of Mr. and Mrs. Champlin's company "to a ball on Monday, February 10, at seven o'clock," while Mrs. Bingham's daughter and her husband, afterward Lord and Lady Ashburton, give a dinner also at four o'clock. Louis Philippe, in the days of his exile, asked the hand of another daughter of Mr. Bingham, and Mr. Bingham replied, "Should you ever be restored to your hereditary position, you would be too great a match for her; if not, she is too great a match for you." The belles and beaux of to-day can not wisely toss their heads at those "simple" old times and manners. Dear madam—or you, Miss Floribel—at the time when one Miss Bingham was marrying a future peer, and another Miss Bingham was refusing a future king, was it in the haberdashery or hardware line that grandpapa was getting on?

And at the ball what did they dance? The music was the spinet, the flute, and the viol, and they did not invite to the waltz, nor to the pretty game of the german, nor to the lancers. The dances, it appears, were such as still survive in remote New England villages, although under other names. In a package of old papers our author discovers a list in a round, girlish hand—perhaps the hand that Washington took in his to dance "A Successful Campaign"—of the dances which were then most common. There are more than a dozen of them: "The Flowers of Edinburgh," "Boston's Delight," "Haymaking," "Faithful Shepherd," "Love and Opportunity," "Lady Hancock," "Innocent Maid," "Merry and Wise," "Pea Straw," "Stony Point," "A Trip to Carlisle," "Soldier's Joy," and "I'll be Married in my Old Clothes."

These are lost delights to the ball-room of to-day. But they were "queer" people who danced such outlandish jigs, you think? Yes: but if it were Viomesnil, or De Lauzun, or Vauban, or De Segur, or De Broglie, who asked you to grant him the supreme honor, could you not have been persuaded to show those

queer people of long ago what dancing really is? And if those old partners of princes and dukes and marquises, who taught the gallant officers that Puritan and Quaker morality was consonant with the loveliest manners, should look in upon the ball of to-day, the "fast" belle and her partner, young Cigarette, would it be the belle of to-day or yesterday that would think the other "so queer," and smile with the more amusement and wonder?

In a late letter upon Longfellow, Dr. Holmes says that the newspaper reporter is to the social meeting what the phylloxera is to the vineyard. It is not, however, the reporter as reporter of whom this is true, for he is often accomplished and courteous, but it is the reporter as "interviewer," who ravages accuracy and desolates truth. There has been a contest recently as to the date of the first appearance of the words interview and interviewer. It is, like a speculation upon the first appearance of the cholera, a fact of minor importance, but all facts in relation to so great a scourge of the human race have an interest of curiosity. Interviewing is one of the later and most disagreeable phenomena of a free press. It is disagreeable because it tends to weaken the newspaper at its most vital point. It conveys the news with suspicion, and it is in great part since the publication of interviews that the remark has become justifiable, "I don't believe it because I read it in the newspaper."

The experienced newspaper reader certainly finds himself awaiting the confirmation of most important statements. He is conscious that the mere fact of their publication in his paper is not an adequate reason for believing them, and his hesitation is due to frequent previous deception. The most familiar form of the deception is the interview, in which the thing said and the manner of saying it are as grotesquely distorted as a man's face in a convex mirror. The interview is generally an amusing or exasperating caricature, and the person who is ridiculed is helpless. If, taught by severe experience, he declines to speak, the interviewing artist, full of resources, and appreciating the necessities of an enterprising newspaper, proves to be a true thaumaturgist. He makes the dumb speak, and the interviewed, who flattered himself grimly that he had outwitted the adversary by silence, finds, to his dismay, that he has told at great length all that he never knew, and eloquently asserted all that he does not think.

In the earlier days of interviewing, a gentleman in Washington had been present at a cabinet meeting at which subjects of interest were discussed, and upon leaving the White House he was requested by the reporter to state what had occurred. The gentleman smiled blandly, and remarked that he had been invited to the meeting, and that, of course, the conversation and discussions were entirely private. The reporter could get no farther. He tried in many cunning ways to turn the flank of the guest and penetrate the secret. But the guest had undergone a similar ordeal before, and he good-naturedly baffled "the representative of the press" at every turn. The representative, on his part, constantly "came up smiling," but at length saw that the contest was useless, and, still smiling, withdrew. The victor retired, congratulating himself that he had held out stoutly to the end, and had said nothing. But the next day he saw to his amazement that the genius of the interviewer and the resources of an enterprising press had left him a barren victory, for the newspaper announced that Mr. Blank was present at the cabinet meeting yesterday, and, upon coming out, courteously gave our representative the following interesting account of the details of the meeting.

Another gentleman recently told a reporter that he thought well of an address delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of a public building, and that the designs for the building itself were excellent. The next morning the newspaper stated that he had remarked to its representative that Demosthenes and Cicero paled their ineffectual fires before the burning eloquence of the matchless address, and that the edifice about to be erected would unquestionably surpass the Coliseum in grandeur and the Parthenon in grace. The excellent man's predicament was pitiful. His words were distorted and caricatured into grotesque falsehood. His studied moderation of phrase had become mere gush. But the mischief was done, and it was not remediable, for a grave explanation of the matter would have been a little ludicrous.

The true course, the reader thinks, is to say nothing, and to show the interviewer the door, to button one's self loftily in an ulster of silence, and to freeze the intruder with a stony stare. So, naturally, it seems to the innocent reader. But the innocent reader does not know the craft of the craft. Interviewing would have perished long ago if silence and refusal and a freezing manner could have disposed of it. But the interviewer who could be bluffed, or frozen out, or in any manner dismayed or disconcerted, would be dropped from the ranks at once as wholly incapable. Interviewing must be treated like the sultry heat of the dog-days and the zero weather of winter. They can not be avoided. They belong to the climate. The more impatient and angry and profane you permit yourself to become, the more keenly you will suffer. The infliction must be treated reasonably: in the one case, with thin clothing and shade and quiet; in the other, with thick clothing, good fires, and good sense; and in all cases with good-nature.

But when every provision is made, and every precaution is observed, you will still be sometimes too warm and too cold. So with the interview. It can not be escaped. Impatience and anger and silence and stony stares will

not avail. Whether you speak or refuse to speak, remarks will be published as yours, colored with such extravagance and superlatives as may please the scribe. And if you are written down something that you would prefer not to be, your only resource in a day of great enterprise in the press is to hope that you will not be so written down very often.

Editor's Literary Record.

MR. JOHN FISKE'S *American Political Ideas Viewed from the Standpoint of Universal History*[1] is something more than a mere historical retrospect. It is, indeed, pregnant with food for thought concerning the past of our republic, and the conditions that led up to its establishment and consolidation; and it indicates with great clearness and comprehensiveness of induction the path which it must follow to reach the great possibilities toward which it is gravitating by the law of its nature. Its sketches, too, of the town-meeting, its original types and analognes, and its important influence in edncating our people in the art and practice of self-government; and of the foreshadowings of the Federal Union, its practical operation, and its power to hold together men and States on a great scale—are rich in snggestive thoughts. But all this is only the porch of the edifice—the approach to a grander and wider field. From the example of the United States, and the practical results that have been reached through the instrnmentality of its political system, Mr. Fiske deduces the conclusion that in the expansion and wider application of that system lies the way to one universal government, and that to this the world is tending. He advances the theory, which is not a new one, that the race which gained control of North America mnst become the dominant race of the world, and that its political ideas will assuredly prevail in the strnggle for life. This gives great moral significance to the rapid increase of the Anglo-Saxon race in America, and leads to the further thought that, as the most numerous and powerful representative of that race, the people of the United States have effectually dispelled the fallacy that centralized governments are absolntely requisite for large nations, and have demonstrated by their own history that it is only through federalism, combined with local self-government, that the stability of a huge aggregate can be permanently attained. Further, that eventually the principle will be applied to bind together the stupendous nnmbers of the race in America, Africa, Anstralia, and the islands of the Pacific, till nltimately, aided by the universality of the English langnage, the elimination of the elements of time and distance from political problems, and the general drift of civilization, the states of Europe will be forced by the pressnre of circumstances, which are even now visibly at work, into some kind of federal union, and a similar process will go on until the whole of mankind shall constitute a single political body, and the reign of universal peace be inaugurated. Mr. Fiske snggests that as this process goes on, possibly after many ages of political experience shall have elapsed, "it may become apparent that there is really no reason in the nature of things why the whole of mankind shonld not constitute one huge federation, each little gronp managing its local affairs in entire independence, bnt relegating all qnestions of international interest to the decision of one central tribunal snpported by the public opinion of the entire human race." And he believes that the "time will come when such a state of things will exist npon the earth, when it will be possible to speak of the United States as stretching from pole to pole." Less optimistic thinkers than Mr. Fiske will intrnde the objection that there is one potent factor which stands in the way of the realization of his splendid dream—that while human nature remains the same, and until it and the passions and vices which are inseparable from it are eliminated, as the elements of time and space and diversity of tongne are being eliminated, there will be feuds, rivalries, ambitions, nsurpations, conspiracies, rebellions, and conflicts of interest among men; in fine, that men are not any more likely to be of one mind in a nation or congeries of nations than they are in a house, or even in a town-meeting.

AT length we have a perfect edition of the works of the poet Gray,[2] for which we are indebted to the author of the excellent memoir of Gray published in the "English Men of Letters" series in 1882, Mr. Edmund Gosse. Hitherto no attempt had been made to inclnde all Gray's writings in one publication. Letters and verses which were to be fonnd in one edition had been omitted from another, so that, as Mr. Gosse correctly says in the preface to his edition, in order to obtain all of them it has been necessary to procure fonr distinct publications of varions forms and sizes. It was Mr. Gosse's expectation, when he nndertook the collection of Gray's writings, that he should be able to nnearth some or all of the nnprinted verses and letters of Gray, of which tradition has whispered more or less loudly for the last

[1] *American Political Ideas Viewed from the Standpoint of Universal History.* By JOHN FISKE. 16mo, pp. 158. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *The Works of Thomas Gray in Prose and Verse.* Edited by EDMUND GOSSE, Clark Lecturer on English Literature at the University of Cambridge. In Four Volumes, 12mo, pp. 409, 402, 406, and 399. New York: A. C. Armstrong and Son.

forty years. But after having made diligent research, he records the disappointing fact that each time when he has seemed on the brink of discovery, the prose has proved a cloud and the poems a mirage, and that of the matter actually hitherto unprinted in some form or other the present volumes contain comparatively little. This little, however, is of no inconsiderable value and interest, and includes several of Gray's humorous pieces, now first printed from the poet's holograph, a graceful "Epitaph on a Child," never before published, a set of copies of recently discovered Latin verses written by Gray when a youth, several fine translations from Propertius and Dante which were written in Gray's best poetic years, his Journal in France in 1739, and several interesting letters—all of which are now first given to the public.

Mr. Gosse's collation and arrangement of the materials, however, have been his greatest and most responsible work in this new edition, and can not be too heartily commended. He gives us a pure text, and he has arranged the material in consecutive order that had been scattered over various publications, with all the errors and interpolations that defaced them eliminated. Among the features of this new edition, apart from the newly printed matter already spoken of, which have a lively interest to literary scholars, are reprints of the first edition, being that of 1751, of the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," and of the Pembroke text of the same, thus enabling the reader to trace the hand of the poet as he pruned his immortal poem of its defects or heightened its beauties. Another feature of interest is the restoration of the poet's orthography, so as to conform to Gray's holograph, in the case of those of his productions of which there was no printed text in his lifetime. The edition consists of four handy and elegantly printed volumes, the first being devoted to Gray's poems, journals, and essays, the second and third to his letters, and the fourth to his notes on Aristophanes and Plato; and they are severally enriched with a silhouette of Gray in his advanced years, lately discovered in the Master's Lodge at Pembroke College, a fine engraving from the oil-painting of Gray in his prime, for which he sat in 1747 to John Giles Eckhardt, a reproduction of a pencil drawing from life by Mason, never before published, and a fac-simile of the original manuscript of Gray's sonnet to Richard West. The completeness of this fine edition, and the abundance and excellence of its critical and bibliographical notes, will undoubtedly render it the standard one for scholars.

A MANUAL of English Literature,[3] prepared by Maude Gillette Phillips, has just issued from the press of the Messrs. Harper, which combines many features of great practical excellence. Among these are the helpful method and the simplicity of its arrangement, the comprehensiveness and philosophic acumen of its general surveys, the copiousness of its illustrative citations from critics and scholars, the fine taste and discriminating judgment of its original criticisms, the amplitude of its outlines and summaries, and the thoroughness of its introduction of the reader to the persons as well as the productions of representative writers who have exerted a potential influence upon English thought and language in every department of literature. English literature is treated under ten general divisions—for example, the Anglo-Saxon Age, the Age of Chaucer, the Dark Age, the Elizabethan Age, etc.—each representing a literary period that was defined by distinct lines of demarkation and marked by special characteristics which distinguish it from the others, and all combined furnishing a very complete view of the historical development of English literature, and exhibiting the successive stages of its growth and fruitage from its infancy to the present day. Each of these ages is considered as a distinct unit, but its study as such is combined with a collateral study of the contemporaneous foreign literatures which exercised a modifying influence upon English thought and style. The author's general method may be best exemplified by her presentation of any one of these ages taken at random, the same general system being adhered to throughout. Thus, the Puritan Age being under consideration, the study of the literature of that period opens with a concise general survey of those distinguishing characteristics of the age which impressed themselves upon its literature, and found utterance in the productions of its greatest writers and thinkers — Milton, Bunyan, Baxter, Jeremy Taylor, Thomas Fuller, Sir Thomas Browne, Archbishop Leighton, Barrow, Tillotson, and South. This is followed by a similarly concise general survey of the characteristics of the contemporary literature of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. Then comes a specific and elaborate study of Milton, who is selected for the purpose in preference to any other of his contemporaries because he was the most illustrious writer of that age, and also because, more completely than any other, he was the very personification of Puritanism. The study comprises an account of the portraits and busts of Milton; descriptions by various hands of his personal appearance, dress, etc.; a collection of general comments upon his writings in prose and verse by eminent poets and critics of his own and more recent times; a brief biographical sketch of his life; accounts severally of his homes, his personal friends, and his political opinions; a chronological classification of his works to illustrate the march of his intellectual development; and finally a series of separate analytical studies

[3] *A Popular Manual of English Literature.* Containing Outlines of the Literature of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and the United States of America. By MAUDE GILLETTE PHILLIPS. In Two Volumes, 8vo, pp. 580 and 569. New York: Harper and Brothers.

of each of his productions in the order of their composition, each study being accompanied by a selection of lines or thoughts which have become familiar or famous, and a symposium of critical and æsthetical comment by eminent writers, addressed to the merits of the particular work that is under consideration. This method is applied to each of the ten ages, so that the student at school or college or the general reader may easily refer to special points in the literature of a period, or to particular features of the life or writings of the central figure who has been chosen to illustrate it.

THE present dispute concerning the value of classical studies is but one phase of a controversy which has lasted for ages, and is likely to last for ages to come. It is amusing to note the tone of some loud disputants, assured that they have just made a grand discovery, that the educational past has been a prejudice and a delusion, and that only vigorous declamation is now needed to drive from the world its traditions of culture. Scholars, however, see without alarm, and even with satisfaction, that the subject is attracting earnest attention; for they are sure that if these traditions are but tested fairly, however severely, all that is valuable in them will be but more firmly fixed in the esteem of educated men. Certainly the best way to try the issue between the old learning and the new is to perfect for students the methods and agencies of both, and to let each work out its best results in fair competition. In this manner the truest friends of classical learning are dealing with the controversy. The series to which Mr. Merriam's book[4] belongs promises a distinct advance upon the text-books of Greek and Latin authors to which American pupils now have access. When a wide selection of the principal monuments of ancient literature shall have assumed this attractive form, with an apparatus as complete, there can no longer be complaints that a course of study in this department is wanting in intellectual stimulus, in suggestiveness, or in opportunities for the varied exercise of the mind. Professor Merriam has selected from Herodotus the books containing his delightful story of the campaigns of Marathon and Thermopylæ. He makes its historical relations intelligible by prefixing a summary of the entire work of the Father of History, and facilitates the study of his dialect by a systematic account of its peculiarities. Next comes the text, printed with beautiful accuracy, and more carefully punctuated than in many earlier editions. An elaborate commentary follows, remarkable at once for its fullness and its compression, giving in the smallest compass, without sacrifice of clearness, everything needed in a guide to the thorough study of the author. It is here that the learning and skill of the editor find amplest scope and are most usefully employed. The grammatical illustration is sufficient and accurate, but never tedious, nor is the attention unduly fixed upon verbal discussion. The reader is constantly provoked to widen his range of inquiry; to consider the significance and importance of the events related, the character of the actors in them, the condition of society, the forms of government, the processes and influence of law, the state of the arts, the place of Herodotus in literature, and the relations of the great struggle between Persia and Greece to the history of civilization. All this is done with skill, so that the faithful student of the volume is kept in perpetual mental contact with the simplicity and nobleness of the Greek historian, and is nowhere offended or obstructed by the intrusion of the commentator, yet finds himself stimulated and aided to follow up the pursuit of knowledge in almost every direction in which an enlightened curiosity seeks gratification. If the reproaches which have been cast upon a too exclusive attention to linguistic teachings in classical instruction shall lead to the general use of books like this, which unite the minute accuracy of scientific philology with the broadest and most varied sources of interest in every branch of historic learning, the coming generations will have reason to be glad that the place of "the humanities" in education has been so vigorously challenged.

"THE true vision of a work of literary art is to be gained by the study of the original, and by that alone." (Introductory Essay, p. xxvii.) In these words Dr. Gildersleeve makes his protest against the delusion that from translations and criticisms there can be got a true knowledge of antique literature. But the same words can be used to mark the worth of his own edition, to show why his vision and his presentation of Pindar[5] are truer, we believe, than any before unveiled to scholars. His vision of Pindar is supremely clear and true, because for half a lifetime of loving study, for many years of close and concentrated contemplation, the creations of Pindar's art have been steadily before his eyes. The habits of Pindar's speech, the methods of his composition, the laws of his thinking, the sequences of his imagination, have been watched and compared and recorded with that same kind of unswerving accuracy which the scientific men of our time are wont to give to the forms and laws of life in plant and animal. The edition is the result and the triumph of the closest and most loving scientific observa-

[4] *The Sixth and Seventh Books of Herodotus.* With a Life of Herodotus, an Epitome of his History, a Summary of the Dialect, and Explanatory Notes. By AUGUSTUS C. MERRIAM, Ph.D., Adjunct Professor of Greek in Columbia College. Pp. xxix., 369. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *Pindar: the Olympian and Pythian Odes.* With an Introductory Essay, Notes, and Indexes. By BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE, Professor of Greek in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. "Harper's Classical Series." New York: Harper and Brothers.

tion. We all know the "Theban eagle" of Gray's sublime stanza, and the grandeur of the metaphor loses nothing by following out the precision of its details. The motion and the power of the eagle's wings, the lustre of his plumage, the strong sweep of the upward flight, the grace of his gyrations, the swift directness of the downward dash—all these things are here revealed to us with a clearness that they never had before. It is a pang for old Greek scholars, *πῆμα παλίγκοτον δαμασθέν*, to feel, had such a revelation of Pindar been given to them in their youth, how much of perplexed and ineffective labor had been spared.

The edition falls into three parts. The Introductory Essay fills 109 pages. The text,* beautifully printed and accompanied by full metrical schemes, fills 122. The commentary, full, and yet too short, fills 242. At the end there are 25 pages of index matter; and this index, especially in dealing with the figures and with the syntax of Pindar, is so full and so ably wrought as to have an independent value for students of style. The classification of the metaphors, pp. 391–2, is of the deepest interest.

In the beginning of his preface the editor wittily says: "The text of this edition has been constituted according to my best judgment, and that best judgment has excluded all emendations of my own." The text is eclectic, but the result is a triumph of the editor's judgment. It yields, wherever tested, a convincing sense. And even where, as in Ol. ii., 62, the text itself breaks down, it is better to have the break revealed to us by the editor's frankness than blurred over by emendations that hide ignorance and suggest false conceptions. The metrical schemes that accompany the text "are due to the generosity of Dr. J. H. Heinrich Schmidt, who kindly placed at my disposal the MS. of his unpublished Pindar." (Preface, v.) They are, indeed, so satisfactory to work with that one can not desire anything better. For a diligent student, not devoid of rhythmical sense, the understanding and the recitation of Pindar's verses are now made easy.

The Introductory Essay embraces, besides much else, a full discussion of Pindar's meters, inflection, syntax, style, and laws of composition. Apart from the commentary, this essay is, we think, quite the best piece of literary criticism on Pindar that adorns any literature. Many passages are so grandly written, so full of insight, of new thought, of warm eloquence, as to have high literary worth. The description of Pindar's survey of Hellas, pp. xviii.–xix., the description of the Olympian festival as revealed by the late excavations, pp. xix.–xx., and the picture of Pindar in his decline, p. lxii., are as noble in manner† as in thought. Far different from the warmth and glow of such passages are those others in which acuteness of combination and subtlety of argument are used to attack old theories and to establish new opinions. The vindication of the Bœotian intellect against the Attic sneer, p. viii., the novel view of Pindar's Hellenic patriotism, p. xii., the humorous assault upon the framers of Pindaric analyses and upon the worshippers of the *ὀμφαλός*, are models of that sharpness of skepticism which belongs to the highest region of philological science. Above all, however, the description of Pindar's style, pp. xxxvi.–xl., gives proof how rich are the results of applying the methods of the modern æsthetic criticism, the criticism of Sainte-Beuve and Matthew Arnold, to the works of Greek genius. It would be hard to find in modern critical masterpieces a nobler or keener analysis than that which sums up the greatness of Pindar in his opulence, swiftness, and elevation.

In passing from the essay to the commentary we pass from æsthetic to grammatical criticism. In this the method and the instructive power of Dr. Gildersleeve are almost unequalled among scholars. To them that have long known his fine knowledge of Attic and Homeric Greek it is a joyous revelation to see the Attic and the Homeric made the two avenues of approach to the Pindaric. The style of Pindar in every minute detail is compared with the usage of Homer and with the usage of the Attic; and the delicacy and carefulness and subtlety of the comparison are always bringing to light new and unsuspected truths. Especially valuable is the tracing of the influence of metrical form upon the syntax of the tenses, p. lxiii., etc., the warning about the classification of participles, p. 109, and the interpretation of the present used for the future, p. 143. The only oversight seems to be the adoption of *λάθεν* into the text of Pyth., viii., 15, with the recommendation of *μάθεν* in the commentary. Points of detail, marked for note, there is not space to mention. The highest merits of this commentary seem to us the highest merits that commentary can have. First, the interpretation of Pindar out of Pindar himself, the collation of Pindaric usage to make plain each passage, is carried out more thoroughly than we have ever seen done before. Second, the translations, when given at all, are given with surpassing accuracy and in gem-like beauty. In many places the rendering vies with the original in perfection of phrase; and in the longer passages, as on p. 147, the noble rhythm of the translation is welcome proof that rhythmical prose is not, as some seem to think, bad and sing-song verse. Third, the highest merit of all, is the penetrative force of the editor's imagination, the deep insight that deep sympathy gives

* Do the Greek coins by which the text is illustrated contain an allusion to that love of such coins, as poets' fees, which the ancients ascribed to Pindar?

† The style of the essay and of the commentary is very rich and full of literary charm. Some of the technical grammar terms savor too much of the class-room. A "*plumping aorist*" is hardly presentable. To speak of the "*inliest* life," p. xiv., or of a man's *weird*, p. 332, gives a false tone. But the verb to *jeopard*, p. xxix., has a rich flavor of the Old Testament, and the participle *forefelt* is well worthy of being revived from Chapman's Homer, p. xcv.

into the working of Pindar's thought and into the meaning of his figures. Each figure is felt and interpreted, and the laws of figurative expression are given with beautiful clearness. See, especially, the discussion of mixed metaphors, p. xliii. In this respect Dr. Gildersleeve's Pindar is likely to remain, we think, a lasting monument of philological method. Our knowledge of Pindar's dialect, of his meters, of his syntax, may expand with the growth of philology. But there is not likely to come to the study of the Theban poet a scholar whose gift of sympathetic imagination, whose power of imaginative insight, shall be more nicely adapted than Dr. Gildersleeve's to Pindar's individuality of thought and feeling.

THE question of total abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks has been discussed with so much intemperance by the zealous reformers who have been its advocates, their earnestness has been so strongly tinctured with fanaticism, and the methods they have proposed or devised to force their benevolent views upon an unready public have been so radical and extreme, that the subject has failed to secure the dispassionate hearing which its grave importance and its genuine philanthropic aims deserve. Anomalous as it may seem, even the unfortunates whom it is sought to rescue—unlike those other unfortunates, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the maimed, and the diseased, who are full of gratitude for plans for their amelioration—have generally ranged themselves with their own and its deadliest enemies in opposing the proposed reform, and in ridiculing it as a crotchet hatched in the maggoty brains of men of one idea. And this also may be largely ascribed to the intemperance of the temperance reformers. Moreover, the subject itself is so complicated, the proposed reform trenches upon so many interests, and runs counter to so many prejudices and habits and prescriptions, that it is full of difficulty, which has not been lessened by the exceedingly superficial manner in which it has been discussed by many of its ablest and most enthusiastic advocates. Nevertheless, not a few admirable books have been written by total abstinence reformers to which this censure does not apply; but none of them have been at all comparable, in their scope, in the thoroughness with which their facts, arguments, and evidence have been presented, or in the calmness and practical good sense of their reasonings and conclusions, to an excellent work by Mr. Axel Gustafson, covering the subject in all its relations and bearings, and to which he has given the title, *The Foundation of Death*.[6] Mr. Gustafson vindicates his choice of this rather startling title by showing, in the course of his treatise, that among the many springs and foundations of death—of deaths national and individual, intellectual and moral, physical and spiritual—alcohol is pre-eminently a destroyer in every department of life, and therefore is truly the foundation of death. Proceeding upon this broad idea, and in order that the masses of plain people may see that their well-being is indissolubly associated with total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, Mr. Gustafson has collected in his work an overwhelming amount of evidence—historical, philological, argumentative, and experiential—addressed to the understanding of plain men, and admirably calculated to convince them of the perilous consequences of intoxicating drink in all its forms. Mr. Gustafson is not an advocate of legislation at this stage. He believes that individual and social reform must be the basis of any permanently good legislation; that it must precede legislation, and prepare public opinion for it; that it must consist in abstinence voluntarily imposed upon himself by man, under the sincere conviction that intoxicating drinks are evil, are so sure a poison to body and mind that, although the drinker may in his own person to all appearances escape baneful consequences, his children and children's children must often bear them, and that no man can guiltlessly indulge in that which, not being a necessity for himself, is, by his indulging, a snare to his brother man. When the people are educated up to this point, the needful legislation will inevitably follow, and be permanent. The work is a *vade mecum* of the history, legislation, literature, and bibliography of the subject, a repository of what science has revealed as to the physiological and pathological effects of alcoholic beverages, and a treasury of the reasonings that have been employed for and against total abstinence, and of all the expedients and half-way measures that have been tried in its stead and found deplorably wanting. The treatise is an able and impressive one, earnest and sympathetic, without being fanatical, and commanding respect by the fullness and importance of the researches which it records, and by the dispassionate candor and cogency of its arguments.

AS its sub-title correctly announces, *The Money-Makers*[7] is a social parable rather than a true novel; and very naturally, therefore, its interest resides rather in the pointedness and pungency of its similitudes than in the artistic development of the story, or the fine shading and evolution of character. Some of its situations are exceedingly effective, though rarely reaching any exalted dramatic heights; several of its delineations of a segment of American society are brilliant and racy, though generally somewhat extravagant in their coloring; and a few of its leading characters are clever but exaggerated portraitures of individuals whose conduct and springs of action

[6] *The Foundation of Death.* A Study of the Drink Question. By AXEL GUSTAFSON. 12mo, pp. 598. Boston: Guin, Heath, and Co.

[7] *The Money-Makers.* A Social Parable. 16mo, pp. 337. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

have exerted, and continue to exert, a baleful influence upon the society in which they revolve, no less than upon the public and business morals of the country. The tone of the story is depressing, even where it most aims to be sprightly and amusing. The cancerous venality which it depicts as permeating and corrupting the press, the national and State Legislatures, the judiciary, and almost every ramification of public and private life is painted in the most sombre colors, and its universality is assumed from the existence of flagrant instances of it. It must be admitted, however, while discrediting its universality, that these special instances of it are so numerous, their influence is of so great magnitude, and they are usually so largely accompanied by that lust of power in its baser forms, and the unscrupulous use of it, which are begot of the greed of money-getting, as to be sufficiently menacing to warrant the sounding of an alarum like that which peals out from almost every page of this vigorous and scathing performance. The prevailing dark ground of its rather thin story is alleviated by some brilliant and spicy but rather heartless sketches of life and society in Bohemian and press circles and among the newly rich; and there are occasional episodes which glow with generous and appreciative sympathy for pure womanhood, and with hearty admiration of that noble and incorruptible manhood which is fostered by lofty aspirations and honorable ambitions. But the general tenor, as we have said, is dark and depressing, and its tendency is to create the impression that our social and political fabric is so completely honey-combed by rapacity on the one hand and venality on the other, and that the men and women of America are so universally susceptible to base and corrupting influences, that our case is hopeless except through some violent and even revolutionary cure. The state of the case, as between the grasping millionaires who are debauching our voters and rulers, and concentrating in their own class the money, the lands, the business, and the power of the country, and the toiling masses who are being sunk to a lower and more hopeless condition by the tendency to class supremacy on the basis of wealth, is graphically but bitterly outlined in connection with the careers, and the incidents that occur therein, of some of the *dramatis personæ* for whom the reader's interest or indignation is challenged. The production will afford food for thought, and perhaps warning, to many who do not read, or who can not understand, or will not heed, the reasonings of political economists. One of its features which will pique the curiosity of many readers is its crisp portraitures of some well-known characters under thinly disguised appellatives. These portraitures are not literally true to the life, but are clever travesties, whose recognition depends upon an exaggerated rendering of some imputed or real traits of their originals.

Until recently it may have been asserted with truth that not since Charlotte Brontë surprised the world with her first novel, when she was only twenty-three years old, has any work of fiction been produced by any other equally youthful writer at all comparable with *Jane Eyre* for maturity of thought and expression or for originality and power. But this may no longer be averred. A new writer has come upon the stage as youthful as was Charlotte Brontë when she made her *début* in 1847, and of the same sex, whose literary workmanship evinces even greater maturity than hers, and no less imaginative and constructive power, combined with a freedom from morbid or extravagant fancies and a vigor and masculinity of style and thought that are phenomenal in one so young. Like the author of *Jane Eyre*, the young author whose star is now rising above the horizon has sheltered herself behind a pseudonym. Vernon Lee, as is well understood in literary circles, is the assumed name of a young lady of twenty-two or twenty-three, whose writings on Italian art and literature have excited the admiration of scholars by the taste and ability they have displayed; and *Miss Brown*,[8] a remarkable romance just published by the Messrs. Harper, is her first attempt at a novel. Few would suspect the youth or sex of the author of this novel from the internal evidences that may be gleaned from it. Not that there is anything in it incompatible with either, least of all any utterances from which an ingenuous youth or a pure-minded woman would recoil in the writing or in the reading. But there are visible in its style a plenitude and a degree of freedom and vigor such as are commonly attained only after long practice in the literary art; and in like manner there are manifest in its delineations of motives, moods, and emotions, and in its presentations of character, a fullness of knowledge on a wide range of large subjects, and an affluence and reach of thought, such as usually accompany prolonged habits of observation and ripe experience. Intuition of this sort—for it must be intuition in a girl just out of her teens—is very closely akin to genius. It is not desirable to forestall our readers' perusal of this striking romance by an extended outline of its plot and a close description of its characters. But the story will not be robbed of its freshness and novelty if we say that it is the most trenchant satire which has yet appeared levelled against that compound of cleverness on a small scale and of fantastic drivel and posturing on a large one, the æsthetic distemper, which invaded London not many years ago, and later on found a lodgment on this side of the Atlantic, and that its heroine is a grandly conceived woman —grand in her proportions, her beauty, her simplicity and purity, her singleness and vig-

[8] *Miss Brown.* A Novel. By Vernon Lee. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 76. New York: Harper and Brothers.

or of mind, and her capacity for self-sacrifice at the shrine of gratitude. The vivid contrasts of character which occur in the course of the narrative as between this calm and gracious woman, impervious to evil and resolute in her devotion to her clear conceptions of right and wrong, and the generous but weak and vacillating man who was her benefactor, and also as between her and the frivolous or evil men and women by whom she was surrounded but not harmed, are among the most powerfully concentrated limnings in our romantic literature. The novel is further noteworthy for the variety as well as the naturalness and brilliancy of its dialogues, and for the boldness with which it trenches on dangerous ground without overstepping true delicacy. Some minor defects might easily be pointed out, but these are chiefly verbal, and do not materially detract from the general excellence of the performance.

Mr. Farjeon's *Great Porter Square*[9] is one of the most ultra-realistic of our modern realistic novels. Its story is told with the matter-of-fact literalness of a newspaper report, and the reader will look through it in vain for any gleam of fancy or imagination. A mysterious and carefully planned murder had been perpetrated in a house in Great Porter Square, London, and the novel is devoted to the history of the means that were employed to hunt down the murderer and unravel the mystery. By a singular fatality the son of the murdered man—though not revealed at the outset as such either to the reader or the public—is charged with the crime, and after having been convicted is cleared of the accusation. The circumstances attending the implication of an innocent man in so grave a crime, and his barbarous treatment by the officers of the law, and even by the court, while he was a prisoner under suspicion, are minutely and graphically presented by Mr. Farjeon, in order to emphasize the danger to which every citizen is exposed by the false theories and misdirected efforts of the authorities, and generally to expose the gross defects of the English law of procedure in criminal cases. Having narrowly escaped the peril that threatened him, the son devotes himself, without revealing his identity, to the discovery of the real criminal, and aided by his plucky and indomitable as well as beautiful and lovable sweetheart and affianced wife, after long and tireless effort, succeeds in bringing the guilt home to a paramour of his father's young and beautiful second wife, who had conspired with her to alienate the father from the son, to get possession of his property and the will that devised it, and finally to murder him. The story is told for the most part in the form of supposititious extracts from the newspaper reports of the case in its several stages, and throughout its details are given with the minute circumstantiality and verisimilitude of an accomplished detective. Those who relish this sort of incident will read Mr. Farjeon's account of an imaginary mysterious murder and the complications resulting from it with much the same interest as if it were a real one. The story is not exclusively sombre. It has its bright, tender, and even humorous sides as well as its dark side, and some of its delineations of character and of phases of London life are as piquant and buoyant as others are murky and repulsive.

Serapis[10] is another of the historical romances written by the eminent German archæologist Georg Ebers in illustration of the social life and manners, the learning and art, the philosophy and religion, of the ancients during the centuries that preceded and followed the inception of the Christian era. The period which Dr. Ebers has now chosen for illustration is that which was coincident with the proclamation of the famous edict of Theodosius the Great (A.D. 381) against paganism, prohibiting immolatory sacrifices, and denouncing them as infamous as well as criminal, one of the most signal incidents attending which was the destruction of the magnificent temple of Serapis at Alexandria, and the demolition of the superb work of art, the colossal statue of the god, which it contained. The scene is laid in Alexandria, and the story depicts the concourse of citizens and visitors, pagans and Christians, philosophers, monks, magicians, singers, and soldiers, who were there assembled on the eve of the catastrophe, together with the contrasted feelings and motives that animated them—picturing, on the one hand, the fierce enthusiasm and bitter intolerance, alleviated in some instances by the more kindly Christian graces and virtues, of the triumphant Christians, supported by the imperial cohorts; and, on the other, the hatred, consternation, and despair of the pagans, who had been deluded into the belief that the destruction of their god involved a universal collapse and the destruction of all things. Amid all this tempest of passion and expectation the novelist evolves a charming story of love and constancy rising superior to creed and prejudice, and of the sweet amenities of social ties and family affection. At times the narrative is lofty and dramatic, and it abounds in descriptions and allusions which are rife with historical interest. Like its predecessors by the same author, *Serapis* is a valuable aid to the just comprehension of the history of the times and events to which it relates, and it is highly respectable as a work of art. In this latter respect, however, it is, in our judgment, greatly inferior to Bulwer's romance on a related theme, *The Last Days of Pompeii*.

[9] *Great Porter Square.* A Mystery. By B. L. Farjeon. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 64. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] *Serapis.* By Georg Ebers. From the German by Clara Bell. 18mo, pp. 387. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 19th of March.—The House of Representatives of the Forty-eighth Congress adjourned *sine die* March 4. Almost the last act was the passage of the Senate Grant Retirement Bill by a vote of 198 to 78. It was sent to the President, who immediately signed it, and nominated General Grant to be General on the retired list of the army, with the full pay of such rank ($13,500). The Senate confirmed this, in open executive session, amid thunders of applause on the floor and in the galleries.

The following bills were passed: Anti-Foreign Contract Labor, Senate, February 18; Texas Pacific Forfeiture, Senate, February 19; Agricultural Appropriation, Senate, February 20; Post-office Appropriation, Senate, February 23; Naval Appropriation, House, February 23, Senate, February 27; authorizing the President to negotiate for the purchase of the Indian rights in the Oklahoma lands, Senate, February 24; Sundry Civil Appropriation, House, February 27; Substitute for River and Harbor Appropriation, House, February 27; Fortifications Appropriation, House, February 28, Senate, March 3; New Orleans Appropriation (increased to $400,000), Senate, March 2; Pensions Appropriation ($60,000,000), House, March 3.

The Post-office Appropriation Bill makes the following important changes, to take effect July 1: The weight of all single-rate letters is increased from one-half an ounce each or fraction thereof to one ounce each or fraction thereof. All newspapers sent from the office of publication, including sample copies, or when sent from a news agency to actual subscribers thereto, or to other news agents, shall be entitled to transmission at the rate of one cent per pound or fraction thereof, the postage to be prepaid. A special stamp of the value of ten cents may be issued, which, when attached to a letter, in addition to the lawful postage, shall entitle the letter to immediate delivery.

Grover Cleveland was inaugurated President of the United States March 4. In his inaugural address he urged all citizens to lay aside partisan animosities and give the common government cordial support; declared in favor of a close application of the Monroe doctrine to foreign relations, and principles of strict economy to domestic affairs; favored the exclusion of foreign pauper labor, the suppression of Mormon polygamy, the protection of the Indians and their elevation to citizenship, and the maintenance of the rights of the freedmen; and demanded reform in governmental methods, and the application of civil service reform principles to all departments, and commended the nation to Divine wisdom for guidance.

President Cleveland's cabinet, announced March 5, was as follows: Secretary of State, Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware; Secretary of the Treasury, Daniel Manning, of New York; Secretary of War, William C. Endicott, of Massachusetts; Secretary of the Navy, William C. Whitney, of New York; Secretary of the Interior, L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi; Postmaster-General, William F. Vilas, of Wisconsin; Attorney-General, A. H. Garland, of Arkansas.

President Cleveland, March 12, withdrew the Nicaragua Canal and Spanish Reciprocity treaties from the Senate in order that they might be considered by the new administration.

United States Senator Bayard, of Delaware, is succeeded by Mr. George Gray, and United States Senator Lamar, of Mississippi, by General E. C. Walthall.

The Washington Monument was dedicated, February 21, with appropriate ceremonies.

The motion to censure the English government for its Soudan policy was rejected in the House of Commons (299 to 277) and adopted in the House of Lords (189 to 68), February 27.

DISASTERS.

February 27.—Six officers killed by an explosion in the School of Gunnery at Shoeburyness, England.

March 3.—Explosion in Unsworth Colliery, Sunderland, England. Thirty-six men killed.

March 6.—Colliery explosion at Karwin, Austrian Silesia, killing 147 men.

March 18.—More than one hundred and fifty miners killed by explosion of fire-damp at Camphausen, Prussia.

OBITUARY.

February 17.—In New York, John Parselle, aged sixty-eight years.

February 21.—In Brooklyn, New York, William C. Kingsley, aged fifty-two years.

February 22.—In Washington, D. C., General Horace Capron, aged seventy-five years, and Francis Samuel Drake, aged fifty-seven years.

February 26.—In Newark, Ohio, General Charles R. Woods, U.S.A., aged fifty-four years.

March 1.—In Boston, Massachusetts, Rear-Admiral George H. Preble, U.S.N., aged sixty-nine years.

March 6.—In Philadelphia, T. S. Arthur, aged seventy-six years.

March 10.—In Worcester, Massachusetts, Sergeant Thomas Plunkett, the armless hero of Fredericksburg, aged forty-four years.

March 12.—In Philadelphia, General Thomas H. Neill, U.S.A., aged fifty-nine years.

March 13.—General Fernandez, President of Costa Rica.

March 14.—In Buffalo, New York, Charles W. McCune, in his sixty-third year.

March 18.—In New York, Gordon W. Burnham, in his eighty-second year.

Editor's Drawer.

THE desire of the Englishman to marry his Deceased Wife's Sister is one of the most marked phenomena of the times. The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill may be said to be his steady occupation. In all his breathing spells from emergencies he turns to that. When he is not being massacred by the South Africans, or slaying Soudanese, or fighting Afghans, or pacifying the Irish, or being blown up in his Tower, he is attending to the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. He comes back to it out of all victories and all defeats with unwavering pertinacity and courage. It appears to be the passion of his life to marry his Deceased Wife's Sister. We who live in a land where nobody opposes such an alliance can not conceive the attraction it seems to have to Englishmen. And seeing how universal and strong this desire is in England, we can not but inquire why the Englishman does not marry the wife's sister in the first place. Why does he go on marrying the wrong one, and then wait for death and the law to help him out?

It seems to us that much as this matter has been agitated, it never has been discussed in a philosophical spirit. We admit the fact of the overmastering desire to marry the Deceased Wife's Sister; we can see how the prohibition of the marriage increases the longing for it; but we have not analyzed the origin of the desire itself. It has been treated in England as a question of morals, when it is, in fact, a question of sociology. When we come face to face with the question, is it not this: Does not the man generally make a mistake when he marries one of two or more sisters? The world often sees it at the time, the sister who is left sees it, but the man is blind to what he is doing. He not only takes the one who does not make him the best wife, but the one least eligible for a life-insurance, and so voluntarily, as one may say, in the end comes round to bother the world with his Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. And the reason of this mistake lies a good deal in the nature of man himself, but somewhat, as we shall show, in the nature of woman also. He is so constituted that he does not recognize the qualities necessary to make a good wife. He is attracted by outward appearances. Beauty goes for much with him; liveliness counts for a good deal; even willfulness (before marriage) is attractive. In nine cases out of ten he will choose the girl out of a houseful who is at once the pet and the tyrant of the house, the spoiled child, whose selfishness procures for her the slavish subserviency of all the rest. Seeing all this devotion, he thinks he is marrying the Queen Bee. We are intending to say nothing against the woman he makes his wife; as women go, she is well enough, and if the circumstances continued to be what they were at home, she would be forever attractive and adored. But when she is thrown upon her own resources, it then becomes evident how much she owed to her sisters, whose unobtrusive virtues were the necessary background to all her specious attractiveness. Nine cases out of ten the man will take the girl of the family who knows the least about cooking, or the management of a house, or about nursing, and is the least patient in trial, and has the least common-sense—that is, the least of those every-day qualities that make life an agreeable pastime from hour to hour and day to day. Hence, to cover his own blunders, the clamor for a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

The man loves his wife—of course he does; even her faults, her little selfish demands upon him, are better in his eyes than the virtues of other women. But when real life begins, and the sister comes to live in the house, as she pretty certainly will come, then he sees who it is that makes life go smoothly, who takes up the hundred household burdens, who is always kind and patient, and especially indulgent to him—for the capacity of the wife's sister to be indulgent to all the weaknesses of her brother-in-law is one of the circumstances that we must take into account in this investigation. Her utter self-sacrifice and ability to come into confidential relations with him, and to take his part against an authority which he sometimes feels the weight of, all the novelists have taken note of. It is not she who keeps a tight rein on him. He is not afraid of her. She excuses him, and makes it easy for him to get on with himself. And she has certain sterling qualities that admirably supplement the loveliness and attractiveness of the wife. He feels this for a good while without exactly seeing it or knowing it, but when the great bereavement of his life comes, and the world is suddenly desolate to him, he comes around with the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

Look at the world as it is. Consider the capacity of the sister for making herself indispensable in the house. She may not have had the power to attract the man into matrimony, but she has the qualities that he finally recognizes as necessary to perfect comfort in it; and in England, when it is too late, he wakes up to the fact that he should have married the sister. But this is not the end of the inquiry. There is something in the nature of woman herself that brings about this state of things. In order to bring out the best there is in a woman, sacrifice of herself is always necessary. Fortunately she enjoys this. She has a kind of pleasure in seeing her sister preferred and led away to the altar. She likes the man all the better for being such a goose as to choose the pretty and more incompetent one. And in the new household, whether she is permanently a part of it or only has an occasional superintendence of it, she develops in her subordina-

tion many of the lovely virtues. In some cases she was not naturally so unselfish or so sweet-tempered or so tolerant of a man's unreasonableness as her sister who marries, but her *rôle* of self-effacement is a training-school, and all the sterling qualities of womanhood are evolved. The very position of being a wife's sister is an invaluable discipline, and we do not wonder when we see so many households where the sister, under this discipline, shines with the steady radiance of a star of the first magnitude.

It is probably useless to urge the Englishman to marry his wife's sister in the first place. It would take away one of his grievances; and something of this kind to put into a Reform Bill he must always have. Human nature is contradictory, and perhaps if he could carry his Deceased Wife's Sister Bill the subject would lose its attraction for him, and assume the unimportant position the matter holds in this country.

We do not doubt that a sound body is necessary to a sound mind, but when we read in the report of a Young Men's Christian Association published last fall that a class in light gymnastics was organized, and that "this was conducted by your secretary for twenty weeks, and we believe one boy was led to Christ," we are compelled to overhaul our conception of athletics as a means of grace. This is going a step beyond the established fact that foot-ball is a means of the higher education.

Still, we do not underestimate the value of faith. Little occurrences show us that it yet survives in the world. A Boston child of four years (must all the smart children be exactly four years old?), who had been taught that God made it rain (we note with pleasure this admission from Boston), saw, the other morning, a stream of water pouring down from a hole in the gutter in a house opposite, and exclaimed, "Oh, come here quick; *God's turned the faucet on!*"

AN EXPUNGED STANZA.

For many years during the lifetime of the poet Longfellow there was upon the round table in his study, among many other valued mementos, an original edition of Coleridge's poems, containing "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." While showing me some of these curiosities one day, Mr. Longfellow read from this volume the following thrilling stanza (the look, the tone, the impression it made upon me, I shall not forget):

A gust of wind sterte up behind,
And whistled thro' his bones,
Thro' the holes of his eyes and the hole of his mouth,
Half whistles and half groans.

It is not strange that when Coleridge saw it in print he should take his pencil, cross it, and write in the margin of this volume, as he did, "To be struck out. S. T. C." It does not appear in subsequent editions. It was in Part III., and came just after the stanza:

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were playing dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice;

and before the one beginning:

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark.

There are some interesting items concerning the way in which this poem came to be written. Morley and Tyler's *Manual of English Literature* says: "In the autumn of 1797, Coleridge, with Wordsworth and his sister, started from Alfoxden for Linton, and in the course of the walk 'The Ancient Mariner' was planned as a poem to be sent to the *London Magazine*, and bring five pounds toward expenses of the little holiday. Coleridge made the story out of a dream of his friend Mr. Cruikshank. Wordsworth suggested introducing into it the crime of shooting the albatross, because he had been reading about albatrosses in Shelcocke's *Voyage Round the World*. Wordsworth also suggested the navigation of the ship by dead men, and furnished here and there a line." And Oliver Wendell Holmes states that Wordsworth is credited with furnishing him with the whole of the first stanza in Part IV.:

I fear thee, Ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand;
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

E. H. Goss.

The following epitaph is on a monument in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia. The deceased was a railroad engineer:

In the crash and the fall he stood
Unmoved, and sacrificed his life
That he might fulfill his trust,
Until the brakes are turned on time,
Life's throttle-valve shut down.

He works to pilot in the crew
That wear the martyr's crown,
On schedule time, on upward grade,
Along the homeward section
He lands his train at God's round-house.

The morn of resurrection,
His time all full, no wages docked,
His name on God's pay-roll,
And transportation through to heaven,
A free pass for his soul.

Shortly after the close of the civil war a large number of army horses which were afflicted with the various diseases peculiar to the equine race were disposed of at auction in a West Virginia town, the prices of many of them being merely nominal, ranging from a few cents to one or two dollars per head. On one occasion Colonel M——, a typical old Virginia gentleman, who had a slight impediment in his voice, attended the sale, and humorously persisted in bidding on a wind-broken, ring-boned, spavined animal which had

barely managed to escape the bone-yard, until, much to his chagrin, it was "knocked down" to him at thirty-seven and a half cents. Not having the exact change, the Colonel handed out a dollar bill.

"I can't change this, Colonel," said the auctioneer. "Haven't yon anything smaller?"

The Colonel carefully scrutinized his purse, thrust his hands into his pockets, and finding no amount less than a dollar, replied: "No, sah; nothing s-s-s-smaller, sah. But since I've begun to t-t-t-think about it, it makes no d-d-d-difference, sah. Just keep it, and I'll take the whole dollar out in h-h-h-hosses, sah."

I HEARD this hymn (writes a correspondent) sung very enthusiastically at a Georgia camp-meeting. Each stanza (if it can be called such) was sung by a swarthy improvisator, and the refrain by the whole congregation. Many of the couplets have escaped my memory:

Oh, Lady, pull de string! When de heab'n bell ring,
Lady, look out fo' me, 'cos I's gwine 'fore de King.
Shout, shout; I's a heab'n-boun' soul—
Shout, shout, shout; I's a heab'n-boun' soul.

Ef you gits to heab'n afore I do,
Lady, look out fo' me, 'cos I's comin' dar too.
Shout, etc.

Order out de wagon, soon's we meet,
An' we'll go an' hab a ride up de golden street.
Shout, etc.

Dar's blessin's in a plenty an' pile' up in a heap;
But 'tis time to knock off work now; oh, it's time to go to sleep.
Shout, etc.

Ef you gits to heab'n afore I die,
Oh, tell de sisters, Lady, dat I's comin' up on high.
Shout, etc.

Dar's glory in ole Zion; hallelujah in de land;
An' I's er gwine to heab'n to jine de holy band.
Shout, etc.

Dar's hope in blessed Jesus; dar's mercy in de Lord;
An' I's a-gwine to heab'n to claim my jest reward.
Shout, etc.

Oh, ring de bell ob glory an' let de tidings roll;
'Tis time for Marster Jesus to take my weary soul.
Shout, etc.

De day ob judgment's comin'; w'en dey hears ole Gabr'el's horn
De sinners will be sayin' dey wish dey neber born.
Shout, etc.

But dar'll be no use a-wishin' w'en de heab'nly bell shall ring;
Dey is boun' to stan' fo' judgment befo' de awful King.
Shout, etc.

And so on, *ad infinitum*.

STORIES BY "A COUNTRY PARSON."

YEARS ago it was customary for the students of Auburn Seminary of the Junior Class to exercise their talents at the County House. This did not hurt the inmates, and it allowed the callow theologue to plume his wings. Well do we remember, more years ago than we care to state, the motley and pathetic audience the present writer addressed; they seemed tired when he commenced, but they were unmistakably weary when he closed. It is said, after one of these benevolent efforts by a student, one of the inmates was heard to remark, in a disconsolate tone, "It's bad enough to live in this place *without hearing them fellows preach*."

It is related that a dominie in the land of oat cakes, coming to a strange church wet and weary, asked an old Scotch woman, a functionary of the place, if she could find him a glass of wine, who replied, tartly, "Get up into the pulpit with you—you'll be *dry* enough there."

LAST summer, during the excitement owing to bank failures in Indianapolis, I was watching the anxious crowd besieging the doors of a bank that was supposed to be in danger, when I overheard the following dialogue between an Irish woman and her husband:

"Nora, dhraw yer money out."

"An' shure, Patrick, I won't."

"But, Nora, yon musht dhraw it out."

"Faith an' I won't dhraw me money out at all."

"Nora, an' don't yees know they'll lose yer money for yees ef yees don't dhraw it out?"

"An' shure, Patrick, ain't they better able to lose it than we are?"

Patrick was evidently overpowered with this last astonishing and unanswerable argument, and they both left the scene apparently satisfied. Fortunately the bank survived the pressure, and its ability *to lose Nora's balance* was not practically tested.

THE PRETTY ROLLER-SKATER.

A GROUP of merry skaters at the rink went nightly round;
Like the grinding of a grist-mill rose that dry, persistent sound;
And I nightly went to watch them from the gallery's lofty place,
For the poetry of motion seemed to thrill each form and face.

Some were full-grown men and women, some were youths and maidens fair,
Some were children of all sizes, penetrating everywhere;
All were stirred by sport and frolic as if life were running o'er—
'Twas a pretty sight to witness on the hard and burnished floor.

One, arrayed in bright, gay costume, so bewitchingly did skate
That my heart when she was coming would most wildly palpitate;
Without doubt the village beauty was this young and rosy lass,
And she tore my heart to tatters every time I saw her pass.

She could step in any fashion, turn her feet each dangerous way,
Pose in figures quite coquettish, backward sweep with dizzy sway;
On the floor she fairly floated, seeming free from thought or care,
While fairy-like and half enchanted streamed the ribbons from her hair.

Sometimes in her gay gyrations upward beamed her pretty face,
Which was all aglow with roses from the ardor of her race;
Then I fancied she had seen me, for she paused and skated slow,
But among so many others how could she my passion know?

To that town I came a stranger—no one knew me there, I think,
Looking every night in wonder on this siren of the rink;
And I marvelled, when so many were in dual marches thrown,
That she got no fellow's offer, but kept skating on alone.

Are the young men all demented? thought I, as she whirled along;
For their coldness seemed surprising, doing human nature wrong;
And I vowed, if she would take me (though I knew not how to skate),
I would stumble off on rollers and whirl with her *tête-à-tête*.

So I rallied the director, who was owner of the rink,
And while proffering my credentials, "*You* are Mr. Smith, I think,"
Said I, in the blandest manner, but with diffidence, I own.
"Would you name me that fair damsel who is skating all alone?"

Here I thought a shrewd discretion was becoming on my part:
It would never do to tell him she had skated through my heart!
"What! that young girl in gay costume?" said he, without stare or frown;
"She's our 'Champion Roller-Skater'—she's—*a tailor's wife, in town!*"

I have never tried the rollers, and I never shall, I think;
I have something else to live for than a noisy skating rink.
People say that all who use them fall and flounder on the floor;
So, dismissing all delusions, I skipped straightway through the door.

JOEL BENTON.

HOW A TREATY WAS MADE.

DURING the French conquest of Algeria negotiations for peace were entered upon with the sheiks of certain Arab tribes, and a meeting for the settlement of terms was arranged to take place at the French head-quarters. The French officers received their guests of the desert with great hospitality, and a banquet was given in their honor. At this the utmost splendor was unfolded in order to dazzle their eyes and captivate their simple minds. At its conclusion an adjournment to a large hall was proposed. Here M. Houdin, the celebrated conjurer, who accompanied the French forces, was to give them an exhibition of his skill, which to them seemed supernatural. They stared in open-mouthed wonder at all the tricks that were performed, and a feeling of awe crept over them as they saw the mysterious appearings and disappearings of various objects. But the greatest marvel to them was the apparent manufacture of cannon-balls. The conjurer passed around among them a high hat. This they examined very carefully, but without being able to discover anything unusual in either its make or appearance. When it was returned to him, M. Houdin placed it on the floor in the middle of the stage in full view of his audience. He then proceeded to take from that hat cannon-balls apparently without number, and rolled them across the floor into the wings. This terminated the performance. The chiefs consulted among themselves, and came to the conclusion that it was useless to oppose an army that could turn out its ammunition in so easy a manner. They therefore signed the required treaty, and departed to tell their friends in the desert of the wonderful power of the invaders.

C. J. MILLER.

FARMER DERBEN kept a large flock of geese. His fences were good, and his geese rarely escaped from the pasture where they were confined. His neighbor, Farmer Cole, also kept a flock of geese; but his fences were not carefully repaired, and his geese often strayed into his neighbor's grain fields. Last summer this annoyance became intolerable to Farmer Derben, and he resolved to make an end of it. Meeting Farmer Cole one day in the road, he told him of the annoyance, and added, "I now give you fair warning that if I again find your geese trespassing on my land I will kill them."

A few days after, as Farmer Derben was sitting at dinner, he chanced to look out the window, and there, on his very lawn, he beheld a flock of geese enjoying themselves. Not waiting to get his hat, he seized his cane, and rushing into the midst of the flock, he laid about him with such vigor that several geese were killed and several more wounded, when his daughter, bounding up to her irate parent's side, screamed in his ear, "Pa, these are our geese!"

This story is kept as a family secret.

THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

CAPTAIN MCQUACK was a warlike man,
And a positive man was he;
He had travelled from Carrick to Killtogoran,
From Ballyknocknolly to Ballyboshan,
And all that he did not see
You might pack in a thimble, or hide in the pod
Of the tiniest kind of a pea.

He was a warrior through and through,
And always ready to fight,
But never trained with the cowardly crew
That war upon women and children too
With the deadly dynamite.
Like many a warrior brave as he,
As facile in feats of war,
Whose nouns and verbs do better agree,
Who has travelled three times as far,
The Captain would sometimes tell a tale—
And many a tale he told—
Hard to believe, for like a sieve
The water it would not hold.

He would tell of gondolas flying about
In the forest of Turkestan;
Of gargoyles shot in the very spot
Where he lassoed a catamaran;

Of the seal that he captured at Jubbulpoor,
And an hour later lost
In the diamond mine near Kindoo Koor,
A hundred and seventeen miles or more
Below the limit of frost.

One day, in covering all the ground
Of gastronomic art,
From the roasting of an ibex round
To the baking of a tart,
Of anchovies he chanced to speak.
"You'll find," said the travelled man,
"No better, if through the world you seek,
From Mulligan's meadow to Mozambique.
Than thim that grows
In thropical snows
On the threes all over Soudan."

To him a hearer dared say, "Nay,
Thim does not grow on threes;
Thim is a fish that swums the say;
And the lave o' the wealth I own to-day—
That's four and sivinpince—I will lay
That Father Coyle agrees."

"Bother the praist!" said brave McQuack;
"It's that I lie, ye'd hint."
To the field forthwith they took the track,
And each man picked his flint.
Then, at the word, two bullets sped;
One through the viewless air
Over the gallant Captain's head;
One, meeting an obstacle rare,
Was cleverly caught, as it were, on the fly,
By the Captain's rash antagonist's thigh.
Then followed a season of spring and swear;
For it's very hard, you can't deny,
The pain of a bullet's sting to bear,
Without a yell and a spring in air,
E'en with your foeman standing by.

The Captain's second was first to speak.
"How he capers!" said he, with a smile.
"Holy Moses!" cried Mac, with a blaze on his cheek;
"It was capers I mint all the while!"

Then, like the gentleman true that he was,
He offered his hand to the foe.
"Shake, sir," said he; "I ax pardon, because
Of a blunder I'm guilty, I know.
You war right; I war wrong, sir; but what should we care?
In calling it up there's no profit.
I've called you out, and we'll both call it square,
And nayther will think no more of it."

"But what," said the wounded man—"what of my thigh?
And what of the bullet that's in it?"
"Niver moind," said McQuack; "there's a doethor near by,
And he'll twist out the ball in a minute."

A CHILD of four years, on being twitted with having "such a thin mamma—just a bag of bones," said, apologetically, "Well, she was the very best papa could get for us."

SOME years ago, on a circuit within the bounds of the B—— Conference, the junior preacher (now deceased) was apt to indulge in the grandiloquent style in his discourses. Upon one occasion, after preaching a very lengthy sermon on the Judgment-day, he wound up his subject by saying: "Then, my brethren, will the moon be turned into blood, the sun will expire in an apoplectic fit, and the angel Gabriel, with one foot upon the sea, the other on the land, will seize his obstreperous mouth-piece and blow a deadening blast."

M.

"SHEPHERD," said a sentimental young lady, who fancied herself a heroine in the golden groves of Arcadia—"Shepherd," said she to a rustic who was tending some sheep, "why have you not got your pipe with you?"

"*Bekase, ma'am, I hain't got no 'backer.*"

THE following conversation was overheard one day between two little girls:

"Lucy, do you know what a hog is?"

"No, I don't. What is it?"

"Well, Lucy, I'll tell you. When a little pig grows up to be a man, then he's a hog."

RARE BEEFSTEAK.

MR. BLANK is fond of beefsteak if gotten up in "right style." So one morning he ordered his butcher to send "some of his best" up for breakfast. Upon its arrival Mrs. B. said to the African queen who reigned in the kitchen: "Patsy, cook this steak. And now *don't* spoil it. Remember, Mr. Blank likes it rare and hot."

"Yas 'm," said Patsy; "I gwi fix it like you say."

"Well," replied Mrs. B., "be careful, now; don't overcook it, but be certain to have it *rare*."

"Yas 'm," answered Patsy; "I onderstan's. I's gwi brile it jes' like you done tell me."

In due time breakfast was announced; and when the cover was lifted from the dish of steak the contents were a sight to see. There was the steak, to be sure, but, oh, what steak! Curled and twisted, knotted and dried, sole-leather was the only thing to which it could be compared, and dry sole-leather at that. Well, Mr. B. did not enjoy that steak, of course.

After breakfast explanations were demanded and given, as follows:

MRS. B. "Oh, Patsy, what did I tell you? Why did you do the steak so?"

PATSY. "Hi! Mis' Harri't, I done like you tell me for to do."

MRS. B. "No, you didn't. Look at that steak, all overdone, cooked out of shape, ruined. Why, a shoemaker could half-sole shoes with it. I told you to have it *rare*."

PATSY. "Yas 'm, dat's so. I p'intedly he'd you say dem very words, an'—"

MRS. B. "Well, if you heard me say so, why didn't you obey me? What did you send in such a mess as this for?"

PATSY. "Hi! Mis' Harri't, what de marter 'long dat meat? Ain't it done *rar' up* all over de fryin'-pan befo' I took it off'n de fire? You tell me, 'Patsy,' you say, 'cook dat steak tell it *rar'*.' An' I done do it de bes' I knows how—dat I is—an' angels couldn' do no mo'."

Mrs. B. saw the point, and retired from the contest.

PERCY.